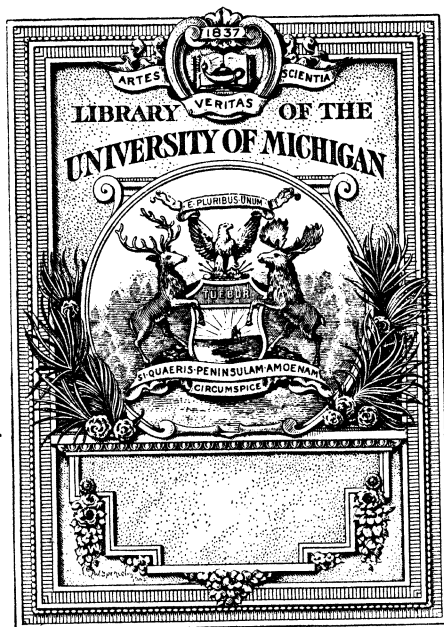


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[Reproduced by kind permission of H. H. Hay Cameron.]

YOUTH, from the windows of his innocence,
Sends out his soul to scan the flying years;
Homeward it bears this rare intelligence—
“In life there are no tears.”

We who are older shake our heads and say
“Another tale we know—we who are men.”
Yet haply Youth beholds the tearless day,
Seeing beyond our ken.

W. A. MACKENZIE.

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FOR

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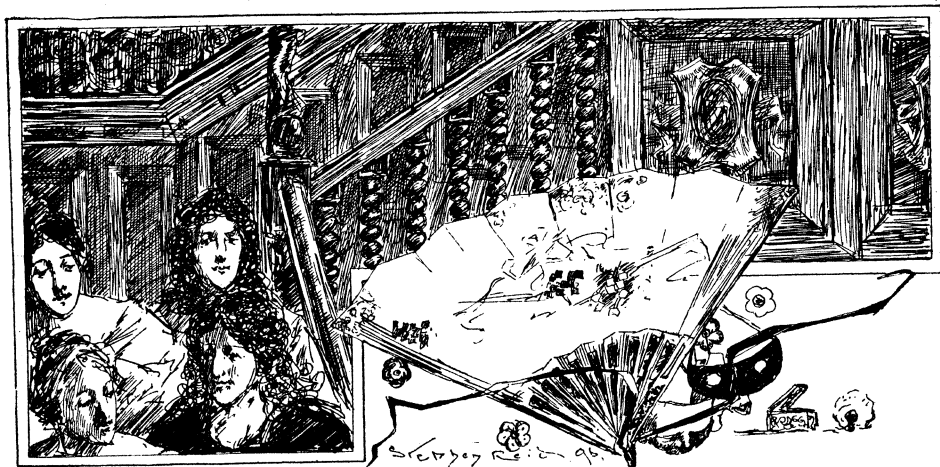
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DOCTOR NIKOLA.*

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MONASTERY.



WE stood and looked across the valley, hardly able to believe that we had at last arrived at the place of which we had heard so much. There it stood gaunt and lonely, on the edge of the ravine, a dark gray collection of roofs and towers surrounded by a lofty wall. But though we could discern it plainly enough before us the chief question was how we were to reach it? The canon, to employ an American term, stretched to right and left of us, as far as the eye could reach, in unbroken grandeur. Certainly on the side upon which we stood the cliff sloped enough for a careful man to climb down, but across the ravine it rose a sheer precipice for fully 1500 feet, and though I examined it carefully I could not see a single place where even a goat could find a footing.

"It would take us a week to go round," said Nikola when he had carefully examined it, "and starving as we are we should be dead before we got half way."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Climb down into the valley, I suppose. It's Hobson's choice."

"It will be a terrible business" I said.

"You will find death up here equally undesirable," he answered. "The worst of it is however, I don't see how we are going to reach it when we do get down there. But as it is within the sphere of practical politics, as they say, that we may break our necks on the way down, we had better postpone further argument until we know that we have arrived at the bottom with our lives. Come along then."

For the next ten minutes we occupied ourselves looking along the cliff for the best practicable climbing place. That once discovered we crawled over the edge and began our descent. For the first 50 yards or so it was comparatively easy work; we had nothing to do but to drop from rock to rock. Then matters became more difficult. An unbroken face of cliff, with only one small foothold in

nearly 40 feet, had to be negotiated. The wall at Pekin could not be compared with it for difficulty, and I knew to my cost I had found that quite hard enough. How we were to



"Then matters became more difficult."

manage this seemed to me incomprehensible. But as usual Nikola was equal to the occasion.

"Take off your coat," he said, "and give it to me,"

* Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

I did as he ordered me, whereupon he divested himself of his own and then tied the sleeves of the two garments together. This done we crawled along to the other end of the ledge, where grew one of the stunted trees which provided the only show of vegetation to be seen along the whole face of the cliff, and tied the end of the rope he had thus made to a long and thick root which had straggled over the face of the cliff in the hope of finding a holding place. Thus we obtained an additional 3 feet of rope, making in all nearly 15 feet, which, when we had added our own length, should carry us down to the ledge with a foot to spare.

As soon as these preparations were completed, we tossed up (strange relic of civilisation) for the honour of going first and testing its strength, and of course the position fell to Nikola whom Fate willed should be first in everything. Before setting off he carefully examined the strap by which his treasured medicine-chest was fastened round his neck, then with a nod of farewell to me knelt down upon the edge of the cliff, took the rope in his hands and began his descent. I have spent more pleasurable moments in my life than watching the strain upon that root. Of the coats themselves I had little fear; they were of the best silk and, save where the sleeves joined the body, were woven in one piece. However the root held, and presently I heard Nikola calling to me to follow him. Not without a little trepidation I lowered myself over and went down hand over hand. Though the rope was a comparatively short one it seemed centuries before I was anywhere near Nikola. Another 3 feet would find me on the ledge, and I was just congratulating myself on my cleverness when there was an ominous tearing noise on the cliff top, and the next moment I was falling backwards into mid-air. I gave myself up for lost, but fortunately the catastrophe was not as serious as it might have been, for with that presence of mind which never deserted him Nikola braced himself against the wall and clutched the rope as it slid by. The result was that the force of my fall was broken, and instead of falling on to the little plateau below, and probably breaking my neck, or at least an arm or leg, I swung against the cliff and then slipped gently to the ground.

"Are you hurt?" cried Nikola from his perch above.

"More frightened than hurt," I replied.

"Now how are you going to get down?"

Without vouchsafing any verbal reply

Nikola turned his face to the wall, went down upon his knees once more, and then clutching at the ledge lowered himself and finally let go. He landed safely beside me, and having ascertained that his medicine chest was uninjured, went quietly across to where our coats had fallen and disengaged them from the broken root. Then having handed me mine he donned his own and suggested that we should continue our downward journey without more ado. I believe if Nikola fell by accident into the pit of Tophet, and by the exercise of superhuman ingenuity succeeded in scrambling out again, he would calmly seat himself on the brink of the crater and set to work to discover of what chemical substances the scum upon his garments was composed. I can assert with truth that in the whole of my experience of him I never once saw him disconcerted.

From the plateau to the bottom of the valley—though still sufficiently dangerous to render it necessary that we should exercise the greatest caution—our climb was not so difficult. At last we arrived at the foot and, having looked up at the towering heights on either side of us, began to wonder what we had better do next.

We had not long to wait however, for it appears our arrival had been witnessed. The bottom of the valley was covered with soft turf, dotted here and there with enormous rocks. We had just arranged to proceed in a westerly direction and were in the act of setting out, when our ears were assailed with a curious noise. It was more like the sound of a badly blown Alpine horn than anything else, and seemed to be echoed from side to side of the path. Then a voice coming from somewhere close to us, but whence we could not tell, said slowly—

"Who are ye who thus approach our dwelling by way of the cliff?"

"I am he whom ye expect," said Nikola, and as he spoke he produced the little Chinese stick and held it above his head.

"Welcome," said the same passionless voice. Then after a pause: "Go forward to yonder open space and wait."

All the time that the voice had been speaking I had been carefully listening in the hope of being able to discern whence it came, but my exertions were useless. One moment it seemed to sound from my right, the next from my left. It had also a quaint metallic ring that made it still more difficult to detect its origin. To properly explain what I mean I might say that it was like the echo of a voice the original of which could

not be heard. The effect produced was most peculiar.

When the voice had finished speaking Nikola moved forward in the direction indicated and I followed him.

Arriving at the place we stood in the centre of the open space and waited. For nearly ten minutes we looked about us wondering what would happen next. There was nothing to be seen in the valley save the green grass and the big rocks, and there was nothing to be heard but the wind through the grass and the occasional dismal note of a bird. Then from among the rocks to our right appeared one of the most extraordinary



"One of the most extraordinary figures I have ever seen."

figures I have ever seen in my life. He was little more than three feet in height, his shoulders were abnormally broad, his legs were bowed so that he could only walk on the sides of his feet, while his head was so big as to be out of all proportion to his body. He was attired in Chinese dress, even to the extent of a pigtail and a little round hat. Waddling towards us he said in a shrill falsetto—

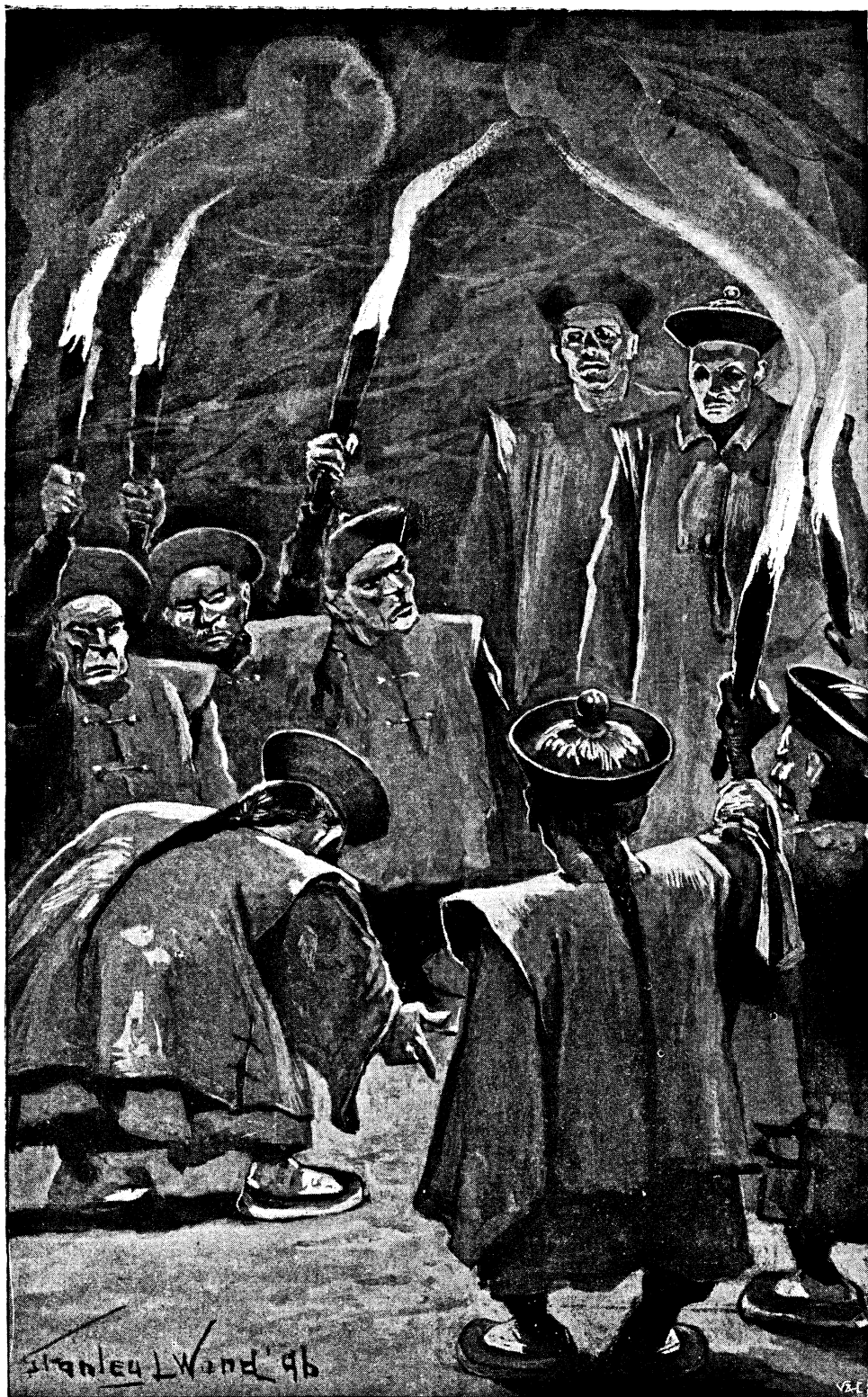
"Will your excellencies be honourably pleased to follow me?"

Thereupon he turned on his heel and preceded us up the valley for nearly a hundred yards. Then wheeling round to see that we were close behind him he marched towards

what looked like a hole in the cliff and disappeared within. We followed to find him standing in a large cave, bowing on the sand as if in welcome. On either side in rows were at least a dozen dwarfs, dressed in exactly the same fashion, and every one as small and ugly as himself. They held torches in their hands, and as soon as they saw that we were following they set off up the cave headed by the little fellow who had come out to meet us.

When we had penetrated into the bowels of the cliff for what seemed to us nearly a hundred yards, we left the narrow passage and found ourselves confronted by a broad stone staircase which wound upwards in spiral form. The procession of dwarfs again preceded us, still without noise. It was all most uncanny, and had it not been for the reek of the torches and the fluttering of bats' wings as the beasts were disturbed by the flames and smoke, I should have been inclined to imagine it a dream; indeed more than once I felt an impulse to touch the stone wall in order to convince myself by its rough surface that I really was awake. I could see that Nikola was fully alive to all that was passing, and I noticed that he had adopted a demeanour consistent with the important position he was supposed to be filling. Up and up the stairs wound, twisting and twining this way and that, and never seeming to arrive at an end, till it almost made me giddy trying to remember how far we had come; indeed my legs were nearly giving way under me when we came to a halt. Then two large doors at the top of the stairs were thrown open and our party filed through. From the level of the doorway a dozen more steps conducted us to the floor above, and here we came to a second stop. On looking about us we discovered that we were in an enormous hall of almost cathedral proportions. The raftered roof towered more than a hundred feet above our heads; to right and left were vaulted arches of unique design, while at the further end was an exquisite window, the glass of which was stained blood red. The whole place was wrapt in semi-darkness, and though it had all the appearance of a place of worship I could distinguish no altar or anything that might be used as one.

As we reached the topmost step the dwarf who had met us in the valley and headed the procession up the stairs signed to his followers to fall back on either hand and then led the way between them to a small square of masonry at the top of two steps situated in the centre of the vast building.



"Bowling on the sand as if in welcome."

Arriving there he signed to us to take up our positions and himself mounted guard beside us.

For fully ten minutes we remained standing there looking towards the blood-red window and waiting for what should happen next. The silence was most weird, and I had to exercise all my powers of self-control to prevent my allowing some sign of nervousness to escape me.

Then without any warning a sound of softest music greeted our ears, which gradually rose from the faintest pianissimo to the crashing chords of a majestic march. It continued for nearly five minutes, and as it reached its finest parts two doors, one on either side of what might be called the chancel, opened, and a procession of men passed out. I called them men for the reason that I had no presumption to go upon that they were anything else, but there was nothing in their appearance to support that theory. Each was attired in a long black gown which reached to his feet, his hands were hidden in enormous sleeves, and the top of his head and face, from the nose upwards, was hidden in a thick veil thrown back to cover the poll and shoulders, with two round holes left for the eyes.

One after another they filed out and took up their positions in regular order on either hand of us, all facing towards the window.

When the last had entered and the doors were closed again an impressive service commenced. The effect of the semi-darkness, through which the great red window looked like an evil eye, the rows of black, weird figures, the mysterious chanting of the kneeling monks, and the recollection of the extraordinary character I had heard given to the place and its inmates, only increased the feeling of awe that possessed me.

When for nearly a quarter of an hour the monks had knelt at their devotions we could hear the muffled sounds of a great bell. Then with one accord they rose to their feet again and filed solemnly out by the door through which they had entered. When the last had disappeared we were left alone again for some minutes.

"What on earth does all this mean," said Nikola in a whisper. "Why doesn't somebody come out to receive us?"

"There is a sort of charnel-house air about this place," I answered, "which is the very reverse of pleasing."

"Hush!" said Nikola; "someone is coming now."

As he spoke a curtain in the chancel was drawn aside and a man, dressed in the same fashion as those we had seen at their devotions a few minutes since, came down the steps towards us. When he reached the place where we stood he bowed and beckoned to us with his finger to follow him. This



"A curtain in the chancel was drawn aside and a man . . . came down the steps."

we did up the steps by which he had descended and passed the curtain. On the other side was another flight of steps leading to a long corridor, on either hand of which were many small cells. The place was in total darkness, or rather it would have been in total darkness but for the torch which our guide had taken from a bracket on his

way from the chancel and now carried in his hand.

Without stopping he led us along the whole length of the corridor, then turned to his right hand, descended three more steps, and having drawn back another curtain, beckoned us to pass him into a narrow but lofty room. It was plainly furnished with a table, a couple of stools and a rough sort of bed, and was lighted by a narrow slit in the wall about 3 inches wide by 25 deep.

When we were both inside our guide turned and approaching me, pointed first to myself and then to the room, as if signifying that this was for my use, then taking Nikola by the arm he conducted him through another doorway in the corner to an inner apartment, which was evidently designed for his occupation. Presently he emerged again by himself and went out without further comment by the doorway through which we had entered. A moment later Nikola appeared at his doorway and invited me to inspect his apartment. It was like mine in every particular, even to the bracket for a torch upon the wall.

"We are fairly inside now," said Nikola, "and we shall either find out what we want to know within a very short space of time or be sent to explore the mysteries of another world."

"It's more than possible we shall do both," I answered.

"One thing, Bruce, before we go any farther," he said, not heeding my remark, "you must remember that this place is not like an ordinary Shamanist or Buddhist monastery where things are carried on slipshod fashion. Here every man practises the most rigid self-denial possible, and among other things I have no doubt the meals will prove totally inadequate. We shall have to accustom ourselves to all sorts of peculiar virtues, and all the time we must keep our eyes wide open so that we may make the most of every chance that offers."

"I don't mind the virtues," I answered, "but am sorry for what you say about the meals, for to tell you the honest truth at the present moment I am simply starving."

"It can't be helped," replied Nikola. "Even if we don't get anything till tomorrow we shall have to grin and bear it."

I groaned and went back to my room. It must have been nearly midday by this time, and we had had nothing to eat since daybreak. I seated myself on my bed and tried to reconcile myself to our position. Then a sudden fit of drowsiness came over me, and in less than ten minutes I was fast asleep.

For nearly two hours I must have remained in this condition. When I woke my hunger was more excruciating than ever. I rose from my bed and went in to look at Nikola, only to find that extraordinary man occupied in his favourite way, working out abstruse problems on the floor of his room. I did not disturb him but returned to my own apartment and fell to pacing the floor like a caged beast. I told myself that if I did not get something to eat pretty soon I should do something desperate.

My hunger however was not destined to last very much longer. Just about sundown I heard the noise of footsteps in the corridor and presently a barefooted monk, dressed all in black and wearing the same peculiar headdress we had first seen in the great hall, made his appearance carrying a large bowl in his hands. This he conveyed through my room and placed on Nikola's table.

When he entered the latter was down upon his knees busily engaged in his devotions, and I began to reproach myself for having allowed him to find me doing anything else.

The man had hardly left the room, and the shuffle of his footsteps had not died away on the stone steps, before I was in the inner room.

"Dinner is served," said Nikola, and went across to the bowl upon the table. To my dismay it contained little more than a pint of the thinnest soup mortal man ever set eyes on. In this ungenerous fluid floated a few grains of rice, but of anything more substantial there was none. There was neither spoon nor bread, so how we were to drink it, unless we tilted the bowl up and poured it down our throats, I could not imagine. However Nikola solved the difficulty by taking from his medicine-chest a small travelling cup, which he placed in my hand. Thereupon I set to work upon the soup. Seeing that Nikola himself took scarcely more than a glassful, I argued with him, but in vain. He said he did not want it, and that settled the matter. I accordingly finished what remained, and when I had done so felt as hungry as ever. If this was to be the fare of the monastery, I argued, by the time we left it I should be reduced to a skeleton.

When I had finished my meal the long streak of light which had been under the window when we arrived and had gradually crossed the floor was now some feet up the opposite wall. A little later it vanished altogether. The room was left in total darkness, and I can assure you my spirits were as heavy as lead. I returned to

Nikola's apartment not in the best of humours.

"This is very pleasant," I said ironically. "Are they never going to receive us properly?"

"All in good time," he answered quietly. "We shall have enough excitement to last us a lifetime directly, and I don't doubt that we shall have some danger too."

"I don't mind the danger," I said; "it is this awful waiting that harasses my nerves."

"Well you won't have long to wait. If I mistake not there is somebody coming for us now."

"How do you know that?" I asked. "I can't hear anybody."

"Still they are coming," said Nikola. "If I were you I should go back into your room and be ready to receive them when they do."

I took the hint, and went back to my apartment, where I waited with all the patience I could command.

How Nikola knew that someone was coming to fetch us I cannot tell, but this is certain that within five minutes of his having warned me I heard a man come down the steps, then a lurid light appeared upon the wall, and a moment later the same dwarf who had ushered us into the monastery entered my room carrying a torch in his hand. Seeing that he desired speech with Nikola I held up my hand to him in warning, and then, assuming an air of the deepest reverence, signed him to remain where he was while I proceeded into the inner room. Nikola was on the alert and bade me call the man to him. This I did, and next moment the dwarf stood before him.

"I am sent, oh stranger," said the latter, "to summon you to an audience with the Great Ones of the mountains."

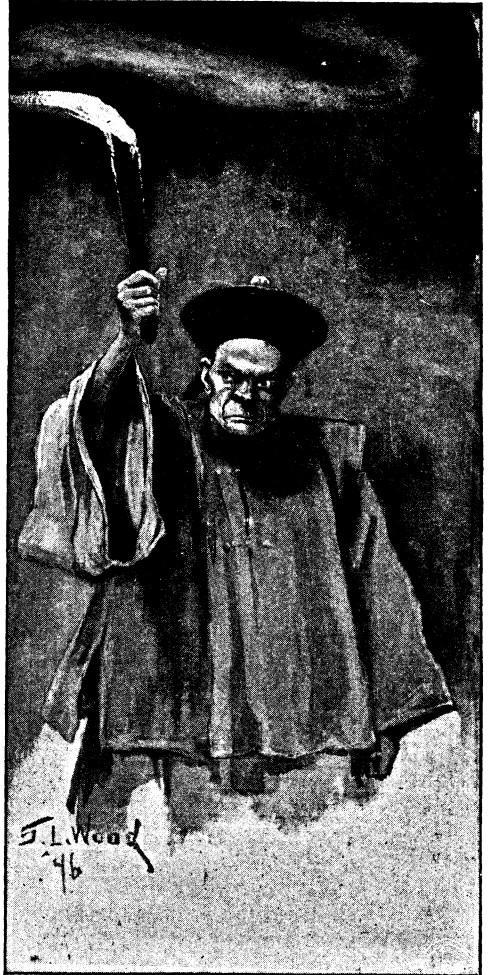
"I am prepared," said Nikola solemnly. "Let us go."

Thereupon the dwarf turned himself about and led the way out into the corridor. I had no desire to be left behind so I followed close at Nikola's heels.

We ascended first a long flight of steps, threaded the same corridor we had entered by, mounted another flight of stairs, crossed a large hall, and finally reached what was evidently a small ante-chamber. Here we were told to wait while the dwarf passed through a curtain and spoke to someone within. When he emerged again he drew back the covering of the doorway and signed us to enter. We complied with his request,

to discover a rather larger apartment, which was guarded by a monk in the usual dress. He received us with a bow, and still without speaking, conducted us to another room, the door of which was guarded by yet another monk.

All this mystery and solemnity had a most lowering effect upon my nerves, and by the time we reached the last monk I was ready



"Carrying a torch in his hand."

to be frightened by anything. I make these confessions, in the first place, because having set my hand to it I think I have no right to withhold anything connected with my adventures, and in the second, because I don't want to pose as a more courageous man than I really was. I have faced danger perhaps more often than most men, and I don't think my worst enemy could accuse me of cowardice,

but I feel bound to confess that I was nervous. And who would not have been?

Nikola passed on ahead of me without looking to right or left, his head bent and his whole attitude suggestive of deep devotion and piety. When we reached the last ante-room we were told to wait. The monk disappeared and for nearly five minutes did not put in an appearance again. When he did he requested that we should follow him, and pointing to a door on the opposite side of the apartment requested that we would lose no time in entering.

We complied with his request to find ourselves in a large room, the hangings of which were all of the deepest black. By the light of the torches on the walls we could make out two men seated in quaintly carved chairs on a sort of dais at the further end. They were dressed after the same fashion as the monks, and for this reason it was quite impossible to discover whether they were young or old. As soon as we got inside the room I came stiffly to attention alongside the door, while Nikola advanced and stood before the silent couple on the dais. For some moments no one spoke. Then the man on the right rose, and looking towards Nikola said—

"Who are you who thus brave our solitude?"

"I am he of Hankow, of whom thou hast been informed," answered Nikola humbly, with a low reverence.

"What proof have we of that?" inquired the first speaker.

"There is the letter sent forward by your messenger from the high priest of the Llamaserai in Pekin," replied Nikola, "and I have this symbol that you sent to me."

Here he exhibited the stick he had procured from Wetherell and held it up.

"And what may your business be with us?"

"I am here because you sent for me."

"It is well," said the first speaker, and sat down again.

For quite five minutes there was another silence, during which no one spoke, no one moved. I stood on one side of the door, the monk who had admitted us on the other; Nikola was before the dais, and on it, rigid and motionless, sat the two black figures. At the end of the time I began to feel if someone did not speak soon I should have to do so myself. The suspense was terrible, and yet Nikola stood rigid, never moving a muscle or showing a sign of embarrassment.

Then the man who had not yet spoken said quietly—

"Are you prepared for the office that awaits you?"

"If it should fall out as you intend," said Nikola, "I am prepared."

"Your spirit is what it should be, but are you certain that you have no fear?"

"I am certain," he replied.

"And what knowledge have you of such things as will pertain to your office?"

To my surprise Nikola answered humbly: "I have no knowledge, but I have given my mind to the study of many things which are usually hidden from the brain of man."

"It is well," answered this second man, after the manner of the first.

There was another silence, and then the man who had first addressed Nikola said with an air of authority—

"To-morrow night we will test thy knowledge and thy courage. For the present prepare thyself and wait."

As this was said the monk at the doorway beckoned to Nikola to follow him. He did so, and I passed out of the room at his heels. Then we were conducted back to our cells and left alone for the night.

When our guides had departed I went into Nikola's room.

"What do you think of our interview?" I inquired after a little conversation.

"That its successor to-morrow evening will prove of some real importance to us," he answered. "Our adventure begins to grow interesting."

"But do you think you are prepared for all the questions they will ask?"

"I cannot say," said Nikola. "I am leaving it all to Fate. But the luck which has attended us hitherto ought surely to carry us on to the end."

"Well, let us hope nothing will go wrong. I have seen more cheerful places than this monastery, and as far as diet is concerned, commend me to the cheapest Whitechapel restaurant."

"Help me through all this and you shall live in luxury for the rest of your days."

We talked for a little while and then retired to bed.

Next day we rose early, breakfasted on a small portion of rice, received no visitors, and did not leave our rooms all day. Only the monk who had brought us our food on the previous evening came to see us, and, as on the previous occasion, he had nothing to say for himself. Our evening meal was served at sundown and consisted of the same

meagre soup as before. Then darkness fell, and about the same time as on the previous occasion, the dwarf appeared to conduct us to the rendezvous.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ORDEAL.

WHEN we left our rooms on this occasion we turned to the right hand instead of to the left and proceeded, by means of another flight of stairs, to a long corridor running below that in which we had hitherto dwelt. Whereabouts in the monastery this particular passage was situated, and how its bearings lay with regard to the staircase by which we had ascended from the valley on the previous day, I could not discover. Like all the others however it was innocent of daylight, was lighted by enormous torches, which again were upheld by iron brackets fixed into the walls. Once during our march an opportunity was vouchsafed me of examining these walls for myself, when to my astonishment I discovered that they were not hewn out of the rock as I supposed, but were built of dressed stone of a description resembling granite. This being so I realised for the first time that the cells and the corridors were the work of human hands, but how long it could have taken the builders to complete such an enormous task was a calculation beyond my powers, and the more I thought of it the further off I seemed to be from arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. But to return to my narrative.

From the corridor we passed down another long flight of steps, then across a narrow landing, after which came another staircase. As we reached this our ears were assailed with a loud noise resembling distant thunder.

"What sound is that?" asked Nikola of our guide.

The man did not answer, but leading us along a side passage stopped at a certain spot and, holding his torch above his head, bade us look.

For a moment the dancing flame prevented us from seeing anything. Then our eyes became more accustomed to the light, and to our horrified amazement we discovered that we were standing on the very brink of an enormous precipice. At our feet the wind, which must have come in through some passage from the open air, tore and shrieked, while across the way, not more than twelve yards distant, fell the waters of a magnificent cataract. Picture to yourself that great volume of water crashing, roaring,

tearing down through the darkness into the very bowels of the earth. The fall must have been tremendous for no spray came up to us. All we could see was that mass of black water tearing past us. We stood and looked, open mouthed, and when our wonder and curiosity were satisfied as much as it ever would be, turned and followed our guide back to the place where we had been standing when we first heard the noise. At the other end of this landing was a large stone archway, more like a tunnel than anything else, and at its mouth stood a monk. The dwarf went forward to him and said something in a low voice, whereupon he took a torch from the wall at his side and signed to us to follow him. The dwarf returned to the higher regions, while we plunged deeper still below the surface of the earth. Whether we were really as deep down as we imagined, or whether the dampness was caused by some leakage from the cataract we had just seen, I cannot say; at any rate the walls and floors were all streaming wet.

The passage, or tunnel, as I have more fittingly termed it, was a long one, at least fifty feet from entrance to exit. When we had passed through it we found ourselves in the biggest cave I have yet had the luck to come across; indeed so large was it that in the half dark it was with the utmost difficulty I could see across it. Our guide led us through the first transept into the main aisle and then left us. No sign of furniture of any kind, either stool, altar or dais, was to be seen, and as far as we could judge there was not a living soul present. The only sound to be heard was the faint dripping of water which seemed to come from every part of the cave.

"This is eerie enough to suit anyone," I said to Nikola. "I don't know that I altogether care about it. I hope the performance will soon commence."

"Hush!" he said. "Be careful what you say, for you don't know who may overhear you."

He had hardly spoken before the first mysterious incident of the evening occurred. We were standing facing that end of the cavern which had been on our right when we entered. The light was fairly good in that particular spot, and I am prepared to swear that at that instant, to the best of my knowledge, there was not a human being between ourselves and the wall. Yet as we looked a shadow seemed to rise out of the ground before us; it came closer and closer, and as it came it took human shape, and

presently we recognised the second of the two men who had interviewed us on the previous evening. He may have made his appearance from behind a pillar, cleverly arranged for the purpose, or he may have risen from a trap-door in the floor. Though personally I consider both these things unlikely, the fact however remains, come he did.

"By your own desire," he said, addressing Nikola, "you are here that the secrets of our order may be revealed to you. There is still time to draw back if you would."

"I have no desire to draw back," Nikola answered firmly.

"So be it," said the man. "Then follow me."

Nikola moved forward, and I was about to follow him when the man ahead of us turned, and pointing to me said—

"Come no farther! It is not meet that you should see things one of your training could not understand!"

Nikola faced me and said quietly, "Remain."

When he had given this order he followed the other along the cave and presently disappeared from my sight.

For some minutes I stood idly where they had left me, listening to the dripping of the water in the distant parts of the cave, watching the movements of the bats as they flitted swiftly up and down the gloomy aisles, and wondering into what mysteries Nikola was about to be initiated. The silence was most oppressive, and every moment that I waited it seemed to grow worse. To say that I was disappointed at being thus shelved at the most important point of our adventure would not express my feelings at all. Besides, I wanted to be at Nikola's right hand should any trouble occur.

As I waited the desire to know more of what my leader was doing grew upon me. I felt that come what might I must see for myself the mysteries to which he had been summoned. No one, I argued, would be any the wiser, and even if by chance they did discover that I had followed them I felt I could trust to my own impudence and powers of invention to explain my presence there. My mind was no sooner made up than I set off down the cave in the direction in which they had disappeared. Arriving at the further end I discovered before me another small passage from which led still another flight of steps. Softly I picked my way down them, at the same time trying to reason out in my own mind how deep in the

mountain I could be, but as usual I could arrive at no conclusion that satisfied me.

Arriving at the bottom of the steps I found myself in a sort of crypt supported on pillars and surrounded on all sides by tiers of niches, or shelves, cut, after the fashion of the Roman catacombs, in the solid rock. This dismal place was lighted by three torches, and by their aid I was able to discern in each niche what looked like a human figure swaddled up in many wrappings. Not without a feeling of awe I left the steps by which I had descended and began to look about among the pillars for a doorway through which I might pass below into the room where Nikola was engaged with the Great Ones of the mountains. But though I searched for nearly ten minutes not a sign of any entrance could I discover. All things considered, I was in a curious position. I had left my station in the larger cave and, in spite of orders to the contrary, had followed to witness what was not intended for my eyes; in that case, supposing the door at the top were shut, and I could find no exit here, I should be caught like a rat in a trap, while I should have disobeyed the strict command of the man who had summoned Nikola, and I should also have incurred the blame of Nikola himself. Remembering how he had dealt with those who had offended him before, I resolved in my own mind that it would be better for me to turn back while I had the chance. But just as I was about to do so something curious about the base of one of the pillars to the right of where I stood caught my eye. It was either a crack magnified by the uncertain light from the torches, or else it was a doorway cleverly constructed in the stone-work, and which had been improperly closed. I went over to it and, inserting the blade of my knife, pulled. It opened, immediately revealing the fact that the entire pillar was hollow and, what was more important to me, contained a short wooden ladder which led down into still another crypt below.

In an instant my resolution to go back to the upper cave was forgotten. An opportunity was presented to my hand, and come what might I was going to make the most of it. Pulling the door open to its full extent I crept in and went softly down the ladder. When I reached the bottom I found myself in almost total darkness. For a moment I was at a loss to understand why this should be, seeing that I could plainly hear voices; then I saw that the place in

which I stood was a sort of ante-chamber to a room beyond. My sandals made no noise on the stone floor, and for this reason I was able to creep up to the entrance of the inner room without exciting attention. What a sight it was that met my eyes.

The apartment itself was not more than 50 feet long by 30 wide. But instead of being like all the other places through which I had passed, an ordinary cave, this one was floored and wainscoted with woodwork of enormous age. How high it was I could not guess for the walls went up and up until I lost them in complete darkness. Of furniture the room boasted but little; there was however a long and queer-shaped table at the further end, another near the door, and a tripod brazier on the left hand side. The latter contained a mass of live coal, and as there was some sort of forced draught behind it they roared like a blacksmith's forge.

Nikola, when I entered, was holding what looked like a phial in his left hand. The two black-hooded men I had expected to find there I could not see, but standing by Nikola's side were two men dressed in totally different fashion.

The taller of the pair was a middle-aged man, almost bald, boasting a pleasant, slightly Semitic cast of countenance, and a short black beard. His companion, evidently the chief, was altogether different. To begin with he was the oldest man I have ever seen in my life able to get about. He was small and shrivelled almost beyond belief, his skin was as yellow as parchment, and his bones, whenever he moved, looked as if they must certainly cut through their covering. His countenance bore unmistakable traces of having once been extremely handsome, and was now full of intellectual beauty; at the same time however I could not help feeling certain that it was not the face of an Asiatic. Like his companion he also wore a beard, but in his case it was long and snow-white, which added materially to his venerable appearance.

"My son," he was saying, addressing himself to Nikola, "hitherto you have seen the extent to which the human powers can be cultivated by a life of continual prayer and self-denial. Now it remains for you to learn to what extent our sect has benefited by earthly wisdom. There are those among us who have given up their whole lives to the study of the frailties and imperfections of this human frame. The wonders of medicine and all the arts of healing have come

down to us from a time that dates from before the apotheosis of the ever-blessed Buddha. Day and night, generation after generation, century after century in these caves those of our faith have been studying and adding to the knowledge which our forefathers possessed. Every fresh discovery of the Western, or Eastern world is known to us, and to the implements with which our forefathers worked we have added everything helpful that man has since invented. In the whole world there are none who hold the secret of life and death in their hands as we do. Would you have an example? There is a case at present in the monastery."

As he spoke he struck a gong hanging upon the wall, and almost before the sound had died away a man entered clad in the usual garb of a monk. The old fellow said something to him which I did not catch and immediately he retired by the way he had come. Five minutes later he reappeared followed by another monk. Between them they bore a stretcher on which lay the figure of a man. The old man signed to them to place it in the centre of the apartment, which they did and retired.

As soon as they had departed Nikola was invited to examine the person upon the stretcher. He did so, almost forgetting in his excitement the rôle he was called upon to play. For nearly five minutes he bent over the man who lay like a log, then he rose and turned to his companions.

"A complete case of paralysis," he said.

"You are satisfied that it is complete?" inquired the old man.

"Perfectly satisfied," said Nikola.

"That being so, pay heed, for you are about to witness the power which the wisdom of all ages has given us."

Turning to his companion he took from his hand a small iron ladle. This he placed upon the brazier, pouring into it about a tablespoonful of the mixture contained in the phial, which up to then Nikola had been holding in his hand. As the ladle became heated, the liquid, whatever it may have been, threw off a tiny vapour, which, when it reached my nostrils, reminded me somewhat of a mixture of sandal-wood and camphor.

By the time this potion was ready for use the second man had divested the patient of his garments. What remained of the medicine was thereupon forced into his mouth, that and his nostrils were immediately bound up, and when he had lost consciousness, which he did in less than a minute, he was

anointed from head to toe with some penetrating unguent. Just as the liquid when heating on the brazier had done, this ointment threw off a faint vapour, which seemed to hang about the body, rising into the air to the height of about three inches. For something like five minutes this exhalation continued, then it began to die away, and when it had done so another quantity of the unguent was applied, after which the two men kneaded the body in the style adopted for massage. So far the colour of the man's skin had been a sort of zinc white, now it gradually assumed the appearance of that of a healthy man. Once more the massage treatment was begun, and when it was finished the limbs began to twitch in a spasmodic fashion. At the end of half an hour the bandage was removed from the mouth and nostrils, the plugs from the ears, and the man, who had hitherto been like one asleep, opened his eyes.

"Move your arms," said the old man with an air of command.

The patient promptly did as he was commanded.

"Lift your legs."

He complied with the order.

"Stand upon your feet."

He rose from the stretcher and stood before them, as strong and hearty a man as you could wish to see.

"Now go and give thanks," said the old man with impressive sternness. Then turning to Nikola he continued—

"You have seen our powers. Could any man in the Western world do as much?"

"Nay, they are as worms without the necessary knowledge," said Nikola. "But I praise Buddha for the man's relief."

"Praise to whom praise is due," said the old fellow. "Now, having seen so much it is fitting that you go further, and to do so it is necessary that we put aside the curtain that divides life from death. Art thou afraid?"

"Nay," said Nikola, "I have no fear."

"It is well said," remarked the elder man, and again he struck the gong.

When the monk appeared in answer he said something hurriedly and the man immediately withdrew. In less than five minutes he returned bringing with him another stretcher, upon which was placed the dead body of a man. When the monk had withdrawn the old man said to Nikola—

"Gaze upon this person, my son; his earthly pilgrimage is over; he died of old age to-day. He was one of our lay brethren,

and a devout and holy man. It is meet that he should conduct you, of whose piety we have heard so much, into our greater inner land of knowledge. Examine him for yourself and see if the spirit of life has really passed out of him."

Nikola bent over the bier and did as he was requested. At the end of his examination he said quietly—

"It is even as you say; the brother's life is really departed from him."

"You are absolutely certain of that you say?" inquired the second man.

"I am certain," said Nikola.

"Very good," returned the other; "then I will once more show you what our science can do."

He placed himself at the man's feet and for a few moments shut his eyes. Though I craned my head round to see I could not tell what he was doing. After a few moments he swayed himself backwards and forwards, seemed to breathe with difficulty, and finally became almost rigid. After a long pause he opened his eyes, raised his right arm and pointed with his forefinger at the dead man's face. As he did so to my horror I saw the eyes open! Again he shut his eyes and seemed to pray, then opening them once more he pointed at the right arm, whereupon the dead man lifted it and folded it on his breast, then at his left, which followed suit. When both the white hands were folded on the corpse's breast he turned to Nikola and said—

"Is there aught in your learning can give you the power to do that?"

"There is nothing," said Nikola, whom I could see was as much amazed as I was.

"But impossible though it may seem, our power does not end there," said the old man.

"O, wonderful father! what further can you teach me?" asked Nikola.

The man did not answer, but again closed his eyes for a few moments. Then extending both hands towards the dead man, he cried in a loud voice—

"Ye who are dead, arise!"

And then—but I do not expect that you will believe me when I tell it—that man who had been ten hours dead rose little by little from his bier and at last stood before us. I continued to watch what happened. I saw Nikola start forward as if carried out of himself. I saw the second man extend his arm to push him back, and then the corpse fell in a heap upon the floor. The two men instantly sprang forward, lifted it up, and placed it upon the stretcher again.

"Are you satisfied?" inquired the old man.

"I am filled with wonder. Is it possible that I can see more?" said Nikola.

"You would see more?" asked the old man in a sepulchral tone. "Then as a last proof of our power you shall see the dead of our faith of all the ages stand before you."

With that he took from a bag hanging round his waist a handful of what looked like dried herbs. These he threw upon the fire, and almost instantly the room was filled with a dense smoke. For perhaps five minutes I could see nothing, then it drew slowly off, and little by little I saw that the room was filled with men. They were of all ages, and apparently of all nations. Some were Chinese, some were Cingalese, some were Thibetans, while one or two were certainly Aryans, and, for all I knew to the contrary, might once have been English. The room was filled with them, but there was something plainly unsubstantial about them. They moved to and fro without sound, yet with regular movements. I watched them, and as I watched a terror, such as I had never known in my life before, came over me. I felt that if I did not get out of the room at once I should fall upon the floor in a fit. In this state I made my way towards the door by which I had entered, fled up the ladder, through the crypt, and then across the cave to the place where I had stood when Nikola had left me, and then fell fainting upon the floor.

How long I remained in this swoon I cannot tell, but when I came to myself again I was still alone.

It must have been an hour later when Nikola joined me. The monk that had brought us into the hall accompanied him and led us towards the tunnel. There the dwarf received us and conducted us back to our apartments.

When we were once safely there Nikola, without vouchsafing me a word, retired into the inner room. I was too dazed and, I will confess, too frightened by what I had seen to feel equal to interviewing him, so I left him alone.

Presently however he came back into my room, and crossing to where I sat on my bed placed his hand kindly upon my shoulder. I looked up into his face and saw that it was even paler than usual.

"Bruce," he said, not without a little touch of regret in his voice, "how was it that you did not do what you were told?"

"It was my cursed curiosity," I said

bitterly. "But do not think I am not sorry. I would give ten thousand pounds down not to have seen what I saw in that room."

"But you *have* seen, and nothing will ever take away that knowledge from you. You will carry that with you to the grave."

"The grave," I answered bitterly. "What hope is there even in the grave after what we have seen to-night. Oh, for heaven's sake, Nikola, let us get out of this place to-night if possible."

"So you are afraid, are you?" he answered. "I did not think you would turn coward, Bruce."

"In this I *am* a coward," I answered. "Give me something to do, something human to fight, some tangible danger to face, and I am your man. But I am not fit to fight against the invisible."

"Come, come, cheer up!" said Nikola. "Things are progressing splendidly with us. Our identity has not been questioned; we have been received by the heads of the sect as the people we pretend to be, and to-morrow I am to be raised to the rank of one of the Three. The remaining secrets will then be revealed to me, and when I have discovered all I want to know we will go back to civilisation once more. Think of what I may have achieved by this time to-morrow. I tell you, Bruce, such an opportunity might never come to a Western man again. It will be invaluable to me. Think of this and then it will help your pluck to go through with it to the end?"

"If I am not asked to see such things as I saw to-night it may," I answered, "but not unless."

"You must do me the credit to remember you were not asked to see it?"

"I know that, and I have paid severely for my disobedience."

"Then let us say no more about it. Remember, Bruce, I trust you."

"You need have no fear," I said, after a pause lasting a few moments. "I will go through with it, come what may."

"I thank you. Good-night."

So saying Nikola retired to his room and I laid myself down upon my bed, but, you may be sure, not to sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW NIKOLA WAS INSTALLED.

As soon as I woke next morning I went into Nikola's room. To my surprise he was not there. Nor did he put in an appearance for nearly an hour. When he did I could

see that he was completely exhausted, though he tried hard not to show it.

"What have you been doing?" I asked, meeting him on the threshold with a question.

"Qualifying myself for my position by inquiring into more mysteries," he answered. "Bruce, if you could have seen all that I have done since midnight to-night I verily believe it would be impossible for you ever to be a happy man again. When I tell you that what I have witnessed has even frightened me, you will realise something of what I mean."

"What have you seen?"

"I have been shown the mummified bodies of men who died nearly a thousand years ago endowed with life, so that they walked and moved their limbs like human beings; I have watched the whole fabric of this mountain sway like a pendulum; I have looked in through the gates of hell itself, and I have seen other things, such awful things that I dare not describe them even to you."

"And you were not tempted to draw back?"

"Only once," answered Nikola candidly. "For nearly a minute, I will confess, I hesitated, but eventually I forced myself to go on. That once accomplished, the rest was easy. But I must not stay talking here. To-day is going to be a big day with us. I shall go and lie down to recoup my energies. Call me if I am wanted, but otherwise do not disturb me."

He went in to the inner room, laid himself down upon the bed, and for nearly two hours slept as peacefully as a little child. The morning meal was served soon after sunrise, but I did not wake him for it; indeed it was not until nearly midday that he made his appearance again. When he did we discussed our position more fully, weighed the pros and cons more carefully, and speculated still further as to what the result of our attempt would be. Somehow a vague feeling of impending disaster had taken possession of me. I could not rid myself of the belief that before the day was over we should find our success in some way reversed. I told Nikola as much, but he only laughed, and uttered his usual reply to the effect that, disaster or no disaster, he was not going to give in, but would go through with it to the bitter end, whatever the upshot might be.

About two o'clock in the afternoon a dwarf put in an appearance and intimated

that his presence was required in the great hall. He immediately left the cell and remained away until nearly dusk. When he returned he looked more like a ghost than a living man, but even then, tired as he undoubtedly was, his iron will would not acknowledge such a thing as fatigue. Without vouchsafing me a word he passed into the inner room, to occupy himself there until nearly eight o'clock making notes and writing up a concise account of all that he had seen. I sat on my bed watching his light and feeling about as miserable as it would be possible for a man to be. Why I should have been so depressed I could not say. But it was certain that everything served to bring back to me my present position. I thought of my old English school, and wondered whether, if I had been told then what was to happen to me in later life I should have believed it or not. I thought of Gladys, my pretty sweetheart, and wondered if I should ever see her again; and I was just in the act of drawing the locket she had given me from beneath my robe when my ear caught the sound of a footstep on the stones outside. Next moment the same uncanny dwarf who had summoned us on the previous evening made his appearance. Without a word he entered and pointed to the door of the inner room. I took the action to mean that those in authority wished Nikola to come to them, and went in and told him so. He immediately put away his paper and pencil and signed to me to leave his room ahead of him. The dwarf preceded us, I followed next, and Nikola came behind me. In this fashion we made our way up one corridor and down another, ascended and descended innumerable stairs, and at last reached the tunnel of the great cave, where we had passed through such adventures on the preceding night. On this occasion the door was guarded by fully a dozen monks, who formed into two lines to let us pass through.

If the cave had been bare of ornament when we visited it the previous night it was now altogether different. Hundreds of torches flamed from brackets upon the walls, threw their ruddy glare upon the walls and ceiling, and sparkled like a million diamonds in the stalactites dependent from the roof.

At the further end of the great cavern was a large and beautifully decorated triple throne, and opposite it, but half way down the hall, a smaller dais covered with a rich crimson cloth bordered with heavy bullion fringe. As we entered we were greeted with

the same mysterious music which we had heard on the day of our arrival. It grew louder and louder until we reached the dais, and then, just as Nikola took up his place at the front and I mine a little behind him, began to die slowly away again. When it had quite done so the great bell in the roof above our heads struck three. The noise it made was almost deafening. It seemed to fill the entire cave, then, like the music above mentioned, to die slowly away again. Once more it repeated the same number of strokes, and once more the sound died away. As it did so a curtain at the far end was drawn back and the monks commenced to file slowly in from either side, just as they had done at the first service after our arrival. There must have been nearly four hundred of them; they were all dressed in black and all wore the same peculiar head covering I have described elsewhere.

When they had taken up their places on either side of the dais upon which we stood, the curtain which covered the doorway through which I had followed Nikola down into the subterranean chamber the night before was drawn aside and another procession entered. First came the dwarfs, to the number of thirty, each carrying a lighted torch in his hand, after them nearly a hundred monks dressed in white, swinging censers, then a dozen gray-bearded priests in black, after which the two men who were the heads of this extraordinary sect.

Reaching the throne the procession divided itself into two, each half taking up its position in the form of a semi-circle on either side. The two heads seated themselves beneath the canopy, and exactly at the moment of their doing so the great bell boomed forth again. As its echo died away all the monks who had hitherto been kneeling rose to their feet and with one accord took up the hymn of their sect. Though the music and words were barbaric in the extreme there was something about the effect produced that stirred the heart beyond description. The hymn ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and then, from among the white robed monks beside the throne, a man stepped forth with a paper in his hand. In a loud voice he proclaimed the fact that it had pleased the two Great Ones of the mountains to fill the vacancy which had so long existed in the triumvirate. For that reason they had summoned to their presence a man who bore a reputation for wisdom and holiness second to none. Him they now saw before them. He had rendered good

service to the society, he had proved himself a just man, and now it only remained for him to state whether he was willing to take upon himself the great responsibilities of the office to which he had been called. Having given utterance to all this the man retired to his place again. Then four of the monks, two from either side of the throne, walked slowly down the aisle towards Nikola, and bidding him follow them, escorted him in procession to the room behind the curtain. While he was absent from the cave no one moved or spoke.

At the end of about ten minutes the small procession filed out again, Nikola coming last. He was now attired in all the grand robes of his office. His tall spare form became them wonderfully well, and when he once more stood upon the dais before me I could not help thinking I had never in my life seen a more imposing figure.

Once more the great bell tolled out, and when the sound had ceased the man who had first spoken stepped forward and in a loud voice bade it be known that the ex-priest of Hankow was prepared to take upon himself the duties and responsibilities of his office. As he retired to his place again two monks came forward and escorted Nikola up the centre aisle towards the triple throne. Arriving at the foot the two Great Ones threw off the veils they had hitherto been wearing, and came down to meet him. Having each given a hand, they were about to escort him to his place when there was a commotion at the end of the hall.

In a flash, though so far the sound only consisted of excited whispering, all my forebodings rushed back upon me, and my heart seemed to stand still. The chief of the Three dropped Nikola's hand and, turning to one of the monks beside him, bade him go down the hall and discover what this unseemly interruption might mean. The man went, to presently return with a message that there was a stranger in the monastery who craved immediate speech with the Two.

He was at once told to enter, and in a few minutes a travel-stained, soiled and bedraggled Chinaman made his appearance and humbly approached the throne. His four followers remained clustered round the door at the farther end.

"Who are you, and what want you here?" asked the old man in a voice that rang like a trumpet call. "Think you that you will be permitted to disturb us in this unseemly fashion?"

"I humbly sue for pardon. But I have

good reason, O my father!" returned the man, with a reverence that nearly touched the ground.

"Let us hear it then, and be speedy. What is your name, and whence come you?"

"*I am the chief priest of the temple of Hankow, and I come for justice!*" said the man, and as he said it a great murmur of astonishment ran through the hall. I saw Nikola step back a pace and then stand quite still. If it were the truth this man was telling we were lost beyond hope of redemption.

"Thou foolish man to bring so false a story here!" said the elder of the two. "Know ye not that the priest of Hankow stands before you?"

"It is false!" said the man. "I come to warn you that that man is an impostor. He is no priest but a foreign devil who captured me and sent me out of the way while he took my place."

"Then how did you get here?" asked the chief of the sect.

"I escaped," said the man, "from where he hid me, and made my way to Tientsin, thence to Peking and so on here."

"O my father!" said Nikola, just as quietly as if nothing unusual were happening, "will you allow such a cunningly devised tale to do me evil in your eyes? Did I not bring with me a letter from the high priest of the Llamaserai, making known to you that I was he whom you expected? Will you then put me to shame before the world?"

The old man did not answer.

"I too have a letter from the high priest," said the new arrival eagerly. Whereupon he produced a document and handed it to the second of the two.

"Peace! peace! We will retire and consider upon this matter," said the old man. Then turning to the monks beside him he said sternly: "See that neither of these men escape." Then with his colleague he retired to the inner room, out of which they had appeared at the beginning of the ceremonial.

In perfect silence we awaited their return, and during the time I was confirmed in a curious fact that I had remarked once or twice before. Though all day I had been dreading the approach of some catastrophe, yet when it came, and I had to look it fairly in the face, all my fears seemed to vanish. My nervousness left me like a discarded cloak, and so certain seemed our fate that I found I could await it with almost a smile.

At the end of about twenty minutes there was a stir near the door and presently the two

returned from the hall and mounted their thrones. It was the old man who spoke.

"We have considered the letters," he said, "and in our wisdom we have concluded that it would be unwise to come to a hasty decision. This matter must be further inquired into." Then turning to Nikola, he continued: "Take off those vestments. If you are innocent they shall be restored to you and you shall wear them with honour to yourself and the respect of all our order; but if you be guilty, prepare for death, for no human soul shall save you."

Nikola immediately divested himself of his gorgeous robes and handed them to the monks who stood ready to receive them.

"You will now," said the old man, "be conducted back to the cells you have hitherto occupied. To night at a later hour this matter will be more fully inquired into."

Nikola bowed with his peculiar grace and then came back to where I stood, after which, escorted by monks, we returned to our room and were left alone, not however before we had noted the fact that armed guards were placed at the gate at the top of the steps leading into the main corridor.

When I had made sure that no one was near enough to eavesdrop I went into Nikola's room expecting to find him cast down by the failure of his scheme. I was going to offer him my condolences, but he stopped me by holding up his hand.

"Of course," he said, "I regret exceedingly that our adventure should have ended like this. We must not repine however, for we have the satisfaction of knowing that we played our cards like men. We have lost on the odd trick, that is all."

"And what is the upshot of it all to be?"

"Very simple, I should say. If we don't find a way to escape we shall pay the penalty of our rashness with our lives. I don't know that I mind so much for myself, though I should very much like to put into practice a few of the things I have learnt here; but I certainly do regret it for your sake."

"That is very good of you."

"Oh, make no mistake, I am thinking of that poor little girl in Peking who believes so implicitly in you."

"For heaven's sake don't speak of her or I shall turn coward! Are you certain that there is no means of escape?"

"To be frank with you I do not see one. You may be sure however I shall use all my ingenuity to-night to make my case good, though I have no hope that I shall

be successful. This man you see holds all the cards, and we are playing a love hand against the bank. But there, I suppose it is no use thinking about the matter until after the trial to-night."

The hours wore slowly on and every moment I expected to hear the tramp of feet upon the stones outside summoning us to the investigation. They came at last. Two monks entered my room and bade me fetch my master. When I had done so we were marched in single file up the stairs and along the corridor to a higher level instead of descending as on previous occasions.

Arriving on a broad landing we were received by an armed guard of monks. One of them beckoned us to follow him and in response we passed through a doorway and entered a large room at the end of which two people were seated at a table; behind them and on either side were rows of monks, and between guards at the opposite end of the table the man who had brought the accusation.

At a signal from a monk, who was evidently in command of the guard, I was separated from Nikola, and then the trial commenced.

First the new-comer recited his tale. He described how in the village of Tsan-Chu he had been met and betrayed by two men who, having secured his person, had carried him out to sea and imprisoned him aboard a junk. His first captors, it was understood, were Englishmen, but he was finally delivered into the care of a Chinaman, who had conveyed him to Along Bay. From this place he managed to effect his escape, and after great personal hardship reached Tientsin. On arrival there he made inquiries which induced him to push on to Peking. Making his way to the Llamasera, and being able to convince the high priest of his identity, he had learned to his astonishment that he was being impersonated, and that the man who was filling his place had preceded him to Thibet. On the strength of this discovery he obtained men and donkeys and pushed on to the monastery as fast as he could travel.

When he had finished speaking he was closely questioned by both of the great men, but his testimony was sound and could not be shaken. Then his attendants were called up and gave their evidence, after which Nikola was invited to make his case good.

He accepted the invitation with alacrity, and reviewing all that his rival had said, pointed out the manifest absurdities with which it abounded, ridiculed what he called

its inconsistency, implored his judges not to be led away by an artfully contrived tale, and brought his remarks to a conclusion by stating, what was perfectly true, though hardly in the manner he intended, that he had no doubt at all as to their decision. A more masterly speech it would have been difficult to imagine. His keen instinct had detected the one weak spot in his enemy's story and his brilliant oratory helped him to make the most of it. His points told, and to my astonishment I saw that he had already influenced his judges in his favour. If only we could go on as we had begun we might yet come successfully out of the affair. But we were reckoning without our host.

"Since you say you are the priest of the temple of Hankow," said the younger of the two great men, addressing Nikola, "it is certain that you must be well acquainted with the temple. In the first hall is a tablet presented by a Taotai of the province; what is the inscription on it?"

"Let the gods decide what is best for man," said Nikola without hesitation.

I saw that the real priest was surprised beyond measure at this ready answer. Nikola had evidently hit the mark, but how he had managed it was more than I could tell.

"And upon the steps that lead up to it, what is carved?"

"Let peace be with all men!" said Nikola, again without stopping.

The judge turned to the other man.

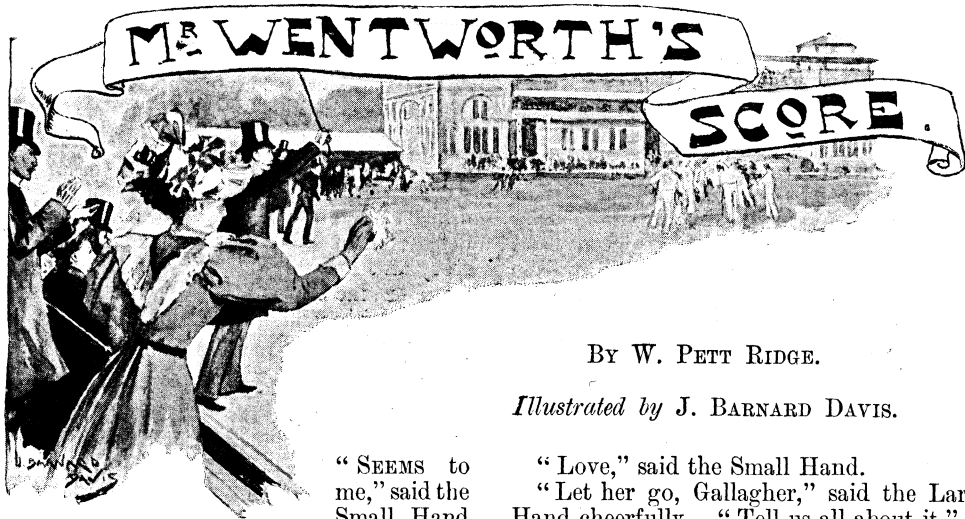
"There is nothing there," he said; and my heart went down like lead.

"Now I know," said the old man, turning to Nikola, "that you are not what you pretend. There are no steps, therefore there can be nothing written upon them.

Then turning to the guards about him he said—

"Convey these men back to the room whence they came. See that they be well guarded, and at daybreak to-morrow morning let them be hurled from the precipice down into the valley below."

Nikola bowed but said never a word. Then escorted by our guards we returned to our room. When we had arrived there and the monks had left us and taken up their places at the top of the steps outside, I sat myself down on my bed and covered my face with my hands. So this was what it had all come to. It was for this I had met Nikola in Shanghai, and for this that we had braved so many dangers.



BY W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by J. BARNARD DAVIS.

"SEEMS to me," said the Small Hand

of the clock at Lords', "that lookers-on see most of the game."

The moon was shining down on the quiet, empty cricket ground, and some might have thought that it was under the impression that the day's match was still being played.

If this had been so the moon was certainly not so brilliant as it looked. But the real fact of the matter is (as the clock knows) that on moonlight nights silent matches are played at Lords' by ghostly cricketers in top hats and sleeved waistcoats, and Mr. Mynn, of Brasted, revives his reputation for bowling people out before they know it, and bails are sent flying to the delight of the old, old ghosts who, standing near the pavilion, clap their hands and cheer noiselessly. At three o'clock in the morning the moon goes, stumps are drawn for the night, and Willsher and Lipscombe and the rest of the two elevens fade away. The hands of the clock see all this; they see—what is more to the present purpose—many things too that happen by day. And when they come near to each other, as at five minutes to eleven, they either quarrel or give each other an item of news.

"See most of the game," repeated the Small Hand.

"There's a sparkling novelty about your remarks," remarked the Large Hand, "that simply dazzles me. I can't think how you do it."

"No occasion to be funny," said the Small Hand sedately; "or to try to be—which is not quite the same thing. I simply made the remark because I noticed this afternoon a little love affair."

"Love?" exclaimed the Large Hand with sudden interest.

"Love," said the Small Hand.

"Let her go, Gallagher," said the Large Hand cheerfully. "Tell us all about it."

And the Small Hand told this tale:—

"The county was not doing so well in its second innings, and the M.C.C. men looked gratified. As they waited for the new man to come out Miss Mary Leigh noticed with regret that the M.C.C. threw very hard catches to each other, in the humorous manner that the fielding eleven ever assumes when it is winning. Their joyousness seemed to augur badly for the county.

"How does the score stand now, Sir Lewis?" she asked anxiously. "Can you see the board?"

"Sir Lewis Dane put both glasses of his pince-nez to one eye.

"Fifty-two," he said; "six out. Last man scored one. If the new man does not do better than that he will not do very well."

"It does seem such a waste of time," said Mary Leigh's aunt aggrievedly, "all this walking to and fro from the pavilion. If they don't mean to make any runs why on earth don't they say so and save everybody a lot of —"

"It is Mr. Wentworth next," cried Mary Leigh excitedly.

"The new batsman strode from the pavilion to the wicket and took the block from the white-coated umpire at the other end.

"What I should suggest," said Sir Lewis genially, "is that you two ladies should permit me to take you in to lunch now. There's generally a crowd in the interval, and —"

"I am very sorry," said Mary Leigh, with her eyes on the play, "but I can't eat."

"That is a very wicked thing to say," exclaimed her aunt.

"You must excuse me, Sir Lewis. Let me stop here and you take aunt. I shall be quite safe."

"There's some sense in that certainly," said Mary Leigh's aunt grudgingly.

"I should much prefer not to leave you here," said Sir Lewis solicitously.

"But if I beg of you to do so."

"That," said Sir Lewis, "is different." He turned to the aunt. "Shall we go?"

"Mary Leigh's aunt entered upon lunch with great enjoyment. She had once—years ago—been called by someone a remarkable manager, and every day she endeavoured to live up to this ancient character. Her bonnet quite shivered now with her delight of approaching a difficulty that would require all of her amazing powers.

"Your niece," said Sir Lewis, looking thoughtfully at his claret, "appeared extremely anxious to see Mr. Wentworth but."

"And why," said Mary Leigh's aunt, "why, I can't think—unless it was that she wanted to see him bowled out in his first over."

"I understood that they were good friends?"

"Good friends!" echoed Mary Leigh's aunt. "Why, they positively dislike each other. I am sure the other day——Do you mind passing the salt? Thank you so much. The other day I happened to overhear them talking to each other, and I was simply astonished. I think myself that it's a great pity to see two young people so bitterly opposed to each other, but——" (Mary Leigh's aunt sighed) "I suppose they know best. If I were you, Sir Lewis, I should never ask him to the house when you are married."

"There will be no necessity to do so."

"That's exactly what I mean. You want to make my niece happy."

"Indeed, yes," said Sir Lewis earnestly.

"And if you take my advice you will be careful to drop Mr. Wentworth for one. Nothing will gratify dear Mary—and myself—more."

"He seems a pleasant, straightforward sort of fellow."

"Ah!" said Mary Leigh's aunt, breaking her bread with a manner of asperity—"seems! But he has no title——"

"That should make no difference."

"He has no title, I was going to say, to quarrel with any lady."

"Least of all," agreed Sir Lewis decidedly, "the lady who is to be—is to be my wife."

"Mary Leigh's aunt took up her glass and looked archly across the table at Sir Lewis as though she were going to drink to his health and happiness.

"It is not worth while bothering about this Mr. Wentworth," she said soothingly. "He leaves the country pretty soon."

"Leaves the country?"

"He has an appointment at a consulate in——"

"Of course," said Sir Lewis self-reproachfully, "of course; I remember now. The affair was before me only yesterday at the Colonial Office. But it is not absolutely settled."

"Then I should strongly advise you," said Mary Leigh's aunt strenuously, "very strongly advise you to do all in your power to enable him to get the appointment. It will be a good thing for him——"

"It's rather an unhealthy place."

"A good thing for him to get away and make his life for himself."

"He is more likely to lose it," said Sir Lewis.

"Well," said Mary Leigh's aunt, "that is his look out surely. He has made the application with his eyes open, and young men must buy their experience, there is no other way of getting it. Besides," went on the old lady argumentatively, "someone will have to go."

"I think," said Sir Lewis, "that I should prefer it not to be anyone whom your niece knows."

"Nonsense!" said Mary Leigh's aunt cheerfully.

"Out in the field, astonishing things were happening. Fours were being hit, threes were being sent to leg, singles were being stolen, the score on the telegraph board increased quickly, and nearly all from the bat of Mr. Frank Wentworth. His colleague at the opposite end was a safe methodical bat, who blocked the ball cautiously and never hit out unless the bowler invited him generously. Frank Wentworth batted perhaps a little recklessly, but he batted with excellent success. When the interval came for lunch the county men appeared at the pavilion and swelled the applause that hailed Wentworth's temporary departure from the wickets, and a bright-eyed young person under the clock fluttered her tiny be-laced handkerchief until she thought of something, and then she stopped.

"What they ought to do," said a critic in the member's stand, "is to put on the Flying Scotsman."



"I must beg of you, Sir Lewis, not to interfere."

“‘But he’s such a dangerous bowler.’

“‘Well,’ said the critic airily, ‘what does that matter?’

“‘It matters to the batsman.’

“‘Oh,’ said the first man, ‘it’s all cricket.’

“Mr. Frank Wentworth, passing near in the interval to the place where Mary Leigh and her aunt and Sir Lewis were standing, flushed a shade ruddier than usual and pulled off his cap. Sir Lewis acknowledged on behalf of his companions, and Frank Wentworth half stopped, but the young lady looked steadily out at the field where patrons were strolling and, her lips tightly pressed together, made no sign of encouragement. Wentworth strolled on with his bodyguard of admirers.

“‘I shall have to go in half an hour,’ said Sir Lewis looking up at the clock regretfully. ‘An unsportsmanlike Government will not allow its permanent officials to absent themselves for long even with such ——’

“He coughed and bowed.

“‘Even with such excellent and charming excuses as I have.’

“‘We can stay, aunt?’

“‘Certainly not,’ said Mary Leigh’s aunt decidedly, ‘certainly not. We shall go at the same time.’

“‘I would much rather see the match finished, aunt.’

“‘Don’t be absurd,’ said the middle-aged lady with some acrimony.

“‘I am sure there is no reason,’ interposed Sir Lewis, ‘why you should not both stay if you care to. They are just clearing the ground.’

“‘I must beg of you, Sir Lewis,’ said Mary Leigh’s aunt, ‘not to interfere. I have a good reason for desiring Mary to accompany me home at once.’

“‘I am not sure,’ he said gravely, ‘that I have not some right to speak on behalf of your niece.’

“‘Yes, yes, yes, Sir Lewis, I know that.’ She was a general not accustomed to find her strategies thwarted and it annoyed her a good deal to find an attempt being made in this direction. ‘I know all about that; but on this occasion ——’

“‘I am not going, aunt,’ said Mary Leigh decidedly, ‘until Frank—until Mr. Wentworth is out.’

“‘That settles it,’ remarked Sir Lewis good-humouredly.

“‘A growing habit of yours, Mary, of taking matters into your own hands, is one that will have to be checked.’

“‘I am not sure,’ said Mary Leigh trembling, and with some increase of colour,

‘that I ought not to have adopted the habit before.’

“‘It certainly suits you,’ remarked Sir Lewis.

“Play! The Flying Scotsman has been put on at the nursery end, and the Flying Scotsman is a six-foot-three youth with an enormous length of arm and a delivery that is terribly swift. Moreover the ground has become rather hard and the first fierce ball bumps and goes up high over Frank Wentworth’s head in a disconcerting manner. The next is touched neatly to slip and the Flying Scotsman says something to himself in his native tongue. The third ball goes again to slip, this time for three, and the M.C.C. captain looks with pained regret at the long bowler.

“‘That’s five already,’ says Mary Leigh delightedly. ‘He only wants six more to make the century.’

“Her gloved hands tremble as she holds the field-glasses.

“‘Bravo!’ cry the patrons.

“A fine leg hit for four deserves its bravo! and even at Lords’, where emotions are held in rein, the commendation is given loudly.

“‘Ninety-eight!’ cries Mary Leigh; ‘only two more?’

“She would have been puzzled to give a clear analysis of her feelings at this moment. But it is certain that the information given by her aunt in regard to the sturdy young batsman out there, is momentarily forgotten. She is genuinely anxious that he shall make his century, so that the county may resound with praise of his name. They both love their county. There had been a time when they thought they had loved each other.

“Last ball of the over. Be careful, long-armed Flying Scotsman. The captain is preparing a caustic remark for you, to be fired if this ball is scored off. Take a good look at the wicket, Flying Scotsman; count your steps carefully.

“The ball flies from his hand, pitches, rises in a most unexpected manner and — Good heavens! Mr. Frank Wentworth down on the worn grass in a confused senseless heap. Mr. Frank Wentworth with a face whitened through its ruddy colour and with a nasty wound on the forehead. A slight figure in gray defying all tradition came swiftly across the grass.

“‘I’m awfully sorry,’ said the Flying Scotsman sincerely. ‘I ought not to be put on to bowl when the ground’s like this. Is he hurt much?’

“‘It is rather bad,’ said the doctor.

'Two of you please take him up very carefully will you? Are any of his people here I wonder?'

"I am here," said Mary Leigh promptly. 'I can do anything that is wanted in the way of nursing.'

"Good," said the doctor. 'Are you two men ready? Go slowly now.'

"Shall we stop the game, doctor?" asked the M.C.C. captain.

"Nothing would justify that. I'll tell them to send the next man out. This way, Mrs. Wentworth.'

"The young lady would have smiled at the doctor's error but that her thoughts were occupied in a serious direction. She pushed back the wet hair from Frank Wentworth's forehead and the two men carried him across to the hotel. When Frank Wentworth opened his eyes he caught sight of her and closed them again with a sigh of contentment.

"There's nothing like one's own wife," said the doctor cheerfully. 'He'll get over it in less than no time if you only look after him. Can you stay here for half an hour whilst I run home and make up something?'

"Certainly.'

"That's right. Not more than half an hour?'

"There is no hurry," said Mary Leigh.

"When the aunt discovered the young lady, Mary had already had a quiet—a very quiet talk with the damaged, grateful young cricketer. This quiet talk had exposed the careful strategy of Mary Leigh's aunt, and when the young person addressed that relative in the passage near to the door she was not inexcusably inclined to speak quite plainly.

"In my young days," declared Mary Leigh's aunt, 'no girl would ever have dared to argue in this way.'

"I hope that in your young days," said the young lady, 'they had no cause to do so.'

"I have taken a great deal of trouble to ensure your welfare, a *great* deal of trouble, I must say, and this is all the return I get for it. And in fact for two pins I daresay you would be inclined to upbraid me for what I have done.'

"The pins are not indispensable," said Mary Leigh. 'You have nearly made my life very unhappy. If I had not discovered that you had told me untruths in regard to Mr. Wentworth I should have ——'

"Well, well," said the old lady impatiently, 'it's no use harping on that. We can't reverse the past. Sir Lewis will make a very good husband, and you ought to think

yourself a very lucky girl, and I dare say some day you will see how ungrateful you have been. I'm sure I've done and said everything I could to make you happy.'

"I beg pardon," said Sir Lewis. 'I couldn't help hearing my name mentioned.' He turned to Mary Leigh. 'My dear,' he said pleasantly, 'tell me all about it.'

"And Mary Leigh, with many interruptions from the perturbed, aggrieved and finally indignant aunt, did so. When the recital was over Sir Lewis took the young lady's hand with a pleasant paternal air that became him so much better than the one he had recently assumed.

"This last month," he said gravely, 'this last month must be cancelled. We must erase it from our memories. Tell young Mr. Wentworth to get better soon, and give—give him my congratulations, and tell him that I'll see that he gets a better place than Sierra Leone. And don't forget to mention that the county has won the match by two wickets.'

"I am so glad," said Mary Leigh thankfully.

"Sir Lewis Dane conducted Mary Leigh's aunt to her carriage in the St. John's Wood Road with as much courtesy as though he had no grievance whatever against her. Mary Leigh's aunt talked confusedly about the Eastern Question until Sir Lewis was about to close the door.

"After all," remarked Mary Leigh's aunt, 'after all, Sir Lewis, you must admit that I did my best.'

"I don't wish, madam," he said suavely, 'to pain your feelings. But all that I can say is that if this is doing your best, may I be spared from ever seeing you do your worst.'"

The Large Hand had travelled busily during the time that the Small Hand had been telling this story, and it spoke now from twenty-five minutes past the hour. The moon had gone under a cloud, and on the green grass the phantom cricketers (whom only Time can see) were hurrying off because it was the supper interval.

"Going to marry and live happily ever afterwards, I suppose?" asked the Large Hand.

"Ex-actly," said the Small Hand.

"Precious old-fashioned way of ending," grumbled the Large Hand. "Been done over and over again."

"I know," said the Small Hand cheerfully, "I know. It's only in modern novels that sensible people do anything else."

THE AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN SHANNON":

A TALK WITH MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

BY ARCHIBALD CROMWELL.



ANTICIPATING the natural interest of those who have read Mr. Coulson Kernahan's previous works in his new story, "Captain Shannon," commencing in this issue of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, I had a chat with the author the other day on the subject.

By way of preface, let me say that Mr. Kernahan is the son of Dr. James Kernahan, M.A., F.G.S., a commentator of remarkable insight, and a scientist of distinction, from whom, doubtless, he has derived much of his interest in the trend of modern thought. He is, as his name suggests, an Irishman, and it is in Ireland that most of his relatives live—his uncle, the Rev. R. A. Kernahan, B.D., being Rector of Hillsborough. He was born at Ilfracombe, and came to London about fifteen years ago to commence the career which has since won him fame and friends among those who are best qualified to appreciate. The little circle of intimates of Philip Bourke Marston received him gladly into their midst. Mr. F. W.

Robinson—that kindly encourager of young authors—enlisted him in the band of new writers, among whom were reckoned J. M. Barrie, Jerome K. Jerome, and others, who have since "come to their own," and Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Theodore Watts gave him in his struggling days such generous help and kindness as he will, he says, never

forget. Mr. Kernahan's earliest striking success was that weird story, "A Dead Man's Diary," which appeared without a signature in *Lippincott's Magazine*. It made a decided sensation, and when published in volume form the entire edition was sold out in a few days, and since then four other large editions have been called for. It was avowedly eerie, but in the book there were lofty strains of imagination like veins of gold. An unscrupulous author in England, thinking the writer was an American, calmly annexed his reputation

by announcing his own book as "By the author of 'A Dead Man's Diary.'" Mr. Kernahan's publishers obtained an injunction, and the entire edition was destroyed. The Diary was followed by "A Book of Strange



From a photo by]

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

[Russell.

Sins," which achieved also a rapid popularity, every copy of the first edition being taken up on day of publication. As a contrast to this volume and an example of Mr. Kernahan's varied style may be cited "Sorrow and Song," a volume of critical essays collected from the *Fortnightly* and other leading reviews, which was issued in 1893. This exhibited a critical faculty which was speedily recognised by leading *littérateurs*.

He glories in being an optimist, believing in the existence of much good. I think he would agree with what Dr. Jeddler says in "The Battle of Life," that "it's a world full of hearts, a world we need to be careful how we libel—heaven forgive us! for it is a world of sacred mysteries, and its Creator only knows what lies beneath the surface of His lightest image." And he has that rare possession, enthusiasm, and cherishes it for his friends

as well as for his ideals. Politics concern him little, but a fine seascape by his neighbour, Mr. Harvey Moore, or a poem uttered by some new voice in "the nest of singing birds," will extort his most fervent praise. To see Mr. Kernahan in his pretty home by the sea, revelling in long walks or playing with little Beryl—who makes her début in these pages—one would never suspect him

of having written "Captain Shannon." Tall and broad-shouldered, he suggests a military man rather than an author, and to this day he retains a boyish impulsiveness which is refreshing, while his merry laugh is absolutely infectious. His sympathy with the poor and unfortunate is only restricted when organ-grinders are concerned. He walks

fast, talks fast, and writes fast, but lives slowly, preferring the serenity of home to "the hurrying delight" of publicity.

This brings me naturally to "Thruns," the charming residence where, in sight of the sea, Mr. Kernahan does much of his literary work. In his green studio at the end of the garden, "Captain Shannon" was written, and some of the local colour in the story can easily be recognised when you have visited Westcliff. A mile or so away from "Thruns"

you will see the long pier of Southend stretching like a centipede—I borrow the phrase from "Captain Shannon"—into the distance; or, looking in another direction, your eye can rest on Canvey Island, visible through the barrier of fishing smacks which stand like a line of sentinels along the shore; and Sheerness and Shoeburyness are other features in the wide panorama which unfolds itself when the sea



From a photo by]

[Shepherd, Southend.

MR. KERNAHAN AND HIS DAUGHTER BERYL.

mists have been dispelled by the sunshine so continual in this neighbourhood.

Going indoors you see the literary and artistic tastes of the inhabitants of "Thrums" visible everywhere you turn. On the crowded bookshelves there are countless volumes, made doubly valuable by their authors' autograph inscriptions therein, for Mr. Kernahan is fortunate in possessing as literary friends most of those who are of account in the world of letters. A signed portrait of Mr. Frederick Locker is flanked by one of Mr. William Watson, inscribed "To Coulson Kernahan from his pal, William Watson," while Jerome K. Jerome, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Max Pemberton, Lady Henry Somerset, S. J. Stone (the composer of that world-famous hymn "The Church's One Foundation"), are but representatives of many who have bestowed their photographs to adorn "Thrums."

I must allow myself the pleasure of alluding also to Mrs. Kernahan, who has a separate claim to notice as a story writer of undoubted ability. Her novel, "The House of Rimmon," published not very long ago, showed unusual power in delineating character. The sympathetic and acute observation of human nature which was evidenced in this interesting story impressed me so much that I was not surprised to learn that Mrs. Kernahan had had for some years a thorough acquaintance with medicine; she is also a clever musician, delighting especially in classical music. Her daughters (by her first marriage with the late brilliant and talented Professor G. T. Bettany, of Caius College, Cambridge, a contributor to the *Times*, the *Contemporary Review*, and the "Dictionary of National Biography") have had the advantage of musical training from their mother, and have fortunately inherited the same enthusiasm. Mrs. Kernahan's interest in literature matches that of her husband. Indeed in this, as in many other ways, they realise

The thousand sweet still joys of such
As, hand in hand, face human life.

There is in everything which proceeds from the pen of Mr. Kernahan an evident feeling after the right word and phrase to express his ideas, and more often than most writers he attains success in his search. If you wish to grieve his genial spirit speak of a thing as "nice." A word like that is as objectionable to him as "bijou" was to Lady Camper in George Meredith's entertaining story. And here I may remark that one of his best essays was that written in

the *Nineteenth Century* on the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, with whom he collaborated in a new edition of "Lyra Elegantiarum," now being revised by Mr. Kernahan afresh. This "appreciation" of his friend was conceived in just that delicate sense of the appropriate which would have best pleased him who will be more familiar to the readers of the *WINDSOR MAGAZINE* as Frederick Locker, the author of "London Lyrics." He added the name of Lampson to his own after his marriage to the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart. His first wife, Lady Charlotte Locker, the daughter of the Earl of Elgin, was sister-in-law to Dean Stanley. Mr. Locker was connected with Lord Tennyson by marriage, as his daughter was the wife of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson. After Mr.

Tennyson's death she married Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., who is one of the sanest critics of the day, and certainly one of our most charming essayists. To hasten on, one can briefly mention "God and the Ant," which has circulated already to the extent of thirty thousand copies, and has furnished the text of many sermons all over the world. It has also added considerably to Mr. Kernahan's letter-bag—not always to the joy of so busy a man.

Having summarised—I know inadequately—the literary achievements of Mr. Kernahan, I will give the result of our interview as to his story "Captain Shannon." The conversation appropriately occurred in the heart of London, where much of the plot is laid.

"Why did you strike out in such a new line?" was my first inevitable query. "Will the public recognise in this thrilling story the calm critic or the author of 'God and the Ant'?"

"I will answer the last question first. I



(From a photo by Willis, Southend.)
MRS. KERNAHAN.

hope my literary ideals have not been entirely submerged in the interest of 'Captain Shannon.' I have tried to pourtray truthfully the mighty underground movements which exist in our great cities. The story is not merely an effort at exciting fiction. It is a story without a woman, but not, I hope, without a moral; and it is based on my personal investigation of the Socialist life in centres like Paris, Geneva, Brussels, and the East-End of London. Any worker in political or social schemes will recognise the plausibility of the plot. Ever since I wrote a story—no, you won't recollect it—called 'Number One,' I have wanted to

without ignition. My story is intended to awaken attention to a state of affairs of which few people have any conception. There have been in the last ten years plenty of facts brought to public knowledge substantiating incidents in the career of Captain Shannon."

"One more question, Mr. Kernahan. How did you write it?"

"It was commenced on December 5, 1894. I wrote occasionally till March, 1895; then it was put on one side till the autumn. In that season ideas seem to come to my mind more readily. Down at Westcliff the story grew gradually till, by the end of this March,

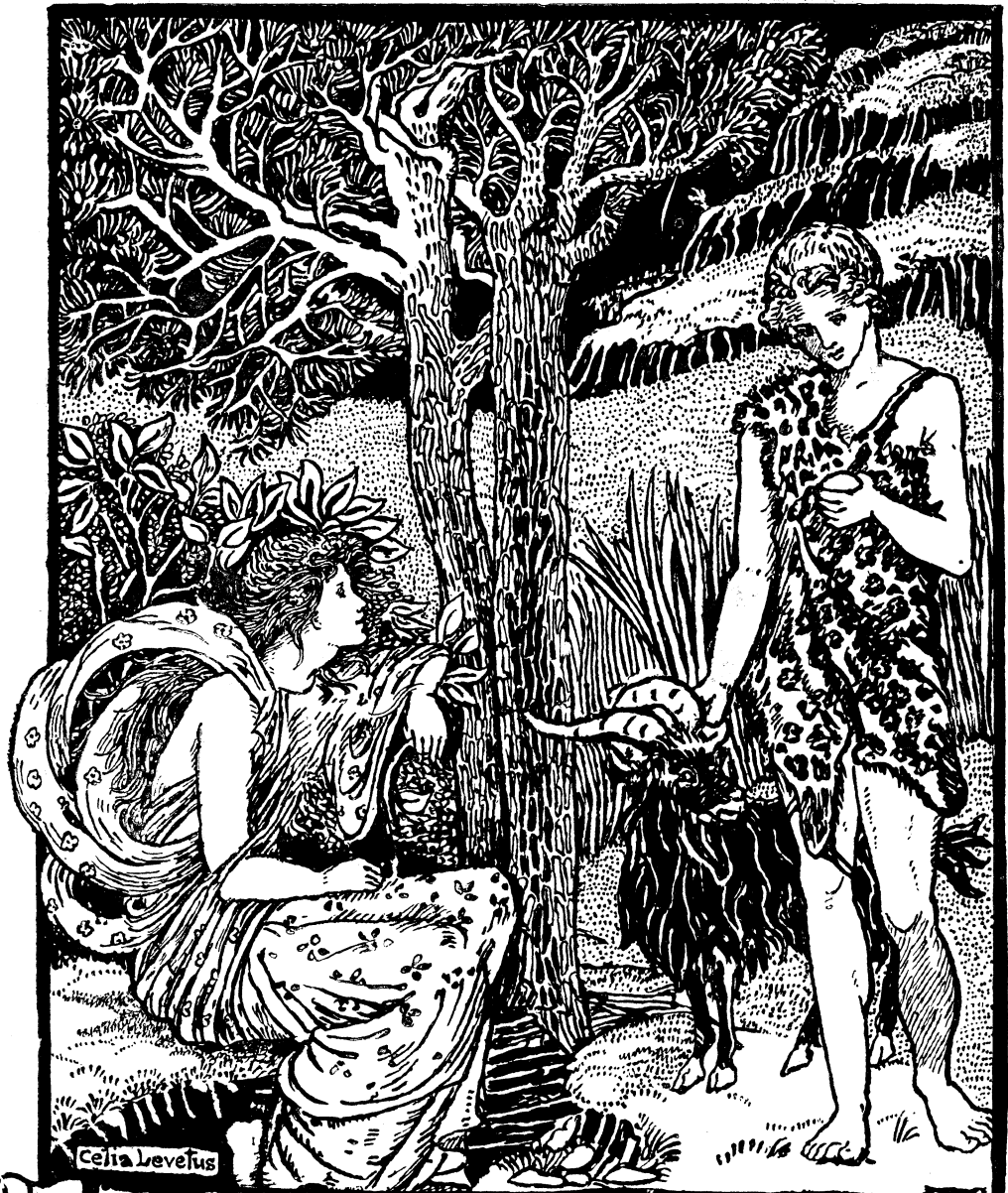
"The Murder was now put clean away. These and other rumours were passed from mouth to mouth and were repeated with astonishing accuracy until the arrival of the doctor who was, by ^{well informed} various persons promptly recognised as an authority of pronounced to the ~~Chief Commissioner~~ ^{Chief Commissioner} of Police. The Lord Mayor, the Edward Lawson, ~~Lord Mayor~~ ^{Lord Mayor} & ~~others~~ ^{others} Every door became an object of persons' curiosity. People began to be half inclined to wonder how they could so many times have passed the ~~Record~~ ^{Record} Mrs. ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Record~~ ^{Record} without recognising that was something ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~tragedy~~ ^{tragedy} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~shape~~ ^{shape} of the

SOME LINES FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "CAPTAIN SHANNON."

expand the idea of a mysterious individual holding in his secret hiding-place the threads of a gigantic upheaval. What I claim for Captain Shannon is the possibility of such a villain's clever evasion of the law. Why, just remember how 'Number One' managed to escape, despite the fact that every port and loophole was being guarded. Depend upon it there is beneath our feet and before our eyes a serious movement towards Socialism. Sir William Harcourt has indeed said, 'We are all Socialists now.' And sooner or later, unless in the meantime the heart of the community beats more in sympathy with the needs of the poor and oppressed, there will come the Social Revolution. Matches cannot be left very long

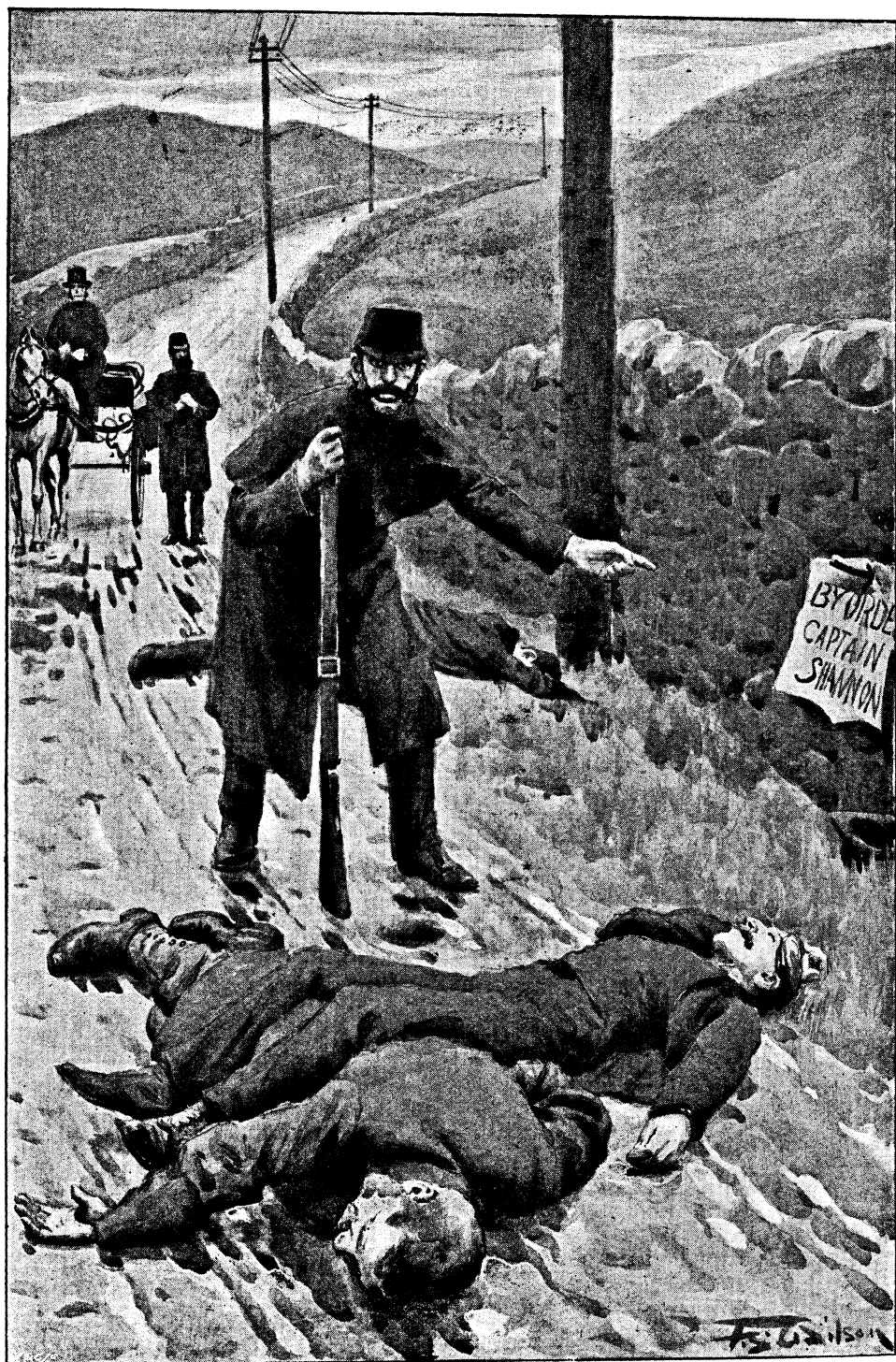
it was finished. Much of the original tale has been altered and compressed, and I hope it is now more closely knit together and improved by condensation. Just as in the theatrical world plays are said to be "tried on the dog," so my story has been read aloud to one or two critical friends, not omitting my lively dog, who ought by this time to be a judge of literature."

I may add, from my personal knowledge, that Mr. Kernahan's story made quite an impression on the young ladies who type-wrote it. Their eagerness to get the next sections will, I trust, only be equalled by that of the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE in following the thrilling narrative of mysterious Captain Shannon.



"I waited underneath the dawning hills
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd,
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

("CENONE." Tennyson)



"BY ORDER.—CAPTAIN SHANNON."

CAPTAIN SHANNON.

By COULSON KERNAHAN.

(Author of "*A Dead Man's Diary*," "*A Book of Strange Sins*," "*Sorrow and Song*," "*God and the Ant*," etc.).

Illustrated by F. S. WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

WHO IS "CAPTAIN SHANNON" ?



THE year 18— will be memorable for the perpetration in England and in Ireland of a series of infamously diabolical outrages. On the scene of each crime was found—sometimes scrawled in plain rough capitals upon a piece of paper which was pinned to the body of a victim, sometimes rudely chalked in the same lettering upon a door or wall—this inscription—

"BY ORDER.—CAPTAIN SHANNON."

Who Captain Shannon was the police failed entirely to discover, although the counties in which the crimes occurred were scoured from end to end, and every person who was known to have been in the neighbourhood was subjected to the severest examination. That some who were so examined knew more than they would tell there was reason to believe ; but so dreaded was the miscreant's name, and so swift and terrible had been the fate of those who in the past had incurred his vengeance, that neither offers of reward nor threats of punishment could elicit anything but dogged denials.

But when the conspirators carried the war into the enemy's country and successfully accomplished the peculiarly daring crime which wrecked the police headquarters at New Scotland Yard, the indignation of the public knew no bounds. If the emissaries of Captain Shannon could succeed in conveying an infernal machine into New Scotland Yard itself the whole community was—so it was argued—at the mercy of a band of murderers.

The scene in the House of Commons on the night following the outrage was one of great excitement. The Chief Secretary for Ireland declared, in a memorable speech, that the purpose of the crime was to terrorise and to intimidate. No loyal English or Irish citizen would, he was sure, be deterred from doing his duty by such infamous acts ; but

that they had to deal with murderers of the most determined type could not be doubted. The whole conspiracy was, in his opinion, the work of some half dozen assassins, who were probably the tools of the monster calling himself "Captain Shannon," in whose too fertile brain the crimes had, he believed, originated, and under whose devilishly planned directions they had been carried out.

The police had reason to suppose that the headquarters of the conspirators were in Ireland, in which country the majority of the crimes—at all events of the earlier crimes—had been committed.

He regretted to say, but it was his duty to say, that but for the disloyal attitude of a section of the Irish people—who, from dastardly and contemptible cowardice, or from sympathy with the assassins, had not only withheld the evidence, without which it was impossible to trace the various outrages to their cause, but had on more than one occasion actually sought to hinder the police in the execution of their duty—the conspirators would long since have been brought to book.

The Secretary then went on to denounce in the strongest language what he called the infamous conduct of the disloyal Irish. He declared, amid ringing cheers, that the man or woman who sought to shield such a monster as Captain Shannon, or to protect him and his confederates from justice, was nothing less than a murderer in the eyes of God and of man. He informed the House that although the Government had actually framed several important measures which would go far to remove the grievances of which Irishmen were complaining, he for one would, in view of what had taken place, strenuously oppose the consideration at that moment of any measures which had even the appearance of a concession to Irish demands. It was repression, not concession, which must be meted out to traitors and murderers.

Within a month after the delivery of this speech all England was horrified by the

news of a crime more wantonly wicked than any outrage which had preceded it, a crime which resulted—as its perpetrators must have known it would result—in the wholesale murder of hundreds of inoffensive people against whom—excepting for the fact that they happened to be law-abiding citizens—the followers of Captain Shannon could have no grievance.

All that was known was that a respectably dressed young man, carrying what appeared to be about a dozen well-worn volumes from Mudie's, or some other circulating library, had entered an empty first-class carriage at Aldgate station. These books were held together by a strap—as is usual when sending or taking volumes for exchange to the libraries—and it had occurred to no one to ask to examine them, although the officials at all railway stations had, in view of the recent outrages, been instructed to challenge every passenger carrying a suspicious looking parcel.

The theory which was afterwards put forward was that what appeared to be a parcel of volumes from a circulating library was in reality a case cunningly covered with the backs, bindings, and edges of books, and that this case contained an infernal machine of the most deadly description. It was supposed that the wretch in charge of it had purposely entered an empty carriage that he might the better carry out his infamous plan, and that after setting fire to the fuse he had left the train at the next station.

That this theory afforded the most likely explanation of what subsequently took place was generally agreed, although one well-known authority on explosives expressed himself as of opinion that no infernal machine capable of causing what had happened could be concealed in so small a compass as that suggested. But it was pointed out in reply that from arrests and discoveries which had been made in America and on the Continent, it was evident that the manufacture of infernal machines and investigations into the qualities of explosives were being scientifically and systematically carried on. Though no connection had as yet been traced between the persons who had been arrested and the perpetrators of the recent outrages, the probabilities were that such connection existed, and it was asked whether it might not be possible that someone who was thus engaged in experimenting with explosives had discovered a new explosive, or a new combination of explosives, which was different from and more deadly than anything known to the authorities.

Into the probability or improbability of this and other theories which were put forward it would be idle here to enter. All that is known is that the train had only just entered the tunnel immediately to the west of Blackfriars station when there occurred the most awful explosion of the sort within the memory of man. The passengers, as well as the guard, driver and stoker, not only of the train in which the explosion took place, but also of a train which was proceeding in the opposite direction and happened to be passing at the time, were killed to a man, and with the exception of one of Smith's bookstall boys, whose escape seemed almost miraculous, every soul in the station—ticket collectors, porters, station-master, and the unfortunate people who were waiting on the platform—shared the same fate.

Nor was this all, for at the moment when the outrage occurred the train was passing under one of the busiest crossings in London—that where New Bridge Street, Blackfriars Bridge, Queen Victoria Street and the Thames Embankment converge—and so terrific was the explosion that the space between these converging thoroughfares was blown away as a man's hand is blown away by the bursting of a gun.

The buildings in the immediate neighbourhood, including parts of St. Paul's station on the London, Chatham and Dover railway, the offices over Blackfriars station, and De Keyser's Hotel on the opposite side of the way, were wrecked, and the long arm of Blackfriars Bridge lay idle across the river like a limb which has been rudely hacked from a body.

But it is not my intention to attempt any realistic description of the scene, or of the awful sights which were witnessed when, after the first paralysing moment of panic was over, the search for the injured, the dying and the dead was commenced. The number of lives lost, including those who perished in Blackfriars station, in the two trains, in the street, and in the surrounding buildings, was enormous. Several columns of the papers next morning were filled with lists of the missing and the dead. One name on the list had a terrible significance. It was the name of the man to achieve whose murder the lives of so many innocent men and women had been ruthlessly sacrificed; the name of a man whose remains were never found but whose funeral pyre was built of the broken bodies of hundreds of his fellow creatures—the name of the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN SHANNON'S MANIFESTO.

ON the day of the outrage upon the Metropolitan railway a manifesto from Captain Shannon, of which the following is a copy, was received by the Prime Minister at his official residence in Downing Street. It was written as usual in roughly printed capitals, and, as it bore the Dublin postmark of the preceding day, must have been posted before the explosion had taken place.

*"To the People of Great Britain
and Ireland:—*

"Fellow countrymen and countrywomen,—The Anarchistic, Nihilistic, Fenian, and similar movements of the past have all been failures. That fact there is no denying. I do not mean to say that there have been no results to the glorious war which has been waged upon a society which is content to stand by heedless and unconcerned while Russia's many millions of starving and suffering fellow-creatures are the slaves of a system by which the honour, liberty and life of every man, woman and child are at the mercy of a tyrant's whim and the whims of his myrmidons; a society which looks on smiling while Ireland is groaning under the heel of English oppression, and while capitalists, who yawn as they seek to devise some new vice on which to squander the wealth which has become a burden to them, grind down and sweat the poor, setting one starving man to compete against another for a wage which can scarce find him and his in dry bread. A society which, calling itself Christian, and having it in its power to mend matters, can unconcerned endure such iniquities, is *blood guilty*, and so long as these things last, upon society shall its crimes be visited—with society must all just men and true wage deadly war.

"What has been done hitherto has not been without results.

"But for the justice which was executed upon the arch-tyrant Alexander of Russia; the blow which was struck at English tyranny by the destruction of Clerkenwell prison; the righteous punishment which befell those servants of tyrants and enemies of freedom, Burke and Cavendish—but for these and other glorious deeds, the bitter cry of the oppressed all over the world had passed unheard and unheeded; Ireland had not wrung from reluctant England the few paltry concessions that have been made, and the dawning of the great day of freedom had been indefinitely postponed.

"But notwithstanding all that has been done the fact remains and cannot be denied that Nihilists, Anarchists, Fenians, and those who, under different names and different leaders, are fighting for freedom throughout the world have up to the present failed to accomplish the results at which they aim.

"And why?

"Because they have been scattered and separate organisations, each working independently of the other, and having no resources outside itself. So long as this sort of thing continues nothing can be hoped for but the throwing away of precious lives and sorely needed money to no purpose.

"But let these scattered forces combine into one organised and all-powerful Federation and mankind will be at its mercy.

"This is what has been done.

"The World Federation of Freedom is now an accomplished fact, for all the secret societies of the world have combined into one common and supreme organisation, with one common enemy and one common purpose.

"That purpose is to rid mankind of the monsters of Monarchy and Imperialism, and with them of the whole vampire brood of Peers, Nobles and Capitalists who, in order that they may live in idleness and sensuality, grind the face of the poor and drain drop by drop the hearts'-blood of toiling millions.

"Its object is to declare that all things are the property of the people. To wrench from the greedy maw of landowners and capitalists their ill-gotten gains and to restore them to the rightful possessors. To sweep from the face of the earth the fat priests, ministers and clergy who batten and fatten on the carrion of dead and decaying religions. To preach the gospel of the happiness of man in place of the worship of God, and to declare the day of the great republic, when the many millions who have hitherto been ruled shall become the rulers.

"That this glorious consummation can be attained all at once the Federation is not so sanguine as to expect. Its members know that though they have a lever strong enough to move the world they must be content to work slowly. Mankind is a chained giant. Their aim is to set him free; but to do this they must be content to knock off his fetters one by one; and at the last meeting of the World Federation of Freedom it was unanimously agreed to inaugurate the great struggle for personal liberty, firstly, by emancipating Ireland from the English

yoke, and secondly, by the overthrowing of Imperialism in Russia.

"The council of the Federation has two reasons for deciding to commence the plan of campaign by freeing Ireland."

"The first is that the members know well that the greatest enemy with which they have to contend—the last country to be convinced of the righteousness of their cause—will be England, that prince-ridden, priest-ridden, peer-ridden nation of flunkies and enemies of freedom which shed the blood of her own children in America rather than grant them their rightful independence, and now seeks in a similar way to keep Ireland, India, Canada and Australia under her cruel heel. At England then it is right and fitting the first blow should be struck.

"The other reason is that Ireland, when she is once set free, and in the hands of the Federation, is to be made the basis of future operations. It is very necessary that the Federation should have some such headquarters, and in regard to size (too large a centre is not desirable), shape, situation and compactness, Ireland possesses peculiar natural advantages for the purpose. An island, surrounded on all sides as by sentries, by the sea, no hostile force can steal upon her under cover and unawares. She is practically the key to Europe, and as a vantage-ground from which to commence operations upon England her position cannot be bettered.

"Is there a single thinking man or woman who cannot see that monarchy and imperialism, peers, clergy and class distinctions are doomed, and that their utter downfall is only a matter of time? Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, France and England, are undermined to the very cores by Socialism and Anarchy. The mines which are to destroy society, as society now exists, are laid though they are out of sight, and at any moment the opportunity may come to fire the train. Such an opportunity once occurred in France; but what happened then, though it served to show what hatred of its rulers was seething unsuspected in the lowest stratum of society, was a mere accident. But if an accidental outbreak like the French Revolution could set rivers of blood running in France, what may we not expect from the Great Revolution which, when it comes—as come it must—will be the result, not of chance, but of long years of systematic propagation of socialistic principles among the masses, which will be the outcome of the

most subtly-planned and gigantic scheme for the liberation of mankind which the world has ever known!

"There are people who will say that what happened on the other side of the Channel can never happen on this. But those who know what is going on in London, Manchester, Birmingham, and all the largest towns, know that we are living on the edge of a volcano; that England is riper for revolution to-day than France was in 1789, though the danger was as little suspected now as it was then, and that what happened then, and worse, may happen at any time in England unless her councillors have the foresight and the wisdom to *give* to the people what the people will assuredly *otherwise take*.

"It must be remembered that in England we have had for more than half a century a Queen who does not forget that during that time a complete revolution has taken place in many previously existing beliefs and systems, a Queen who knows that England will never tolerate another George IV, who recognises that what was patiently borne sixty, forty, and twenty years ago, will not be endured for a moment to-day, and has wisely avoided everything which can put royalty on its trial or the temper of the people to the test. Hence, though Englishmen knew that a day of reckoning between royalty and the people is nigh, they have tacitly consented to put off that day so long as she lives, and to call upon some other and less fortunate sovereign to settle the account. But the account, too long overdue, will soon have to be settled. As well might one man hope to stand against an incoming sea, as well might the courtiers of old King Canute think by their chiding to stay the rude waves from wetting the feet of their royal master, as the rich few think that they can withstand the million of the poor when the poor shall arise in their might and their right to claim as their own the riches which their labours have accumulated. In whose hands are those riches now? For answer let them look to the words which are written in the very heart of their seething, starving London, over the portico of the Royal Exchange, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' Yes, the lords'—this duke's, that earl's—but not God's—if a God there be—or the people's.

"But it is to restore the earth and the fulness thereof to the people that the World Federation of Freedom is fighting. Its cause is the cause of the poor, and it is

sacred. Long years of toiling for the bare necessities of life have so broken the spirit of the poor that they have become almost like beasts of burden that wince before a whip in the hands of a child, and bow themselves to the yoke at the bidding of a master whose puny life they could crush out at a blow. It is time that the poor should be made to see the terrible power which, if only by virtue of their swarming millions, lies at their command.

"It is for the people of Great Britain to make choice whether they will throw in their lot with the winning side while yet there is time to make terms, or whether they will sacrifice their lives and the lives of their wives and children to support a system by the destruction of which they will be the first to profit. And in making such choice it must be remembered that they have no longer against them for the purpose of freeing Ireland and of emancipating Russia a handful of patriots, struggling hopelessly against overwhelming odds, but the whole of the secret societies of the world. They have against them the most gigantic and far-reaching organisation which has been formed within the history of man—an organisation, the wealth and power of which are practically unlimited—which counts among its members statesmen in every Court in Europe; statesmen who, although they hold the highest offices of trust in their country's councils, are secretly working in connection with the Federation—an organisation which has spies and eyes in every place, and will spare neither man, woman nor child in the terrible vengeance which will be visited upon its enemies.

"The people of England, and especially of London, will know before the morrow how far-reaching is the arm of the Federation and how pitiless its vengeance. Let them be warned by what will occur this day on the Underground railway, and let them beware lest, by hindering either actively or passively the work of the Federation, they incur that vengeance.—By order.

CAPTAIN SHANNON."

CHAPTER III.

THE "DAILY RECORD" TO THE RESCUE.

THREE days after the explosion the *Daily Record*, which had from the first given exceptional prominence to everything connected with the outrages, issued a special supplement in which, in a letter to the people of England, the editor said that in

view of the infamous conspiracy which had been formed against the welfare of the British Empire, and against the lives of British citizens, the proprietors of the *Daily Record* had some months ago decided to bring all their resources, capital and energy to bear upon the discovery of the promoters of the conspiracy. In the carrying out of this investigation the services of the very ablest English and foreign detectives had been engaged, their instructions being that, so long as absolute secrecy was observed and ultimate success attained, the question of expense was to remain entirely unconsidered. As a result he was now able to supply the names and, in three cases, personal descriptions and portraits of seven men who were beyond all question the leaders of the movement, and one of whom—though which he regretted he was at present unable to say—the notorious Captain Shannon himself. The proprietors of the *Record* had not intended, he said, to make known their discoveries until the investigation had reached a more forward and satisfactory stage, but in view of what had recently occurred they had decided that it would not be right to withhold any information which might assist in bringing the perpetrators of the diabolical outrage to justice. In conclusion he announced that the proprietors of the *Daily Record* were prepared to offer the following rewards:—

First, they would pay to any person, by means of whose information the capture had been effected, a reward of £3000 per head for the arrest of any of the seven men whose names appeared on the list.

Secondly, to any person who would give such information as would lead to the arrest of Captain Shannon, and at the same time furnish proof of his identity, they would pay a reward of £20,000.

And in offering these rewards they made no exception in regard to the persons who were eligible to claim them. So long as the person claiming the reward or rewards had supplied the information which led to the arrest or arrests of the individuals indicated the money should be faithfully paid without question or reservation.

Needless to say the publication of this letter, with the names, and in three cases with portraits, of the men who were asserted to be the leaders of the conspiracy, and the offer of such large rewards, created a profound sensation not only in England and Ireland, but in America and on the Continent.

One or two of the *Daily Record's* con-

temporaries did not hesitate to censure the action which had been taken as an advertising dodge, and a well-known Conservative organ declared that such a direct insult to the authorities was calculated seriously to injure the national prestige of England ;—that the Government had made every possible effort to protect society and to bring the perpetrators of the recent outrages to book, and that the result of the *Record's* rash and ill-advised procedures would be to stultify the action of the police and to defeat the ends of justice.

On the other hand the public generally—especially in view of the fact that the *Record* had succeeded in discovering who were the leaders of the conspiracy (which the police had apparently failed to do)—was inclined to give the editor and the proprietors credit for the patriotism they claimed, and it was confidently believed that the offer of so large a reward would tempt someone to turn informer and to give up his confederates to justice.

What the *Daily Record* did for England the *Dublin News*—which had been consistently loyal throughout, and the most fearlessly outspoken of all the Irish Press in its denunciation of Captain Shannon—did for Ireland. It hailed the proprietors and editor of the *Record* as patriots, declaring that, in view of the inefficiency which the Government had displayed in their efforts to protect the public, it was high time that the public should bestir itself and take the matter into its own hand. It reprinted—by the permission of the *Record*—the descriptions and portraits of the “suspects” and distributed them broadcast over the country, and it announced that it would add to the amount which was offered by the *Daily Record* for information which would lead to the arrest of Captain Shannon the sum of £5000.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MURDER IN FLEET STREET.

TEN A.M. is a comparatively quiet hour in Fleet Street. The sale of morning papers has practically dropped, and as the second edition of those afternoon journals, of which no one ever sees a first, has not yet been served out to the clamouring and hustling mob at the distributing centres, no vociferating newsboys, aproned with placards of *Sun*, *News*, *Echo* or *Star*, have as yet taken possession of the street corners and pavement kerbs.

On the morning of which I am writing the newspaper world was sadly in want of a sensation. A royal personage had, it is true, put off the crown corruptible for one which would press less heavily on his brow ; but he had, as a pressman phrased it, “given away the entire situation” by allowing himself for a fortnight to be announced as “dying.” This, Fleet Street resented as unartistic, and partaking of the nature of an anti-climax. Better things, it considered, might have been expected from so eminent an individual ; and as such a way of making an end was not to be encouraged, the Press had, as a warning to other royal personages, passed by the event as comparatively unimportant.

It was true too that the Heir Apparent had on the previous evening entered a carriage on the Underground railway as it was on the point of starting, and that the placards of the “special” editions had in consequence announced an “Alarming accident to the Prince of Wales,” which, when H.R.H. had contemptuously remarked that there never had been an approach to danger, was changed in the “extra specials” to “The Prince describes his Narrow Escape.”

The incident had however been severely commented on as “sensation-mongering” by the morning papers (badly in want of a sensation themselves) and was now practically closed, so that the alliterative artist of the *Morning Advertiser's* placards had nothing better upon which to exercise his ingenuity than a “Conflict among County Councillors,” and the *Daily Chronicle's* most exciting contents were a poem by Mr. Richard le Gallienne and a letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw. Nor was anything doing in the aristocratic world. Not a single duke, marquis, earl, viscount or baron was appearing as respondent or co-respondent in a divorce case, or as actor in any turf or society scandal, and there was a widespread feeling that the aristocracy as a whole was not doing its duty to the country.

As a matter of fact one among many results of the sudden cessation, three months since, of every sort of Anarchistic outrage, had been that the daily papers could not seem other than flat reading to a public which had previously opened these same prints each morning with apprehension and anxiety. Though the vigorous action taken by the editor of the *Daily Record* in London and of the *Dublin News* in Dublin had not, as had been expected, led to the arrest of Captain Shannon or his colleagues, it had apparently

so alarmed the conspirators as to cause them to abandon their plan of campaign. The general opinion was that Captain Shannon, finding so much was known, and that, though his own identity had not been fixed, the personality of the leaders of the conspiracy was no longer a secret, had deemed it advisable to flee the country lest the offer of so large a reward as £25,000 should tempt the cupidity of some of his colleagues. And as it always had been believed that he was the prime source and author of the whole diabolical conspiracy, the cessation of the outrages was regarded as a natural consequence of his defalcation.

I was thinking of Captain Shannon and of the suddenness with which he had dropped out of public notice while I walked up Fleet Street on this particular morning. As I passed the *Daily Chronicle* buildings and glanced at the placards displayed in the window I could not help contrasting in my mind the unimportant occurrences which were there in small type set forth with the news of the terrible outrage which had leapt to meet the eye from the same window three months since. Just as I approached the office of the *Daily Record* I heard the sound of the sudden and hurried flinging open of a door, and the next moment a man, wild-eyed, white-faced and hatless, rushed out into the road shouting "Murder! murder! police! murder!" at the top of his voice.

In an instant the restless, hurrying human streams that ebb and flow ceaselessly in the narrow channel of Fleet Street—like contending rivers running between lofty banks—had surged up in a huge wave around him. In the next a

policeman, pushing back the crowd with his right hand and his left, had forced a way to the man's side, inquiring gruffly,



"Murder! murder!"

"Now then, what's up? And where?"

"Murder! The editor's just been stabbed in his room by Captain Shannon or one of his agents. Don't let anyone out. The

assassin may not have had time to get away," was the rejoinder.

There are no police officers more efficient and prompt to act than those of the City of London, and on this occasion they acquitted themselves admirably. Other constables had now hurried up, and at once proceeded to clear a space in front of the *Record* office, forming a cordon on each side of the road, and allowing no one to pass in or out.

A messenger was despatched in haste for the nearest doctor, and when guards had been set at every entrance to, and possible exit from, the *Record* office, two policemen passed within the building to pursue inquiries, and the doors were shut and locked. Among the crowd outside the wildest rumours and speculations were rife.

"The editor of the *Record* had been murdered by Captain Shannon himself, who had come on purpose to wreak vengeance for the attitude the paper had taken up in regard to the conspiracy."

"The murderer had been caught red-handed and was now in custody of the police."

"The murderer was concealed somewhere on the premises and had in his possession an infernal machine with which it would be possible to wreck half Fleet Street."

(This last report had the effect of causing a temporary diversion in favour of the side streets.)

"The murderers had got clean away and the whole staff of the *Record* had been arrested on suspicion." These and many other rumours were passed from mouth to mouth and repeated with astonishing variations until the arrival of the doctor, who was by various well-informed persons promptly recognised as, and authoritatively pronounced to be, Captain Shaw, the Chief Commissioner of Police, the Lord Mayor, and Sir Augustus Harris.

Every door, window and letter-box became an object of fearsome curiosity. People were half inclined to wonder how they could so many times have passed the *Record* office without recognising something of impending tragedy about the building—something of historic interest in the shape of the very window-panes and key-holes. One man among the crowd attained enviable celebrity by announcing that he "See the editor go up that passage and through that door—the very door where he'd gone through that morning afore he was murdered—scores of

times, and didn't think nothink of it," which last admission seemed to impress the crowd with the fact that here at least was a fellow whose praiseworthy modesty deserved encouragement.

Meanwhile no sign of anything having transpired was to be seen within the building, and people were beginning to get impatient when, from somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Thames Embankment, came that sound so familiar to Cockney ears—a sound which no true Londoner can hear with indifference—the hoarse vociferation of the newsvendors proclaiming some sensational news. At first it was nothing but a distant babel, like the husky barking of dogs, but as it drew nearer the shouts became more distinguishable, and I caught the words, "'Ere yer are, sir! *Sun*, sir! Murder of a heditor this mornin'! 'Ere yer are, sir!"

"That's smart, that is!" said a fellow who was standing next to me in the crowd. "T. P. O'Connor don't let no grass grow under his feet, 'e don't. Why, the murdered man ain't 'ardly cold, and 'ere it is all in the *Sun*!"

"Shut yer jaw," said a woman near him. "'Tain't this murder at all—can't yer 'ear?" And then as the moving babel, like a slowly travelling storm-cloud, drew nearer and nearer and finally burst upon Fleet Street, we could make out what the newsvendors were hoarsely vociferating.

"'Ere yer are, sir! *Sun*, sir! Murder o' the heditor o' the *Dublin News* this mornin'. Capture o' the hassassin, who turns hinformer. Captain Shannon's name and hidentity disclosed. The 'ole 'ideous plot laid bare. 'Ere yer are, sir!"

Elbowed my way as best I could through the crowd, I succeeded at last in getting within a yard or two of a newsboy, and by offering him a shilling and telling him not to mind the change, possessed myself of a *Sun*. This is what I read at the top of the centre page:—

"The editor of the *Dublin News* was stabbed in the street at an early hour this morning. The murderer was captured and has now turned informer. The police refuse to give any information in regard to what has been divulged, but there is no doubt that Captain Shannon's name and identity have at last been disclosed, and that the whole hideous conspiracy is now laid bare. Further particulars in our next edition."

CHAPTER V.

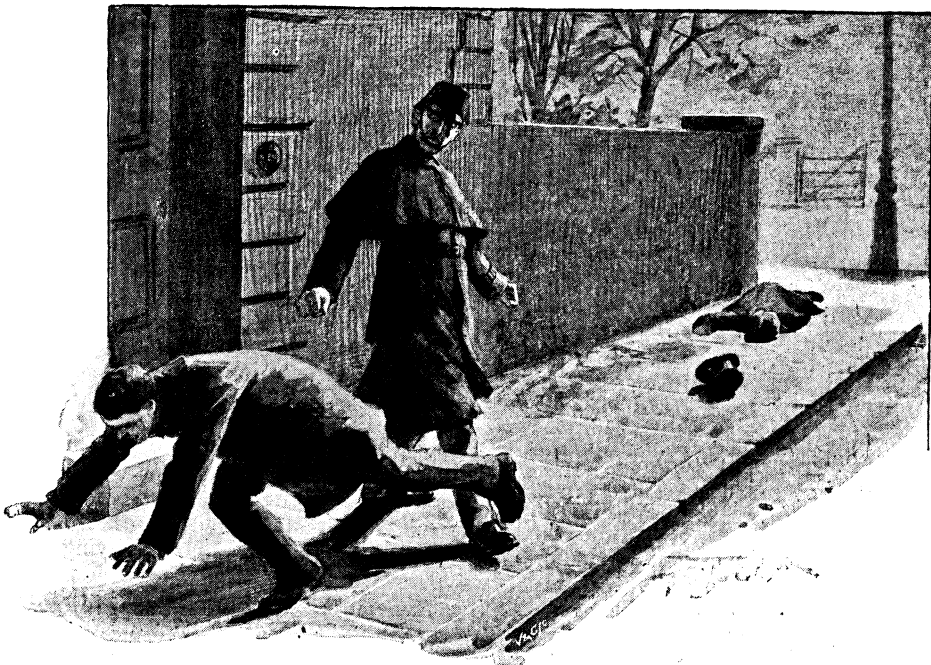
THE IDENTITY OF CAPTAIN SHANNON
DISCLOSED AT LAST.

THE news that the captured conspirator had turned informer and divulged the name and identity of Captain Shannon created, as may be supposed, the wildest excitement. Contrary to general expectation the authorities seemed willing to accord information instead of withholding it, though whether this was not as much due to gratification at finding themselves in the novel position of having any information to accord, as to their desire to allay public anxiety, may be questioned.

The editor of the *Dublin News* had, it seemed, been speaking at a public dinner and was returning between twelve and one o'clock from the gathering. As it was a close night and the room had been hot, he mentioned to a friend that he thought he should walk home instead of driving. This he had apparently done, for a police constable who was standing in the shadow of a doorway near the editor's residence saw him turn the corner of the street closely followed by another man who was presumably begging. The editor stopped and put his hand in his pocket as if to search for a coin and as he did so the supposed beggar struck at him,

apparently with a knife. The unfortunate gentleman fell without a cry, and the assassin then stooped over him to repeat the blow, after which he started to run at full speed in the direction of the constable, who drew back within the doorway until the runner was almost upon him, when he promptly tripped his man up and held him down until assistance arrived. When taken to the station the prisoner at first denied, with much bluster, all knowledge of the crime; but when he learned, with evident dismay, that the murder had been witnessed and saw the damning evidence of guilt in the shape of blood spattering upon his right sleeve, his bluster gave place to the most grovelling terror, and though he refused to give any account of himself he was removed to a cell in a state of complete collapse.

The next morning his condition was even more abject. The result of his self-communings had apparently been to convince him that the hangman's hand was already upon him, and that his only chance of saving his neck lay in turning informer and throwing himself upon the mercy of the authorities. The wretched creature implored the police to believe that he was no assassin by his own choice, and that the murder would never have been committed had he not gone in fear of his life from the spies and agents of



"He promptly tripped his man up."

Captain Shannon, whose instructions he dared not disobey. He expressed his readiness to reveal all he knew of the conspiracy, and declared that he was not only aware who Captain Shannon was, but actually had a portrait of the arch-conspirator which he was prepared to hand over to the police. He then went on to say that the murder of the editor of the *Dublin News* was to be companioned in London by the murder of the editor of the *Daily Record*.

On hearing this last startling piece of news the Dublin police wired immediately to New Scotland Yard and to the London office of the *Daily Record*, but the warning arrived at the latter place a few minutes too late, for when the telegram was taken to

had sent up the name of Mr. Hiram B. Todd, of Boston, and the editor's reply had been, "Show the gentleman in." Why this unknown stranger was allowed access to an editor who is generally supposed to be entirely inaccessible to outsiders, there was not a particle of evidence to show. All that was known was that a minute or two before the murder had been discovered, the supposed Mr. Todd came out from the editor's



"Good morning ; and thank you very much."

the editor's room he was found lying stabbed through the heart.

An alarm was raised as already described, the doors locked, and everyone within the building subjected to the severest examination, but all that could be discovered was that a well-groomed and young-looking man, dressed and speaking like a gentleman, had called some ten minutes before saying that he had an appointment with the editor. He

room, turning back to nod "Good-morning ; and thank you very much" at the door, after closing which he left the building. No cry or noise of scuffling had been heard, but from the fact that the editor was lying face downwards over a table upon which papers were generally kept, it was supposed that he had risen from his chair and walked across the room to this table to look for a manuscript or memorandum. To do so he must

have turned his back upon the visitor, who had apparently seized the opportunity to stab his victim to the heart, and had then left the office just in time to escape detection.

The importance of the arrest which had been made was fully realised when, two days after its occurrence, the name, personal description, and portrait of Captain Shannon were posted up on every police-station in the kingdom, with the announcement that the Government would pay a reward of £5000 for information which should lead to his arrest.

He was, it seemed, the fourth man on the *Daily Record's* list, his name being James Mullen, an Irish-American, and was described as between forty and fifty years of age, short, and slightly lame. In complexion he was stated to be dark, with brown hair and bushy beard, but his most distinguishable feature was said to be his eyes, which were described as particularly full and fine, with heavy lids.

Then came the portrait, which, the instant I looked at it, startled me strangely. The face as I saw it there was unknown to me; but that somewhere and sometime in my life I had seen the face—not of someone resembling this man, but of the very man himself—I was positive, though under what circumstances I could not for the life of me remember. I have as a rule an excellent memory, and I attribute this very largely to the fact that I *never allow myself to forget*. Memory, like the lamp which came into the possession of Aladdin, can summon magicians to aid us at call. But memory is a lamp which must be kept bright by constant usage or it ceases to retain its power. The slave-sprites serve mortals none too willingly, and if, when you rub the lamp, the attendant sprite come not readily to your call, and you, through indolence, allow him to slip back into the blue, be sure that when next you seek his offices he will again be mutinous. And if on that occasion you compel him not, he will become more and ever more slack in his service, and finally will shake off his allegiance and cease to do your bidding at all.

Hence, as I have said, I *never allow myself to forget*, though when I stumble upon a stubborn matter I go like a dog with a thorn in his foot till the thing be found. Such a matter was it to remember where and when I had seen the face that so reminded me of Captain Shannon. Day after day went by and yet, cudgel my brains as I would, I could get no nearer to tracing

the connection, and but for sheer obstinacy, had pitched the whole concern out of my mind and gone about my business. Sometimes I was nigh persuaded that the thing I sought was sentient and alive, and was dodging me of pure devilry and set purpose. Once it tweaked me, as it were, by the ear, as if to whisper therein the words I was wanting, but when I turned to attend it, lo! it was gone at a bound and was making mouths at me round a corner. It seemed as if—as sportsmen tell us of the fox—the creature rather enjoyed being hunted than otherwise, and entered into the sport with as much zest as the sportsman. Sometimes it cast in my way a colour, a sound, or an odour (I noticed that when I smelt tobacco I seemed, as the children say, to be getting “warmer”) which set me off again in wild pursuit and with some promise of success. And then when I had for the fiftieth time abandoned the profitless chase, and, so to speak, returned home and shut myself up within my own walls, it doubled back to give a runaway knock at my door, only to mock me when I rushed out by the flutter of a garment in the act of vanishing.

But I was resolved that not all its freaks should avail it ultimately to escape me, for though I had to hunt it through every by-way and convulsion of my brain, I was determined to give myself no rest till I had laid it by the heels, and lay it by the heels I eventually did, as you shall shortly hear.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is of opinion that “Memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations, are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel.” The probable reason for this strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind is, he tells us “because the olfactory nerve is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain—the part in which we have every reason to believe the intellectual processes are carried on. To speak more truly,” he continues, “the olfactory nerve is not a nerve at all but a part of the brain in intimate connection with its anterior lobes. Contrast the sense of taste as a source of suggestive impressions with that of smell. Now the nerve of taste has no immediate connection with the brain proper, but only with the prolongation of the spinal cord.”

Curiously enough it was in connection with a scent that I ultimately succeeded in recalling where and under what circumstances I had seen the face of which I was

in search, and but for the fact of my having smelt a particular odour in a particular place this narrative would never have been written.

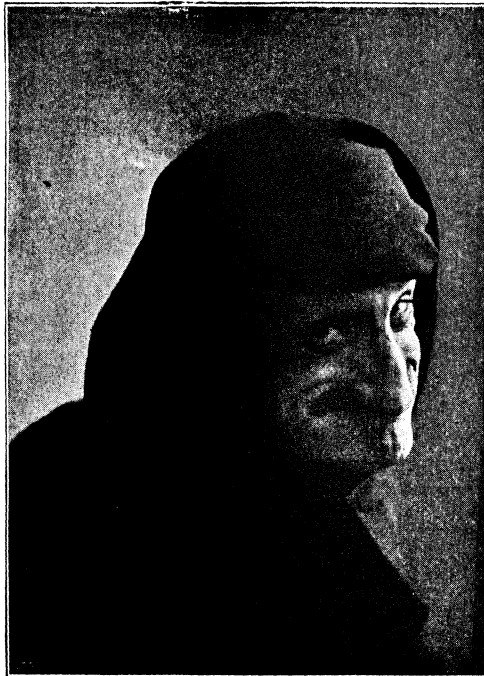
I have said that when I smelt tobacco I felt that I was, as the children say, "getting warmer." But unfortunately tobacco in the shape of pipe, cigar or cigarette is in my mouth whenever I have an excuse for the indulgence, and often when I have none. Hence, though the face I sought seemed more than once to loom out at me through tobacco smoke, I had watched too many faces through that pleasing mist to be able to recall the particular circumstances under which I had seen the one in question. Nevertheless it was tobacco which ultimately gave me my clue.

The morning was very windy, and I had three times unsuccessfully essayed to light my cigar with an ordinary match. In despair—for in a general way I hate fusees like poison—I bought a box of vesuvians

which an observant and enterprising match-vendor promptly thrust under my nose. As I struck the vile thing and the pestilent smell assailed my nostrils, the scene I was seeking to recall came back to me. I was sitting in a third-class smoking carriage on the London, Tilbury, and Southend railway, and opposite to me was a little talkative man who had previously lit his pipe with a fusee. I saw him take out the box evidently with the intention of striking another, and then I heard a voice say, "For heaven's sake, sir, don't stink the carriage out again with that filthy thing! Pray allow me to give you a match."

The speaker was sitting directly in front of me, and as I recalled his face while I stood there in the street with the still unlighted cigar between my lips, the open box in one hand and the now burnt-out fusee arrested half-way toward the cigar tip in the other, I knew that his face was the face of Captain Shannon.

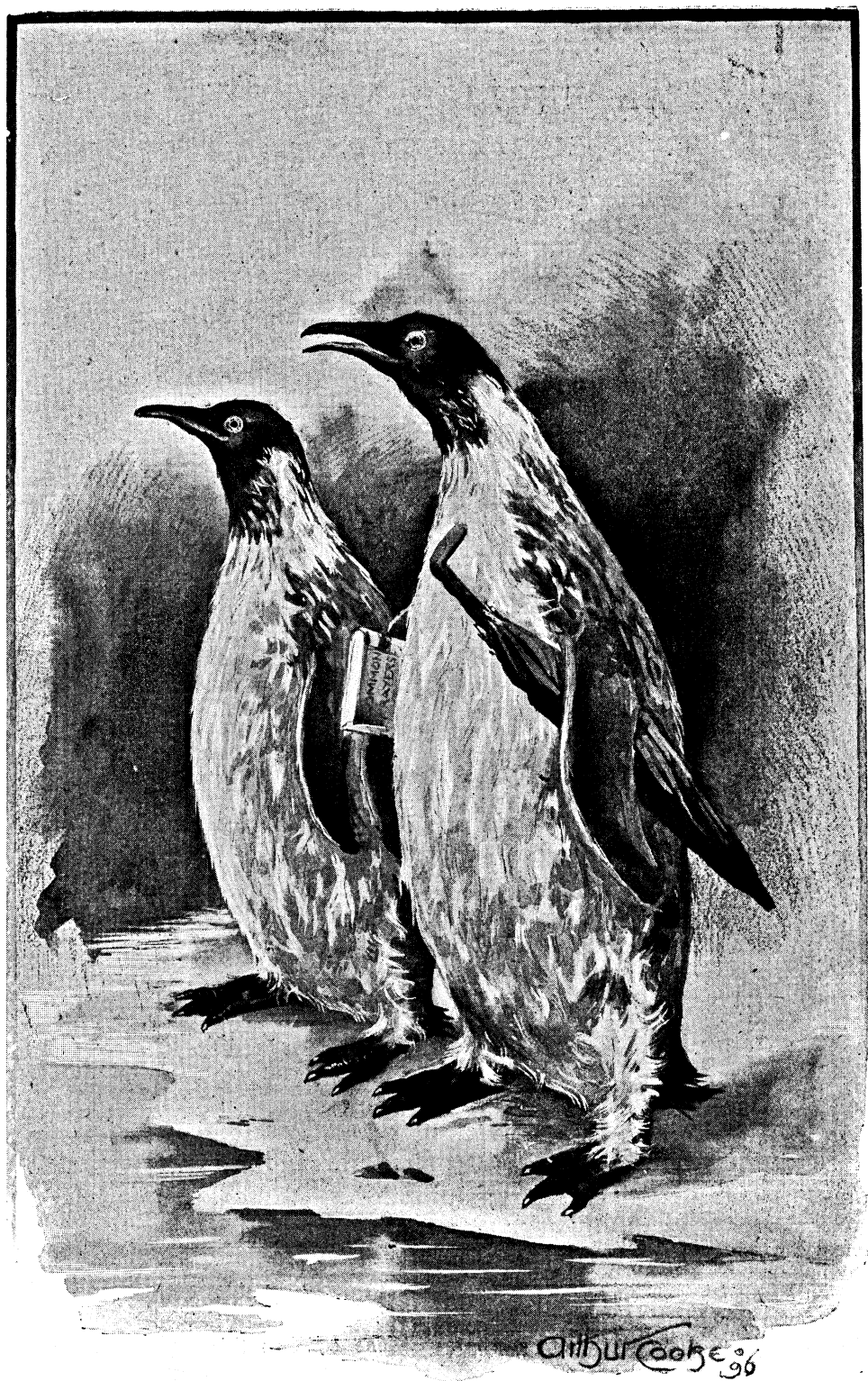
(To be continued.)



From a photo by]

[Hana, 443 Strand.

A MIRTHFUL MEPHISTO.



PRAYER-BOOK PARADE.

AN ENGLISH MEADOW.

BY FRED MILLER.

Illustrated by the Author and VERNON STOKES.



THOSE who live in the country take Nature too much for granted. She is at their doors, just as the National Gallery is at the door of the Londoner, and there the matter ends. Kipling, in a recent poem, alluding to the Britisher over-seas, tells those who are at home—

Weed ye trample underfoot
floods his heart abrim,

and the meadows, the commonest sight to dwellers in the country would give ecstasy to a townsman.

But though I have of recent years been a countryman I had a long apprenticeship in town, and a man who has passed his childhood and youth environed by bricks and mortar—whose chief idea of the country was suggested by a very early acquaintance with Regent's Park and Primrose Hill, with occasional journeys to Hampstead and Epping Forest—brings with him senses sharpened to see what is around him, and is therefore able to appreciate an English meadow. Familiarity does not make me contemptuous.

A London friend who came to see me last spring, when the fields were looking so luscious—painted with a full palette, and opulent in their charms—said he should like to have a slab of meadow sent him weekly as his table decoration, and suggested that a company might be formed to export choice slabs of pasture with all their flora—and possibly some of their fauna—to those situated like himself where meadows were only given a local habitation in the mind's eye.

The time to see English meadows in perfection is from the middle of April onwards

to June, for then you begin with the cowslips, king-cups, or golden-lobes, as the children call them, about this upper Thames valley, and Shakspeare's lady-smocks all silver white, which, with the daisies pied and violets



blue, do paint the meadows with delight. You watch them become golden with buttercups, then silver with cowparsley, and after that like a ribstone pippin with the ripening grasses (which are all of a reddish or russet hue), and bright red sorrel.



The cowslips this year were not very plentiful, while some years our meadows are quite a pale primrose with them. Last winter was one of the mildest on record, but



BLUE MEADOW CRANE'S BILL.



there are certain climatic conditions, which we do not understand, against the development of particular plants; just as with butterflies some seasons will make the 'clouded yellow' plentiful, while for two or three years after very few are seen. Cowslip wine is still made by a few countrywomen, and very good it is if kept a few years; about here, too, the villagers make wine of dandelion flowers, which is reputed to have medicinal qualities; but for that matter nearly all home-made wines are stomachics, —cowslip in fevers, dandelion for the spring of the year, sloe for the bowel complaint. It certainly adds to the pleasure of a drink to be told that it is useful therapeutically, and to feel that it is palatable.

Culpepper, in his "Herbal," ascribes wonderful virtues to most of our familiar plants. The

smaller celandine, for instance, which Wordsworth celebrated more than once in verse, is, he says, "an herb of the sun, and under the celestial Lion, and is one of the best cures for the eyes; for all that know anything in astrology know that the eyes are subject to the luminaries. Let it be gathered when the sun is Leo and the moon Aries, applying to this time; let Leo arise, and then may you make it into an oil or ointment, which you please, to anoint your sore eyes with. I can prove it doth—both my own experience and the experience of those to whom I have taught it—that most desperate sore eyes have been cured by this only medicine."

I like the local names of flowers, and so have called the marsh-marigold, or king-cup, "golden loves," which is the only name it is known by hereabouts. The white alyssum, so often used as a spring bordering in gardens, is called "snow on the mountains."



MOON DAISIES AND GRASSES.



There are two flowers found in the meadows of the upper Thames which are very local. The fritillary is very plentiful in some meadows, particularly near Oxford. Matthew Arnold in "Thyrsis" speaks of them—

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river yields—
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields—
And what sedg'd brooks are Thames' tributaries.

The white variety is not common ; the usual colour is a laky-purple, with deeper purple patterning, which gives them their local name of snake's heads.

The snowflake is a variety of snowdrop, only many flowers are borne upon the flower-stalk instead of one. The flower and growth are alike graceful.

The moon or ox-eye daisy is not found until June, and I have seen some fields quite carpeted with them ; but this often betokens a poor sandy soil. I number it among our most beautiful wild flowers. A yellow variety of it, and known as the corn marigold, is to be seen in cornfields in July and August.

There is no more beautiful flower than

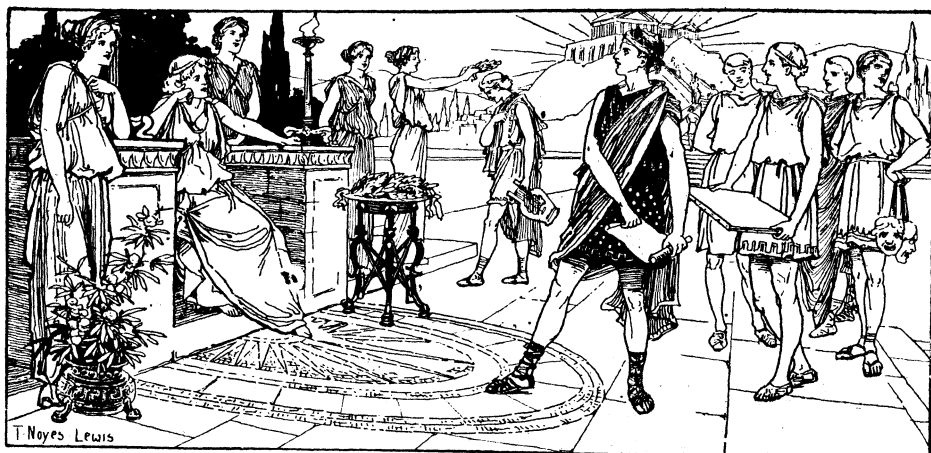
the blue meadow crane's bill. It is found all along the Thames. With its delicate hyacinthine blue flowers and laky flower-buds it is a lovely plant.

If you stop to analyse the beauty of an English meadow it will be found to consist of an enormous variety of plants, not all of equal interest or value in the "carpet," but all adding to the wonderful pattern. The grasses alone are very numerous, and it is an object-lesson to collect a specimen of each and realise how infinite is the variety of nature.

As one leisurely drops down the river glimpses of the inner life of a meadow are obtained where the bank is not too high, for then the eye looks into the grass and not merely over its surface. When the grasses gently bend under a southern wind the varying colour is very beautiful.

After the hay is cut the beauty of the meadows has gone, not to return until the following spring.

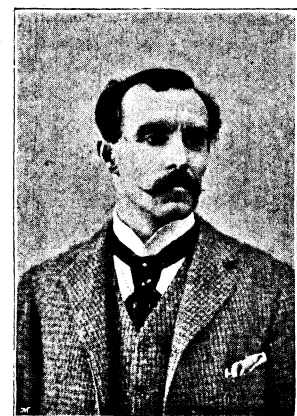




RISING STARS.

"FRANCIS PREVOST" is the pseudonym under which Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby has written more than one striking story. He is a Londoner by birth, and is thirty-four years of age. He was educated at Westminster School, the Royal

Military Academy, Woolwich, at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, winning popularity at each place by his athletic performances. He was for three years in the army, and led a wandering life on the Continent, studying art. Next he visited Count Tolstoi, and has translated several of his books. Almost every branch of sport has interested Mr. Battersby, and his skill in hockey is



(From a photo by H. H. H. Cameron.)

LITERATURE :
 FRANCIS PREVOST.

known throughout England. Such varied tastes and experiences have fitted him for literature, and his volume of stories, "Rust of Gold," published in June 1895, met with a good deal of appreciation. It had even the compliment of being pirated. A new collection of stories is entitled "On the Verge." Mr. Battersby's poems are also well worthy of attention.

THE greatest compliment which can be paid perhaps to the Colonial Secretary is to say that he looks scarcely older than his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P. And certainly one of the proudest days in Mr. Chamberlain's life was that on which his eldest son made his maiden speech,

earning graceful compliments from parliamentary veterans. Born in 1863, Austen Chamberlain was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating M.A. in 1889. He studied also in Berlin and Paris. In 1892 he entered the House of Commons as Liberal Unionist Member for East



(From a photo by Russell.)

POLITICS :
 AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

for which constituency he was re-elected last year. He holds the office of Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and has already displayed considerable aptitude for parliamentary work. Like his father, he wears a single eyeglass, greatly to the advantage of caricaturists. At present, being a bachelor, he resides under his father's roof. An amiable young man, he is certain to go far in the world of politics.

THE WIND OF DESTINY.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY COWELL.



THE yachtsmen of the bay had been jubilant for months; this morning they were in ecstasies, simply. Aha! It was their turn now. The sporting landmen, magnates of the Melbourne Club and the great stations, who had had all the fun of the fair hitherto, were out of it this time. Oh, no doubt the new Governor was fond of his "bike," and of a good horse, and of golf and polo, and the usual things; and of course he would be pleased with the triumphal arches and many gorgeous demonstrations of civic welcome and goodwill. But it was here that his heart would be—here, on the blue water, with the brethren of his craft. The country might not know it, but they knew it—mariners all, with their own freemasonry—they and he.

Every yacht of any consequence had been on the slips quite lately—as lately as was compatible with having paint and varnish dry. One or two of the newer models, wanting extra depth for their bulbous keels, were all but too late in their desire to be spick and span for the great occasion, but they happily got a west-wind tide to float them up in time. And here they all were, scores and scores of them, as smart as they could be, with their beautiful sails going up, burgee and ensign flying in the breeze of the loveliest morning that could possibly have been provided for a national festival depending wholly on the weather for success. Yesterday it had been cloudy and gloomy, threatening rain; and to-morrow the north wind was to blow a sultry hurricane opaque with dust; but to-day was heavenly. No other adjective, as Fanny Pleydell remarked, could describe its all-round perfection.

She was putting on her new white drill with the blue sailor collar and her new straw hat, with "Kittiwake" in gold letters on its new blue ribbon, and joyously addressed her brother through a passage and two open doors. He shouted back that it—the day—was "ripping," which meant the same thing. The only doubt about it was whether there would be wind enough. There is always that doubt in yachting forecasts—that and

the lesser fear of having too much—without which however yachting would be no fun at all. The *Kittiwake* (once the property of Adam Drewe, Esq.) was one of the crack boats, and Herbert Lawson—familiarly "Bert"—was skipper and owner, and he had no mind to make himself a mere St. Kilda decoration, as the landlubbers in authority desired. Let the others tug at moorings if they chose, like wild birds tied by the leg, for hours and hours, the *Kittiwake* intended to fly when she opened her wings—weather permitting—and not submit to be treated as a slab in a canvas wall. She was going to meet the *Sunbeam* on free water, half way down the bay, which, with any sort of wind, she could easily do and still be back in time for the landing ceremony. And so Captain Bert kept an eye on tree branches and the set of anchored craft while giving keen attention to his toilet, arraying himself in ducks like the driven snow and flannels like milk, waxing the curly points of his moustache till they tapered smoothly as a ram's horns, trimming his nails and choosing a silk handkerchief to foam out of his breast pocket, as with a view to being inspected at close quarters through a strong telescope from the *Sunbeam's* deck.

But he was not dressing himself for the eyes of his vice-sovereign lady. It was for the sake of Lena Pickersgill and Myra Salter that he took such pains to render his handsome person as attractive as possible—though he did not quite know which.

Let me briefly explain. Old Lawson had died not long ago, leaving Herbert master of a good business in Melbourne, a good old family house at Williamstown (with the *Kittiwake* attached), and a most comfortable and even luxurious income for these post-boom days. Sister and brothers were sufficiently provided for—the former married, and the latter studying for professions—and there was no widowed mother to take care of and defer to. Herbert was a man of domestic instincts, and turned thirty, and an arbitrary housekeeper bullied him. In short, every circumstance of the case cried aloud to him to take a wife, and he was as ready as possible to do so. But of course he wished

to be a lover before becoming a husband, and fate had not yet clearly indicated the object he sought. He was a particular young man, as he had every right to be, and much in dread of making a mistake.

To-day he had arrived at the stage of choosing Lena and Myra, out of all the girls he knew, as the only possibles. Before night he hoped to have made up a distracted mind as to which of the two was the right one. Chaperoned by young Mrs. Pleydell, both were to be guests of the *Kittirake* for a long fine day; and surely no better opportunity for the purpose could possibly have been devised.

Miss Salter was a Williamstown young lady—a schoolmate of Fanny Pleydell's—and was to embark with her hostess early. She was Fanny's candidate for the vacancy in the family, and rather suffered as such from the advocacy of her friend. Miss Pickersgill, belonging to a somewhat higher rank of life, lived in town, and was to be taken off from the St. Kilda pier. Fanny had not wanted to have Lena asked, and for that reason Bert had firmly insisted on it. For that reason also he was inclined to promote her to the place of honour, rather than a girl whom he felt was being thrust down his throat.

But when he presently met the latter, and helped her into his dinghy with the tenderest air of strong protection, he thought her very sweet. She was a fair, slim thing—shy, unaffected and amiable—and looked delicious in her white garb. All the ladies on board had to wear white to-day, to harmonise with the pearly enamel of the boat and her snowy new Laphorn sails, and Myra had the neatest frock, and the prettiest figure to set it off. And moreover, as he very well knew, *she* did not run after him when she was let alone.

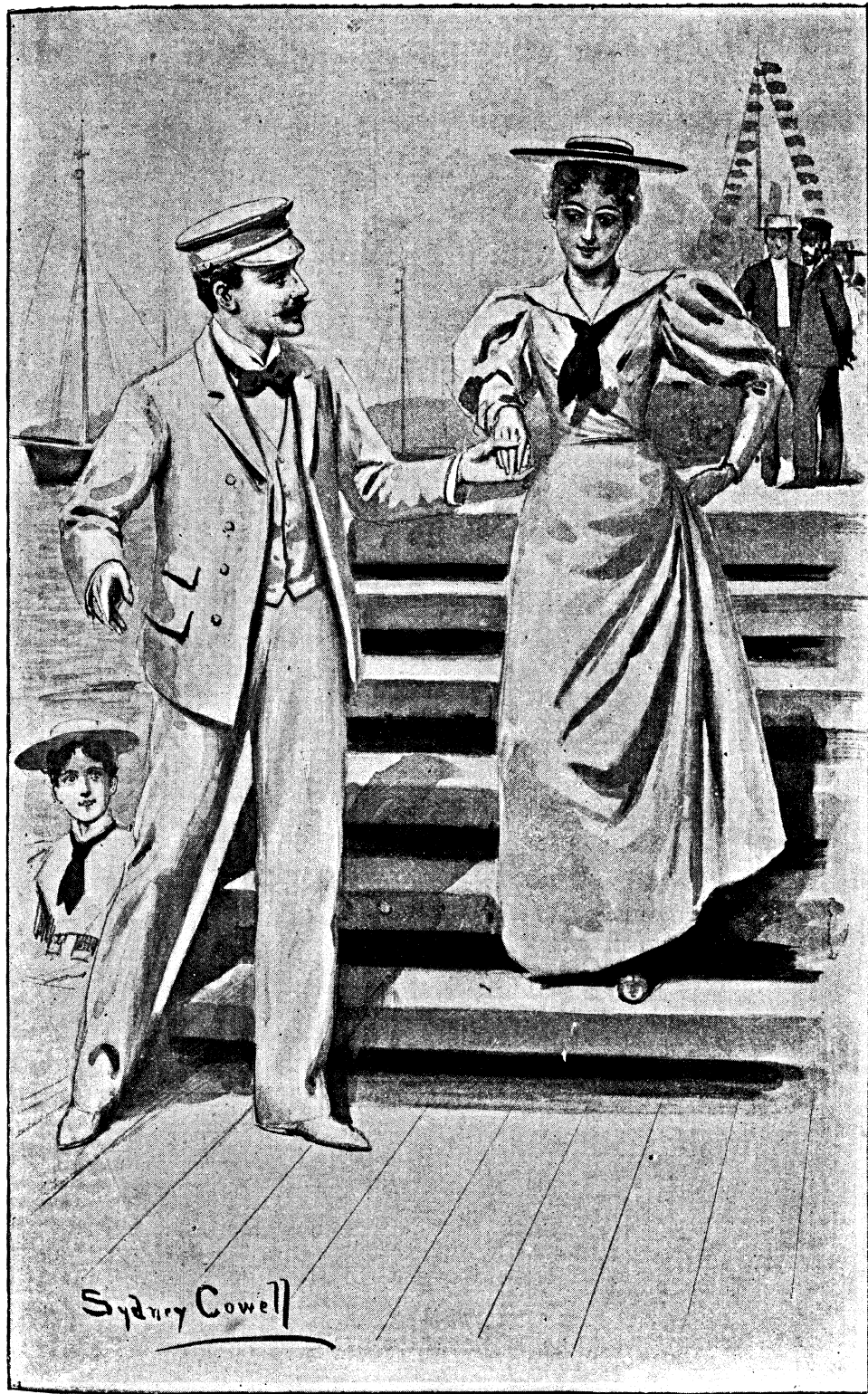
He rowed her and his sister to the yacht, on which a numerous white-uniformed crew had made all ready for the start, and he sent the dinghy back in charge of his brother to pick up three more lady guests. These three were nobodies as regards this story—a homely aunt and two plain cousins, who had a family right to the suddenly-valuable favours at their kinsman's disposal. They made up the number he thought would fill the cockpit comfortably—three on each side. Mrs. Pleydell, as soon as she had gained the deck, plunged below to investigate the matter of supplies; Miss Salter sat down to survey the scene, and the skipper sat down beside her. They had quite twenty minutes of quiet *tête-à-tête*, and to that extent placed Miss Pickersgill at a disadvantage.

"Isn't it a heavenly morning?"—or "a ripping day?" as the case might be—was what they said; and "I wonder will the breeze hold?" and "Didn't you feel certain last night that it was changing for rain?"—conversation that had no literary value to make it worth reporting. However, it is not in words that incipient lovers explain themselves, but in the accompaniment to words played by furtive eyes and the corners of lips, and other instruments of Nature inaudible to the outward ear. Myra's varying complexion confessed a lot of things, and the amount of intelligence in the horns of that moustache, which had been waxed so carefully, was wonderful. Indeed it really seemed, thus early in the day, as if the die were cast. Both looked so handsome and felt so happy, and the weather and all the circumstances were so especially favourable to the development of kindly sentiments.

"I *am* so glad you were able to come," the young man remarked whenever they fell upon a pause, changing the emphasis to a fresh word each time. And the young woman put it in all sorts of modest but convincing ways that he was not more glad than she was. Oh, it was a heavenly morning, truly! And Mrs. Pleydell and the crew were more and more careful to do nothing to mar the prospect.

But soon the fat aunt and excited cousins arrived—all in white, and as conscious of it as if dressed for a fancy ball—and it was time to make for the rendezvous across the bay. Thither were the yachts of all clubs converging in dozens and scores, like an immense flock of sea-birds skimming the azure water, their sails like silver and white satin in the sun. As Bert Lawson steered his own, proudly convinced that she was queen of the company, he named his would-be rivals to his guest, keeping her so close to him that he had to apologise for touching her elbow with the tiller now and then. Occasionally he exchanged an opinion with the crew that the old so-and-so didn't look so bad, and they continually cocked their eyes aloft to where the blue ensign waved in the languid breeze. It wasn't every boat that could dip that flag to the new Governor—no, indeed!

"Isn't it a pretty sight?" the ladies cried to one another—and it certainly was. Even the prosaic shore was transfigured and glorious—in one place, at least. The St. Kilda pier and the hotel, and the steep slope connecting them, smothered all over in green stuff and bunting, and packed with what



"He thought her very sweet."

appeared to be the whole population of the colony, was a striking spectacle as viewed from the sea. The most bigoted Englishman must acknowledge it.

"Oh," exclaimed Fanny Pleydell, staring through a strong pair of glasses, "I wouldn't have had you miss it for the world, Myra, dear!"

"And yet I nearly did," the girl replied, glancing at Bert from under her hat brim as he stood over her, intent on business "If



"She was a radiant vision in tailor-made cream serge."

mother had not been so much better this morning I could not possibly have left her."

The skipper ceased shouting to his too numerous men not to crowd the boat's nose so that he could not see it, and dropped soft eyes on his sister's friend. "Dear, dutiful, unselfish little soul!" he thought. "That's the sort of woman to make a good wife. That's the girl for me." It was still not more than twenty minutes to eleven, and he had got so far as that.

But now Miss Pickersgill intervened. She put off from the gorgeous pier, which was not yet closed to the public, in the dinghy of a local friend, in order that the *Kittiwake* should not be burdened with its own. It afterwards transpired that she had engaged to grace the yacht of the local friend, and had thrown him over for Bert Lawson, having no scruples of pride against making use of him, nevertheless. She was a radiant vision in tailor-made cream serge, a full-blooded, high-coloured, self-confident young beauty, with bold eyes and a vivacious manner, calculated to make any picnic party lively. As she approached, like a queen enthroned, all the male creatures hung forward to gaze and smile, Bert springing to the side to help her over—which was only what she expected and was accustomed to. And she jumped into the midst of the group around the cockpit, four humble-minded admirers and one firm adversary, chose her place and settled herself, nodding and waving salutations around, as if she were Mrs. Bert already.

Myra's heart sank in presence of so formidable a rival. Myra was the daughter of a retired sea captain in rather narrow circumstances; Lena's father was a stockbroker, and reported to roll in money. She had fat gold bangles on her wrists and a diamond in each ear. She lifted her smart skirt from a lace-frilled petticoat, and the serge was lined with silk. The dejected observer moved to make way for one so unquestionably a superior. But Bert detained her with a quiet hand.

"Sit still," he said; "there's plenty of room." To her surprise and joy she found he still preferred her near him. It was not money and gold bracelets that could quench her gentle charm.

And now the fun began. The yacht, with every stitch of canvas spread, was set upon her course, determined to be the first to salute her future commodore. There was just enough wind to waft her along with a motion as soft as feathers, as airy as a dream, and the heavenly morning, on the now wider waters, was more heavenly than ever.

"It's our day out, and no mistake," quoth Miss Pickersgill, in her hearty way. "Let's have a song, old chap"—to Bert—"or do something or other to improve the occasion. What do you say, Mrs. Pleydell?"

"I," said the hostess cheerfully, but with tightened lips, "am going to get you all something to eat."

"And I'll go and help you," said Myra, rising hastily.

"Oh, all right—go on; I'll keep 'em alive till you come back. Now then, tune up, everybody! I'll begin. What shall I sing, Mr. Lawson?"—with a languishing glance at him over her shoulder. "*You* shall choose."

"I think you'd better whistle," said Bert, whose eyes were on his sails and his nose sniffing anxiously.

"All serene. I can do that too. But why had I better whistle?"

"Wind's dying away to nothing, I grieve to say."

"By George it is!" his young men echoed in sympathetic concern. "If we don't mind we shall fall between two stools and be out of everything."

"What's the odds so long as you're happy?" was Miss Lena's philosophic response. And they adopted that view. With every prospect of being ignominiously becalmed, out of the track of events in which they had expected to take a leading and historic part, they lolled about the deck and sang songs with rousing choruses—popular ditties from the comic operas of the day—and professed themselves as jolly as jolly could be.

"How fascinating she is!" sighed Myra Salter, listening from the little cabin to the voice of the prima donna overhead. "I don't wonder they all admire her so much!"

"I'm quite sure my brother doesn't admire her," said Mrs. Pleydell with decision. "He thinks, as I do, that she's a forward minx—he *must*." Bert's laugh just then came ringing down the stairs. In an interval between two songs, he and Miss Pickersgill were enjoying a bout of "chaff"—rough wit that crackled like fireworks. "Of course she amuses him," said Fanny grudgingly.

"And isn't it lovely to be able to amuse people?" the girl ejaculated, envious still. "She charms them so that they forget about the wind and everything. She is just the life and soul of the party, Fanny."

"I think she spoils it, Myra. If we don't look out, we shall be having her serenading the Governor with 'He's a jolly good fellow,' or something of that sort. If she attempts to disgrace us with her vulgarity before him clap your hand over her mouth, my dear. I shall."

Myra laughed, and was somewhat comforted. But she still thought how lovely it would be to be able to amuse people and take them out of themselves. "He'd never be dull with her," she thought sadly. "I am so stupid that I should bore him to death."

One of Miss Salter's unusual charms, perfectly appreciated by sensible Mrs. Pleydell, and not overlooked by Bert, was a sweet humble-mindedness—a rare virtue indeed in these days.

The first of several light luncheons was served on deck, without interrupting the concert. Between gulps of wine and mouthfuls of sandwich Miss Pickersgill continued to raise fresh tunes and the crew to shout the choruses, and the audience of fat aunt and simpering cousins to applaud admiringly. It was a case of youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, and an abandonment of all responsibility. A dear little cat's-paw came stealing along and hardly excited anybody. The yacht gathered way and began to make knots again faster and faster, but even that did not draw the light-hearted young folks from their frivolous pastime. Thanks to the siren of St. Kilda, they had almost forgotten the errand they were on. It really did not seem to matter much to anyone whether they met Lord Brassey or not; he had become an incident of the day rather than its main feature.

Still the eyes of the crew continually searched the horizon, and presently one man saw smoke where no one else saw anything, and out of that spot a faint blur grew which resolved itself into the *Aramac*, with the Governor on board, and the *Ozone* and *Hygeia* its consorts. The three boats in a row, advancing steadily under all the steam they could make, were not unimpressive in their way, but the only thing the *Kittiwake* cared to look at was the lovely pillar of white cloud, shining like a pearl, which was recognised as the *Sunbeam* with all sail set. She was bearing off from the Government flotilla, dismissed from their company, superseded and discarded; but to yachtsmen's eyes she was a sort of winged angel, a spirit of the sea, and they but grubby mortals by comparison, common and gross.

"Why, why!" they exclaimed, with groans of regret, gazing on the fairy column as if that were all the picture, "*why* didn't they let him come up in her, and let us bring him? What does he want with a lot of cheap-jack politicians *here*? They just spoil it all."

"It wouldn't be them if they didn't," someone said, voicing a rather prevalent opinion. And in fact they were spoiling it rather badly on the *Aramac* just then, if all tales be true. They had not wanted Miss Pickersgill to show them how to do it.

It was past the hour fixed for the landing

ceremonies—and the poor sun-baked crowds ashore would have been dropping with fatigue if there had been room to fall in—when Bert Lawson shouted, “Dip, dip!” to his brother who held the ensign halliards, and was confused by the excitement of the moment. After all, the *Kittiwake* was first, and proud was every heart aboard when the cocked-hatted figure on the *Aramuc’s* bridge saluted her and the flag as if he had known and loved the one as long as the other. Every man and woman was convinced that he stood lost in admiration of her beauty and the way she was manoeuvred. Bert brought her as close as was compatible with proper respect, and they all posed to the best advantage for the Governor’s eye—Miss Pickersgill in front.

“Now, you fellows!” she panted breathlessly. “All at once—‘See-ee the conq’ring he-e-e-ero’—”

But Mrs. Pleydell’s hand was up like a flash, and there was a “Hsh-sh-sh,” like the protest of a flock of geese. The fair Lena was so taken aback that she nearly fell into the Captain’s arms.

The Captain did not seem to mind; his arm went round her waist for a moment almost as if it had the habit of doing it, and he whispered an apology that restored her self-control. At the same instant he signalled to the crew, and they burst into three great solid British cheers. Another signal stopped them from further performances, and the

steamers swept by. The crisis of the day was over.

Then the *Kittiwake* turned and followed the fleet, and realised her remaining ambitions. She was back at St. Kilda, with the yachts that had been lying there all the morning, by the time his great excellency, transhipped

once more, arrived there. Through their glasses the ladies could see the procession of little figures along the pier and the departure of the carriages after the guns had fired the salute, and they could hear the school children singing. When all was over a sigh of vast contentment expressed the common thought—“What a day we’re having!” The turn of the landmen had come, but no one at sea could envy them.

“Now we’ll have a look at the *Sunbeam* as she lies,” said Bert, and headed back for Williamstown.

“And we want some refreshment after what we have gone through,” said the hospitable hostess.

Luncheon was served for the third time, and subsequently two afternoon teas. The yachts, dissolving all forma-

tion, swam aimlessly about the bay, more like seabirds than ever, and took snap-shots at each other with their kodak cameras. Miss Pickersgill’s singing powers failed somewhat, but she continued to chaff and chatter with the young men, breaking off at intervals to hail her friends on passing boats. Good-natured Fanny Pleydell laughed with the



“Stealing behind Miss Salter unobserved, seized her two hands and lifted them into the air.”

rest at the fun she made; the admiring aunt and cousins could not remember when they had been so entertained; and Myra Salter was satisfied at heart because Bert had never allowed her to feel "out of it." And so the happy day wore through. They had had seven hours together when they began to look for Lena's dinghy, and before separating they testified, with one consent, that they had never had a more delightful holiday, or, as Lena neatly phrased it, "such a jolly, high old time."

"Then I'll tell you what we must do," said the gratified host. "We'll go out together—the same party, since we suit each other so well—on the 16th of next month. That's our opening day, Miss Pickersgill, as of course you know, and, with the Governor for commodore, it ought to be the best we've ever had."

"All who are in favour of this motion," chanted Lena loudly, "hold up your hands!"

Every hand went up at once, except Myra's. The shy girl looked to Fanny for an endorsement of the free and easy invitation, and Mrs. Pleydell was knitting her brows. But soon she smiled consent to please her brother, who, stealing behind Miss Salter unobserved, seized her two hands and lifted them into the air.

* * * *

They imagined they were going to have their good time over again—they even anticipated a better one, though only of half the length. For whereas the wind had been too light on October 25, it blew like business on November 16, when it was of the last importance that it should do so. No more auspicious opening day had ever dawned upon Victorian yachtsmen. The Governor, who was *their* Governor for the first time in history, had consented to direct the evolutions in person; this alone—this and a good wind—assured laurels to the clubs of Hobson's Bay which all other clubs would envy them. The *Sunbeam* had been towed to the chosen anchorage; Government House was on board. All the swells, as Miss Pickersgill termed them, indigenous to the soil would be lone and lorn at the races because their lord and lady were away. If they offered their ears for a place in vice-regal company they could not get it. "Aha!" said the yachtsmen one to another, "it is our turn now."

This time the *Kittiwake* took her own dinghy to St. Kilda. She towed it along with her all the afternoon, as a brake upon the pace which threatened to carry her beyond the position assigned to her in the wheeling

line, for she was faster than the boats before and behind her. And so the services of local friends were not required on Miss Lena's behalf. Bert himself, in a very ruffled sea indeed, went off to the pier to fetch her. But not altogether for the sake of paying her special honour, rather because it was most difficult to bring anything alongside to-day without bumping off fenders and on to new paint. He had had the kindest feeling for both girls during the past three weeks, but what little love he had fallen into was love for Myra Salter. He had just left her deeply in love with him. He had given her the card of sailing directions, taught her how to read the commodore's signals, and told her she was to be his captain for the day, as he was to be the crew's. Down in the small cabin, picking pecks of strawberries with the assistance of the aunt and cousins, Mrs. Pleydell's prophetic eye saw visions of an ideal home and family—that comfortable and prosperous domestic life which is the better and not the worse for having no wild-fire passions to inflame and ravage it—and a congenial sister-in-law for all time. Myra lingered on deck to follow the movements of the tossing dinghy through the captain's strong field-glasses, also assigned to her exclusive use for this occasion. He had another pair—not quite so strong—for Miss Pickersgill.

Little did that young lady suppose that she was to play second fiddle for a moment. She wore another new dress and a ravishing peaked cap, much more becoming than the sailor straw. She smiled upon the skipper struggling to hold the dinghy to the pier, as at a faithful bondsman merely doing his bounden duty.

"It is our opening day!" she sang as she flourished a hand to him. "It is our opening da-ay!"

"It is indeed," he shouted back. "Made on purpose. Only I think we shall have too much of a good thing this time instead of not enough. Wind keeps getting up, and we've reefed already."

"Oh, it's stunning!" she rejoined, gaily skipping into the boat—she was a heavy weight, and nearly tipped it over. "Let it get up. The more the merrier!"

"Yes, if there were going to be racing. I wish there was. We should just run away from everything."

"Then let's race," quoth Miss Pickersgill, as if commanding it to be done. "Let's show the old buffer"—I grieve to say it was his sacred lordship to whom she referred—"what the *Kittiwake* can do."

Bert had to explain. It took him until they reached the yacht to make the young lady, who looked so nautical, understand what she was talking about. And after all she was inclined to be sentimentally hurt because he would not do such a little thing to please her.

Well, the wind got up more and more, showing that there was to be no monotonous repetition of the former circumstances. The *Kittiwake* danced and pranced as if the real sea were under her, and half a dozen dinghies trailed astern would hardly have made any difference. There was no sitting round the cockpit, as on drawing-room chairs, to flirt and sing; one side was always in the air and the other all but under water, see-sawing sharply at uncertain intervals, and the ladies had to give their attention to holding on and keeping their heads out of the way of the swinging boom. Lena shouted to the men, who had to stick to business in spite of her, that it was the jolliest state of things imaginable, and said "Go it" to rude Boreas when he smacked her face, to encourage him to further efforts. But her five companions were more or less of the opinion that they had liked the first cruise better. The poor fat aunt was particularly disconcerted by the new conditions; she said she couldn't get used to the feeling of having no floor under her and the sensation of the sea climbing up her back. She was the first to say, "No, thank you," to strawberries and cream, and "Yes, please," to whisky.

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Is there anything funny in having the toothache, that people should laugh at the victim as at some inexhaustible joke? Ask the poor soul whose nerves are thus exquisitely tortured what *his* opinion is. He will tell you that it is one of the gravest elements in the tragedy of human pain; also that the heartless brute who sniggers at it ought to have thumbscrews put on him and twisted tight. Is there anything disgraceful in being sea-sick in rough weather, that those who don't happen to feel so at the moment should turn up their noses at the sufferers in contemptuous disgust? Emphatically not. It is a misfortune that may befall the best of us—and does—instead of being, as one would suppose, the penalty of a degrading vice.

But when Myra Salter was observed to sit silent and rigid, with bleached lips and a corpse-like skin, it was with eyes that slightly hardened at the sight. Yes, even the Captain's eyes! It is true he smiled at her, and said "Poor child!" and preemptorily ordered

the useless stimulant, and was generally concerned and kind; but the traditional ignominy of her case affected him; her charm and dignity were impaired—vulgarised—and the flavour of his incipient romance began to go. It is a pity that an estimable young man cannot be quite perfect, and that an admirable young woman should be unjustly despised; but so it is, and there's no more to be said.

Myra shook her head at the suggestion of whisky; only to imagine the smell of it was to feel an instant necessity to hide herself below. But Fanny Pleydell, coming upstairs at the moment when she was beginning to stagger down, caught her in her arms and held her back—a fatal blunder on Fanny's part.

"No, my dear, no!" she cried, on the spur of a humane impulse, "you must *not* go into that horrible hole! it would finish you off at once. Have a little spirits, darling—yes, you must; and keep in the fresh air if you want to feel better."

She pressed whisky and water on the shuddering girl, and Bert turned his head away and tried to shut his ears. Lena smiled at him in an arch and confidential manner. *She* was as bright and pretty as ever; more so indeed, for the wind exhilarated her and deepened her bloom.

"I think," she said, "it is a great mistake for people who are not good sailors to go to sea in rough weather, don't you?"

Well, Bert almost thought it was. He was a very enthusiastic yachtsman, especially to-day, when he wanted the *Kittiwake* and all her appurtenances to be as correct as possible.

* * * * *

The drill was over and the regiment of yachts disbanded. The *Sunbeam* had gone to a pier at Williamstown, and the commodore was receiving his new colleagues and entertaining them. The *Kittiwake* was off St. Kilda, with her freight of sick on board. Myra Salter had sagged down to the floor of the cockpit and now lay there in a limp heap propped against Fanny's knees. She had not spoken for an hour, and during that time Bert had hardly noticed her. He had been devoting himself to Miss Pickersgill, so far as the duties of his official post allowed, as was only natural when she had become practically his sole companion, and when, as a lover of a good breeze and proper sailing, she had proved herself so sympathetic.

Now he was rowing her home from the yacht to the shore. She sat facing him in

the dinghy, with the yoke lines round her waist, and he could not keep his eyes from her brilliant person, nor keep himself from mentally comparing it with that sad wisp on the cockpit floor. She met his glance.

"Oh, it was splendid!" she exclaimed. "Whatever the others may think about it I know *I* never enjoyed myself so much in my life. And I *am* so much obliged to you for taking me, Mr. Lawson."

"You are the right sort to take," replied Bert, with enthusiasm; and he imagined a wife who would enter into his favourite pursuits like a true comrade. "And I hope we shall have many a good cruise together."

"It won't be my fault if we don't," she said promptly.

"It won't be mine," he returned. "Consider yourself asked for every day that you'll deign to come."

"What, for ever?"

"For ever."

She looked at him archly, pensively, meaningly, with her head on one side. She was really very handsome in her coquettish peaked cap, and he reflected that she was evidently healthy, and probably rich.

"You don't *mean* that, Mr. Lawson?"

"I do mean it, literally and absolutely."

"For every yachting day as long as I live?"

"For every yachting day, and every day that isn't a yachting day."

She was so joyously flustered that she ran the dinghy into the pier. He had to catch her in his arms to prevent her going overboard.

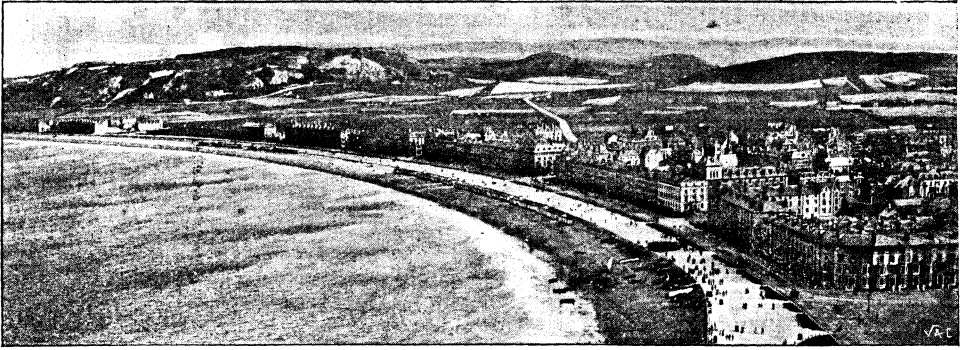
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Of course she was the wrong one. He knew it no later than the next day in his heart of hearts, though never permitting himself to acknowledge it, because he flatters himself that he is a gentleman. Equally of course he will go on to render his mistake irrevocable, and be miserable ever after, and make her so, from the highest motives. Already the wedding gown is bought, and the marriage will take place when the bride has made her preparations, and anybody can foretell what the consequences will be. They will pull against each other by force of nature, and tear their little shred of romance to bits in no time. And all because there was a bit of a breeze on the opening day of the season.

But such is life!



"She looked at him archly, pensively, meaningly, with her head on one side."



From a photo by]

GENERAL PANORAMA OF LLANDUDNO.

[Poulton, Lee.

LLANDUDNO AND THE EISTEDDFOD.

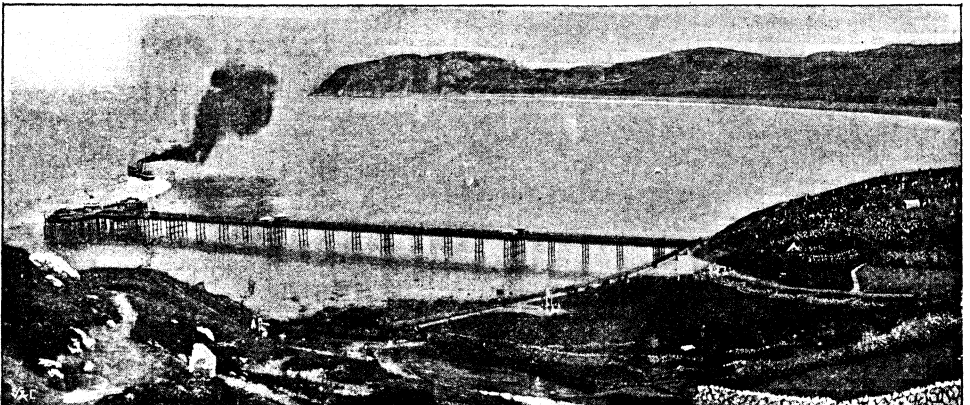
BY OWEN CONWAY.

“**I** GUESS I never saw a town so thoroughly ventilated,” was an American’s comment on Llandudno. One can understand what he meant when, standing on the asphalt promenade, the breezes from Orme’s Bay in front meet the summer winds from Conway Bay behind.

At the beginning of the Queen’s reign Llandudno was a tiny collection of cottages, with one church and two inns, situated on the shore of the Irish Sea. Now it is one of the most popular and pleasant of Welsh watering-places. And this month it will receive additional attention as the scene of the National Eisteddfod, where the musicians of the principality will foregather in their multitudes.

First, it will be appropriate to deal with Llandudno, and next to consider the great festival, the very name of which is a stumbling-block to any but Welshmen.

St. Tudno, to whom the parish church is dedicated, has given his name to the town, the *t* being changed into *d* by a process very familiar to philologists. The rise of the place was aided by its selection as one of the stations for semaphore signals between Liverpool and Holyhead, and after the rail had been made from Chester to Holyhead, its success as a seaside resort was assured. The Improvement Commissioners very soon began to shape the growth of the town, with the result that it is well planned and picturesque, although plentifully supplied with streets and houses. On your right hand when you face the sea is Little Orme’s



From a photo by]

LLANDUDNO, LOOKING SEAWARDS.

[Poulton, Lee.

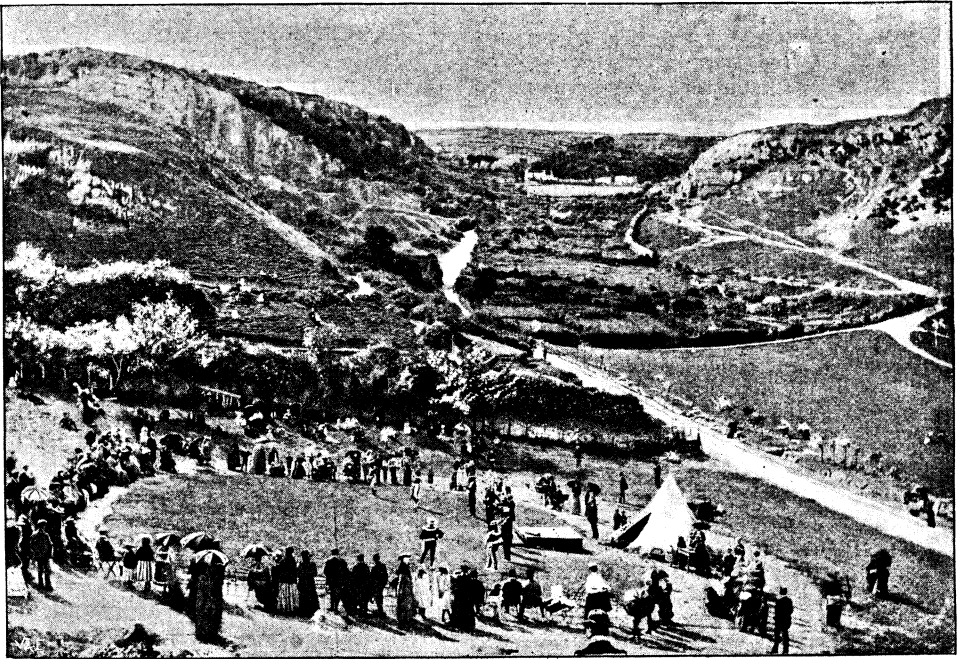
Head; on the left is Great Orme's Head, both landmarks on the coast. Near the latter is the Happy Valley, which Llandudno owes to Lord Mostyn, who presented the ground as a memorial of the Queen's jubilee. It is very pretty with its foliage and green lawns, and thousands during the year have reason to be grateful to its donor. Lord Mostyn succeeded to the title in 1884, and is now in his fortieth year. A fine drinking-fountain, given by Lady Augusta Mostyn, stands in the centre of the Happy Valley. This year the Gorsedd meetings will be held

down the green aisles of the dead one comes to a tiny headstone, brief as the life it commemorates. On the white marble are engraved these words:—

"In loving remembrance of Leonard Bright (son of John Bright, M.P., and Margaret Elizabeth, his wife), who died at Llandudno, November 8, 1864, aged nearly six years.

'And there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' "

To this spot, whither many feet have since turned, the great statesman used to ascend from beautiful Llandudno. Here, on the edge of the graveyard, under the



From a photo by]

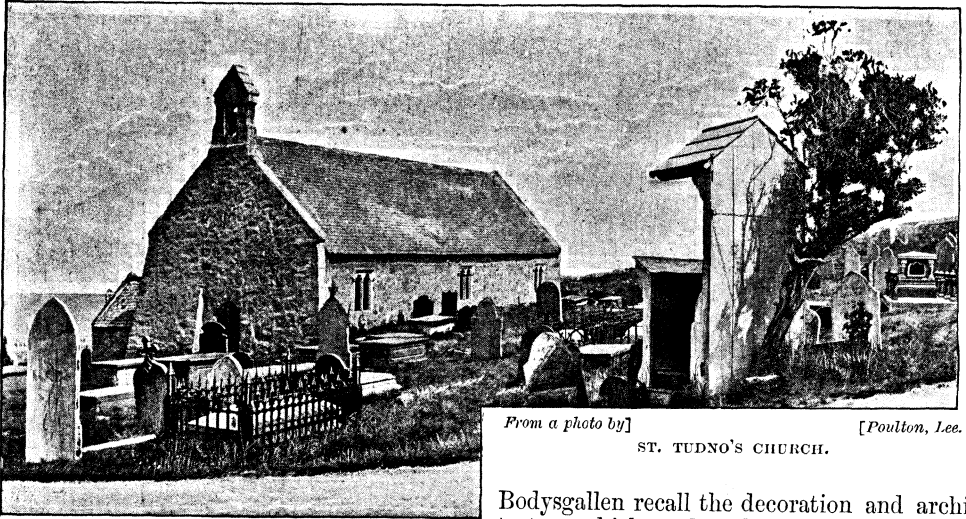
THE HAPPY VALLEY.
(Lord Mostyn's gift to Llandudno.)

[Poulton, Lee.

in this charming spot each morning during the four days of the Eisteddfod.

Two miles from the town you find on the brow of the Great Orme's Head the old parish church of Llandudno. The first edifice on this spot dates back to the seventh century. The present church is oblong in form—a quaint building, bearing on its walls the marks of past battles of the breeze. The churchyard used to be the 'only burial place in the parish and was enlarged in 1872. Along "the white road, slow winding," which skirts the cliffs of Great Orme's Head, pilgrims from Llandudno often went their way to a little grave made famous by the memory of John Bright. Walking

shadow of old St. Tudno's church, John Bright would muse in peaceful solitude. To him "the magic and the mystery of the sea," where the stately ships sail on to their haven under the hill, did not there appeal with the same pathos as did the resting place of his little son. Graves have often proved the white stones marking crises in a man's career. It was after the stunning blow occasioned by the death of his young wife that John Bright was roused by Richard Cobden to the great enterprise of his life. And is it unreasonable to trace to this quiet God's acre, overlooking the blue waves, some of the finest inspirations of his noble oratory? Gazing at the modest tomb,



From a photo by]

[Poulton, Lee.

ST. TUDNO'S CHURCH.

so touching in its white simplicity, one's last thought is of John Bright cherishing the unfading memory of his child.

It is most probable that Great Orme's Head was formerly an island. It is at present connected with the mainland by some low marshes. At the base of the headland some copper is extracted from two mines. Along the beautiful Marine Drive you pass various curious caverns designated by such names as "The Dutchman's Cave," and "The Hiding Cave"; the latter is supplied with seats and a stone table, making a pleasant resting-place by the way. In the caverns one sees many sea-birds, such as cormorants, gulls and herons, whose wings fluttering in the sunlight as they fly out to sea add to the wild beauty of the scene.

Little Orme's Head possesses fewer attractions than its rival. There are three caves and an old farmhouse rich in traditions. About a mile from it stands St. Trillo's chapel, containing a well whose water is supposed to have powers so varied as to heal a wound or find a lost umbrella!

Gloddaeth and Bodysgallen are other places which the sightseer usually seeks. The shady woods of Gloddaeth are especially welcome after the bright sunshine of Llandudno. Both Gloddaeth and

Bodysgallen recall the decoration and architecture which used to characterise fine Welsh residences four or five centuries ago.

Few towns make such continual efforts to entertain their visitors as Llandudno. There is therefore every reason to expect an unusual success when the Eisteddfod meets this month. There is plenty of music at Llandudno all the year round, but during the four days devoted to the competitions enormous addition will be made. Concerts, at which some of our most famous vocalists will sing, are to be held during each day. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which animates the Welsh at the Eisteddfodau—it is something unique in its wild fervour. For months before, the choirs all over the



From a photo by]

[Poulton, Lee.

LLANDUDNO PIER,

principality have been training to achieve success, and the keenest rivalry exists among them. When the day comes for competi-

ing speech, containing not only appreciation of the Welsh singers, but advice that they should exercise a wider choice of pieces to render. The eminent conductor's sudden death in the spring was felt as a personal loss by hosts of those who had heard and seen him at the last Eisteddfod.

Of all the curiously interesting ceremonies observed at these national gatherings special reference must be made to the Gorsedd, a Druidic rite of great antiquity, without which no Eisteddfod could possibly pass muster. The Gorsedd assembles each morning at nine o'clock at some spot suitable for an outdoor

gathering. The chief bard, accompanied by a number of bards of lesser degree, proceeds bareheaded to a large, roughly hewn stone, which forms an open-air altar, surrounded by a circle of twelve other stones, each representing a bard. At his approach a blast is blown from a trumpet, whereupon he ascends to the top of the altar and, standing in the face of the Sun, the eye of Light, he unsheaths his sword and calls out three times in succession, "Is there peace?" At each inquiry the response rolls from the



From a photo by]

THE CLIFFS OF ORME'S HEAD.

[Poulton, Lee.

tion, hundreds and thousands flock to the Eisteddfod, many in national costume, all looking their brightest. The judges have a very difficult task before them in discriminating between choirs whose musical excellence is so nearly alike. At last the verdict is given, and the victors are acclaimed amid the disappointment of the rest of the competitors. Sometimes Madame Patti, whose home is in Wales, has sung to the delight of thousands, or a well-known speaker, such as Sir Theodore Martin or Sir Lewis Morris, delivers an address full of eulogy of "gallant little Wales." At Bangor the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") was present, and was much impressed by the proceedings. Two years ago the Eisteddfod was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Many will remember that last year one of the judges was Sir Joseph Barnby, who delivered more than one interest-

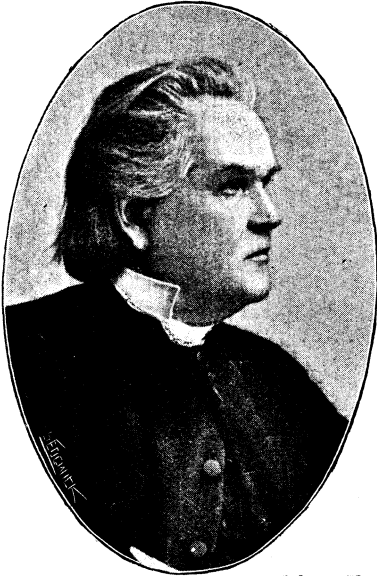


From a photo by]

THE MARINE DRIVE ROUND GREAT ORME'S HEAD.

[Poulton, Lee.

assembled spectators, "Peace." The motto of the Eisteddfod, the Gorsedd prayer, and further trumpet blasts complete the cere-



From a photo by]

[Slater, Llandudno.

HWFA MÔN, THE ARCH-DRUID.

mony of opening the Gorsedd. The various distinguished personages who are to be created bards or Druids are then conducted to the mystic circle of stones and duly invested with a green or a white ribbon, according to the particular degree of the honour to be conferred upon them. Each in turn mounts the altar and delivers a speech befitting the occasion.

The most important personage at the Gorsedd is the Arch-Druid, whose office one might be pardoned for supposing dates back to the age of groves of sacred oak and mistletoe, when the long-bearded, white-robed priest chanted his own compositions, as, sickle in hand, he led on the younger bards to some high rite. Facts are sometimes cruelly prosaic however, and in this case they do everything in their power to sweep away such illusions. The Arch-Druid dates back no farther than the year 1888—a modern institution indeed! Neither a flowing beard nor a white robe seems to be an essential qualification for this much coveted position (which, by the way, is a life appointment), but the Arch-Druid sets an example in the matter of long hair which his brother bards religiously strive to emulate.

The present Arch-Druid, Hwfa Môn, has fairly substantiated his title to the dignity of chief bard. He has won three "chairs"

(the highest prize offered by the literary section being an oak chair and forty pounds), and is an orator of exceptional ability. His eloquence impresses his countrymen to a remarkable degree, while to the stranger within his gates, who possibly has but a scant acquaintance with his language, it is positively awe-inspiring.

Another important section of the Eisteddfod is the Cymmrodorion, or the social science section, which was established by the late Sir Hugh Owen in 1866. This body, which may be called a national literary association, arranges for meetings to be held, at which papers are read by well-known men and women on many and varied subjects, appealing particularly to the national interests of the Welsh. Strangely enough the headquarters of this society, and also of the National Eisteddfod Association, are in London. The honorary secretary of the Association, Mr. T. Marchant-Williams, is a most energetic and indefatigable worker on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, and the very soul of courtesy in the matter of supplying information concerning Eisteddfodau past and present.



From a photo by]

MISS MAGGIE DAVIES.

[Barrauds.

To many who have never been present at one of these characteristic Welsh gatherings an Eisteddfod is merely a musical festival and little more. This is a most erroneous idea however. True, music is an important feature in the proceedings, but the sister arts of literature and painting are also well to the fore, and with them many practical industries. For instance, in addition to the vocal and instrumental competitions, valuable prizes are given in the literary department for poems, essays and translations; while the "Arts and Industries" section offer monetary prizes from twenty-five pounds downwards for oil and water-colour drawings and other art studies. Architecture, sculpture, photography, botany, geology, art needlework and plain sewing, have special prizes allotted to them, and even plumbers, joiners, smiths, painters, and such like useful members of society have opportunities given them for distinguishing themselves, each in his particular craft. Altogether prizes to the extent of fifteen hundred pounds will be distributed among the successful competitors at the present Eisteddfod.

This year the following artistes have been

engaged to sing at the Eisteddfod: Miss Margaret Macintyre is Scotch and Madame Belle Cole is American, but Miss Maggie Davies, Madame Hannah Jones, and Miss Gertrude Hughes are undeniably Welsh. So

are Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Ffroncon Davies, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. David Hughes, and Mr. Lloyd Chandos. We give the portraits of two of the younger vocalists. Miss Maggie Davies, a singer who has quickly come into public notice, is a native of Dowlais, and received her musical training at the Royal College of Music, where she studied for six years. She made a success in Professor Villiers Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," in which she sang for several weeks.

The other is Mr. Lloyd Chandos, who has made rapid progress as a tenor since his *début* at the Royal Choral Society's performance of the "Messiah" on Good Friday, 1895, in the Albert Hall. His surname was originally Lloyd, but for obvious reasons he has preferred to be known as Lloyd Chandos. He was born in London of Welsh parents, and received his chief musical education under Sir Joseph Barnby at the Guildhall School of Music.



From a photo by]

MR. LLOYD CHANDOS.

[Russell.



From a photo by]

LITTLE ORME'S HEAD

[Poulton, Lee.



The model's arrival : "Late again !"

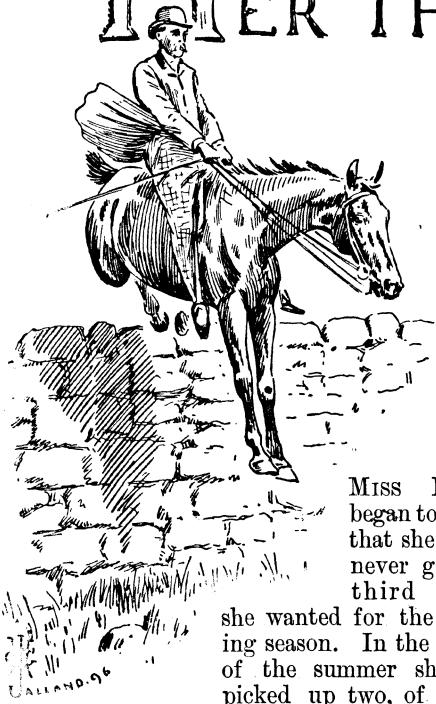
A duchess—on canvas.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

HER THIRD HUNTER.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS

Illustrated by G. H. JALLAND.



MISS BOYLE began to think that she would never get the third horse

she wanted for the hunting season. In the course of the summer she had picked up two, of which one was a "clinker" and

the other a "topper," and both, as Miss Boyle averred, "first-class all over." But she never faced the season with fewer than three for her own riding, and how to procure a third to match those paragons?

Two persons of the other sex were very anxious to please Miss Boyle by finding a horse to suit her. They were both in love with the lady, and each had a very poor opinion of the other. The one was Sir Timothy Doyne, a first-rate horseman and most unpopular young man, who proposed to Miss Boyle in the same formula some two or three times a month. His rival was Captain Carnew, everybody's favourite, one of the six or more handsomest men in the country, an equally fine rider with the baronet, but, despite his brilliant good looks, not at all so forward a lover. Miss Boyle herself enjoyed the distinction, in a country in which feminine beauty is not rare, of being always described in the newspapers as "the beautiful Miss Boyle."

At one and the same time the lady and the baronet "arrived to know of" a perfect treasure of a horse. Sir Timothy whispered his news in the luncheon tent of the—th Hussars on that very wet afternoon when

they were holding their regimental sports in the Phoenix Park, and was piqued on learning that the lady's information was as good as his own.

"Oh! *That* horse. Ah, yes, I know of him, but I'm not quite sure, Sir Timothy, that he'd suit me. Thank you for telling me, though."

Captain Carnew came into the tent, and as there was no vacant place on either side of Miss Boyle (there seldom was anywhere) he worked his way along the other side of the table, at which the hosts and their friends of both sexes were standing unceremoniously in dripping overalls, until he stood opposite to her.

She pushed the lobster towards him by way of greeting.

"Awfully wet," said Captain Carnew. "Troopers trying to ride the hurdles. Getting mixed in the mud. Kind of water sports. Not found that horse yet, Miss Boyle?"

An almost imperceptible droop of the lady's eyelids, and the something of a smile which played about the corners of her mouth invited the Captain either to say no more or to wait his opportunity.

Outside, the bugle sounded for the officers' race, and the tables began to be thinned.

"There *is* a horse," said Miss Boyle.

"No! Got him?" asked Captain Carnew.

"Not yet."

"Ah! Tried him?"

"Sir Timothy's wanting to try him for me."

"Tim knows him too?"

"I suppose he *does* know a horse when he sees one?" said Miss Boyle.

"A man must know something," said the Captain. "Care to see this race, Miss Boyle?"

"Is Sir Timothy riding?"

"What, in a rain like this?"

"Now, that's not like you," said Miss Boyle.

"Sorry," said Captain Carnew. "He's a sportsman in the saddle."

"We might see the race from the tent door," said Miss Boyle. "Well, just the tiniest chartreuse, if you'll fetch it for me. You'll have to go round to the kitchen for it."

"Where's the horse to be seen?" asked Carnew, as they moved towards the door of the tent.

There was nothing unusual about Miss Boyle's waterproof, except that it draped itself seductively to her softly classic contours. An arrangement of a button and a loop, which involved both waterproof and

perfectly," said she. "I am told he is the very thing I want."

"Are they keeping him dark?" asked the Captain.

"Well, he wasn't shown at Ball's Bridge."

"The next thing," said Captain Carnew, "is to see and try him for you."

"Now that's just what Sir Timothy is wanting to do," replied the lady sweetly, and smiled a little as if she were saying the most agreeable thing in the world.

"Oh!" said the Captain. "Of course you didn't ask him?"



"The beautiful Miss Boyle."

skirt, disclosed the rim of a rather high boot in brown leather, close as a glove, which—

"The race is over," said Miss Boyle.

"I told you Tim wouldn't ride," said Carnew. "But who has the horse?"

"Cassidy has him at present, and he belongs to O'Flaherty, of Castlebrady."

"O'Flaherty, of Castlebrady? Why, that's the Castlebrady station-master!"

"He picks up a real good thing now and then," said Miss Boyle.

"There isn't a keener sportsman in Ireland than the same O'Flaherty," said Captain Carnew.

"A four-year-old, and knows his business

"Sir Timothy doesn't often wait to be asked a thing," said she, still more sweetly.

"Thru for y'r ladyship, be herrins!" laughed the Captain, in the widest brogue he could command.

"Of course you know Cassidy?" said Miss Boyle.

"I know the pair of them," replied he.

"Of course I'd like *someone* to see the horse for me," said the beautiful Miss Boyle. "I should so like to have him for the first meet of the Kildares. Here's the Colonel coming. I'm going to beat a retreat. He'll think we've been in the luncheon tent all the afternoon."

"Do you permit me to see the horse for you?"

"What will Sir Timothy say?"

"I am sure that would concern you very much!"

"Do you think so?"

"He's coming towards us. Shall I signal him?"

"At your peril!"

It was less the words than the inflection of voice, and the glance which shot with the utterance, that made the Captain's heart rise in him.

"If you don't mind a swim," he said—for the rain was still *torrentielle*—"we can slip out at this entrance and in again through the back. Here's an orderly with somebody's umbrella. Thank you for that umbrella; I'll return it in a moment."

"It's a perfect quagmire," said she. "I shall slip in the mud, unless——"

"But there's no reason why you shouldn't," said Captain Carnew. So she slipped her arm into his.

II.

It was thus and thus that Captain Carnew got the start of Sir Timothy, while not arriving on the ground a moment before him.

It was the train on the branch line from Castlekavanagh to Castlekelly—main line thence to Dublin—and there was no stoppage at the intermediate station of Castlebrady. Ordinarily it was an empty train in the afternoon, but there had been a polo match at Lord Emo's, in Tarporlington Park, and the sportsmen were returning. The train slowed up outside Castlebrady station, which, as it was an express, was not uncommon in those parts. It slowed into the station, and stopped there, which *was* uncommon. Two of the polo players, Major Cardross, surnamed "Collarbone" from the frequency of his fractures in the field, and Captain Smithwick, nicknamed "Polly" from the fine pink and white of his complexion, and his flirting propensities, put their heads out of a first-class compartment.

"Whose joke is this?" said Collarbone.

"We ought to run through."

"Hullo! There's Cockroach getting out," said Polly.

"Cockroach" was the regimental soubriquet of Captain Carnew.

III.

"There's five gentlemen about him, an' Sir Timothy amongst them, Cap'n; an' I didn't show him to a sowl." It was the

station-master, O'Flaherty, who spoke in a whisper. He was the reddest-headed man in Ireland.

"Have you got him handy?" asked Captain Carnew.

"A boy's leadin' him widout, Cap'n. I'll hould the train five minyuts, an' divil a moment more you'll want. Ah, sure he's broke like a lamb, Cap'n."

"Look here!" said Collarbone. "What's Cockroach up to? This train doesn't stop here."

"Seems it has stopped," said Polly. "Let's get out and see."

"Hold on a bit," said Collarbone.

The train-load of passengers held their places quietly. Nobody minds what the time-table says in Ireland.

The voice of the station-master arose: "Ring the thrain bell," said he; "the thrain's goin' immaiutly"; and somebody rang the train bell. But the train remained stationary.

Outside the station a boy was walking by the bridle a grand-looking young hunter, a whole-coloured bay, of whom, at the merest glance, one would have ventured the assertion that he was the pick of whatever stable he came out of.

Father Burke, the parish priest, a stout black-browed cleric, with the voice of a bull, was looking him over with great satisfaction.

"Faith, an' if I know anything at all of a horse, that one's a great conveyance to hounds entirely, O'Flaherty!" said he.

The red-headed station-master's pride in his animal was plain to see.

"'Dad, thin, no better judge of a horse iver sot foot in a stable than your Riv'rince's self," said O'Flaherty.

"The hind-quarters of him!" cried Father Burke. "Terr'ble dhrivin' power there."

"An' plinty in front of the saddle, too, your Riv'rince," said O'Flaherty.

"Pairfect action in's walk," said the priest.

"Wait till your Riv'rince sees him at the gallop," said the station-master.

"Manners, too!" said Father Burke.

"An' a babe's mouth on him, your Riv'rince."

Captain Carnew, in the neatest riding kit, spurred, and crop in hand, appeared on the scene.

"George! he looks a good sort," said the Captain, and began at once to pass a critical hand over the horse, with a glance into his mouth.

"A word in your ear, Cap'n dear," whispered O'Flaherty. "Sir Timothy's thravellin' wud the thrain, an' I'm tould he's wantin' the horse for a lady, an' by the same token he's a directhor of the line, an' he'd raise blazes if he got wind o' this."

"I'm afraid he's late about the horse," smiled the Captain, gathering up the reins.

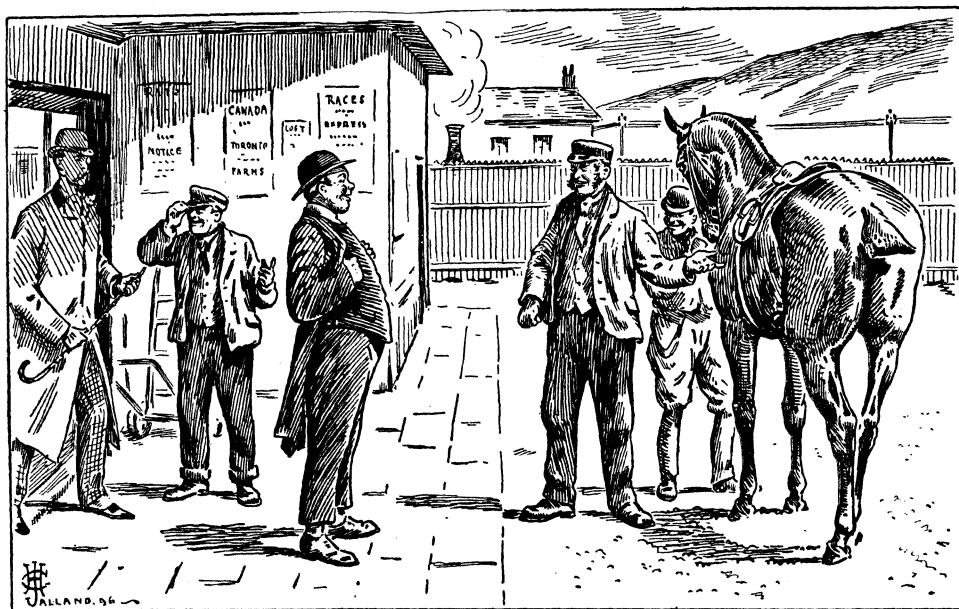
"Patsey Chute," said the station-master to his porter, "ring the thrain bell the way the pass'ngers won't be onaisy. Ah, sure the thrain 'll be goin' in a—— Oh, your Riv'rince isn't that a picture of a four-year-old now he's mounted!"

"Look here," said Collarbone to Polly,

coorse, an' tell the dhriver to let a screech out o' the whistle?"

Michael Cassidy, the breeder and trainer, whose schooling-ground was hard by; Michael Cassidy, who had trained two Grand National winners; Michael Cassidy, who rode sixteen stone to hounds, and was always in the first flight; Michael Cassidy, who drove tandem at full speed with a loose rein up and down the terrible stony hills of that district—Michael Cassidy came pounding up the road.

As the young hunter was stabled with him, Michael Cassidy was of course privy to the wire which Captain Carnew earlier in



"An' plinty in front of the saddle, too, your Riv'rince."

"they keep ringing that unblest bell, and the unblest train doesn't move. What is up?"

"Some game of Cockroach's, I expect," said Polly. "I'm going to hook it out. There's a gee in it, I shouldn't wonder."

"Hang it!" exclaimed Collarbone, "you can't stop an express to let Cockroach try a gee"; but he followed his friend out of the train.

"Tip-top, tip-top, I declare!" thundered the priest, as the Captain put the horse from a walk into a trot.

"More power to your Riv'rince an' your holy callin'! We'll be seein' the Cap'n stretch him in a moment. Patsey Chute, can't you be houldin' the pass'ngers in dis-

the day had despatched to the sporting station-master.

"Turn him into the field beyant there, Cap'n, and give him a lep or two," shouted Cassidy. "'Tis himself will give you the ould ancient feel over a fence. A fine day to your Reverence. That's a great piece of a horse, I think."

The field indicated by the trainer was a part of his private steeplechase course, and in there the Captain turned his steed.

The engine let off a whistle as if the train were flying through the station fifty miles an hour, but the train never moved.

A raw-boned slip of a boy came panting towards the station, with a bundle in one hand and some coppers in the other. "Me

mither said there was no stoppin' here, but I thought mayhap there might be. Have I time to buy a ticket for the thrain, sor?" he inquired of the station-master.

"You have, just the time," said O'Flaherty. "I'll see that you have.—Give that young boy the time he wants to buy a ticket for the thrain. I've known his mother this thirty year, an' a dacenter—— O crummle! Your Riv'rince, see the way he's afther takin' that fence!"

"I declare I thought he'd fly it; but he knows his work too well," responded the Father. "The way he changed his feet on top of the bank!"

"Ah, he couldn't put a foot wrong if he tried, your Reverence," said Michael Cassidy. "Sure, I schooled that horse meself."

"Well, I *am* ——!" said Collarbone, who, with his friend, had just gained the scene of action.

"Told you so," said Polly. "I say, though, Cockroach has got something good under him there."

"Thru for your honour!" said the delighted O'Flaherty. "I'll go bail your honour's a judge of horseflesh. I hope you've your tickets, gintlemen; the bell's afther ringin'."

"Well this beats Banagher, as the man said," observed Collarbone.

"It's for'ard on now, by the powers!" said Michael Cassidy, as the Captain and the four-year-old were sailing almost at racing speed over the stiff course.

"Ah, 'tis no matter," cried Father Burke. "He'll never meet a thing he can't clear."

"Gad, your Riv'rince, if he does he'll climb it," said O'Flaherty. "Musha Patsey Chute, where's your duty wud the thrain bell? I wouldn't like the pass'ngers to think we'd be thrifin' wud their time."

The porter, crimson with excitement, retired an instant, and the bell clanged as before.

"Ask the dhriver is he sure the steam's up," said the station-master.

"Look here," said Collarbone, "we must fetch out some of the chaps; this is too good to miss."

IV.

But it was now beginning to dawn upon the general body of the "pass'ngers," either that something was amiss with the train, or that something unusual was happening outside the station. Most of them were well aware that the afternoon train ought to run through Ballybrady. Suddenly

a small, plump man sprang from his seat and scudded across the platform. He passed without noticing them, Collarbone and Polly, seeking reinforcements.

"Tim on the trot," said Collarbone. "There'll be toast for somebody. He has something to do with the line."

"Beastly little bounder!" said Polly. "See here, you chaps," and he proceeded to set forth the situation.

Doors were flung open right and left, and those sportsmen tumbled over one another in their hurry to see the fun.

A solitary first-class carriage at the far end of the train was occupied by a young and an elderly lady, also returning from the polo match.

"My dear Katharine," said the elderly



Patsey, the Porter.

lady, "it is useless to attempt to console me. I am *positive* that something horrible is happening. Just listen to that bell again! My dear, it is like a tocsin; and I am certain that rebellion has broken out all around us."

"Dear Mrs. Graham, I really don't think it is anything," said Miss Boyle to her new English chaperon. She had been straining her eyes at the window of the carriage, and shrewdly suspected that the Captain had gone one better than the Baronet.

"If it should be Home Rule," said Mrs.

Graham, "you may depend upon it the authorities are summoning the military. The station-master may have received a wire from the Castle, and is ringing his bell to attract help. Are there any military nearer than the Curragh? We are miles away from that. Look out of the window again."

"Nothing whatever is happening," said Miss Boyle.

"Then it is an ambushade," said Mrs. Graham. "We are surrounded on every side, and the firing may begin at any moment. See, there is a fierce-looking man galloping wildly by himself! He is collecting the

V.

"Tare-an-ouns, but he's scolding him along now!" said Michael Cassidy.

"Hasn't he a grand seat on a horse?" said Father Burke.

"'Tis a lathery day," said O'Flaherty, mopping his face. "The Cap'n 'll be perisht wud the drou't whin he's home. Andy"—to the telegraph boy—"run down like a good man to the honest woman Mary Casey, below there, an' get a dhrop of the right stuff. Say I'll be callin' in as I go home."



"He looks dreadfully angry."

insurgents from behind the hedges, as they always do in Ireland."

"I think he is trying a horse over Cassidy's fences," said Miss Boyle. She was almost certain that it was the Captain.

"Nonsense, dear! He could not be doing anything so useless at such a crisis. Now, shall we summon the guard, or take refuge in the luggage-van?"

"Look," said Miss Boyle, "everybody is turning out."

"They are going to barricade the station," said Mrs. Graham, "or perhaps to form a rallying-square on the platform. I am certain I hear firing in the distance. Katharine, I am going to the ladies' room."

"Stay, boy!" said the priest. "Here's a thruppence for it."

"Ah, 'tis your Riv'rince has the kind open hand," said the station-master. "Take the thruppence from his Riv'rince, Andy, an' I hope you're reg'lar at your duties av a Sunday."

Then, perceiving that a stream of passengers was issuing from the train, "Arrah," he added, "will no one give a shake to that bell? There's quality thravellin', an' they might think the thrain's delayed."

"To glory with the pair of 'em!" cried Cassidy. "That horse an' Cap'n Cockroach in the saddle will win races."

"Leps the very best!" echoed Father Burke; "bould and free."

"You see, dear," said Miss Boyle to her chaperon, "we have escaped with our lives for the present."

"It is the most extraordinary sight I ever saw," said Mrs. Graham. "Who is the person on the horse?"

"I rather think it is Captain Carnew," said Miss Boyle.

"Is there any danger? Do you think the horse is running away?"

"Not if Captain Carnew is in the saddle," said Miss Boyle.

"Why is Sir Timothy Doyne rushing up and down like that? He looks dreadfully angry. He appears to be abusing that very red-headed man, who I suppose is the station-master. Perhaps he is afraid that Captain Carnew may injure himself."

"That's very likely," said Miss Boyle.

"What price the bay for the Regimental Cup at Newbridge?" called Polly. "Gentlemen, my book is open."

"Have a bit on, Doyne," urged Collarbone.

"I really think," said Mrs. Graham, "that Sir Timothy will have a seizure of some kind. I never saw anyone so agitated. Are the officers laughing at him?"

"Captain Carnew has the prettiest seat in Ireland, and that's a treasure of a horse," said Miss Boyle. She and her chaperon were mounted on a hillock a little behind the rest of the spectators.

"He's turnin' from the stone wall," said Cassidy.

"He's not, by the piper, he's headin' for it!" said O'Flaherty.

"Cleared it, by all!" bellowed the priest.

"'Tis a half a foot higher nor the 'champion' at Ball's Bridge," added O'Flaherty. "Here's Andy wud the sperrits. Give me here those sperrits, Andy; yourself might spill 'em down the wrong way."

"He'll be home now in a crack," said Cassidy. "Round that corner and he's in the straight."

"Did you ever see such a show as Sir Timothy Doyne is making of himself?" said Miss Boyle. "I don't think I'll ever let myself speak to him again."

"I should like to know what is the matter with him," said Mrs. Graham.

"I didn't see a horse to beat that fellow this year," said Father Burke; and the station-master, in sheer happy obliquity of mind, took down the whisky at a gulp.

"Bad scrán to me!" said he a moment later, "I'm afther swallyin' the Cap'n's smahaan unbeknownst. I should have the mouth cut aff me. Andy Flynn"—in a

whisper—"run down agen to that good woman an' lay the case before her. Spake her fair, an' she'll give you another dhrop. Thravel your best, Andy; I wouldn't have the Cap'n home before you. Patsey Chute, avick, go in there you an' report to me on the state o' the thrain. Divil a hair o' me knows what's thranspirin' wud the thrain. Go in, Patsey, an' see did they break anythin'. There's pass'ngers has a notion the thrain's put back."

"Here he comes now!" said Father Burke.

"And fresh, be jabers!" said Cassidy. "He's in terrable grand condition for the time o' year."

"He's spoilin' for another chase this minyut," said O'Flaherty.

"Gentlemen," said Polly, "this is another great day for Ireland. I am only sorry not to have booked your bets."

"Take him seven to four that he falls at the last fence, Doyne!" said Collarbone.

"Gad, he's over it!" said Polly.

"Quick, Andy, alanah!" said O'Flaherty. "Stand there now, good boy, an' don't be divartin' yourself wud the liquor onthinkin'. Patsey Chute, tie a horse-box on to the tail o' the thrain. The Cap'n'll buy that horse an' take him along wud him."

"Who-oo!" from the lungs of Father Burke, as Captain Carnew trotted in with the bay.

"Come down smart, Cap'n, darlin', an' don't let on a word," whispered O'Flaherty. "Sir Tim, small blessin's on him, 's raisin' blue hell in the place. There's a lady behint us takin' a power of interest in you, Cap'n; an' bedad you did show him off great! Dhry, is it! Sure I knew you'd be. Come up here wud that sperrits, Andy Flynn."

"The ould ancient feel, Cap'n, eh?" said Cassidy.

"All over!" said Carnew.

"My compliments to you, sir," said Father Burke. "I believe one might say there's the makings of a horse there."

"Sir," replied the Captain, "I believe one might."

"Patsey Chute," said O'Flaherty, "what's delayin' this thrain? I hope the g'yard didn't lose himself. Aren't the pass'ngers sated yet? Well, Ireland bates kingdoms at the leppin' game! Ring the bell, Patsey. I believe the thrain's a thrifle after time."

VI.

"Oh, good afternoon again, Captain Carnew!" said Miss Boyle most innocently, as he was hurrying past the carriage in search

of his own. "So it was you on the horse. A lovely horse! Is he for sale? Mrs. Graham has had a dreadful fright, and it seems that you were the cause. There's room in here, if you like; and you ought to hear the story, and make Mrs. Graham your apology."

So he stepped in there. A week later Miss Boyle had ridden the bay several times, and Sir Timothy's opportunities of proposing marriage to her had ceased, for the reason that when a lady has definitely accepted one man she does not want offers from another.



"It's for'ard on now, by the powers!"

WIMBLEDON AND BISLEY—PAST AND PRESENT:

A TALK WITH THE RIGHT HON. EARL WALDEGRAVE.

BY JAMES MILNE.

Illustrated from Photographs by CHARLES KNIGHT.



WITH the second week of July there comes Bisley—the old historic Wimbledon, as many still insist upon regarding it—and for a fortnight on end the marksman's bullet is heard ringing throughout the land. We may not all be volunteers, and some of us who are may, alas! not be marksmen, but surely there

are none wholly lacking in the spirit that makes both. It is just because Bisley represents a martial strain in our blood that we follow the records of the shooting there with so keen an interest. "Who is Queen's prizeman?" Whatever else may be on the boards, that is the great question one morning every year, and it is good that it should be so.

"Good, nay excellent!" That I am sure would be the comment of Earl Waldegrave and his col-

leagues who direct the affairs of the National Rifle Association. His lordship is chairman of the council of the Association, an office in which he has followed men like Lord Wantage, Lord Wharnccliffe, Lord Ducie, Lord Spencer, and Lord Wemyss, whose earlier title the Elcho challenge shield always keeps green. To mention the well-known people who have been, who are, con-

nected with the National Rifle Association would be an endless business. Moreover the point for which I am driving, is that the head and front of the executive machinery giving us our annual wappenshaw, is the chairman of the council. His place is one that demands many qualities—enthusiasm, knowledge, tact; one involving an amount of work which would surprise the man who doesn't know any better.

The good nature, the kindly courtesy, which



From a photo by]

[Walery.

THE RIGHT HON. EARL WALDEGRAVE.
(Chairman of the Council of the National Rifle Association.)

have helped to make Lord Waldegrave so popular a chairman, have enabled me to get a gossip with him on "Wimbledon and

hold of what has remained the most enticing feature of the volunteer's career—the inborn love of shooting, the desire to excel in it,



BUSY AT THE TICKET OFFICE.

Bisley—Past and Present.” He shot in the Eton team at Wimbledon in 1868, and again the following year, the team, it should be said, going home with the honours on the former occasion. When he went to Cambridge he kept up his attendance at Wimbledon, and from the Cambridge University corps he passed into the London Rifle Brigade, in which he still holds his commission. He captains the English Eight and the English Twenty, and if any other qualifications were needed to make him an “efficient” in the volunteer movement, he would certainly not hesitate to meet them. A better head than of the National Rifle Association could not be found, as everybody will agree, except perhaps Lord Waldegrave himself. I found him surrounded by literature bearing upon the great rifle meeting—statistics as to the shooting from year to year, and so on.

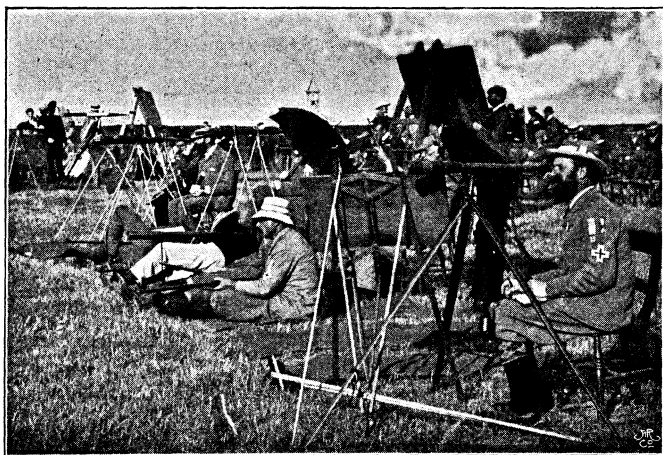
But long as Lord Waldegrave has been identified with the national wapenshaw, it was yet, as he reminded me, in existence before he was old enough to handle a rifle. Its foundation is bound up with the early history of volunteering, the idea of the founders, of course, being to encourage rifle shooting. That was taking

the ambition to be a good marksman. The first Wimbledon was opened on July 2, 1860, and the Queen fired the first shot from a Whitworth rifle. Needless to say the rifle had been fixed in position for her Majesty, and so truly too that when she pulled the silken cord attached to the trigger, a centre was registered. That represented the highest score then, for the bull's-eye was still unknown—one instance of the changes which time has wrought at the meeting.

“You will remember,” Lord Waldegrave remarked, “that the new ranges at

Bisley were opened by the Princess of Wales, and that her shot was not less auspicious than the Queen's had been. It was a bull's-eye, the distance being five hundred yards; and I can recall very well the interest with which the opening ceremony was watched.” The conjunction of these two events enabled me to ask his lordship how the flitting from Wimbledon to Bisley had borne upon the meeting, for obviously it involved certain new conditions.

“Oh yes,” he agreed, “it was a very



LORDS v. COMMONS, AT NINE HUNDRED YARDS.

ticklish moment, for Bisley being so much farther from London, we could not hope to draw the same money. People would not

go to Bisley as they went to Wimbledon, and the same social side of the meeting was not possible. We don't therefore have the bright company we had at Wimbledon; our attractions have fallen away in that respect. No doubt the question of distance has affected us generally; but I hope we may get over all these things."

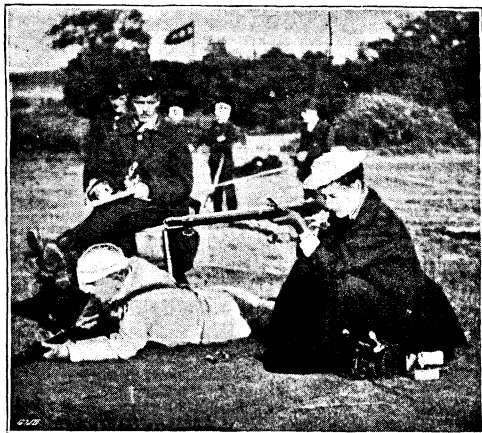
"You have better ranges at Bisley though, I believe; more room in which to turn about?"

"Certainly. Still last year was really our first prosperous year at Bisley; but as I say we hope to progress all right now. You see at Wimbledon we existed practically for a fortnight only, by which I mean that the whole apparatus of the meeting was dismantled after the meeting. At Bisley our ranges are open all the year round; matches take place continually; a volunteer corps can always go and practise there. Also the regular forces use the place, so that the Bisley ranges are active more or less all the year round. Provincial volunteers sometimes point out that the ability to practise at Bisley must be a great advantage to metropolitan marksmen when the latter come to shoot at the annual meeting. Broadly speaking, country volunteers, I should judge, have better opportunities for target practice than those resident in London or in the large cities."

"Is any comparison possible, taking a period of years, between the shooting of urban and the shooting of rural volunteers?"

"You mean is it the countryman or the townsman who does best at Bisley from year to year? I'm afraid one's general impres-

sions on such a point would be of little value; the only thing would be to go into the records for each meeting. But as to



MISS LEALE, OF GUERNSEY.

the improvement which has taken place in rifle shooting all round, there can be no doubt whatever. That is entirely apart from the splendid influence Wimbledon has been in consolidating the volunteer force as such—in making it popular, what it has become. Continuous improvement in shooting, as a result of Wimbledon, might be traced as easily as the succession always of a better and better type of rifle. When I went to Wimbledon first the Enfield muzzle-loader was in use, then came the Snider, next the Martini-Henry, and another change will bring us to the magazine rifle."

"Do you take it that the adoption of the magazine rifle will mean a still further



"ALL-COMERS"—OPEN COMPETITION.

advance in the marksmanship of our volunteers?"

"So I should anticipate; the better the rifle the better the shooting must be. We



MR. WINANS' PISTOL SHOOTING.

have made as few changes as possible in connection with the coming Bisley, because next year a good many may have to be made. I am alluding to the possible introduction of the magazine rifle, since it appears likely that it will by then be in the hands of the volunteers. The innovation will be one likely to affect the volunteers as a

body in a general measure. I mean that not a few of the ranges now in use throughout the country will probably be certified as unsafe for the magazine rifle, and so others will have to be found. Leaving aside the question of improved weapons, it would be strange if an observer did not recognise the work which the National Rifle Association has done for shooting among all our defence forces. Wimbledon and Bisley have not influenced the volunteers only, but also shooting in the army, and more, they have much heightened the value placed on marksmanship by the mass of the people. I don't know about the musketry course in the army, but I think the influence of Wimbledon may for one thing be fairly traced in the frequent matches in which the military now take part. We have soldiers shooting at our meeting, and the army team has been accustomed to hold its own very well. If you ask me however to compare the shooting of the regulars with the shooting of the auxiliaries at Bisley, then I must point out that they at present use different weapons."

Next year then, should the magazine rifle be generally in the hands of the volunteers, Bisley will be uncommonly interesting. It has been a necessary evolution all along at the tournament, provided it was to march with the times—even evolution in



SHOOTING AT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS FOR THE "IMPERIAL."

the matter of the number of days it occupies. Originally the meeting covered a week only, but now it takes a fortnight, and the double period is quite needed for the competitions. Again, at the first Wimbledon there were three hundred volunteer marksmen, and about £2200 was given in prize money. Now the competitions and the competitors are alike a multitude, and last summer close upon £12,000 was given away in prizes, not counting the challenge cups. Yet once more, the old metal targets are gone, and the canvas targets have taken their place. "You may be aware," Lord Waldegrave mentioned, "that the metal target at which the Queen shot when she opened Wimbledon is strictly preserved among the heirlooms of the Association, and every season is to be seen at headquarters at Bisley. Years back," he

die to be cast in the final stage. But as the conditions are, a volunteer goes into the final stage, having behind him the aggregate he has made in the two previous stages—he starts from that basis. When, too, Wimbledon was still the infant prodigy, it was a case of forty survivors firing for the Queen's prize; then the number was raised to sixty; and finally to a hundred—the Queen's hundred. Haven't we all read in the newspapers every July of the Queen's prizemen being "chaired," and of the air of resignation with which they habitually accept the operation? Could Lord Waldegrave tell me how this practice had originated, and what it amounted to?

"No," he declared with a laugh, "I really am not aware what was the origin of it, but I know it has been observed at the annual



HAYHURST, THE QUEEN'S PRIZEMAN OF 1895 HAVING HIS LAST SHOT.

went on, "the Queen's prize was decided several days before the meeting closed—really about the middle of it. No doubt the main purpose of this was to allow men from the country to finish up and go home, but the result was that the latter part of the meeting lost in interest. More recently the Queen's prize has not been decided until the last day of the meeting, the interest being thus maintained. Moreover there have been various radical changes from year to year in reference to the conditions governing the shooting for the great trophy."

He was alluding to the manner in which a man's score is now reckoned—and a volunteer hardly needs to be enlightened on that point. The old system laid itself open to the chances of luck more than the later system does, because it practically left the

shooting competition ever since I have attended it. The winner of the prize is carried shoulder high, by the members of his corps, to the staff headquarters, where the badge is pinned on his arm when the score has been certified, and round the regimental camps—which have become fewer than they once were; the gold medal is presented to him at the presentation of prizes later in the day, and he draws his prize of £250 through the Association in due season. Every member of the hundred gets a badge to mark the fact, but the first man in the first stage has a bronze one, the first man in the second stage a silver one, and that of the final winner is gold."

Sir William Walrond, M.P., came near to winning the Queen's prize one year at Wimbledon—he was I believe second. This

circumstance led me to ask Lord Waldegrave something, from the point of view of marksmanship, of the Lords and Commons



VOLUNTEERS & REGULARS, AT NINE HUNDRED YARDS.

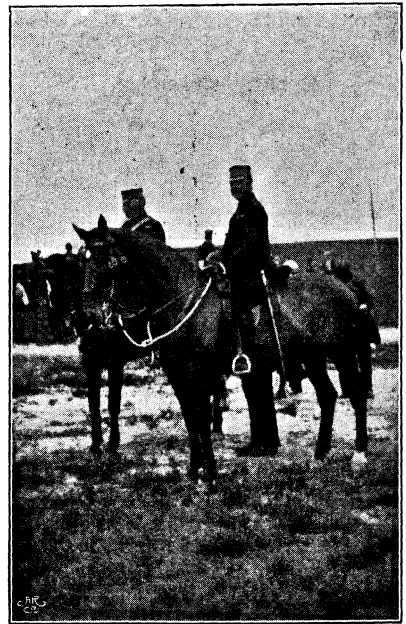
match which used to take place. He was fain to say that he feared it was more a gallery match than anything else—a match which was important rather to the crowd than to high marksmanship. Like the review with which the Wimbledon of years back was wont to wind up, the Lords *v.* Commons competition is only a memory, still a picturesque memory. One readily sees how the historic gathering, under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, has touched the life of the English-speaking people at many different points. Canada sends a team every year, Australia and South Africa have sent representatives, and so has India; and to go wider, America, Switzerland, Belgium and other countries have been represented on occasion.

"We should be very glad," said Lord Waldegrave, touching upon this subject, "to see teams from all parts of the British empire; but I suppose the great drawback is the cost which men coming a long way have to incur. If all parts of the empire were to send marksmen, the result could only be good, and I need hardly tell you that it is the spirit of riflemen always to give a hearty welcome to comrades, especially those coming from a distance." That is very true; and indeed the portals of Bisley are even open to ladies—witness the competitions for "all comers"—a description which obviously includes women.

We had a wide scope for conversation in the subject of the conditions which marksmen find most favourable for shooting, and the qualities which tend to make accomplished marksmen.

"Speaking from my own observation and experience," his lordship put it, "the mornings and the evenings are preferred for shooting. The light is generally more suitable then—at all events on my principle of desiring rather a dull light; and the wind, if there is any, is steadier. A bright sun during the height of the day is apt to create a mirage, which deceives the marksman, and matters are made worse if he has to contend with an unequal

wind. A fish-tail wind is worst of all, meaning one that blows now from one quarter now from another. With a steady wind one knows what to do—how much to allow for the deflection of the bullet—but with a fish-tail wind the utmost skill may be wasted. As to the qualities which make a good marksman, excellent eyesight is of the



DUKE OF CONNAUGHT VISITING THE CAMP.

first importance. Again, a good nerve is very essential, for it is no joke to shoot with a number of people looking on, and with

the knowledge that others as well as yourself depend upon how straight you shoot. I am thinking of team shooting, where the result of the whole match may even hang upon the last shot of the last man to fire. Accordingly I think that team shooting is even more trying than individual shooting, for you are conscious in the latter case that if you happen to do badly you at all events involve nobody else in your failure. Then I need not dwell on the value of practice to a marksman because the value of that is self-evident." Outside his official position and his wide experience of volunteering, Lord Waldegrave is well entitled to speak a word on marksmanship as an art. He was once in the list of those who shot finally for the Queen's prize, and none get there who are bad shots.

When the National Rifle Association founded its meeting the plan was that it should be movable—now taking place in one part of the country, now in another. It was soon seen however that this would not

work, and similarly there have been proposals that the wapenshaw should be held at a date other than July. "But these proposals," Lord Waldegrave commented, "have come to nothing, and I imagine we are always likely to begin operations on the second Monday of July. If we were to meet earlier we should interfere with the hay harvest, and if we were to meet later we should come into conflict with the wheat harvest and the moors."

The effect of the public schools match at Bisley in encouraging a love of the volunteer movement among boys; the coming and going of various forms of competition—the running deer for instance; all these things I had the opportunity of talking over with Lord Waldegrave. But what I have written—a gossip wandering here, there and anywhere, as a real gossip should—indicates fully enough the links which bind our interest to Bisley, and to the good fellows who go there to shoot.



A CAUTIOUS SCOT.

MY EVIL GENIUS.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Illustrated by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS.



ONLY met her three times, but on each occasion misfortune, mischance, some serious trouble followed close behind. To me she was the stormy petrel of my life, and her appearance, although always accidental, invariably heralded some catastrophe or great loss.

I first saw her in her native village, half-a-dozen miles from the shores of Lake Garda, on the road between Riva and Botzen. I had walked out one day, wandering on in search of subjects—I am a landscape painter—and at last, feeling a sudden need for refreshment, I halted at a little wayside *osteria*, a common, poverty-stricken place where the best they could put before me was black bread, gruyère cheese, and rough country wine.

It was Usca, the landlord's daughter, who served me, and one look at her compensated for the coarseness of the fare. She was a peasant girl, but strikingly handsome, with a rather well-filled but graceful figure, good features, a clear olive-tinted skin, and magnificent eyes. I marvelled much at those eyes as, knowing Italian well, I talked myself into better acquaintance; they were so full of changing lights, of varying moods; they could flash scorn and contempt, as when I spoke of her lovers; they could melt into soft languorous coquetry when I offered to add myself to their number. True daughter of Eve, she loved admiration; true daughter of Italy, she was greedy for lucre. My ungrudging tribute to her charms won her goodwill, but the lavish present of a few *lire* made me her fast friend.

There was a *festa* in the village that evening, which I attended by her cordial invitation. Her costume *de gala* greatly enhanced her beauty. The striped skirt, short enough to show her shapely ankles and feet; the snowy kerchief that veiled her bosom; the spot of crimson blossom in her raven hair. I could see that she had admirers by the dozen, and that she was flouting them all for me. It was no doubt by calculation that she played me off against them, meaning to drive them mad with

jealousy, perhaps to force on a declaration—at least, for some hidden purpose of her own. At any rate that night I was her chosen cavalier; all she did was for me; she danced at me, sang at me. The first was a weird, waving measure, exactly suited to her perfect form, and she trod it divinely; the latter a strange wild melody, with strongly contrasted cadences, fierce, plaintive, barbaric, sweet and pleading by turns.

The whole effect was somewhat intoxicating. I could hardly bring myself to part from her, although I was compelled to return to Riva that night. I told myself that I must see her again; that my future existence was bound up in hers; that I loved her madly, and so on. Such rhapsodies were suited to the situation, the climate, the surroundings, the hour.

On my walk down to the lake I fell among thieves. I was attacked, stabbed under the shoulder, robbed of all I possessed, and left for dead. A couple of Italian gendarmes picked me up at daylight and I was taken down to the hotel, where I lay for months in great danger. The perpetrators of the outrage were never discovered. In my own heart I believed I had been the victim of jealousy. Usca's preference for me had been taken in bad part; but that she herself was concerned in the crime seemed impossible.

Three years elapsed before I met her again. It was under very different circumstances then, and in a very different place. I saw her now in Paris, at the entrance to the Gare du Nord. Usca, beyond all question, but how changed! No longer the *contadina*, the woman of the people, but the lady, well dressed, well booted and well gloved. Yet I could not be mistaken in her. I knew her instantly, her face, her figure, above all her eyes—the great dark inscrutable eyes. And she knew me. The look of surprise, the faint blush told me that; but she gave no other sign of recognition until I bowed and went up to her with outstretched hand. I bore her no malice—why should I?—and I was genuinely pleased to see her again.

"Was she going across? Alone? Could I be of any service?" And while I still spoke a man came up with such an air of



ownership that I could not be surprised when she introduced him as her husband.

I did not take a fancy to the fellow, I confess. He was not exactly prepossessing. Short, thick-set, with the bow legs that imply great physical strength, his face so high-coloured it might have been rouged, and bold, wide-open, protruding eyes. A common sort of man, very much over-dressed in clothes new and glossy—a serge suit of rather vivid blue—shoes shiny as sticking-plaster, his shirt (with the collar cut very low after the Italian fashion) of a deep pink, and the silk necktie of a pale cream. His manner was

half cringing, half insolent, but he plainly showed that he was no more

taken with me than I with him. With a brief "Scusi, signore," he tucked his wife under his arm and carried her off to the train.

But I had not done with them. As I passed up the platform to take my own seat I found him hanging

half out of a *coupé*, eager to catch my attention, and cordially inviting me to enter their compartment. There was just one vacant place. I jumped in. Usca smiled sweetly; her husband (the Cavaliere she called him) offered a cigarette, and we were presently on the most friendly terms. The Cavaliere had plenty to say, chatting glibly on travel—Italy,

"It was Usca, the landlord's daughter, who served me."

Paris, politics, the questions of the hour; but Usca did not talk much. It might have been shyness, the want of education, a certain *gêne* in my company, remembering where and how we had last met. I could not understand her nor the look I caught now and again in her fine eyes.

It was not until we were on the steamer, the passage nearly ended, that I had a chance of exchanging a word with her alone. They had both been very sea-sick, these poor Italians, but she was the first to recover. Leaving the Cavaliere still in a state of collapse, she drew



"I could see that she had admirers by the dozen."

me gently on one side and asked me, with oh! such eloquently appealing eyes, to do her one small favour.

"You will not say 'No,' I am sure. You are a true friend, signore—at least I think so; and if you will do this I shall be ever your most grateful, your most devoted slave."

The words seem exaggerated and silly in English. You should have heard them in musical Italian from the soft lips of Usca.

I promised at once and without hesitation.

"It is only a small matter, signore. You know we are foreigners, strangers, and we are coming to England for the first time, on

private business. It is to dispose of some property. I will be frank with you. Some beautiful old lace; it has been in my husband's family for years; it is worth much money we are told, but we fear there will be difficulties at the Douane. The duty is heavy upon old lace. They will be of course very strict with us. But you, you are an Englishman, a gentleman, a great signore; they will ask *you* no questions."

"In fact I am to turn smuggler for the sake of your bright eyes, Usca?"

"You will not refuse me. The money is of much consequence. We are not rich; we —"

How could I say no? Very secretly and privately their parcel of lace—it was small and rather heavy—was transferred from her dressing-bag to my pocket, and I became a party to a fraud upon the revenue, of which I am now sincerely ashamed.

I was to keep the lace, if I got it through safely—as of course I knew I should—keep it till she called for it or her husband came; and for that purpose, nothing loath I confess, I gave her my address in town.

We were separated at the landing-stage. I did not see my friends (except for one second) at the Folkestone harbour station, and in the rush and scurry—for it had been a crowded boat—I took the first seat I could find, which was not in their compartment. Arrived in London, we were all too busy with our own affairs to make long farewells, but they renewed their thanks and their promises to come next day to my studio in Hammersmith, where I lived alone.

It was a quiet part of this retired suburb, but the rooms were airy and light good, and I was too far off to be much interrupted at my work. I worked hard, understand, for I was only just struggling into fame and an assured income.

I thought a good deal of the fascinating Usca that night, and but little of her lace. I threw the parcel of precious Venetian point carelessly up on the bureau which served me as writing-desk and general receptacle for rubbish; I ate the sort of picnic meal which my old woman-servant had left ready for me; then I strolled out to call on a brother brush, sat with him till late, and about midnight got home to bed.

Next morning when I came to look for the parcel of lace it had disappeared.

I hunted high and low, but there was not a sign. The loss of it led me to examine



"She drew me gently on one side and asked me . . . to do her one small favour,"

farther, and I found then that I had been "burgled" of everything of any value. I hadn't much; but my cash, a few curios, one or two well-bound books, and a small Venetian hand-glass had been carried away.

The loss of the lace was to me the most serious part of the business. It was not mine to lose. It was very valuable—so Usca declared. What was I to say to the Italians when they came to claim their property? She, dear Usca! would doubtless believe me, and might be willing to stand the loss—which after all was quite a possible risk; but he—her ill-favoured, beetle-browed husband?

I was right in anticipating trouble from him. Directly he heard my story—they came early that afternoon—he laughed in my face.

"*Altro!* It is too old a trick," he cried with coarse insolent derision. "We want our lace. Stolen? *Cospetto!* That cock won't fight!"

"Hush! Pepino, please," Usca interposed. "The signore is a man of honour. It must be as he says. But oh! what shall we do? what will become of us? We counted on that lace—on the money it would bring us. We shall be nearly destitute now!"

"I will have my lace or the value of it!" went on the ruffian in the same bullying tone. He was so brutally offensive that I was in doubt whether to throw him out of the window or call in the police.

But then Usca? She stood there tearful, despairing, broken-hearted, yet without a sign of reproach in her beautiful eyes. How could I leave her to bear the brunt of a loss for which I was undoubtedly in a measure responsible?

"What was your lace worth?" I asked rather weakly.

"Five thousand *lire* (£200) at the very least," quickly answered the Cavaliere.

"That is absurd. I could not afford to give you half that sum."

"Not one bachiocco less will I take. Either pay or I will appeal to the law!"

"And say how the lace came into England? Answer other inconvenient questions perhaps?"

It was a chance shot, but I saw that it had told. The Cavaliere abated his pretensions, and rather disconcerted, said:

"The signore is a gentleman: I appeal to him. What will he offer?"

Eventually, after much haggling, in which Usca took no part, except to use her great beseeching eloquent eyes in support of her husband's contention, the price was fixed at

£125. It pretty nearly cleaned me out—swallowed up all my bank balance, for I had been holiday making, and had sold little of late; and that winter, as I fought with the dealers over pot-boilers and emptied my portfolios of first sketches that I valued, I began to realise that Usca brought me decidedly bad luck.

I was to meet Usca once again. The third occasion was also in Paris, where I had gone for a few months' work in Julian's school. The art life of Paris was not new to me, and I was still bohemian enough to love the far side of the Seine.

A favourite haunt of mine was a café in the Avenue Montebello, and I was there one afternoon, enjoying a cool bock and a cigarette at one of the outside tables, when I heard the music of an accordion accompanying a voice singing an old familiar air.

It was the old wild song of the Lake of Garda, and Usca herself was the performer—Usca once more greatly changed. Now neither the peasant nor the lady; in neither the simple dress of her native land nor the neat costume of our last meeting, but Usca, with all the tawdry, dirty finery of a street musician, in garish colours and flaunting ribbons, dancing the same quaint step as a beggar might for the occasional sous thrown to her as she passed along.

She saw me first, I think, but was disinclined to approach until I half rose and beckoned to her. Very reluctantly she sat down at my table and accepted some refreshment; but as I so evidently sympathised with her and meant kindly she thawed a little and told me her story. Sad enough it was, full of grief and trouble, disappointments, losses. Her husband—well, the least said was best. He had clearly not been a success. She hinted at evil courses, bad company, idleness, incurable hatred of honest work; but now he was ill, and she was compelled to turn out and earn enough to keep the wolf from the door.

I pressed some money into her hand, and promised more if she was in need and would ask me. This café was a sure find any afternoon.

She came back more than once—not merely, as I hoped, for the alms I never refused. She said it comforted her to see and speak to me; that I reminded her of days long past and gone—happier days—and as she said this her now hard, hungry face softened a little and the old look, still strangely beautiful, brightened the dark depths of her passionate eyes.



"It was the old wild song of the Lake of Garda."

I could not refuse her when one day she begged me to come and see her husband. He wished much to speak to me. He was far too ill to leave the house. Would I go to him? It was not far. The evening would be the best time. I should pass then unnoticed through the low quarter they inhabited, and I need not stay long. To speak a few comforting words, to do a kind

act, it would not cost me much, surely? And of course I went.

Beyond the Cité, between the new Boulevard St. Germain and the river, there lies a network of dark alleys and blind streets, a veritable part of old Paris. Only a few yards from the asphalt of the smart new thoroughfare one steps into another world, dark, foul, evil-smelling—worse, full of *voyous* and avowed criminals. Here, five stories high under the roof, I found the suffering Pepino, lying on the bare floor seemingly at the last gasp. I approached, and was in the act of stooping over him when I was seized from behind, my head was enveloped in a cloth saturated with chloroform, and I lost all consciousness then and there.

How long I remained in that state I could not tell exactly. All night, at least, for when I came to the light was streaming in through the dormer window, and I gradually made out where I was.

It was still the garret to which I had been brought the night previously—I easily recognised it—but I was its sole occupant. I was partially undressed. I lay on the same miserable pallet as that on which I had seen the dying Pepino. I supposed I had been hounded, stripped and robbed. But no, at least my clothes were left to me, for they were thrown anyhow on the floor by my side, and I snatched at them eagerly, dressing myself in frantic haste, thinking only of escape from this accursed place for the moment, caring little to inquire what had happened to me there.

I had free egress; the door stood unbolted. I met no one on the stairs or in the street, but made good my retreat homewards, where I threw myself on my bed just as I was, exhausted, and still dazed and confused like a man in a trance.

I was rudely awakened about mid-day by a commissaire de police, who, followed by a posse of policemen, arrested me and carried me off a close prisoner to the Dépôt of the Prefecture.

It was not till next day, when I was first examined by the Juge d'Instruction, that I learnt the crime of which I was accused. I was told I was the perpetrator of a vile bomb outrage—a devilish attempt to wreck the

Opera House on a grand night in the middle of the performance.

I shall not soon forget all I suffered in the next few weeks. First, indignation gave way to deep anxiety, for I seemed caught in a web of circumstantial evidence from which there seemed no hope of escape, there were so many damning facts against me. I had been in the company of known Anarchists; one, a woman—who was also in custody—was with me often. I had been seen in the Opera House just before the outrage; nay, I had been seen in the act of throwing the bomb. Many people could swear to me—to my clothes, the very clothes I was wearing at the time of my arrest.

This at last enlightened me. I saw the whole devilish plot, its deep-laid cunning, and realising it gave way to complete despair. But for the untiring and almost super-human sagacity of one loyal friend—a detective, whose interest had been aroused by the strangeness of the case, and through

whom the real criminal was eventually brought to justice—I firmly believe that I should have paid forfeit with my life to the malignant influence of my evil genius.

Usca Francabolla was arraigned, with her husband, as an accessory and accomplice; but while he suffered the extreme penalty on the guillotine, she was only sentenced to seclusion for twenty years. I shudder when I think that she may survive her imprisonment. I have full reason to believe that she was the moving spirit in the two first outrages as well as of the last; she had instigated the attack upon me at the Lake of Garda. Some of the property stolen from my studio was found in her possession at the time of her arrest, and no doubt the two had planned and carried out the theft of the lace, while Francabolla declared at the last that she had conceived the plan of making me the scapegoat for the Opera House explosion.



A LION-KEEPER AT LEISURE:

A TALK WITH SETH SUTTON.

BY JOHN HYDE.



SETH SUTTON, for more than forty years in the employment of the Zoological Society as keeper of the large carnivora, has now sought a well-earned retirement, but he kindly con-

sented to become a public man once more for an hour or two when a representative of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE recently called on him for the purpose of hearing his experiences.

Sutton, though his days at the Zoo are over, still lives within a stone's throw of the place where he so successfully managed the largest and fiercest of the animals that are the delight and terror of sight-seeing London. He is probably one of the best known personages in

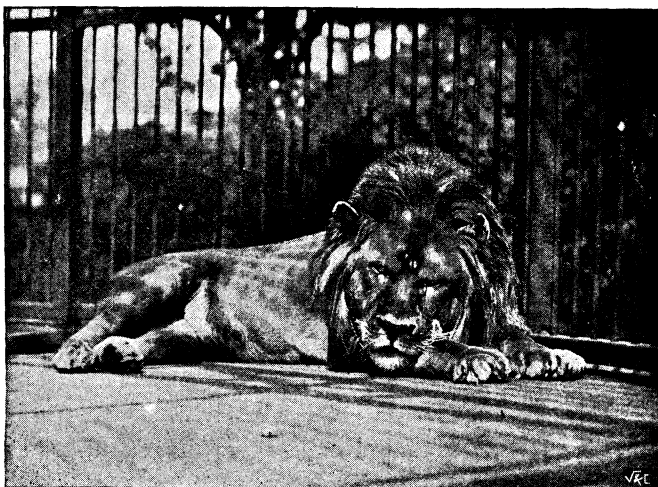
the locality; so well known, indeed, that everybody can indicate where he lives, although, curiously enough, some who know his whereabouts are unacquainted with his precise address. I inquired for him first at the Gardens. The courteous official smiled. "I can't give you Sutton's exact address," he said, "but I can easily direct you to his house. You take such a turning and such a turning, and then anyone will show you the house." I did so, and finally was brought up to the door of Sutton's cottage by a bevy of small boys, who grinned knowingly when I asked for the old official. In another minute I was face to face with the grand old lion-keeper himself.

Then began diplomatic relations. The situation was just a little strained, for Sutton had a strong feeling that the Press had been

too urgent in its claims for his reminiscences. "I think I've told everything already," he said; "and now that I've left the society's service I don't think I ought to meddle with their affairs, for my duty in the Gardens was the society's affair."

But the WINDSOR representative was persuasive. "Perhaps so," he assented, "but your experiences are your own affair, Sutton, to give away if you choose; and then the

world has surely some claim on such interesting stories as you have to tell." Sutton, shrewd old East Anglian that he is, gradually admitted the claim of the world in general, and of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE in particular; so it was not long before he relaxed and con-



From a photo by]

"DUKE."

[McLellan.

sented to talk about his big pets and their ways.

First, however, he told the interviewer a little of his history.

"You entered the Gardens comparatively young, I think?"

"It's more than forty years ago," he said reflectively. "I'm just turned sixty-eight. I was born in the parish of Topcroft, in Norfolkshire, and as a lad had to do with domestic animals, but I saw no chance of getting on in the country, so I thought I'd come up to London to try my luck." Sutton, by the way, still speaks the dialect of his county, which we will not try to reproduce. His two score years in the metropolis have in no way made him a Londoner.

"Well," he continued, "I got a place in the Zoo. No, not with the beasts at first; it

was a labourer's place ; but afterwards I became a keeper, and had three years with the bears. The most part of my life I had charge of the lions, tigers, and leopards."

"Had you long hours?"

"In summer they were pretty long, sometimes about twelve hours ; in winter of course they were shorter, as the Gardens close earlier. No, I hadn't night duty, except once or twice sitting up with a sick lion or tiger. And then of course, I'm forgetting, I was two years watchman. Ah, that was a cold, lonesome job!"

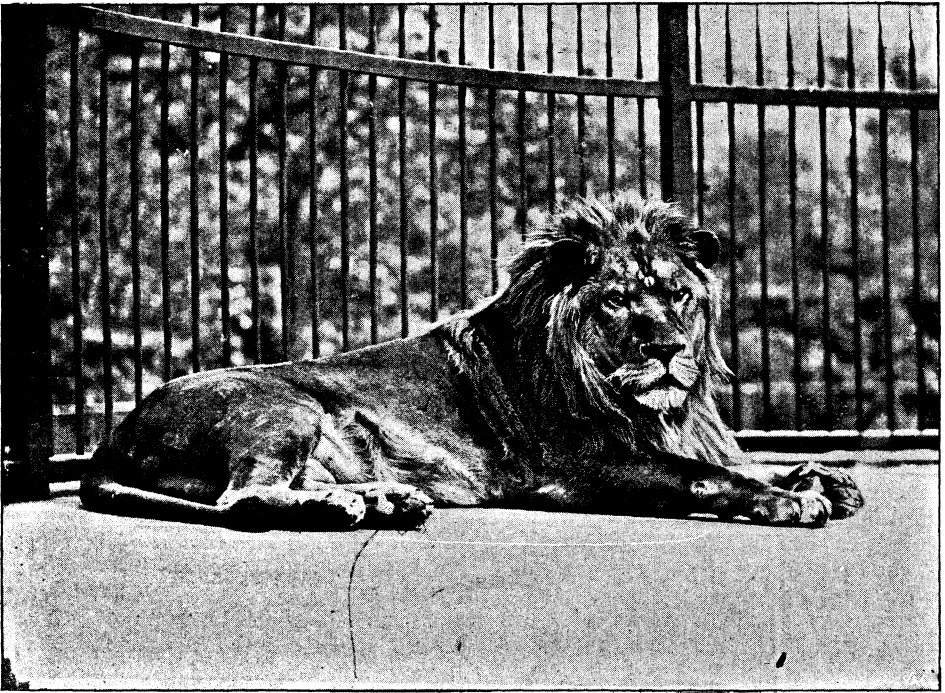
"Were you single-handed?"

"No, there are two night watchmen. The

"Yes, on the whole, I did. You see a bear may be friendly enough when it's a cub, but a full-grown bear is always unsafe to handle. A Polar bear you can never tame. A man never really gets the better of a Polar."

"Then how did you deal with your big cats—the lions and tigers?"

"Someone has said that I treated lions and tigers like dogs, and lionesses, tigresses, leopards and pumas like cats. I never would touch a lioness with the hand, and the leopards very seldom. I did touch that snow-leopard, though," he corrected, pointing out a fine photograph on the wall. "That's 'Motir.'"



From a photo by]

"VICTOR."

[F. G. O. Stuart.

duty is just to walk round, seeing that everything is right and keeping up the fires. I didn't enjoy it at all. I preferred keeper's duty."

"What was the secret of your success with the large carnivora?"

"Well, just keeping quiet. I went about them slowly and never flustered them in any way with a sudden motion or noise. If a tiger didn't want to move I never forced it. They don't forgive you if you do."

"Did you prefer the lions and tigers to the bears?"

It was as friendly as friendly ; really a nice leopard. Look at its beautiful tail there—just like two Persian cats ! But the black leopards were never safe."

"How many animals had you under your care?"

"The number would vary ; latterly I'd twenty-eight. I saw every night and morning to the shifting of the beasts to and from night and day quarters, and did everything for them myself, prepared food, nursed the sick, and so on, in the passage behind the dens. Then I superintended the transfer to

the outdoor runs in summer as well. I always received new arrivals myself. Sometimes they were unwilling to come out of the box they'd come home in, but I just let them take their time. The most difficult job I ever had was with a black leopard."

"Were not new arrivals a great anxiety to you?"

"Yes, they were a bit troublesome. You see on the voyage home they have most likely been either starved or overfed. Now and then we would get an animal that was almost ruined. I remember a poor young tiger that came some years ago from the back regions of China. It had been half starved for a long time, and so had grown out of all proportion, or rather it hadn't grown at all, except in the head, which was full-sized when it arrived. The body, however, was only about the size of a small retriever. Its coat, which should have been long and furry, was wretched to look at. It seemed a hopeless case, but it was a good-natured little beast, so I tried what I could do with it. Its jaws were too weak to crack large bones so we gave it boiled mutton and bone-dust. The bone-dust was to strengthen its frame. In a short time its body began to improve, but then its hair dropped off entirely, except that on the head and face. Then we tried rubbing in sulphur, and bit by bit the coat improved. At last we were able to exhibit it, really well-grown and with healthy fur, in the front cages. But after a month or two it took ill with some internal complaint, and in spite of all we could do it died. Yes," said Sutton with a regretful shake of the head, "I was sorry, for it would have made really a nice tiger. It was very tame and affectionate. When I came near it it would purr just like a cat and go burr-burr-burr like this," and Sutton imitated the noise with his lips. "A good many of my animals used to do that," he added. It is noticeable that to pronounce an animal "nice" seems to be Sutton's highest certificate of dumb excellence.

"There was another amusing case of a young tiger," the old keeper went on, "but this one was overfed, not starved. It was sent home from a gentleman in India in charge of a friend. This caretaker thought the greatest kindness he could show the tiger was to stuff it, and when I got it at the Gardens you never saw such a sight; its body was like two tigers, and its poor legs, being too weak to support it, were like this"; as he spoke Sutton laid his hands on the table and bent each of his arms into an arch. "Yes," said the keeper, chuckling at the

comical recollection, "that was like it. I asked the gentleman—he was rather a young one—what sort of way that was to use a tiger, and he thought me rather unfeeling. 'Now,' I said, 'I'm going to put the tiger to run with two young lions.' 'What,' says he, 'they'll kill him!' 'Oh, not at all,' says I. 'Do you think I'm going to take up another cage with the like of him? Although he is the size of a couple of young tigers he won't be that way long with me.' So the gentleman went away sad-like. In a week or two he came back with his father, and I took them to see the tiger, that was runnin' nicely with the two lions. 'Oh, you poor, miserable little beast,' says he—'poor, miserable little beast, have they brought you to this?' Then he turns to me, saying, 'What do you mean by starving him like this?' I said, 'By the time you come back I hope to have him about half his present size, and then he'll be getting about right.' The young gentleman was quite angry. 'I'll speak to the society,' says he. But his father said, 'Hold your tongue. Do you think *he* doesn't know how to treat tigers a lot better than you do?'"

"Did you ever meet with any serious accident?"

"Never with the lions or tigers or bears, but I once was pretty badly shaken up by a zebra."

"Would it be too painful to tell me how it happened?"

"Oh, I'll tell you if you like. The zebra was savage—everybody about the place knew that—and we kept clear of him as much as possible. He used to be turned out into a yard while his fodder was brought in, proper precautions being taken, of course, to prevent his getting at the keeper. Between his stall and the yard was a sliding door which it was the duty of one man to fasten when the zebra was turned out. Well, one day the zebra was put out as usual, and this door, instead of being fastened, was merely pushed to. I was in the stall putting fresh hay into the manger, when the zebra heard me. Up it came to the door. I looked round and saw its muzzle come to the opening, for the door was not only not fastened, but wasn't pushed perfectly close to the post. The zebra pushed at the opening, got its nose in, and in a twinkling had slid the door back, using its nose like a wedge. The next moment it was on me. In it ran, bent its head and caught me on the leg just below the knee. I was on my back before I knew where I was, kicking away all I knew with

my free foot ; but the brute stuck to my leg like grim death, and bit so hard that it cracked the shin bone. Help soon came, and the other keepers drove the zebra off with their stable forks."

"Were you badly hurt?"

"I was laid up for thirteen weeks from the bite. But beyond this I never had a single accident."

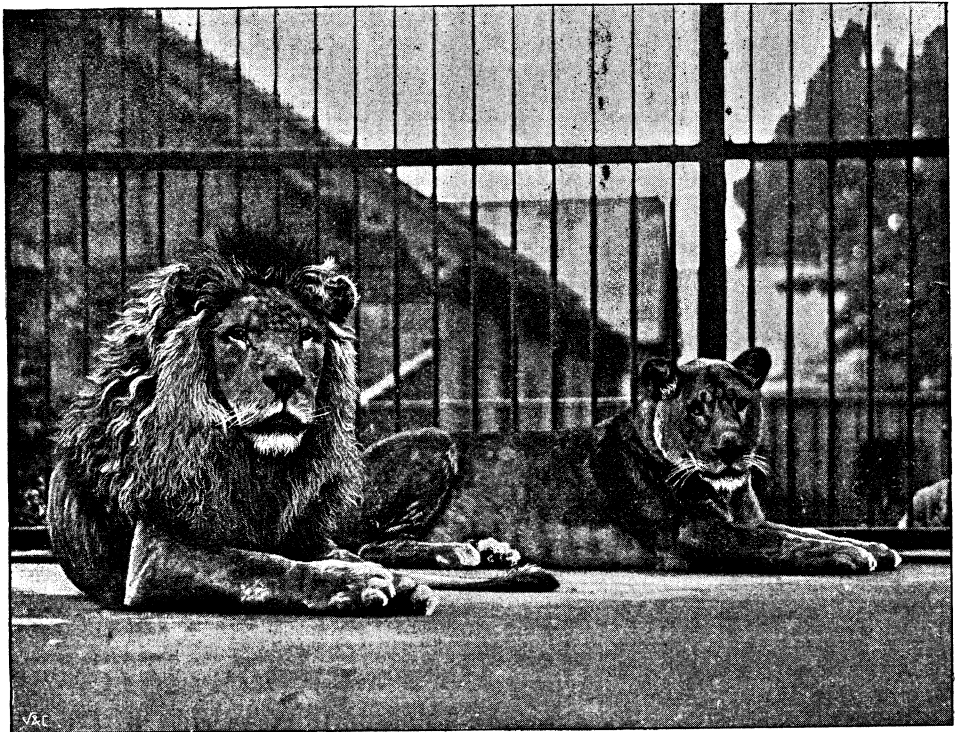
"You must have studied the habits of your animals very closely to get such an intimate knowledge of how to deal with them."

"Yes, I did watch them pretty closely, and

wants to ask for a pension, and I got it at once. Others have stayed on and on, but I thought I might have a little rest and live out my time in peace—if," he added with a good-humoured twinkle, "the newspaper men would only allow me to."

"These are pictures of your pets," I remarked, indicating the photographs on the wall of Sutton's snug little parlour.

"Yes," he said, with a touch of something as near enthusiasm as this calm, deliberate old master of man-eaters can rise to ; "that's old 'Prince,' the African lion, he's dead now,



From a photo by]

"PRINCE" AND "NANCY."

[A. Howard Bertram.

bit by bit I got a "way" with them that they seemed to like and understand."

"Probably you know as much about the treatment of caged animals as any man living?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," said Sutton modestly. "About the animals in their wild state I can't know much, of course, not having been abroad, but I've done a good bit of reading in my time. As for the caged animals—well, I do understand them a bit. Forty years is a long time. If a man hasn't earned his pension then I don't know when he has. I was the first of the society's ser-

and on the other wall there you've his wife, 'Nancy.' That great tiger in the middle is 'Tommy,' brought home from India by the Prince of Wales and presented to the Zoological Society. Oh yes, 'Tommy' was a nice tiger, not hard to deal with. Next to him is 'Motir,' the snow-leopard that I told you about. I liked him best of all perhaps. He was sent home by an Indian lady. That again," said Sutton with a quiet chuckle, "is the tigress 'Minnie.'" He pointed to a splendid photograph representing the animal with head tossed back and jaws opened in full roar—a truly fiendish spectacle. Sutton

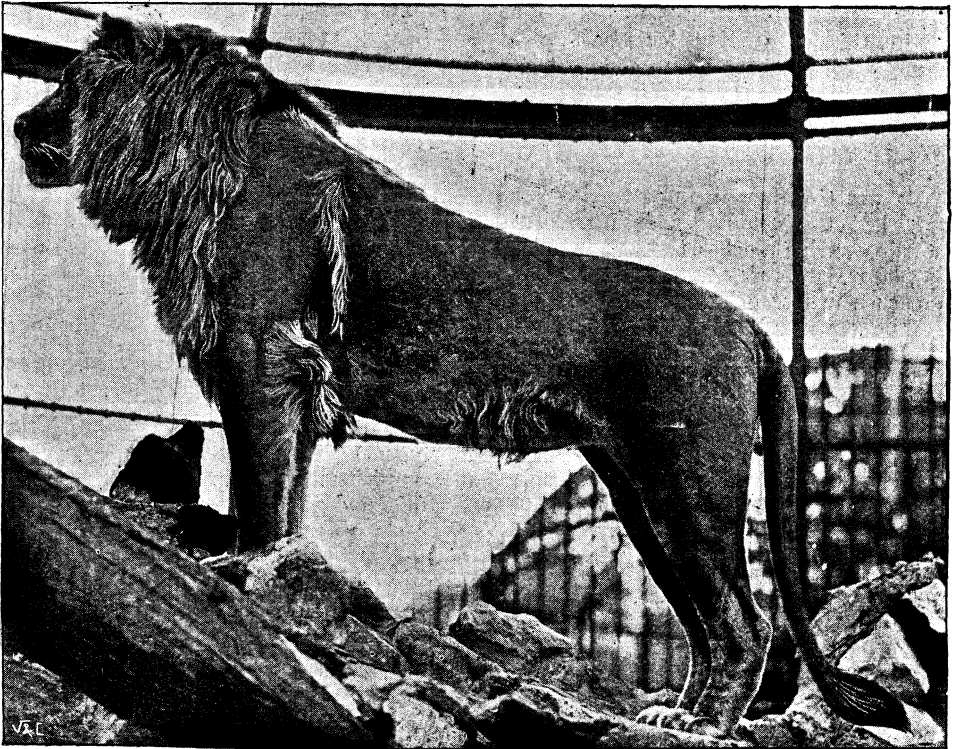
chuckled again, so I turned inquiringly towards him. "See what's written beneath?" he said; so I looked at the corner of the photograph and read the legend, "Ha, ha, I've eaten the keeper!" The boast was certainly appropriate to the tiger's expression; but for Sutton the humour of it seemed to lie in the fact that he is alive to show the picture, and also that he was the only one who could make "Minnie" show her teeth in the aforesaid villainous fashion. "When I'd be passing the cage," he confessed, "I'd throw up my hand so"—he made a threatening gesture—"and then 'Minnie' would show her teeth and growl as you see there."

This led us to talk of that less scientific

though more flashy form of lion-taming to be seen in travelling menageries and circuses, where foolhardy persons enter the cages and put the wild beast through various performances. Of this Sutton, as a truly scientific man, expressed his deep disapproval—more especially in the case of women performers did he speak scathingly of the practice. "They all put their heads in the lion's mouth once too often," he said judiciously, in a tone that implied, "and serve 'em right too."

"That sort of lion-tamer doesn't earn his pension," I suggested.

"No," said Sutton with a slow *crescendo* chuckle. "No, they usually don't stay long enough!"



From a photo by]

"VICTOR."

[F. G. O. Stuart.

THE DOING OF IT.

BY ETHEL TURNER.

(Author of "Seven Little Australians," "The Family at Misrule," etc.)

Illustrated by KATHLEEN LUCAS.



It was out of the question that Freckles could go. He was a grave-faced boy with solemn eyes, short knickerbockers, and mischievous faculties of extraordinary degree. Let loose on board ship, the lives of other passengers would be worth less than excursion fares to them. There would be cries of "boy overboard," "boy down hold," "boy caught in engine," "boy on topmast," "boy in store room," till the ship generally would have developed the nerves of a tea-enfeebled female.

And Bunchie was a bilious little body.

To enjoy the voyage and her company at the same time it would be necessary to pack up a doctor and nurse with her pinafores. Father's sovereigns had not elasticity enough for that.

Dorrie was therefore deputed to stay behind and keep the little fingers from picking and stealing unripe peaches, tarts, cocoanuts, turnips, sugar, jam, currants, or cold pudding.

Also, as a matter of course, Don stayed too. Whoever heard of parting twins not yet twelve? especially such ones as Dorrie and Don.

When things had arranged themselves like this without the slightest interference, and no one could be accused of selfishness or anything else unpleasant, mother gave a joyous little laugh, pushed back her hair, and looked surprisingly girlish; and father pushed back his till it made a rakish-looking curl, joined in the laugh, and felt like a schoolboy with the summer holidays a stretch before him. They said for a whole month they were going to sweep it out of their minds that there were such troublesome little atoms of humanity belonging to them as Dorrie and Don, Freckles and Bunchie.

No one would have dreamed that the girlish figure in the blouse and sailor hat had a ten-year-old scamp of a son to chastise with slipper and strap, or long-legged daughters to scold into the way they should go.

"Try and avoid funerals," father said. "I don't much mind what else you do."

"The black bottle's on the second pantry shelf," said mother. "Half a tablespoonful at each attack."

Then they went to New Zealand.

Uncle Badgery came to lend an appearance of steadiness to the house for the month. He was fifteen years older than father, and had never been married; consequently, he had all manner of theories about the training of children.

For one thing, he thought porridge for breakfast, boiled mutton, carrots, and rice pudding for dinner, thick bread and butter with milk and water for tea, was the only legitimate diet for "under twelve." It was rather hard, considering Freckles had a passion for devilled kidneys, and Dorrie and Don worshipped at the shrine of plum-cake with peel in it, not to mention the extreme partiality of Bunchie for ice-cream.

Uncle Badgery was an editor, also a *ton vivant*.

To look at him you would never have suspected such things.

He was a little shrivelled-up man, bald, wrinkled, and aged at fifty. His eyes wore a habitually worried and anxious expression that Dorrie said was owing to the "devils" (being an editor's niece she felt she might use that technical expression without fear of reprimand). But Freckles inclined to believe it was solicitude for the punctuality of dinner.

Uncle Badgery rode a new hobby to death every six months, as he had no children. Bimetallism and theosophy had served their turn, and he was now mounted excitedly on vegetarianism.

On the platform he said it was the finest thing in the world. So eloquent were his lectures that several susceptible youths and maidens in his audience became forthwith pure Buddhists. But at the table he felt convinced his constitution would not bear tampering with, and had therefore not yet made any personal experiments. A course of boiled mutton and parsley sauce, alternated with roast mutton and abhorred pumpkin, brought about mutiny in the nursery above stairs. For a week it smouldered, glowing

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to be derived from Vegetarianism. All are cordially invited to attend.' I'd just like to see him living on carrots and turnips."

"An' powidge wifout sugar," added Bunchie, with vivid remembrance of the nauseous plateful she was forced to eat each breakfast time.

Don sat down on the edge of the table, slightly displacing the sheets of a leader that informed the public in skilful phrase that certain party leaders were *Arcades ambo*.

"I wish we could print in big letters on the front page of his horrid old paper, 'Mr. Joseph Beeston Badgery's a mean, greedy pig,'" she said.

Dorrie's eyes grew wide and brilliant.

"Let's put it in as an advertisement," she said. "They'd be forced to print it if we paid. You can advertise anything. And I've got clevenpence, and Don has twopence. How much would it cost?"

"I've got threepence," Don said joyously. "Don't you remember, Dorrie, Bridget gave me a penny for scrubbing the veranda, because it makes her hands red? Oh, do let's! How many words could we have? Couldn't we say sneak as well? He's going to tell dad about us buying those ice-creams."

"An' say 'bout him snoring," Bunchie said eagerly.

But Freckles leaned back in his chair and looked scornful. "What donkeys girls are!" he said. "Of course you wouldn't be allowed to put things like that in. Whatever would the country come to if everyone printed what they liked about everyone? Why, it's inflammation of character!" The three eager faces fell hugely, but they looked impressed with Freckles' superior knowledge of the world.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" Dorrie said despairingly. And Freckles smiled in the slow, beautiful way that was peculiarly his own when he was extraordinarily struck with the genius of his own plans.

First of all he remarked that really knowledge often came in handy. "Where'd we have been now if I hadn't found out how that thing worked?" he said.

Then he opened the lid of the typewriter, and a breathless silence fell upon the room while the little buttons clicked slowly along.

This is the slip that was left on the table at the end of twenty minutes for Bridget to hand over to the office boy. The alterations were few:—

"Mr. Joseph Beeston Badgery has kindly consented to deliver, on the 4th instant, at

the rooms of the Society for the Promulgation of Universal Knowledge, the first of a series of lectures on the great benefits and pleasures to be derived from good living and choice wines. All are cordially invited to attend."

Dorrie thought it was too mild, but, as Freckles represented, moderation was necessary to make it pass without comment at the office.

"And it's quite enough to make him sit up," he said. "When he sees that, and when all his friends see it, he'll wish he had never been born."

Wonderful to relate, Uncle Badgery did not read his paper over breakfast the next morning. He was too busy grumbling about the bacon that was cooked too much and the eggs that were cooked too little, the toast that was chippy and the coffee in which he found two grains of grounds. In the intervals he made Bunchie cry because he would not grant bread and butter till the porridge plate was quite empty, and it was the day before Christmas. The comforting smile Freckles gave her behind the shelter of his cup meant "It's in," and Bunchie was able to interpret and break out into April dimples. All day Uncle Badgery did not read that part of the paper. He was very busy in the morning at the office, and in the afternoon he went to the races. He fancied some of his friends looked rather oddly at him, and laughed more than was necessary. One or two said little chaffing things about his expected lecture that made him wonder vexedly if they knew he was only a vegetarian by precept. He decided he would really begin to practise presently—when the Christmas season was well over.

In the evening, when he was half through his solitary splendid dinner, a letter was brought to him from the secretary of the Society for the Promulgation of Universal Knowledge. The writer said of course he himself understood from the title of the promised lecture that it would be purely sarcastic and scathing; but might he suggest that the announcement be made a little more clear, as it was annoying to find all the evening papers had got hold of it and were making great capital of it.

Uncle Badgery pushed aside his plate and rang the bell violently. "The man's a fool," he said to himself.

Bridget appeared, smoothing laughter creases out of her face with poorest success.

"Bring me the paper," he said.

"W-w-which paper?" she giggled. As

if she imagined Uncle Badgery would call a paper he had no connection with, *the paper*.

"The paper! my paper!" he stormed, "and all the pape.s! If they haven't come, go down to the corner and get them—every paper there is!"

He went into the study and Bridget followed after him, her hands full of recently printed sheets.

Dorrie and Don came too. They thought it would disarm suspicion. They stood near the doorway, and took a paper each, in which they pretended to look.

"Great heavens!" he cried, and seized another paper, wherein his announcement was copied and various facetious strictures made. "Great heavens! Upon my life——"

"It must be a murder," whispered the wicked Dorrie in audible voice. "P'raps the Queen or the Prince of Wales!"

"Or Dibbs," said Don.

Uncle Badgery's face was purple. He swore for two whole minutes without stopping for breath or lowering his voice. Having no children he had never found it necessary to break himself of the habit, and



"I was so vezzy tired of powidge."

And "Oh!" they said. And "Whatever's the matter, uncle?"

"Is it a murder?" Dorrie cried.

"Has the Governor been assassinated?" asked Don.

Freckles dodged about between their sheltering frocks and the Japanese screen. He was a little nervous for the first time, but not sufficiently so to beat a retreat and lose the sight of his relative's discomfiture. Bunchie had disappeared entirely.

"God bless my soul!" said Uncle Badgery. "Bless my soul! Bless my soul!"

His eyes tore along the lines.

now his agitation was too great to consider the delicacy of the ears of Dorrie and Don.

He roared to Freckles to fetch him a cab, and while waiting for its arrival he went for a moment into the big pantry where the wine and spirits were kept. He felt he must have a glass of something to calm his nerves.

Bunchie was standing in the middle of the floor, a pathetic little figure with ice-cream all down the front of her pinafore and jam round her mouth, a lobster's claw in one hand, a great semicircle of water-melon eaten to the green rind in the other.

Tears were in her eyes and trickling down her little pale cheeks to the excrescent jam. She was rocking her small body about as if in pain.

"Oh, weach it down twickerly," she sobbed.

"What is it?" he said with angry impatience.

"On ze second self Uncle Badgwy," she sobbed, and caught her breath. "Half a tablespoon at each 'tack--oh, twickerly."

But he tossed off some whisky and brushed past her into the hall and then to the cab. Freckles had procured with such despatch.

Such hardness of the human heart was too much for the child. She gave one final agonised glance at the high bottle and sank upon the floor a little bunch of misery.

They found her under a shelf and carried her to the dining-room sofa, in full view of her late solitary festivities. And when the black bottle as administered by Dorrie made no improvement in her sad condition, Freckles went over the way and fetched the family doctor.

"Oh, ho!" said that gentleman—

"ah, ha!--ho, oh!" Why, I thought my good friend Mr. Badgery had turned vegetarian." He was looking at the despoiled table.

Then he sat down by Bunchie and examined her tongue and sticky little wrist in solemn and awful silence.

"What have you had?" he asked at last.

And "Half a tablespoon," Bunchie said, in a very small voice.

But he flung a sweeping magnificent look of scorn at the relics of the feast—the empty ice-cream jar, the scarlet lobster, the melon, the delicate fruits.

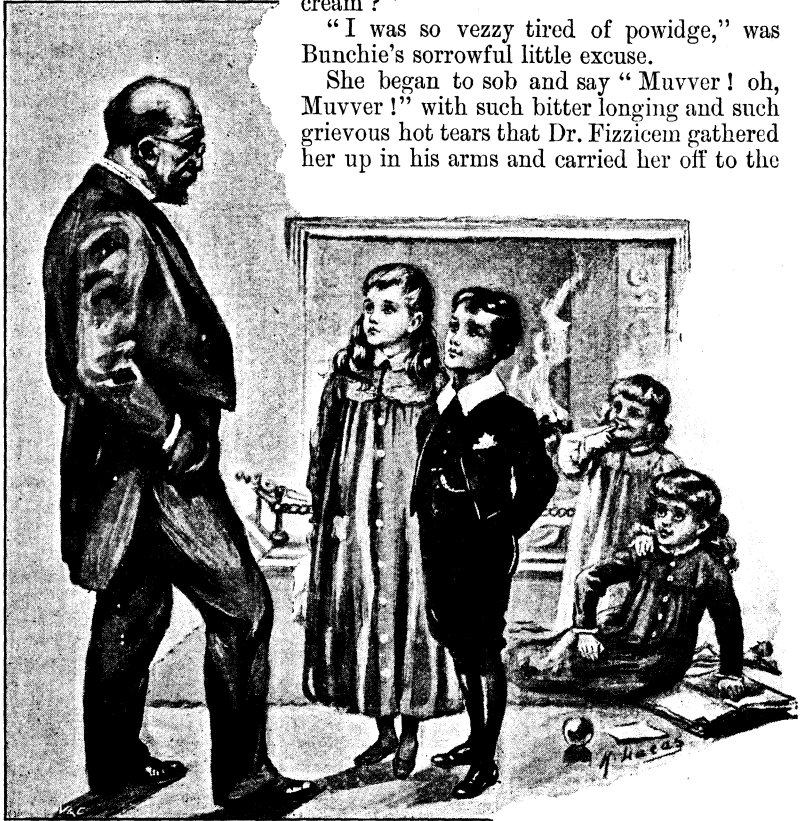
"What have you eaten of those things?" he said, in a terrible voice.

And Bunchie merely clasped one little hand over the other and answered with a quaint combination of melancholy and pride, "Eberyfing."

"Not ice-cream?" cried Dr. Fizzicem. "Not ice-cream *and* lobster?—melon perhaps—but not ice-cream *and* melon *and* lobster? An apple if you like, or a nice soft pear, but surely not an apple, *and* a pear, *and* melon, *and* lobster, *and* ice-cream?"

"I was so vezzy tired of powidge," was Bunchie's sorrowful little excuse.

She began to sob and say "Muvver! oh, Muvver!" with such bitter longing and such grievous hot tears that Dr. Fizzicem gathered her up in his arms and carried her off to the



"We did it," they said in a breath."

nursery with a gentleness that belied his fierce face.

When Uncle Badgery came home it was very late, but his anger was still only a few degrees below boiling point.

Four little figures rose from the hearth-rug and confronted him. Freckles, with bright, honest eyes, and head well back; the three girls, in their little red dressing gowns, their hair floating about their shoulders, their faces pale but courageous.

"We did it," they said in a breath.

"Shut up!" said Freckles in an angry aside

"I did it, uncle," he said. "I thought I'd better tell you or you'd be giving some little beggar of a 'devil' the sack. I did it quite by myself."

"We helped," Dorrie and Don repeated stoutly.

"They didn't," said Freckles. "I did it with your machine; they can't work it. Of course you can lick me if you like."

But Uncle Badgery would not so waste his strength. He gave them one scathing look and went to bed.

Two days later father and mother returned with sunburnt faces, smooth brows, and outstretched arms, into which the four wicked ones flew.

"We're awfully sorry," Freckles said at the end of the long recital.

"Dreadfully," said Dorrie and Don; "we didn't think of it being horrid of us till after."

"As per usual," father sighed.

"An' I was so vezzy hungwy," Bunchie said, burying her happy little face in mother's

neck. "Mayn't we have butter an' jam for tea, mammy sweet?"

"You all deserve dry bread and penal servitude for a month," mother said.

But someway it happened in the joys of home-coming they did not get it. Mother had a grave, sweet, wise little talk with them, and father showed how foolish ridicule and practical joking were, and gave them fresh notions about honour and fair dealings and such, with a result that they all wished they had tried 'prentice hands on red-hot coals rather than journalism.

Uncle Badgery wrote the moral of the story himself. He took his fountain pen, and from his most private drawer extracted a document that bore witness of being the last will and testament of Joseph Beeston Badgery, and he scored four names out with heavy black marks.

And the names were the grave and baptismal ones that red-tape orthodoxy had demanded, and that corresponded respectively with Dorrie and Don, Freckles and Bunchie.



PARISIAN NOOKS AND NOTABLES.

BY MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

Illustrated by JAMES GREIG.

“**Q**LD as the hills,” “*vieux comme les rues*”; what street north of the alps has an older history than the Rue St. Jacques? Yet it bears no strong marks of antiquity, though most picturesque to an impressionable eye. This street is an ancient stage on which the scenery has been often changed in the course of ages and brought up to date. Still, what to-day *is* comes in unbroken descent from what *was* in the night of the Druidical time.

The Rue and Faubourg St. Jacques, and their continuation the Rue and Faubourg St. Martin, were on one of those Celtic tracks



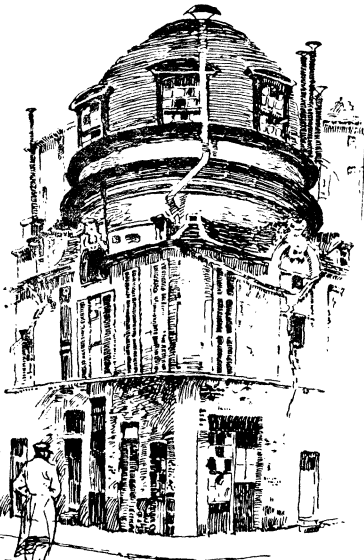
that ran from end to end of Gaul and crossed between the Seine, Marne and Oise, on and near where Paris now spreads out. The site of the future city was close to the land of Chartres, where the Druids held their general yearly assemblies. As Gaul fell under Roman sway the tracks became roads, and in the city of Lutitia, as in other Gallo-Roman towns, busy streets. The Rue St. Jacques was a main street leading to the great waterway which the Parisii had long used for their extensive carrying trade. The Faubourg St. Jacques, between quarries, became an Appian Way. Christianity was to spring in Gaul, as in Rome, out of the catacombs, which

had furnished stones to build Lutitia. An imperial palace, with a fair garden at the Pont Neuf end and a forum and hall of justice in front, arose on the west side of l'Isle de la Cité. A temple to Jove, the hearty, the kindly, to Mercury and Vulcan, stood on the east side. The centre was given up to changers of money and river trade. The Rue St. Jacques ended in the bridge connecting the island with the left bank of the Seine. What must not its importance have been when Gaul had assimilated Roman civilisation, and its bright and clever people passed through the schools which it was the Roman policy to found wherever there was a population? There were gratis schools for all, and as much for the servile as for the free class. Intellect and manual skill were extremely valuable in slaves—a reason why Rome so rapidly educated and polished Gallic barbarians. There must have been a strong flush of higher life in and around the Rue St. Jacques when the Cæsars took up their abode in Lutitia. Another palace, erroneously called after Julien, had sprung up beside that thoroughfare. Its erection was probably ordered by Hadrian. A temple to Bacchus stood over the way. There was an arena across the hill on which the Pantheon now stands. Hostleries were as ill-famed as the inns of students, or colleges, in the same street in the mediæval time. Strangers of any consequence brought letters of introduction and were received on visits. But endless must have been the adventurers, place-hunters, petitioners, delators, slave merchants, and small traders who lodged at the hostleries near palaces and forum. A Roman knight, in a letter describing “lovely Lutitia,” in the third century, speaks of sights he saw in a street that may be identified as the Rue St. Jacques. He met a band of beautiful youths, golden haired and white of skin, going to the slave market. They were taken prisoners in Caledonia. There were poets and philosophers about, and intellectual activity everywhere.

The pottery offered for sale in stalls was exquisite. It was Samos ware, worked upon by Gallic fancy. Tiny statuettes in terra cotta were charming in their delicate finish and grace. One saw the artist modelling

them. He made native divinities for some, Latin for others. Everyone was transported with the beauty and originality of a little Venus, in a semicircular and shell-crowned grotto, engaged in wringing the sea water from her hair. Sometimes, says the knight, the street beside the palace resounded with the cry of, "To the arena!" and the noise of the multitude hurrying thither. They were sure to be following soldiers who had caught Frankish freebooters pillaging villas on the Senlis road, and were taking them to be flung to the wild beasts of the circus at a great civic function.

Julien, as a military captain, lived six years in the palace on the isle. Whenever



First Medical School in Paris.
Many centuries old.

the barbarians over the Rhine let him, he gave himself up to the society of savants and literati. This was the first French Academy. As emperor, Julien lived in the palace overlooking the Rue St. Jacques. There, on his summons, met a synod of bishops. He brought them together to bridge over the Arian split in the Church; but St. Hilary, who had Greek grace and the stilted cothurnes of Gaul, so triumphed over the Arian Saturnus as to make the division far wider. Julien only was interested in their quarrel, because the German barbarians were pressing forward, and he wanted to show them an unbroken front. The company he kept and the synod he called helped to shape the destinies of Paris left of the Seine. The Druids first,

philosophers, and the bishops next, sowed seeds that germinated and grew into a university and the greatest theological school in Christendom. Students flocked from all parts of Europe, even as they still flock, but in far greater numbers. Before the Renaissance there were forty colleges in and around the Rue St. Jacques. It was then the main artery of the Latin Quarter—so called because Latin was its language. The Dominicans, whose greatest convent was in that street, took in four hundred scholars, who came to Paris from all parts to attend schools. The Franciscans were more hospitable. All these monasteries and colleges became disorderly, dilapidated, and filled with starvelings. Well-to-do youths went to private lodging-houses. Because fond of the sunshine of Fortune they were called martinets, or young swallows, or *galoches*—as, when the streets were miry, they wore over-shoes. Sometimes rare jewels were fashioned in these scholastic abodes of misery. Ignatius Loyola spent four years in the poorest of all the colleges. It was where the Ste. Geneviève Library now is. The food was in these colleges exclusively vegetarian. He entered at the age of thirty-eight, and was so deformed with lameness as to make him a mark for small boys fond of pelting stones. Next door, at the Fortet College, Calvin was forming his mind and rigid character. The inauguration of the order of the Jesuits by Loyola in the crypt of St. Denis, at Montmartre, coincided with the flight of Calvin to Switzerland, to avoid death by the estarpede. Curious that the two extreme poles of Catholic and Protestant theology should have met in the Rue St. Jacques. It was in a college there that Danté realised his hot and icy-cold hells, and first won fame by a thesis written for his master's degree. The part of the Rue St. Jacques where colleges and theological schools were most thickly studded is now devoted to secular learning. Renan could see from his windows in the College of France (most illustrious feature of the Rue St. Jacques) the site where, at the Emperor Julien's call, the irreconcilable St. Hilary and Saturnin met in synod. There is but one chair of Christian theology at the Sorbonne opposite, and it is devoted to the broadest Protestant theology. The ever-widening spiral history moves in is here exemplified, since things have come to the point at which Julien wanted to leave them. Save in respect to theology, Scotch university towns are very like the Latin Quarter, of which they are the daughters; Oxford and Cambridge are only collaterals.



PARISIAN CHARACTERS

The don behind his time is equally unknown in France and Scotland. Every teacher at the Sorbonne and College of France has to



face a keenly critical public. This puts him on his mettle. His salary is hardly comfortable. He must therefore so shape his lectures as to bear the test of the book market, and thus make up for the meagreness of the pay he draws from the State.

It was as professors of the great schools of the Rue St. Jacques that Guizot, Michelet, Jules Simon, Quinet, Havet, Caro, Renan, built up their reputations.

The first medical school in Paris brings us back to the reign of Henry V of Lancaster. The year the treaty of Troyes was signed, and Katherine married Henry, one Robert Poitevin, graduate of Montpellier, was named a canon of Notre Dame. He quitted his canon's stall on leave of absence in 1428 to attend as doctor the young Queen, Marie of Anjou. The Faculty of Medicine of Paris sent him as its delegate, in 1435, to the Congress of Arras, where the Duke of Burgundy dropped his English ally. Poitevin was probably deputed to watch how the wind might blow at Arras. When Paris was regained by Charles VII, three years later, the Canon was called on to prescribe for the Queen, her Scotch daughter-in-law, the dauphiness, and for Agnes Sorel. This interesting patient named him her executor.

He doctored the Duc and Duchesse of Orleans, treated Charles VII for melancholia, was handsomely paid for his prescriptions, had wealth and influence, and was glad to use them in helping Desprat, D.D. and M.D., to found the first school of medicine at the corner of the Rue des Rats and the Rue de la Bucherie, then, as now, a slummy place, which the river often flooded. This school was, first and foremost, provided with a chapel and opened to pupils in 1477. Louis XI gave it a garden for the study of botany. The amphitheatre under the dome at the corner dates from 1744. The first rector, aided by his brother doctors of the school, performed the first vivisection ever heard of in Paris, and on a human subject. Many persons of condition suffered from the disease of which Napoleon III died. The doctors, not daring to try their operative skill on them, asked the king's leave to operate on an archer of the guard condemned to be hung for theft. He might as well die under the knife as by Tristan's rope. Louis decided on the experiment. It was made publicly—the school not being finished—in the charnel-house of St. Severins. The archer recovered in a fortnight, had a full pardon, and was given a sum of money.

The Moulin de la Galette at Montmartre is an old holiday resort. Hundreds of school children are taken there on Thursdays to be treated to crisp galette cakes. They find swings and merry-go-rounds in the garden and can look down on Paris from the top of the windmill. At night there are wild dances, but less fast and furious than at the Moulin Rouge below.

"An old house" with the projecting turret is nicer to look at than to live in. The old walls are so full of saltpetre as to seem like melting ice in damp weather. That forged iron crook to which



a lamp hangs reminds one of the time when crowds, to the cry of "A la lanterne!" lynched malefactors.

"A Louis XV doorway" was once that of a noble residence, now a mayoralty. Marriages are solemnised there; births, deaths, conscripts and electors are registered, doles given out to the poor, and vaccinations from the calf made gratis. Every mayoralty is between an undertaker's office and a flower shop. The flowers are for hearses and graves. A mourning shop is sure to be near. The smart girl with the bandbox may be going from one on an errand.

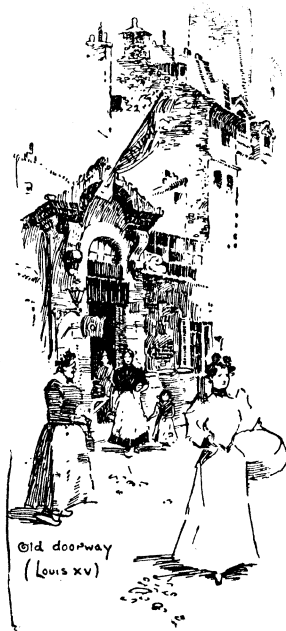
The ill-braced, shivering "commissionaire and shoeblack" suffers from the competition of telephones, cycling messengers, pneumatic postal tubes, and from alcohol. He would be chilly in July. The wife patches his trousers—you see that at the knees. Buttons are not wanting at the waistcoat, but his unsteady fingers cannot get them into the buttonholes. The utter breakdown of volition due to alcoholism is shown in the clothes and their wearer. He will be swept off by the first hard winter or epidemic.

"A book hunter" is a sober, hard-brained old Frenchman, perhaps a retired tradesman. It interests him to hunt for rare books on stands. Acquisitiveness is called into play, so is the critical faculty. He is a philo-

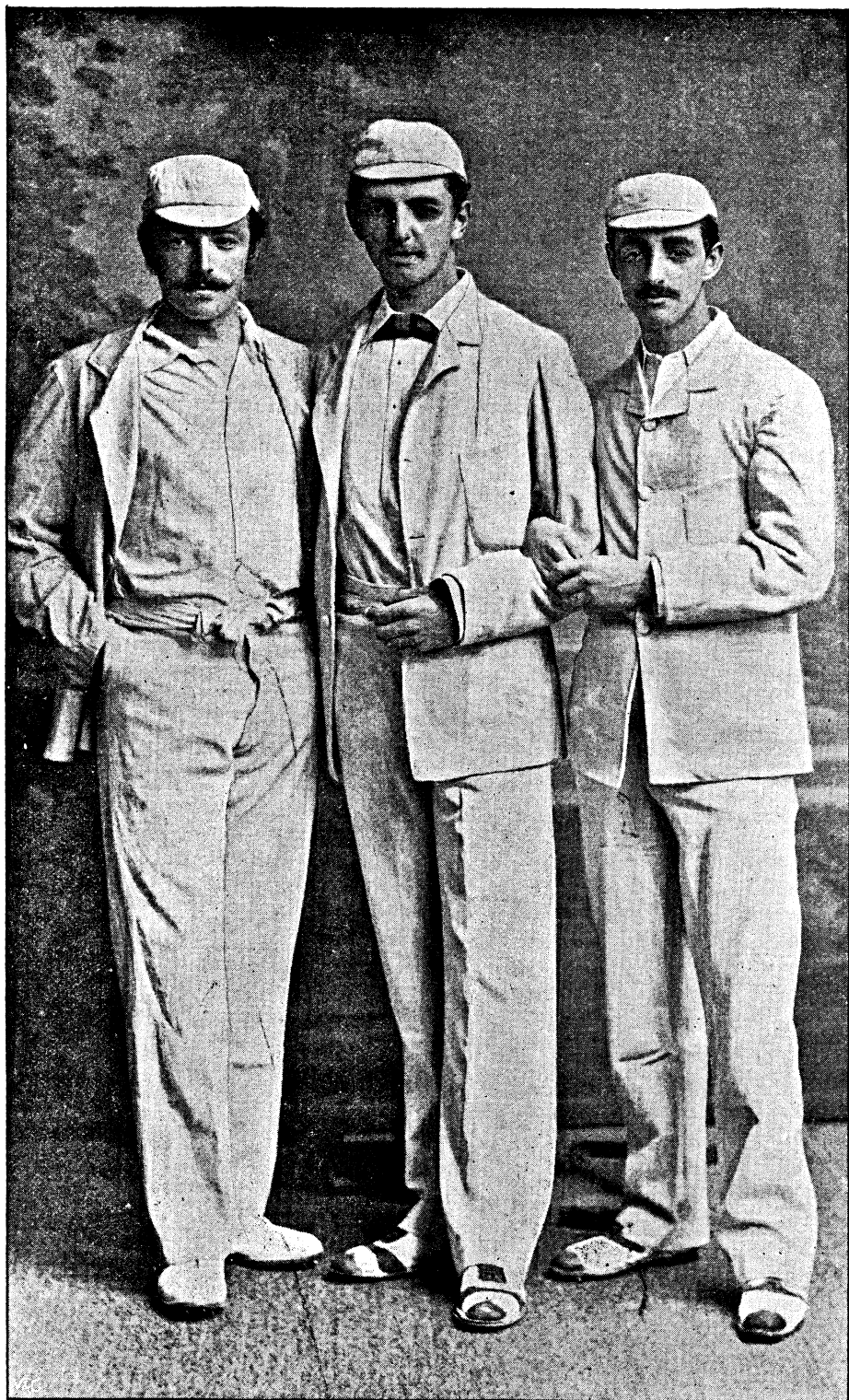
sopher, indifferent to what neighbours think of him. You see indifference to their opinion and his thrift in the smoking-cap and trousers made short by frequent repairs. His coat pockets are receptacles for second-hand books like those of M. X. Marmier, the Academician. The book-hunter is at a bookstand on a quay-wall of Paris. He may be the father or father-in-law of a great orator, artist, author, doctor or statesman. M. Anatole France is the son of a small secondhand bookseller of the Quai Voltaire. Such is Republican France.

"A workman" has made his pile and married off well *sa demoiselle*. He is comfortably fed, is snug, tidy, has an easy mind and a palate—too nice a palate to quite like that glass of beer. But he may get on the downward alcoholic grade. Alcohol spoils the palate, and thirst comes with drinking.

"A journalist" is ready to defend his honour with sword or pistol in a duel, to back up a Cabinet Minister, pretender or company promoter—or blackmail him. He may praise gratis once, but not twice. He has learned from experience not to expect gratitude from anyone whom he has helped to lift to name or fame. Every fair theatrical or operatic star is to his mind *une rosse*, every artist a *mufle*. His rule is *donnant, donnant*. One often sees him in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies.



Old doorway
(Louis XV)



From a photo by]

Mr. J. E. K. STUDD.

*(Now Honorary Secretary of the Polytechnic,
Regent Street, London.)*

Mr. C. T. STUDD.

*(Recently returned from mission
work in China.)*

[Elliott & Fry.

Mr. G. B. STUDD.

*(Now occupied in mission work
in California.)*

GREAT ATHLETES OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY:

A GOSSIP ABOUT 'VARSITY BLUES.

BY "RAMBLER."



THE two great Universities in this country are complete microcosms, with manners, customs, and standards of their own. They are peopled "by the noblest of their species, called emphatically men"; who are not as other men are. During the period of their membership at the 'Varsity—before the mills of life grind them exceeding small—men are not judged by the ordinary standards of this world. They weigh their fellows in balances, but the weights used are not those of the Philistines. The aim and ambition of the average undergraduate is a wisp of blue ribbon—the bay wreath of the Olympian victor, which raises him above his fellows, and inscribes his name on the Golden Book—Blue Book would perhaps be a more appropriate term, were it not for the meaner significance convention has given it. Since Inter-'Varsity competition first began the names of Blues have figured frequently in the wider field of after life. Nor have athletic honours been divorced from triumphs in the schools, from the year when Joe Chitty (now Mr. Justice Chitty) won his first class in the final schools, played in the cricket match, and rowed in the boat-race, unto the day when Mr. Thesiger, while piling up a goodly score for his 'Varsity, was handed a telegram at the wicket announcing that he had gained a first in the law schools. Few boats probably have carried eighteen men who were destined to become more distinguished in after life than the two eight-oars which toiled up Henley Reach on that memorable 10th of July, 1829, the first occasion when a picked crew of Oxford tried conclusions with the oarsmen of the Cam. Number 4 in the Oxford boat—who was also a week later to meet a Cambridge team in the cricket field—was destined to become Bishop of St. Andrews and one of the great preachers and poets of his day; number 5, who turned the scale at 14 stone 10, was later on to be considered massive enough to fill a prebend's stall at York with befitting dignity; number 6 was ultimately to take his seat in the deanery of Lincoln; stroke and number 7 were to

become country clergymen of repute; and the cox. was in after life to steer himself into the deanery of Ripon. Of the Cambridge crew, one man was going to be known as the Dean of Ely and a historian of European repute, while another—perhaps the most heroic figure of both the gallant crews—was to be known to fame as the first Bishop of New Zealand, and to pass away in the palace at Lichfield. On that day, truly, was muscular Christianity justified of her children. This memorable race, by the way, is often spoken of as the first battle of the Blues, regardless of the fact that the Cantabs, if they wore any colour at all, wore pink. Their rivals sported the striped blue and white jersey of Christ Church. At that date the C.U.B.C. was only one year old, and the O.U.B.C. was not to come into being for nearly ten years. In the dark ages, before any records were kept of the doings of the Blues, there was up at Christ Church a young man—now well on the way to make "ninety—not out" in his match against Father Time—who divided his time between the cricket-field and the amateur stage. He was J. L. Baldwin, a name honoured in clubland as an authority on many matters, including whist. He, with Mr. F. Ponsonby (now Lord Bessborough) and with Mr. (now Sir Spencer) Ponsonby-Fane, conceived the idea of starting a first-class cricket club. The idea was such a good one that it subsequently became the I Zingari, which continueth even unto this day. Since the Church had so conspicuously proved the intimate relationship between theology and oarsmanship, there rowed in the Cambridge boat, towards the end of the thirties, a man who was to be the precursor of a long line of legal luminaries who graduated through athletic triumphs to forensic fame. This gentleman is known to history as "Billy Brett, of Caius," and by virtue of his ability to paddle his own canoe he was improved in due time into a Solicitor-General and a Lord of Appeal, until he became the Right Hon. Sir William Brett, Master of the Rolls. He is now titled Lord Esher. Rowing in the same eight a few years later, and adding to this the merit of winning the Colquhouns

and high honours as a classic, was a First Trinity man, one G. Denman. He has been heard of later on as an eminent judge. In the meanwhile the Oxford boat still confined itself to its duties as a theological



From a photo by]

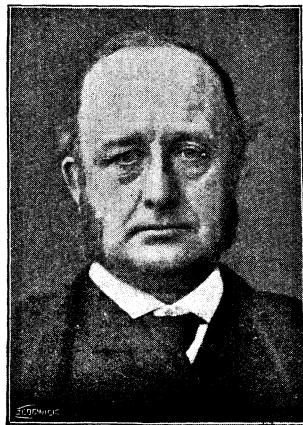
[Russell.

THE HON. GEORGE DENMAN.

(Formerly a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division.)

training college, and sent into the world a genial, cheery man of Balliol who was to become the honoured Rector of Bishopsgate until—only a year ago—he crossed the bar; and F. C. McDougall, of Magdalen, who was starting on a career that was to end with a bishopric in Labuan. A contemporary of theirs was George Hughes, the stroke of the famous victorious “seven-oared” eight, perhaps one of the best all-round athletes and scholars that Oxford has ever produced. To his laurels on the river he added his cap for cricket. He took a double-first, but in his decadence, after going down from the ‘Varsity, he was bitten with the golf mania, and was so severely affected that in ’70 he won the All England championship. These feats doubtless qualified him to become a J.P. for Herefordshire. His brother and biographer was the author of the immortal “Tom Brown.” With the beginning of the fifties, however, Oxford rowing began to turn its attention seriously towards the prizes of the Bar. It therefore welcomed in ’49 an Eton freshman, J. W. Chitty. He rowed in the boat from his first year until ’53. With the help of an old schoolfellow, J. J. Hornby, now Headmaster of Eton, he carried off the Pairs and the Goblets. To

show the impartiality of his mind, he then kept wicket for the eleven. Turning his attention for a period to the schools, he carried off a First-class in Greats, became a Vinerian scholar, and at length was called to be a Fellow of Exeter. Since then he has evolved ponderous tomes on the intricacies of the law; and, as he was a double Blue, the powers that be could do nothing less than give him the ermine and knighthood. Despite his absorption in legal vanities he remembers the claims his old ‘Varsity has upon him. In ’77 he took the chair at the Cricket Jubilee Dinner, and in ’81 he presided as chairman of the University Boat-race Commemoration Dinner, and for three-and-twenty years he followed the crews as umpire in the Inter-‘Varsity boat-race. Rowing against Oxford, when Chitty captained the O.U.B.C., was a stalwart Irishman, “Teddy” Macnaghten, of First Trinity; for this he was rewarded in the fulness of time by being made a Lord of Appeal as Baron Macnaghten, P.C., and this without ever having sat on the Bench. A contemporary of his was a Third Trinity man, who also rowed in the eight, and became Mr. de Rutzen, of police court fame. Senior to Mr. Justice Chitty on the calendar was another oarsman, W. Spottiswoode, who deserved so well of his ‘Varsity that when his time came in ’83 he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Prior to this, it is true, he had found time to become her Majesty’s printer, an examiner in the mathematical schools, and President of the Royal Society. Pitted against him in the Cambridge boat was Walter Scott Lockhart, a grandson of the Wizard of the North, and heir to Abbotsford. Cambridge alone can boast of a Blue who attained to the first flight in the political handicap, and he, oddly enough, was, though a Rugby boy, a Frenchman. This was M. Waddington, who rowed in the eight and won the Pairs,



(From a photo by Russell.)

SIR RICHARD E. WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P.

yet in his lighter moments carried off the Chancellor's medal. With these qualifications, it was to be expected that he would rise to the best that his country had to offer him. Having graduated as a deputy and a senator, and after drifting with a portfolio through a couple of ministries, he reached his apotheosis as Premier. In '83 he came to London as Ambassador of the Republic.

In the meanwhile the running track was beginning to send forth men of renown, for early in the sixties the man who is now Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P., running in the Light Blue colours over the mile and the two miles, showed his heels to Lord Jersey, who was championing Oxford. Their time, however, would not break a record nowadays. Another Cambridge miler was C. B. Lawes, who also rowed in the boat and won the diamonds. He was, in some ways, one of the most striking men of his day. He was well born, rich, very handsome, and a sculptor of no mean attainments. He afterwards became notorious in connection with a libel case, which some readers of the *WINDSOR* may remember. While Webster was carrying all before him on the running track, J. R. Selwyn, of Third Trinity, was training in the 'Varsity eight to harden his muscles against the time when he should have to hew his way through his episcopal see of Melanesia, and to dodge the missiles wherewith his dusky flock were wont to receive his ministrations. They were great men, the Selwyns, both father and son. I believe that they are the only case on record in either 'Varsity of a son succeeding to his father's seat in the eight. Nor am I forgetting the clan of Bayford. A. F. Bayford rowed in the first crew that met Bishop Wordsworth's eight in '29. In the second generation there appeared another Bayford, the son of the veteran of '29. He took to the river like a duck to the water, but though he helped to row his college boat head of the river, he never got into the 'Varsity eight. He drew what consolation for this loss he could by winning his cricket cap. When this man had developed into a middle-aged active solicitor, "Fatty" Bayford, a grandson of Bayford I, came up to Trinity Hall. Like his father he rowed in his college boat at the head of the river, and emulating his grandsire, he found a seat in the 'Varsity boat in '93.

This excursion, however, into the hereditary problem in connection with blue is a digression from the chronicle. To resume. One of the greatest oarsmen who ever came

from Cambridge was probably J. H. D. Goldie, of Lady Margaret's. He arrived at a critical period. Before his advent the fortune of war had gone sorely against the Light Blue colours. For seven years in succession the Isis had held unbroken supremacy over the Cam. For the last three years the Oxford eight had been stroked by S. D. Darbishire, as pretty and as plucky an oarsman as ever donned dark blue. I remember him well after he had settled down to his practice in a quaint old house in Holywell. He was always keen—too keen, perhaps—bright and active. His death at



From a photo by]

[Dickinson.

THE LATE MR. J. H. D. GOLDIE.

such an early age was very sad, for he was a man who never made an enemy. It was in the last year of Darbishire's appearance with the Dark Blues that Goldie, as an Eton freshman, stroked the Cambridge boat. He seemed to inspire the Light Blue oars with new life. For four years running, all the time that Goldie set the stroke, the Light Blues showed their rivals the way home. The services that Goldie rendered to University oarsmanship are incalculable. His book, "The Records of University Boat-racing," is alone enough to keep his memory fresh and green—for he, too, has passed

away very recently after a long and painful illness. Under Goldie's captaincy the great family of Close made their name in the annals of the C.U.B.C. John Brooks Close—known by the expressive *sobriquet* of "The Beamer"—made his *début* in Goldie's third crew; his brother, James B., "The Baby," pulled behind him at bow in '72, a seat which—with a change to No. 3—he occupied in three winning eights. A third member of the same clan rowed in the eight a few years later. Mr. James Close, having snapped up all the honours of the Cam that came his way, devoted his life to coaching, and had the satisfaction of training his men so well that one of his crews secured the famous dead-heat of '77. A year later he left England with Mr. R. C. Lehmann for America, where he spent twelve years. In this period, thanks to his knack of coaching cow-boys and Red Indians into pulling together, he farmed several thousand acres in Iowa until what time his ship came in. Having made his pile he hurried back to England, where he devoted his superfluous energies to licking the raw material of First Trinity into finished oar-propelling power, an operation which required the expenditure of many winged words. For all that few veterans, either as men or coaches, are more popular than "J. B."

Despite their reverses in the boat, however, Oxford could boast of many a good man and true during the winters of her discontent on the river. Chief among these is C. J. Ottaway, the first man who gained a triple Blue, for he represented his 'Varsity at cricket, at football, and at rackets. Like most great men Ottaway was never greater than in defeat; nor did he ever play a better game than when Cambridge pulled the famous match of 1870 out of the fire by the skin of their teeth and by two runs. In the first innings, thanks to a modest though timely score by Ottaway, the Dark Blues held the useful lead of 28; in the second innings Cambridge collapsed utterly. Not one of the Light Blues could stay with Dale for more than a few minutes, until Yardley came in. He, batting as if inspired, in a very short time knocked up the first century ever scored in an Inter-University match. After he had retired Dale was sent back by a splendid one-handed catch by Ottaway, right over the ropes. Oxford at the close of the innings wanted 179 runs to win. Ottaway stayed at the wickets until 160 of this total was notched, before he fell a victim to an almost miraculous catch at square-leg. When

he left 19 runs were wanted to win, and five wickets were still to go down. But disaster followed on Ottaway's retirement, which culminated in Cobden's historic over, in which, when two runs would have secured a tie and three a win, he sent down a maiden and secured three wickets. This exhibition was avenged five years later, when Oxford, with Mr. Webbe in the team, sent the Light Blues home beaten by six runs.

The end of the seventies is remarkable for the exploits at Oxford of Mr. Montagu Shearman. Though a freshman, he developed wonderful talent as a sprinter; so Cambridge found out when he left them behind in the hundred yards and ran away with the Amateur Championship over that distance. Then he secured a Rugby Blue. In the following year he represented his University in three events—the hundred yards, the quarter-mile, and putting the weight, and won them all—a unique record. To show his versatility he went on to take a double-first in the schools, and to receive a brickbat on his forehead in a town and gown row, the imprint of which he beareth even now. The lessons he learnt at the 'Varsity he did not forget when he joined the Inner Temple, for he was instrumental in founding the A.A.A., and his figure is familiar to everyone who frequents the 'Varsity sports. With these qualifications to back him he is now, of course, on the high road to the Bench; yet he is still known to his old friends as "Monty." He has found time to contribute a volume to the Badminton Library, and to take a 'Varsity team to America last year. The only other 'Varsity man whose record on the running path came near this fame was the late Captain Portal, brother of Sir Gerald. He, too, held the Amateur Championship for the hundred yards and the quarter-mile. But, swift as he was, death overtook him in Uganda. The eighties saw some of the finest athletes whom the Universities have ever given to the world. In Rugby football Vassall stands pre-eminent. Under his captaincy the Oxford team had an unbroken succession of victories for some three or four years, and it is not too much to say that he revolutionised the game by his deft tactics with the pack. He is now little more than a *magni nominis umbra*, for he is putting on flesh as rapidly as his scholastic duties will allow.

In this decade K. J. Key came up from Clifton to study cricket at Oxford. He took his Blue with the highest honours, for he heads the list of tall scorers in Inter-

'Varsity matches with the record of 143. In 1887, playing for the Dark Blues at Chiswick Park, he and Philipson ran up a score of 340 before they could be induced to separate; and the same year he and Rashleigh, who now lends an occasional odour of sanctity to the Kent eleven, kept the Light Blue fielders on the move while they put on 243 runs for the first wicket. He left Oxford with an average of 49, the result of some eighty

remarked to Hornby: "I can't imagine why W. W. plays that chap. He can't bowl, and he can't field——"

"Ah," answered the Lancashire captain, "but he can bat a bit. He probably is the finest bat in England."

He certainly is the finest cricketer the Universities have turned out of late years. Nor is this said unmindful of the claims of A. G. Steel, who, the year after he was freed from "genius tutelary" at Marlborough, headed both the amateur bowling and batting averages; nor of the dusky potentate who left a potential throne to show the Light Blues and men of Sussex the way to bat all round the wicket, and has endeared himself to all as "Ranji." Strange as it may seem, among the Blues of this decade is to be found the creator of "Dodo," whose grandfather, in a literary sense, is the Archbishop of Canterbury. E. F. Benson, of King's, was a Blue for tennis—not for the common or lawn game, but for real tennis. Being a scholar, however, he deserted the more serious pursuits of life for archaeological research—a passion he gratified by excavating Megalopolis. Indeed the archiepiscopal family can boast another Blue, for a nephew of Dr. Benson, while at New College, won his cap for the mile before the stage claimed him for its own. Still, anyone who has seen him jumping tables and chairs in the "Taming of the Shrew," will recognise the advantage of a University education even for an actor. On the river in this decade honours were fairly easy, for while the Cam rejoiced in the gigantic Muttiebury, Isis boasted of the one and only Guy Nickalls. "Muttie" was one of the most popular presidents the C.U.B.C. ever possessed. His triumphs on the river, and especially at Henley, are they not written on the fleshy tablets of every rowing man's heart? Having been a "wet bob" at Eton, he naturally took to water polo, where he was a man to be avoided. Not less celebrated than its master was his (alleged) bulldog, also christened "Muttie," whose name, as he rolled along behind his master, the street arabs of Cambridge were never tired of calling. "Guy" at Oxford was probably not so widely popular as his rival at Cambridge. For his demeanour was truculent, and he had a trenchant epistolary style, of which he gave proof in an official letter to the president of the C.U.B.C., in which he pleasantly referred to the Light Blue crew as "probably a poorer lot than usual"—a phrase which caused considerable fluttering in the dovescotes of the



From a photo by]

[E. Hawkins, Brighton.

MR. K. J. KEY.

innings. Cricket was not the only game he patronised at Oxford; he also played some football—a pastime in which he carried much weight. Now, despite his reverend, almost paternal, appearance, and his inclination to—shall we say?—*embonpoint*, he is the popular captain of the champion county. I remember that when, soon after leaving Oxford, he made his *début* for Surrey, some *quidnunc* hanging over the pavilion rails

Cam. Withal, Guy was a convivial soul, and the towing-path band gave many a cheerful concert in his rooms in the High for the edification of the nocturnal Proctor; but after many years of tribulation he did succeed in taking a degree. Some thought that it was *honoris causâ*; but that only shows the uncharitable nature of some. Guy Nickalls' successor as president of the O.U.B.C. was Lord Amphil, the young man with a future. Most young men at Oxford, by the way—more especially if they are prominent members of the Union—have futures, the pity of it is that the latter always keep such a long way ahead of them. Amphil, however, was a distinctly clever man. He was a very good oar and no mean performer at water polo. Being a debater, he became, in due course, president of the Union, and for a term presided over the debates with considerable dignity.

Cambridge can boast of another oarsman in the eighties who, though never himself a Blue, has been the cause of Blues in others. This, of course, is R. C. Lehmann, or as he is known to his friends, "Ruddy." He probably is now the finest coach in England, and last year he was captain of the

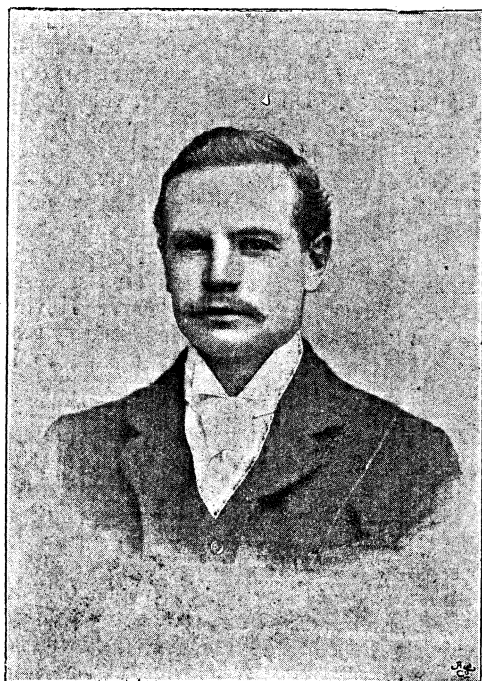
Leander Club, and ubiquitous at Henley. Moreover he is a man who knows how to wield the pen, and has a pretty wit; yet for the last six years he has dined at *Punch's* round table. He has also been a sergeant in



From a photo by]

LORD AMPHILL.

[Russell.



From a photo by]

[Hills & Saunders.

MR. GUY NICKALLS.

the Middlesex Yeomanry; has won one or two boxing competitions; has been seen flying a hurdle very prettily; and has Parliamentary ambitions which three unsuccessful candidatures have not been enough to kill. Therein he was more unfortunate than a contemporary of his at Oxford, Mr. "Billy" Grenfell, of Taplow Court, who rowed in the eight for two years, which prevailed on an enlightened electorate to send him to the "Babble Shop" at Westminster. Among the Blues of the last generation—and a generation at the 'Varsity, be it remembered, lasts three or, at most, four years, and the succeeding generation makes a point of arising and of not knowing Jacob—was the captain of the Rugby fifteen, C. J. N. Fleming. He was a braw Scotch laddie, standing six feet in his socks, weighing close on fifteen stone, and doing the hundred yards in a fraction under eleven seconds, so when he was in a hurry most people got out of his way. Having obtained a Rugby Blue he set his affections on Association, in which pastime he would have shone as centre-forward had he. when within three yards of the goal, been

able to shoot anywhere except over or on either side of it.

In his softer moods Fleming, who, being the ethereal creature he was, was naturally called "Tottie," used to sing plaintive "hie-land" ditties with a good deal about "simmer days" and "auld langsyne" in them. He is now engaged in teaching the young idea how to shoot—though not goals—and last

season was again seen in the football field with his Scottish International cap. While Fleming was at Oxford S. M. J. Woods was the idol of Cambridge. "Sammy" indeed was worthy of some adulation, if only for his wonderful impudence as a freshman in doing the hat trick against the Gentlemen of England. Moreover he was a strong dashing forward, who fully deserved his International cap. He is very good looking, very cheery, and if he has a fault, it is a tendency to be just a trifle too noisy. So it was discovered one night in a London restaurant, when he was celebrating some Inter-'Varsity match. As the porter of the establishment told me: "I've chucked out a good many gentlemen in my time, and I knows how to tackle collegians, but I'd rather 'ave to chuck a snuffin' ravagin' trac-

tion ingine than that young Mr. Woods when 'e's 'aving a beano." And I agreed with him. Among rowing men of later years two Dark Blues stand out conspicuously. One was H. B. Cotton, a son of Mr. Justice Cotton, who for four years rowed bow in the 'Varsity eight. No man of his inches—he stood five feet six—or of his light weight ever scored so many triumphs. As president of the O.U.B.C. "Badger" was popular beyond the popularity of most presidents. His early death last year was inexpressibly

sad, and even at Oxford, where memories are short, it will be long before Cotton is forgotten. The other is C. M. Pitman, the seventh of a stalwart family of eight brothers. Tradition has it that once an eight of Pitmans rowed and beat a crew of the house of Cornish at Eton. Indeed, Mr. Cornish has rarely been without a troublesome Pitman to improve. F. I. was the famous Light Blue

stroke of '84 to '86; T. T. won the Half-Mile Championship. With this ancestry C. M.—his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism had called the child Charles Murray, so it was only natural he should be always known as "Cherry"—was destined for the highest honours of the river. He has now rowed for four years in the Oxford eight with credit to himself and with profit to his University. Moreover, he is gifted with a fine imagination, and knows how to serve up old chestnuts with great piquancy, wherefore he should become in due time a shining light of the junior Bar. The last I saw of "Cherry" was on a gloomy February day last year. He was then riding a bicycle along the tow-path coaching the 'Varsity trials. In the fervour of his objections, launched at some unhappy galley

slave, he raised his hands from the handles. The next moment "Cherry" and his machine were in the icy waters of the river.

There are many gallant men and true whose deeds are unrecorded here. Of such are the great families of the Studds, of the McLeans, and of the Steels. Moreover, I take some credit to myself for having written many things on 'Varsity Blues without even a mention of C. B. Fry, the Incomparable. It would be as easy to say anything unrecorded of the giant gooseberry.



From a photo by]

[E. Hawkins, Brighton.

MR. K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

THE CORPSE IN THE HAYHOUSE.

BY CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

Illustrated by J. AYTON SYMINGTON.

"**D**AN! Dan McCall!" cried a shrill, imperious, childish voice.

"Yes, Missie," answered Dan, pausing in his work of digging up the root of an ancient apple tree fallen to decay.

"Where are you, Dan? I don't see you."

"This way, Miss Mary; near the well, Miss."

A little white-pinafores girl came running through the orchard, a struggling kitten held tight under one arm, and a doll under the other.

"Oh, Dan, I'm so glad I've found you; I want you to tell me a story."

"Is it to tell ye a shtory, Miss? Sure not a wan of me knows any shtories to tell ye.



"Nora was spreading out the washing."

I have toul't them all to ye, Miss Mary, *alanna*; toul't them all, so I have, long ago."

"Oh, Dan dear, *do* think!" said Miss

Mary in a disappointed tone. "I'm sure there are lots you haven't told me yet."

"Be this an' that, Miss Mary, but ye're the great young lady for shtories intirely. Sure I've got to dig up all the ground ye see, an' what'll the mather say if he fines me wastin' me time *gostherin'* wid ye?"

"I'll tell papa that it was my fault, Dan," said the little girl coaxingly. "He won't be cross. Papa always says I'm to do as I like. Besides, Dan, you know one can talk and work at the same time."

Dan shook his head doubtfully; experience had taught him that he could not.

"Be me sowl, Miss Mary, but ye've the way uv gettin' roun' a body, so ye have. 'Tis a terrible great young lady y're for getting yer own way, Miss."

"That's right, Dan," said Miss Mary approvingly. "Now I know you're going to be nice. See, I'll sit here just in the fork of that apple tree, and keep quite still— Oh! do hold pussy a minute, and then give her up to me; I can't climb with her under my arm."

Dan obediently held the cat, and when the wilful little girl had clambered into her favourite seat close by, and had taken pussy again from his hands, she shook one slippered foot free, and said patronisingly—

"Now you may begin, Dan."

"But sure, *Mavourneen*, I don't know what to tell you."

"Oh, Dan, of course you do! How tiresome you are! Begin at once, for nurse will be coming to look for me; I left her at her tea."

"Did I ever tell ye about 'The Three Wayvers uv Drumdaff,' Miss Mary?"

"Yes—yes; I know about the weavers. Tell me another."

"P'raps ye'd like to hear the shtory uv 'The Little Black Bull,' Miss."

"You told me that last time, and I don't believe it; I don't believe bulls *can* talk."

"Ah! but Miss Mary, that was an enchanted bull, ye know, Miss, an' they're different."

"I suppose they are," said the little girl doubtfully; "but I'd sooner have a real true story about something that happened to yourself when you were young."

"Is it somethin' that happened to mesel'? Let me see, I tould y'all about the big fish I caught over in the lake beyant, didn't I?"

"Yes, I know that."

"An' about the horse that thrótted up the avenue at Garraduff the night his honour died?"

"You did—but I didn't like that story. It frightened me."

"And all about Art Maguire an' the Leprechaun?"

"Yes."

"Sure I disremember anything else—though stop! wait a while! Did I iver tell ye o' the night I was lost in the bog, Miss?"

"No, Dan," cried the little girl excitedly, clapping her hands. "That's new; do go on."

"Well, sure it's a long time ago," said Dan, "'twas whin th' ould masther, yer grand-father, *alanna*, was alive—the hivens be his bed this night—and I was just risin' twinty. 'Tis more than fifty year ago, Miss Mary, before your papa was born or thought of, or you ayther, Miss, an' I had a bit of a row, as wan might say, wid me father, an' so I left over here an' moved down to the County Monaghan for a while, an' got workin' for Colonel Dillon, God rest his sowl! An' whin I was young, Miss Mary, like manny another, I always was terrible wild, an' nothin' I liked betther than sportin' an' divartin' meself, but faix, what I wint through wan night sobered me, so it did. I'd been thrainin' a couple o' dogs for the Colonel, that he wanted to give a prisint to his brother-in-law, Sir Hubert Joyce, an' wan day he sent me over to Garraduff beyant wid them. An' Garraduff was a great house, intirely for the best ov atin' an' dhrinkin', an' I got there middlin' late, for to tell ye the truth, Miss Mary, who did I meet, an' I just startin', but Nora —"

"Is it Granny McCall?"

"Yis, Miss; but in thim days 'tis the fine, likely girl she was, wid eyes as black as a sloe, an' she as shlim an' upright as a young

larch, so she was. Sure, 'twas down in Monaghan I met her. An' as I was startin' I came across her spreadin' out the clothes in her mother's garden, an' I saw her over the hedge, an' stopped just to bid her the time o' day. An' so we got talkin', Miss, an' time shlipped away until she said, quite sudden, 'Tis gittin' off you'd better be, if yer manin' to be at Garraduff to-night'; for ye see, Miss, 'twas a pretty tidy stretch of ground to get over, a matther of twelve mile or so, an' me not knowin' the counthry, bein' a stranger in thim parts.

"So off I set, Miss, an' as I was sayin', whin I got to Garraduff there was great atin' and dhrinkin', an' the sarvints had got in Tommy Murray, the blind piper that used to play at the cross roads, an' there was dancin' goin' on in the sarvint's hall, an' the cook, Mrs. Maloney—a dacent woman she was as iver broke the bread o' life, but sure she's dead an' gone

this thirty years, she gave me the finest o' what was goin', an' maybe if it wasn't near twelve o'clock before I thought o' turnin' home.

"And whin they saw I was fritened to find how late it was, they all began tellin' me ov a short cut through the bog, an' tole me I cudn't miss the way, not if I was blind o' wan eye, an' lame o' wan leg. So off I set, Miss, an' rale lonesome it was, an' I whistelin' to kape me courage up. An'

begob, Miss Mary, I wasn't gone wan half hour when a misht began to rise, an' before long I found 'twas lost I was. Ye'd pity me to see me runnin' backwards an' forwards, for all the wurld like a hound that's off the scent, an' the fog gettin' thicker iviry minnit, an' me callin' mesel' all the names that came into me head for a fool to venture into a bog, an' me not rightly knowin' the way. 'Twas bitther cowlid it got too, an' me far from shelther, an' what to do, if ye belave me, I didn't know. Not a know did I know where I was nor where to turn.



"Tommy Murray, the blind piper that used to play at the cross roads."

"Well, Miss Mary, to make a long shtory short, if I didn't see, quite suddint, a light far, far away, for all the wurld like a shtar, an' sez I to mesel', 'wherever that light is there's a house, an' where there's a house there's people, an' where there's people they won't lave a poor *gosssoon* out all night to be shtarved wid the cowlid.'

"So I up an' med for the light, feelin' me way careful, for I didn't want to fall into no bog-holes, so I didn't. Well, that light was farther off even than it looked, an' it tuk me a dale o' time to get to it, an' at long last sure I foun' mesel' by a biggish cabin, right in the middle o' the bog. So I came up quite an' I looked in on the windy, an' I saw a woman sittin' all be hersel' be the fire, and the tears rowlin' down her cheeks. An' sure 'twas always soft-hearted I was, so I was, an' begob I was rale sorry to see a woman cry, an' roun' I came an' knocked at the door.

"Who's there?' she sez from inside.

"'Tis a poor boy, ma'am,' sez I, 'axin' yer pardon for dishturbin' ye, but 'tis lost an' perishin' I am this cowlid night.'

"Go away from here,' sez she, 'an' go quick. There's no place for ye.'

"Oh, for th' love o' hiven, ma'am,' sez I, 'don't say that. Sure 'tis deshtroyed I'll be intirely if ye don't take me in. Just open the dure an' luk at me, an' ye'll see 'tis a harmless craychure I am, that wudn't touch a hair ov yer head, so I wouldn't.

"Are ye sure yer alone?' says she.

"I am, ma'am,' sez I.

"An' did ye mate annywan as ye were comin' along?' sez she.

"Not a mortchal sowl, ma'am,' sez I, 'barrin' a moorhen an' a flock o' wild geese.'

"Well, Miss, afther this she opens the dure a little way, very timid, an' she peeps out an' sez—

"What's yer name?'

"Dan McCall,' sez I.

"An' where d'ye live?' sez she.

"Sure I don't live here at all,' sez I. 'Tis from the County Roscommon I am,' sez I, 'an' I do be workin' for Colonel Nugent over beyant at Liscarrow,' sez I.

"That's a long way from here,' sez she.

"So it is,' sez I, 'an' 'tis kilt intirely an' dead I'll be before mornin' if ye don't let me in,' sez I, 'for 'tis unpossible for me to get back there to-night.'

"I can't let ye in,' sez she; 'an' I warn ye that yer in danger here,' sez she. 'But I'll give ye somethin' to ate,' says she, 'an' then ye'll go.'

"Sure I don't want annythin' to ate,' sez I. 'Tis shtarved wid the cowlid I am; an' how you, a Chrishtian faymale, can let a poor boy shtay out on a night like this, I don't know. 'Tis not from a nice-looking woman like yersel' I'd expeck it,' sez I, 'an' me just dhroppin' out o' me standin' with fatigue.'

"She was houldin' a candle in her han', an' she looked at me somehow pitiful, for 'twas black an' blue an' tremblin' I was wid the cowlid, an' she sez—

"Lissen here to me now; if I let ye in, yer life isn't safe, nor me own ayther.'

"Sure, ma'am,' sez I, 'a man can die but wanst, an' I may as well die inside as out; an' as for you, why I'd difind ye to the last dhrop o' me blood if annywan offered to lay a han' on ye.'

"So she half laughed and sez she, 'Ye don't know what yer saying, nor what yer doin' nayther, an' yer askin' me to do a thing that may be me death. But come along, I'll take the chance and let ye shleep in the hay, but mind,' sez she, 'ye're to lie shtill, an' be off early in the mornin' before annywan is shtirrin.'

"Faith, ma'am,' sez I, 'I'm just moidhered wid the shleep, an' a pity 'twill be if I don't lie as shtill as a mouse, an' off I'll be like a shot as soon as it's light.'

"Well, Miss Mary, she let me in to warrum mesel' be the fire, an' she giv' me somethin' to ate, and all the time she was listenin' wid wan ear cocked, and now and thin she'd run



J. H. P. Symington

"Billy the Fool."

to the dure an' look out, and what wid the hate, an' the food, an' the tiredness I was dozin' off, an' she sez to me, 'Come along, it's in here yer to shleep.'

"So she led me into the hayhouse that was nex' dure, an' just divided off from the kitchen by planks, an' I cud see a ray o' light through. Down I lay, Miss, on the hay, an' before ye could say snap I was fast ashleep. Well, I thought I hadn't but just closed my eyes when I hard th' awfullest row, Miss, that iver I hard in me life, going on in the kitchen. An' at first it seemed, somehow, just to be in me dhramas, for I was that dead tired an' heavy I cuddn't wake up, but at lasht it fairly woke me, an' afther lyin' for a minnit thryin' to think where on th' airth I was, an' what was doin' roun' me, I rimimbered.

"So I put me eye to the crack an' there I saw the kitchen was full of men all fightin' like mad, th' ugliest lot o' cushtomers that ivir I clapped me eyes on. 'Ye did,' sez wan; 'I didn't,' sez th' other; 'But I know ye did,' sez a third, and they all samed shplit up into two sides, whativver they war argifyin' about. It was somethin' about money I made out, an' dividin' it fair, an' wan sez to th' other, 'Sure, Mac, you killed him,' sez he, an' whin the min was rushin' at aitch other, the woman she catches hold o' two ov thim, and, 'For th' love o' hiven,' she sez, 'will yez sthoph fightin'?' And thin a man came forward an' he sez, 'The *vanithee* is right,' sez he; 'this fighting is no good at all.'

"I knew him. He was the only wan there that wasn't shtrange to me, for I'd seen him down at Liscarrow beyant, in the town, an' the boys all makin' game ov him. He went be the name of Billy the Fool, but there wasn't much ov a fool about him now, so there wasn't. Well, what nixt he sed I cuddn't rightly hare, but annyhow they shtopped fightin', an' afther a lot o' talk they began goin' off wan be wan till in th' end ony the woman was left an' the two men she tuk houl't ov. Wan o' them, her husband belike, was a big, shtrong, grizzled fellow o' fifty or thereabouts, th' other was a shlip o' a young fellow about as ould as mesel'.

"'Tis a nice day's work ye've made ov it,' sez the woman to the two min, 'an' now maybe ye'll come to bed, for 'tis near mornin' it is,' says she.

"'Go to bed yersel,' sez th' ould man. 'Sure we've work to do yit,' sez he.

"'Thin if ye have,' sez she, 'I'll shtay an' see ye do it.'

"'Be off,' sez he, threatenin' her like wid his arm.

"'I won't,' sez she.

"'Ye'd betther go,' sez he, or I'll make ye,' an' he looked desprit. So, begob, Miss Mary, she began to mount up the laddher to the loft, an' as she was goin', I saw her turn an' give such a fritened look as never was in the diriction of where I was lyin'. Well, if the two murderin' villyins didn't go out,



"The kitchen was full o' men all fightin' like mad!"

an' I began to braythe freer, an' was just waitin' to let thim git clear away before I was up an' off for me life, whin, I declare to you, Miss, be the piper that played before Moses, me heart all but lepped out o' me body, for I hard thim at the dure ov the hayhouse.

"Well, I lay as shtill as a mouse, so I did, an' in they came an' fumbled about, an' iviry minnit mesel' thought they'd be on top o' me. 'Oh, *tare an' ages*, Dan!' sez I, 'yer hour has come,' an' that I may never sin, if I didn't think they'd hear me heart kloppin'.

"'Where is that corpse?' sez th' ould fellow after a minnit.

"'I have him,' sez the son, an' wid that he claps his hand down on me leg.

"'Have him along,' sez th' ould man; 'do you take his showldhers,' sez he, 'an' I'll take his feet.'

"Well, Miss Mary, me darlint, I shtiffened mesel' out as like a corp as ivir I cud, an' in

me mind I began preparin' for death, an' iviry sin that ivir I done in me life kem into me mind, and I said acts ov contrition as hard as ever I cud pelt.

"An' thin I thought ov Nora an' me poor ould mother, an' the father that I hadn't made up wid, an' how they'd nivir see me agin, an' no wan 'ud know how I kem by me last ind, an' all the time the cowl'd sweat was powerin' down off ov me. An' out they carried me, an' if they didn't lay me on a wheel-barrow wid me legs shtickin' out! I just opened wan eye, an' I saw that the misht had lifted, an' the night, or rayther the mornin', though shtill dark, was clare, but I closed it pretty quick when I heard the young chap say, 'He looks mortal tall, doesn't he? I didn't think he was so big.'

"Who cares what ye think?' sez th' ould boy. 'You wheel him along,' sez he, 'an' kape yer thoughts till they're axed for.'

"But he's mortal heavy, so he is,' sez the son. 'Tis twicest as heavy he's grown.'

"Will ye hould yer tongue an' don't be talkin' nonsense,' sez th' ould man, growlin', but I cud hear as if he was onaisy like.

"An' wid that off they wint through the bog, takin' turns in wheelin' me. 'Oh laws!' sez I to mesel', 'what's comin' now? What's comin' at all, at all?' An' iviry bog-hole we passed by I fairly peppered for fare they'd just chuck me in, but they didn't. An' at long last they stopped. 'This'll do,' sez th' ould boy. That minnit out popped a hare that they'd dishturbed in her form, an' she ran across his fut, an' he gave wan yell, an' the young chap dhropped the handles o' the barrow that suddint that I narely rowled out ov it.

"What is it?' sez he, all thrimblin'. 'What is it?' an' he began thryin' to make the sign o' the cross.

"Sure, nothin' at all,' sez the father whin he saw what it was. 'Tis only a hare,' sez he, 'that fritened me—bad 'cess to her!'

"Good hivens!' sez the son, 'sure I thought I saw this fellow movin', so I did.'

"Not a move did he move,' sez the father, 'an' don't be makin' a bigger fool

o' yerself than y'are. Where's the spade?' sez he.

"Wars to the Queen o' Spain!' sez the young chap, 'bud we forgot the spade.'

"Why ye thick-skulled young *omadhaun*,' sez the father, 'why didn't ye mind it?' 'It'll be daylight before we know where we are,' sez he, 'an' the job not done. I suppose I must go for it mesel', sez he.

"I'll be hanged if I'm goin' to shtay here wid *it* all alone,' sez the other. 'Do you shtay an' I'll go.'

"I won't be left wid him nayther,' sez the father, an' on they wint argifyin', for both of thim was onaisy, havin' a bad conscience. At last it was gettin' hated.

"Well, if you won't go for the spade,' sez the father, 'an' I won't go, who the devil,' sez he—savin' your presence, Miss—'who the devil *is* to go?' Wid that, Miss Mary, I sat right up in the barrow. 'I'll go,' sez I, quite suddint, an' I looked at thim fierce, and stritched out me arrum.

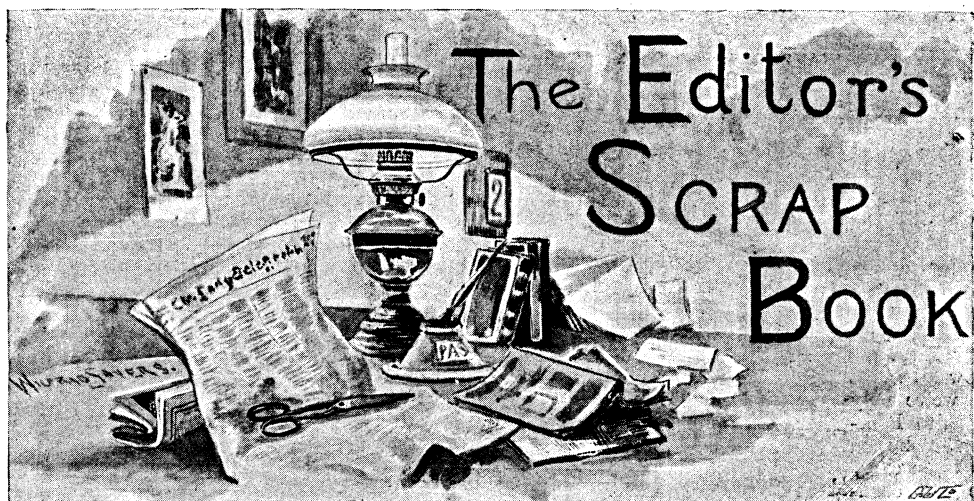
"Well, they stud wan moment as if they were just turned into shtone, so they did, an' then they let a screetch out o' them that ye'd hear a mile off, an' away they cut, runnin' as if th' Ould Boy himself was at their heels; an' I laughed, so I did, faith, to see the way they were in; but I didn't wait for thim to come back, but just ran for me life in th' other diriction an' hid behind a turf shtack. An' soon 'twas dawn, an' afther wandherin' a bit I got back to the right road. An' sure that's all, Miss."

"And was there really another corpse—I mean was there really a corpse in the hay-house, Dan?" asked little Miss Mary with interest.

"Not a wan o' me knows, Miss, only what I'm tellin' ye. 'Twas glad I was to get off wid a whole shkin, widout going next or near thim again; but I lift the County Monaghan as soon as ivir I cud, an' home I wint, an' made frinds wid me ould father."

"And did they——?"

"Here's nurse lookin' for ye, Miss, an' sure 'tis time for ye to be goin' in, and lave me to git on wid me wurrk."



JULY 1, 1896.



WALKING down Chancery Lane the other day I noticed the words on a board, "Literary Auction." They set my imagination to work, and I began to picture a room crowded with editors and literary agents bidding furiously for manuscripts of new stories and articles. The auctioneer prefaced each item with the usual phrases so familiar to frequenters of Christie and Manson's sale-rooms. "No. 69, gentlemen, is a thrilling story of the sea by William Clark Russell, 30,000 words in length, admirably adapted for illustration, full of exciting adventures.—What offers?" Or he would say, "No. 80, being an erudite essay on "The Cure of Corns," I will have the first sentences read in order that you may judge its value before bidding." Then a clerk's clear voice would be heard declaiming on corns, after which a spirited contest for the MS. would take place between the editor of a cyclopædia and a gentleman "understood to be buying for America." Such an auction might become so interesting and popular that the public would not object to paying a small fee for admission. And imagine how much the value of the items would be enhanced if the authors themselves could be introduced!

THE application of businesslike terms to literature has become so general that I was hardly shocked by seeing over a shop this inscription: "E. de Vere, Author and Composer." On the door were painted the familiar words, "Office hours, 10 to 4." Mr. de Vere evidently has courage in openly avowing his profession in this way, and I congratulate him on being able to limit his inspiration for composing within "office hours."

A SCOTCH minister announced from the pulpit: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as I have failed to get money honestly I will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

EVERYBODY knows the famous lines by "J. K. S."—

**Where the Rudyard's cease from Kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more.**

An American writer, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, has been applying the same idea to the American publishers. Referring to the "unhappy author," he says—

**He is happy as he capers
On the ever golden shore,
Where the Houghtons cease from Mifflin,
And the Harpers harp no more.**

A YOUNG Sunday-school teacher was telling her class of small boys about the "Shut-in Society," whose members are persons confined with sickness to their beds or rooms. "Whom can we think of," said she, "who would have had great sympathy for those who are so shut in?" "I know," said a little boy. "Some one in the Bible, ain't it, teacher?" "Yes, and who, Johnnie?" "Jonah," was the spirited answer.

SIR FRANCIS SCOTT, the British commander of the Ashantee expedition, in a speech which he made to his troops when he reviewed them recently, said that they were no doubt disappointed because they had not a chance to fight, "but if there had been any fighting," he added, "there would have been many absent faces here to-day."

A NEW story about the Right "Honest" John Morley. At the Press Club dinner a few weeks ago, where Mr. Morley was a guest, he was scrambling in the waiting-room for his belongings. An attendant brought him his hat and coat. "But there was an umbrella," said "oor John." The attendant returned with an elaborately gilded affair. "That's not mine," said Mr. Morley: "too good for me." A bystander asked, "Why didn't you take it, Mr. Morley? You have lost the chance of a lifetime." With a rare twinkle in his eye, and a sigh, half regret, half self-satisfaction, the honourable gentleman replied, "Ah! honesty has been the stumbling-block of my life."

TWO WANDERING WOMEN.

*By H. F. Gethen.**Illustrated by F. PARKS.*

"THE rail from Bayonne to Cambo was not then laid," began Nelly Fenton, "but the drive by diligence was sufficiently enjoyable. My aunt (Lady Jane) and I reached St. Jean Pied de Port late one evening, and that little town seemed wrapped in slumber. On the following morning—'I am going to take you over the Pyrenees into Spain,' asserted my aunt.

"Really and truly?' I remember exclaiming.

"Yes, I know all about it; we've only to get to Bourgette, and then it's quite easy," she said confidently.

"A carriage was secured, the morning was lovely, and the French frontier was soon passed, for we had very little luggage, and nothing on which to pay duty. A few miles farther, at a lonely kind of an inn, the coachman insisted on our descending from the carriage and paying his fee. Having no choice we consented and then entered into the lonely little inn in search of breakfast. After eating with good appetites some well-cooked food we discovered that the carriage had been replaced by a couple of rough ponies, with even rougher attendants of the boy tribe. The road beyond was considered too steep for vehicles, so we mounted in silence.

"Please, our bags," pleaded I, feeling disturbed by our landlord's smiling detention of our light luggage.

"He says they must be sent on by the mule train," explained Lady Jane.

"The straps of her pony's saddle broke before we had gone a mile and had to be mended with a fragment of string, and a good deal of 'language,' which we fortunately could not comprehend, was

levelled at the four-legged members of the party. Then our little cavalcade proceeded onward and upward, passing by many wayside crosses, and encountering wild-looking harmless peasants with trains of mules, and then again we noticed more of the rough crosses.

"What in the world makes the people put up so many wooden crosses?" asked Lady Jane at last, looking rather nervous. You must know that, although she was our own aunt, we generally called her Lady Jane. She was very kind, but rather odd.

"The boy managed to make us understand that the crosses were erected to mark spots where murders had been committed, but of course we didn't know if this was true.

"Don't you think we had better go back?" remarked Lady Jane on hearing this explanation.

"Perhaps it isn't true; at any rate don't let us look frightened," was my valiant reply, for turning back was easier said than done on such a difficult path.

"Higher and higher we wound, zigzagging through the glorious forest, and steeper and steeper grew the road. The two boys walked on silent and sullen, and the sun began quite to scorch our skins. Suddenly the ponies stopped

at the summit of the mountain and the boys pointed to some far distant buildings. Without a word they lifted us from our saddles, demanded the promised fees, which Lady Jane at once gave, and set forth on their return journey before we had gathered courage to protest. The houses were there certainly, across a wide plain, and it was a weary walk.

"At last we arrived at the village, which appeared to possess but one street. We were courteously welcomed by the innkeeper, who shrugged his shoulders at the marvellous whims



of 'these English.' He had never had two ladies alone there before. A Spanish dinner was shortly served, and we were glad to retire to rest soon afterwards.

"I wish we were safe at home," ejaculated Lady Jane. "There is no bolt to the door," she almost shrieked, when we found ourselves in a bedroom containing two beds. So she insisted on piling the somewhat scanty furniture against the door, 'in case anyone should try to rob us,' she said fearfully. The heavy bedsteads were immovable, but the other things made a formidable barricade. Wearied and feverish from the unusual heat, we soon got into our beds.

"I've put the water-jug ready to throw at any intruder," said Lady Jane, who appeared brave now she was under the bedclothes, 'and I've hidden my purse in the toe of my walking-shoe.'

"At last we both slept, and the last sound we heard was the wind wailing round the thick stone walls.

* * * * *

"A knock at the door disturbed but failed to arouse us. Then, to the accompaniment of a muttered exclamation, the latch was lifted softly and the door pushed gently. With an awful clatter the barricade gave way, and out of the darkness ejaculations loud and deep reached our ears.

"I've got the jug," said my aunt, and feeling no doubt that her courage equalled that of Nelson at least, she sprang up and, in the dark, cast her pitcher in the direction of the voice. Oh what a crash there was! Then hurried footsteps came along the passage, and a lantern showed the inn-keeper fully dressed and his wife in a wondrous *déshabillé*. The worthy couple, scolding and questioning in turn, soon rescued from amidst scattered chair-legs and fragments of pottery a poor half-drowned, wholly frightened young man. It was the honest Boots of the establishment, the general factotum, who, according to orders, had come to warn us that the omnibus, which was known as the Mail, would arrive in half an hour, and the driver would wait for nobody. Oh, guess how foolish we felt. Lady Jane gave the Boots a handsome present, and he said he hadn't been hurt, only his clothes were drenched through, and he had a great fright. I expect he thought we were crazy, and really at the time he wasn't far wrong."

* * * * *

A VIOLINIST, engaged to perform before a distinguished company in the house of a wealthy retired tradesman, tuned his instrument, and, showing it proudly to his host, said, "That is a Stradivarius, more than 200 years old." The amiable man casually examined the violin and looked at it with a disturbed air; then, returning it to the artist, said, "Go on all the same: I hope no one will notice it."

* * * * *

BAND LEADER (to trombonist): Mr. Spicer, you are two bars behind the rest.

TROMBONIST (testily): You needn't bother about me; I can catch up any time I want to.

"My little boy has been very wicked to-day," remarked Willie's mother. "He has been fighting and got a black eye."

"So I perceive," replied the clergyman. "Willie, come into the other room and I will talk to you seriously."

"You'd better go home and talk seriously to your own little boy," responded the graceless youth. "He's got two black eyes."

EVERY man to his own trade; and fame that may reach to the ends of the earth may yet be but an empty sound to the famous one's next door neighbour. Tennyson once consulted an eminent Scotch surgeon about some affection of the lungs, and some years afterwards went to him again on the same errand. On being announced the poet was nettled to observe that the surgeon not only did not remember his face, but did not even recognise his name. He mentioned his former visit. Still the surgeon failed to recall him. Then the surgeon put his ear to his patient's chest. "Ah," he said, "I remember you now. I know you by your lung." He knew nothing about the author of "In Memoriam," but he knew his business, and remembered perfectly the peculiar sound of that ailing lung.

A LADY, *en route* to the last drawing-room, found herself blocked in a line of carriages containing people who had not the *entrée* to which she herself was entitled. Much annoyed, she leaned out of the carriage window and said to a Scotch policeman on duty there, in imperious tones: "Perhaps you don't know that I am the wife of a cabinet minister?" "I couldn't let you pass, ma'am," he calmly replied, "even if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

JOHNNIE had allowed his mother's birthday to dawn without having anything to give her. This was to him a terrible state of things, and seemed to call for a desperate remedy. He began by offering her, one after another, every toy he owned, but she was too good-natured to take them. At last, after carefully considering the whole matter, he said, with a degree of earnestness which showed how much he felt the sacrifice he was about to propose, "I know what I'll do; I'll take a dose of castor oil for you!"

A SCOTSMAN who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter put him into a room with a theological work, an apple and a sixpenny piece. If he found him when he returned reading the book, he intended to make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple a farmer; and if interested in the money a banker. When he did return he found the boy sitting on the book, with the sixpence in his pocket and the apple almost devoured. "That settles it," said the keen Scotsman; "the lad's a born lawyer, I can easily see."

FAME'S FLAGELLATIONS.

By Alfred Stade.

ONCE upon a time I was, as is usual, in love. But one night—as generally happens in real life—I suffered a bitter disillusionment. So I went home, drank a lot of coffee, and wrote a poem.

It was a lovely poem, full of fantastic imagery and blood-curdling agony, sonorous syllables and exaggerated alliteration. It had no earthly conceivable meaning that I could discover; but I read it over to my landlady, and she agreed with me that it was a perfect pearl.

So I copied it out in my fairest handwriting and sent it to the editor of a popular magazine, whom I had been worrying for ten years previously, and who was generous enough this time to accept my contribution without wanting me to pay anything toward the cost of publication; and one fine morning I awoke to find the poem in print and myself famous.

Then commenced the trouble that has rendered me bald and taken away my formerly vigorous appetite; for I have become a genius, and it does not seem to agree with my kind of constitution.

I was living in Paris at that time, on the heights of Montmartre, where socialism blossoms and lodgings are consequently cheap. But in Montmartre are other poets than myself—misguided gentlemen with flat-brimmed high hats and convenient cravats of enormous size to cover completely their otherwise distressing absence of shirt. And these heroes met in me their master.

They came and told me so at all hours of the day and night; so that the doorkeeper complained with exceptional bitterness that their perennial procession to my tenth-floor chamber made it impossible for her to keep the staircase clean.

They recognised in me a leader of the new Impression; they saw the tears sparkle in my verses and the love-glint of martyrdom in my eyes. They too wrote, as I knew to my regret, since they insisted on reading to me, and slowly, all that they had ever perpetrated from their earliest infancy; but they admitted that their song was not so sweet as mine, since their suffering was never so severe. Which was true.

Now it happened that I had recovered from my disappointment, and the spring-time had come and the sun was shining, and we wanted to go into the woods to laugh.

It was impossible; my out-goings and in-comings were daily watched; and as soon as I turned the corner of the street at my heels were a string of my disciples.

They could not hurt me, it is true, for I had no money to lend them, and at first I only found them amusing. But I got to be ashamed of them, and of their persons which were obtrusively innocent of ablution, and of their foot-gear which was sadly out at heel.

Very politely I asked them to go; and a friend, whose acquaintance with the *argot* of abuse was more extensive than my own, even amplified my remarks in a way that was scarcely conventional; but the poets only smiled so sadly, and sighed so softly, and said the master suffered with a sorrow they must strive to assuage.

So we tried other expedients; we moved, in spite of having to leave all our furniture at the other place as security for the three years' rent I owed; and I grew a beard and changed my name, and so awakened the suspicions of a watchful police.

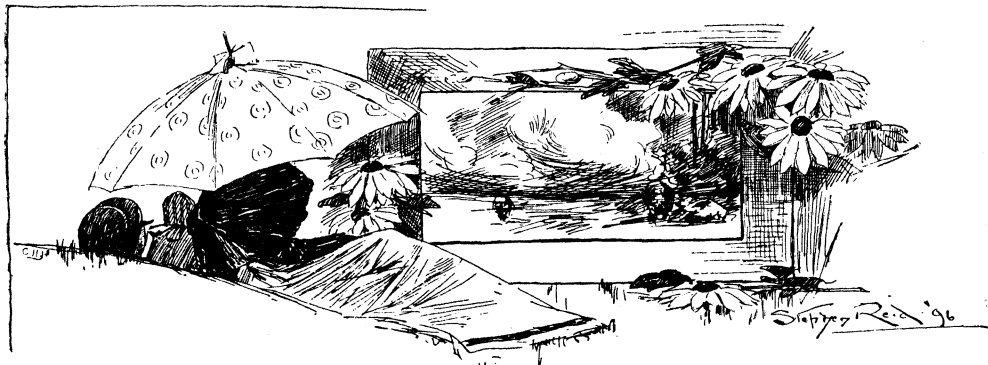
The poets found me all the same; and came to dine with me and weep over the wine, and bid me to talk, that they might drink in the words of wisdom that fell from my suffering lips. I *do* talk, but it is only bad language that I use; and then they look aghast and would bury their faces in their handkerchiefs if they had any, and fear that the master is becoming insane.

They tell me it is because I neglect my work. I should give the waiting world another wonder.

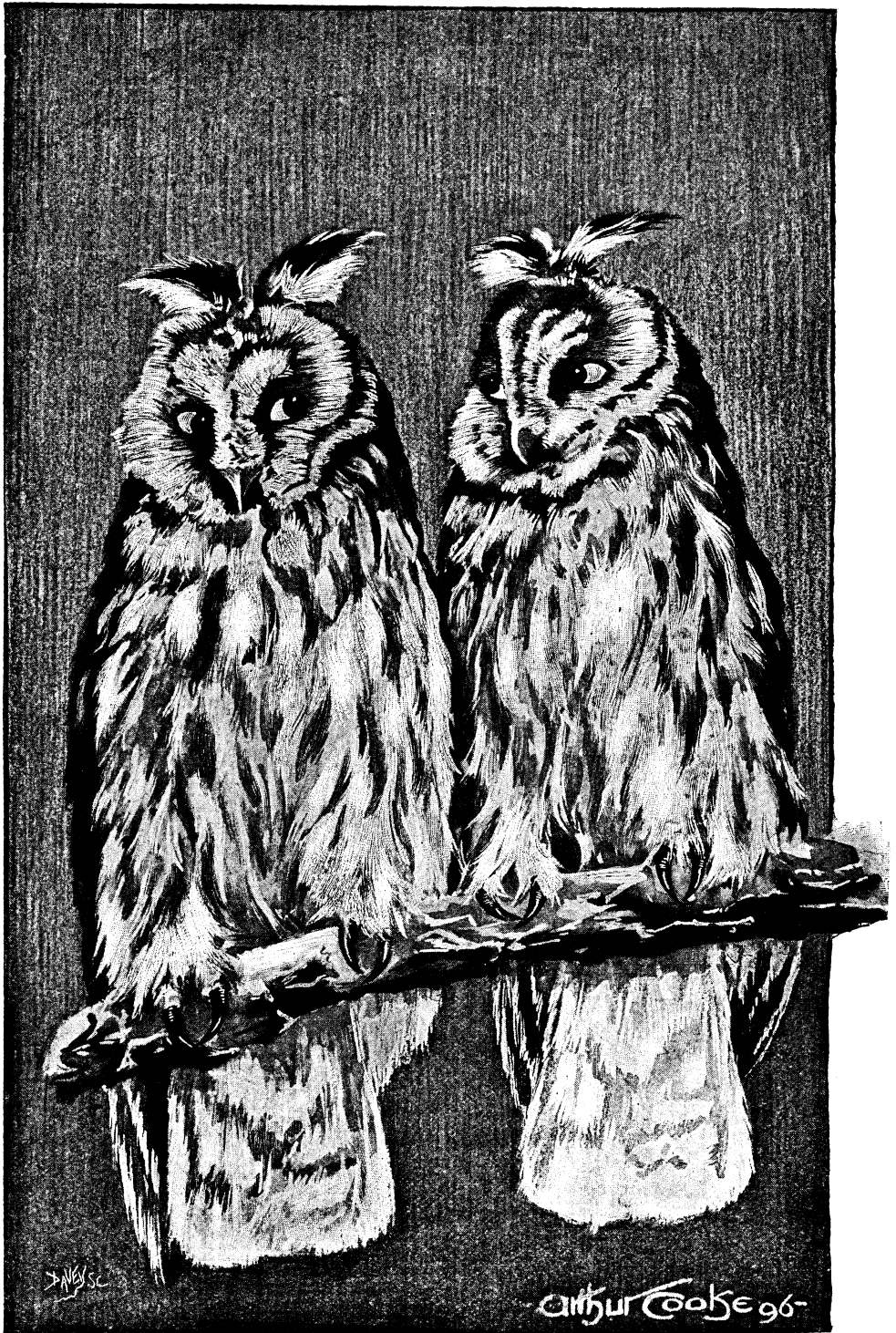
I could not; I would not if I could. Let the world wait. I have tried to stifle the other doggerel, but it has already been translated into every civilised language of earth, that is, French and Norwegian; and now the thing is impossible.

I have hit one poet, and now he goes about boasting of such a mark of distinction. I have lent another an old suit of clothes, but he comes back again to borrow a pair of boots, and brings an elegy in his pocket to recite to me. I wrote another a most insulting letter. He replies to assure me of his most sincere and respectful thanks, and has had the letter framed to preserve my autograph.

My action is therefore decided. I shall become a politician, and of the most violent stamp, for I am told that a politician never has any friends.



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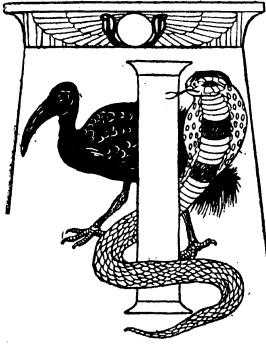


LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

LEADING BARRISTERS OF TO-DAY.

By "JOHN DOE."

Illustrated by A. C. GOULD ; and from Photographs.



It is a famous remark of Sir Boyle Roche that people are generally interested in those "who have once obtained a footing in the public ear," and of all the professions, except that of the actor, the Bar is the best advertised. A good

trial attracts everyone, for it is at once a fight and a drama, appealing to instincts which are common to all humanity, and to the intellectual faculty of the few who can really appreciate a battle in advocacy. As a result the name of a great counsel very quickly becomes a household word throughout the country, and if he is engaged in any cause which has stirred popular feeling he will soon be an object of love or hatred to thousands who have never seen him.

There is a certain district in the Black Country where the Claimant was a popular hero, and to this day many of the poor people call their children after Dr. Kenealy, who was Tichborne's advocate. On the other hand, Sir Edward Clarke received hundreds of letters abusing him for his strenuous advocacy in a recent notorious case.

The patron saint of all lawyers is none other than the Prince of Darkness. The

legend runs that in the thirteenth century the lawyers petitioned the Pope for a saint and their prayer was granted, but naturally enough they could not agree which saint should be chosen. One of them was at length led blindfold into a church and was told to lay his hand upon one of the statues, so that the saint thus chosen might henceforth be the desired patron and protector. The lawyer, blind as Justice, walked to the statue of St. Michael subduing the devil, but unhappily his hand was laid not on the victorious saint but the prostrate demon ! The griffin which adorns the Strand, where Temple Bar once stood, to this day com-

memorates that historic choice. Such is the uncouth legend which the lay mind has evolved, being at a loss to account for the superior intelligence of a great profession, and resorting to the powers of evil for an explanation, as was too often the habit of the Middle Ages.

The Bar is the most clubbable and conservative of professions. The members meet so often, not only in the courts but on their own particular circuits, that a general spirit of freemasonry prevails. It is often said that in reality we are as exclusive and protective as the most extreme trade

union, but this is hardly the case, as a poor man if clever can obtain enough by studentships to pay all his fees, and the elections to circuit and sessions are really formal.

It is true that the Benchers of an Inn have technically the right to refuse to "call" anyone, even if he has paid his fees,



SIR RICHARD E. WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P., ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

eaten his dinners, and passed his examinations; but this right of refusal is only exercised in extreme cases, when there is some stain on the applicant's character, and there is always a right of appeal to the judges as visitors of the Inns.

All classes of society are represented in the profession, and many of those who have risen to the highest places have enjoyed no advantage of birth or social position. In fact, although very tenacious of old customs, the Bar, like all other sections of society, has been democratised. Its costume, it is true, is of the seventeenth century, and a small bag is still sewn upon the back of the gown where in old days the solicitor placed the fee, in order that no gentleman of the robe should be hurt by any public acknowledgment that he worked for his living; but only in the small things, concerning which *non curat lex*, does any trace of the old exclusiveness remain; it has passed away with the old crabbed and technical fashion of pleading.

On circuit and at sessions there are still some survivals of the old rules—as for instance in the understanding that barristers shall on no account lunch in any public place of refreshment. There was a great struggle in the profession when railways were first introduced, as the old rule forbade any barrister to enter an assize town in any public vehicle or conveyance, so that impecunious barristers had to club together to hire a post-chaise. The rule of course was fatal to travel by rail, but after a gallant struggle the advocates of professional propriety yielded, and to-day the budding Cicero can travel “third smoker” if he please.

Pessimists say that the wit and eloquence of the English Bar is become no more than a tradition, but in a small book entitled “Criticisms of the Bar,” written a century ago, I find the same lament, and I imagine that the wit and eloquence of the Bar represent very faithfully the mental qualities of society from time to time. Wit is essentially the fine flower of manners, that blooms in the brightest social atmosphere, and I am doubtful if there is a wit of the first order at the Bar to-day; but before deciding whether eloquence has declined it is necessary to clearly define what eloquence is.

In the methods of oratory there has been much the same change at the Bar as in the House of Commons, for in both places clever talk has superseded elaborate rhetoric. The reason is that the average jury, like the

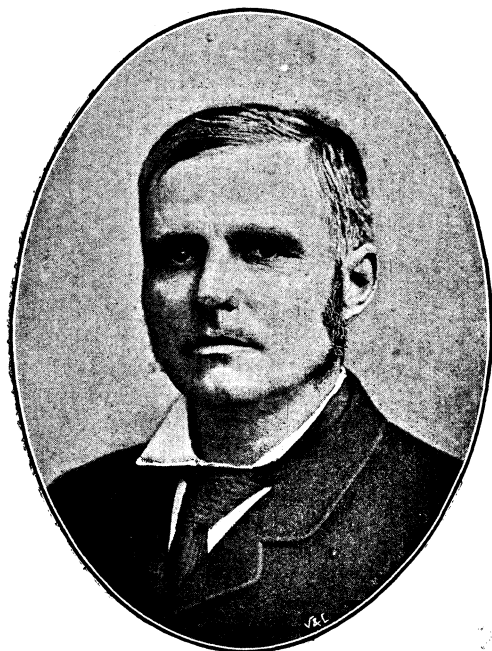
House of Commons, would laugh at, or fidget under, the flowery and figurative language of eighty or a hundred years ago. If you wish to stand well with an audience to-day you do not speak to them as men of fancy, or even noble sentiments, but as men of common-sense, gently insinuating that they have something to lose. Doubtless if a change in the mental climate should occur a corresponding change in the language and sentiment of rhetoricians would follow. Forensic eloquence aims chiefly to be cogent and lucid, and at its best it possesses the beauty of clearness and an unadorned simplicity. The force of passion, the wide flights of imagination, are not beyond the compass, but they are beside the purpose of our orators.

Turning to consider some of the most prominent among advocates, it is impossible to doubt that the high level of past times is maintained among the present chiefs. And first to the leader of the profession. Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, is probably the hardest worker at the Bar, and has built up his enormous practice by learning and labour. A great athlete at Cambridge, winner of the three miles against Oxford in two successive years, he is still a keen sportsman and good cricketer, and like Sir Edward Clarke, he can sing a good song. “Capital fellow, Clarke,” he is reported to have said, “if only he would leave singing alone.” “Sir Richard,” said Sir Edward Clarke, “is in every way an ornament to the profession, but most unhappily he cherishes the delusion that he can sing.”

The Attorney-General's first appointment was to be postman and tubman to the Court of Exchequer. His most famous causes have been those arising out of the charges made against the Irish party. Probably the most crowded hour of his life was when he was attacked, with brilliant invective, in a House swayed by passion and anger, and when, stirred for once out of his lethargic style, he defended his own honour with eloquence and admitted success. An unmatched knowledge of the law, a great memory, and a power of lucid and persuasive if not captivating exposition, are the best qualities of one well worthy of his high position, who is regarded with something like affection by the profession as a whole.

Next to Mr. Attorney must come Mr. Solicitor, who, in the present administration, is a typical Scot, Sir Robert Finlay. He is a very handsome man, whose portrait it would have delighted Sir Joshua or Gainsborough to paint—a man of the hard, dry

intellectual strength and indomitable will which have made his race so powerful. He is one of the few men who have materially



SIR ROBERT B. FINLAY, Q.C., M.P.
(Solicitor-General for England.)

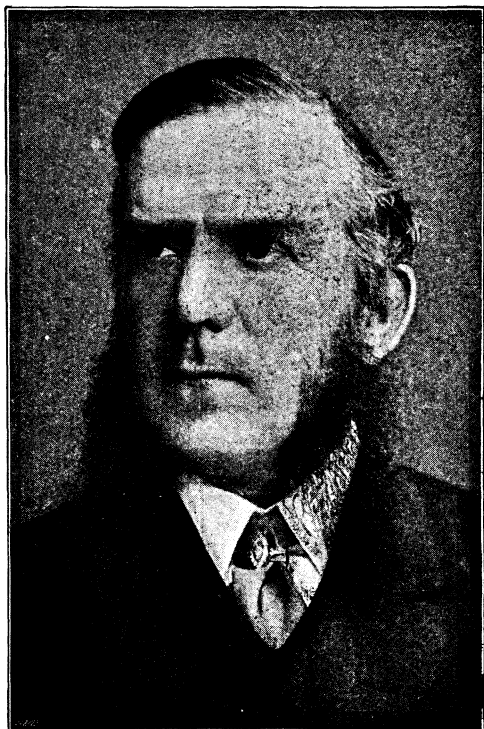
bettered their professional standing by their work in the House of Commons. He made a sudden name in the discussions on the first Home Rule Bill, and at once became a power to reckon with. None the less he owes his present office to the abstinence of Sir Edward Clarke, who, since the elevation to the Bench of Sir Charles Russell, has been the most famous advocate of his day.

When Sir Edward commenced life he had for capital his brain, his power of work, his strong will, and his ambition, and they have carried him far. His career belongs to the romance of the Bar as truly as Disraeli's to the romance of politics. The Penge murder case was to him the great chance of which every briefless one dreams, and so brilliant was his defence that since that date every well-informed criminal has longed for his assistance.

In politics also he won a historic by-election, which induced Beaconsfield to dissolve, and he is the most striking exception—next to Mr. Asquith—to the rule that lawyers in Parliament are a failure. The leader of a recent Opposition certainly believes in that rule, for after observing the Parliamentary

ineffectiveness of the law officers of the day, he remarked to his neighbour, "They tell me these fellows make £20,000 a year. If I were at the Bar I would make £60,000!" Sir Edward's speeches are published in a small volume; but to be truly appreciated he should be heard at the "jury-side," or defending the National Church in the House.

The Attorney-General in the last Government was Sir Robert Reid, than whom there is no more genial celebrity at the Bar. Like most of the great and affluent of to-day, he passed a youth tinged by the melancholy of brieflessness. But he was too able a man to remain unknown for very long, and now he has reached that delightful period of life when only "special" cases need be taken, and a ripe leisure may be enjoyed. The large windows of his chambers look over the Temple lawns, and many men have enjoyed there the wide range of "Bob" Reid's conversation. There is nothing specially distinctive about his professional style, though many perhaps would think him exceptional as being a politician without cynicism and a lawyer without guile. Few things are more calculated to destroy the spontaneity of



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[Russell.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.

human enthusiasm than long practice in the courts, but the nature of the ex-Attorney



SIR ROBERT T. REID, Q.C., M.P.

remains as richly generous as it was in his schoolboy days.

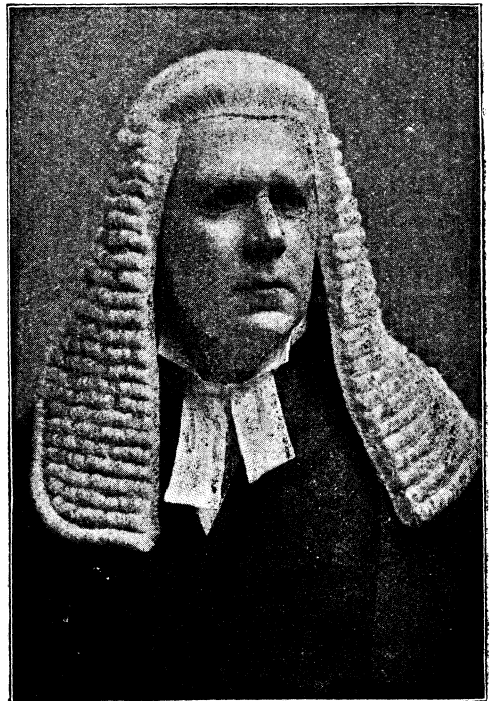
A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.

Her Majesty's late Administration certainly did not fall because of the acidity of the law officers. Sir Frank Lockwood, who was Solicitor-General, is as genial as his colleague, and not even dignity could make him dull. Who else could have poked fun at his own office?

"When the Cabinet meets," he said, "the Attorney and Solicitor are sent upstairs to play with the permanent officials!" His complexion is the greatest miracle of modern London, for he is always rosy as a country squire though he passes his days in the bad atmosphere of the courts and his nights in Parliament. A great lover of sport he can judge horses as some day he will judge men, and he possesses that freemasonry among all classes which the love of sport so often gives. His sketches are the delight of Bench, Bar and Commons, and he has said almost as many good things as have been attributed to him. During the Parnell Commission there were two delightful draw-

ings, one representing Sir Frank, bent over his table and surrounded by huge piles of papers, as "the man who did the work," the other Sir Robert Reid (who is the most assiduous of men), smoking a pipe, and reading the evening newspaper, as "the man who got the credit." When the skating craze was at its height he explained his presence at Niagara by saying that he had come "to see the Falls."

It is not only as a humorist however that Sir Frank Lockwood has attained his present position, for he is one of the most effective advocates at the Bar, possessing "a loud voice and a large person" (which, as Disraeli said, are two-thirds of an orator's success), and a great power of trenchant denunciation. He has a country house near York, for which city he is now junior member—and thereby hangs a tale. When his Conservative opponent, Mr. J. G. Butcher, first stood, Mr. Lockwood (as he then was) was fond of asking, in the jaunty style popular on Yorkshire platforms, "Who is this Mr. Butcher?" Mr. Butcher, an astute and able Chancery barrister, kept silence until the poll showed that he was first. Then came his chance. "I will now tell Mr.



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[Russell.

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

Lockwood who this Mr. Butcher is. He is the senior member for York."

Physically speaking, the biggest man at



MR. MURPHY, Q.C.

(Reproduced by kind permission of "Vanity Fair.")

the Bar is Mr. Murphy, Q.C., and if a ballot of the profession were taken it would probably be found that he is also the most popular. There is a certain class of cases which, if treated gravely and seriously, would probably be lost, but which an old forensic hand will laugh out of court. In such a case Mr. Murphy is first and the rest nowhere. He is still a keen cricketer, and bowlers complain that when he is batting they cannot see the stumps.

Less useful in advocacy than the broad and genial humour of Mr. Murphy, the sardonic and polished wit of Mr. Darling, Q.C., is a quality more purely intellectual. In the studied epigram, the phrase that smacks of the lamp, Mr. Darling's only rival at the Bar is Mr. Augustine Birrell. The distinction between the two wits is the

distinction between still and sparkling hock—and who shall decide which is the better? Mr. Darling's ambition perhaps is to be the La Rochefoucauld of the Bar and the Commons. His briefless days produced "Scintillæ Juris," a series of cynical maxims on the law, and when elected to Parliament he satirised that assembly in the *St. James's Gazette*. In the early days, when he attended the Stafford Sessions, he was a prime favourite with the criminal classes, who loved his jokes even when he could not win them a verdict. Both he and Mr. Birrell have the art of setting a popular audience on the roar, but even the author of "Obiter Dicta" cannot enliven the heavy atmosphere of a Chancery court, where the reading of affidavits is regarded as a relaxation.

There is a shop in the Strand which is a small temple of momentary fame to barristers, as whenever a case "catches on" with the papers the photographs of the barristers engaged are always exhibited there. Recently Mr. William Willis, Q.C., has had a place on the line, owing to his conduct of Mr. Benn's case in the St. George's election petition. He is certainly one of the most interesting figures at the Bar, and is always welcomed



MR. CHARLES J. DARLING, Q.C., M.P.

by the public for his capacity of making things hum.

He did not originally propose to practise at the Bar, but was engaged in business, when one night an influential gentleman heard him speak at a political meeting, and persuaded him to throw up the business and take to the profession. The experiment has wonderfully succeeded, and both in court and in the House Mr. Willis has been heard. In the latter place he broke the hat of the member seated in front of him, and in the courts he has shown himself a forensic Fuzzy-wuzzzy. But he can roar as softly as any sucking-dove, and is excellent in managing a timid witness.

One thing of all others he dislikes, and that is to cross-examine a hostile witness through an interpreter. I saw that spectacle once in the Probate Court. A shepherd in his plaid, garrulous in Welsh, but knowing no English, the interpreter flurried but anxious to please, Mr. Willis enraged, and the court demurely amused. He is a most generous and kind-hearted man, a most able and conscientious advocate, who never goes into court without thoroughly knowing his case. Given a common jury and a case in which there is scope for legitimate indignation, and Mr. Willis is hard to beat.

He is one of the few counsel who have in their chambers a library outside of the law. The explanation is that he is a great authority on the seventeenth century and a sturdy defender of the Roundheads, and has collected so many books and pamphlets that much of this literature has to be housed in King's Bench Walk. In one of the election petitions there was some discussion on a meeting at which "Cavaliers and Roundheads" had been the subject of a lecture. "I wish I had been there," said Mr. Willis. "If you had been," was the retort, "I fear there would have been a disturbance." And there would.

In the Divorce Court many barristers make frequent raids, and among the most frequent raiders is Mr. Cock, Q.C., one of the

boisterous and trenchant school. Mr. Cock is a Positivist, a follower of Comte, but when watching him cross-examine a hostile witness one would not suspect that he worshipped humanity. However it is difficult to worship both sides, and when Mr. Cock's own client is described by him it is evident that one part of humanity at least is worshipful. Another famous advocate, Mr. Candy, Q.C., was once said by a judge to "out-cock Cock," and that was generally accepted as a vivid description. Mr. Candy is identified with the Licensed Victuallers, for whom he holds a general retainer. He is the heavy father of the profession, and a soul more genial

than his never inhabited a body. With something of the jauntiness of Mr. Chaplin, and much of the jollity of old King Cole, he is hail-fellow-well-met with every jurymen. Another esteemed leader, Mr. Harris, Q.C., may go arm in arm with Mr. Candy. He is the author of "Hints on Advocacy," and when he conducts a case it is evident that he practises an art, for he is a proficient master of all the little devices of the trade, and glories in his artistry. Reading has made him a full man, and he makes more quotations from the Bible and Shakespeare than any of his contemporaries. Like Mr. Cock and Mr. Candy he wins many battles. In a running-down case he is superb.



MR. WILLIAM WILLIS, Q.C.

The *doyen* of the Divorce Court is Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., who, now that Sir Horace Davey has risen to be an ornament of the Bench, is the most polished and urbane advocate of the day. Few things better relieve the tedium of a trial than to contrast his methods with those of Mr. Willis. Erudite, persuasive, bland in the face of the most unexpected surprises, Mr. Inderwick has won many cases where a more boisterous advocate would have failed. He is a scholar and historian, and has written several books, the most interesting of which is devoted to the Stuart period. In his own court his chief rival is Mr. Bargrave Deane, who has one of the largest junior practices at the Bar. Like many other

juniors, Mr. Deane is quite the equal of many "silks," and has mastered that part of the art of cross-examining which consists in



MR. INDERWICK, Q.C.

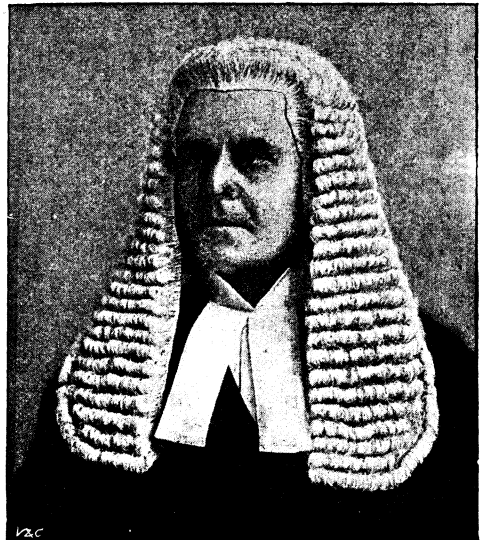
getting more out of a witness than the witness knows.

Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C., is very much to the fore just now, as he has figured brilliantly in several *causes célèbres*. He is the son of the Rev. John Walton, a former president of the Wesleyan Conference, and passed his early years in South Africa. He has made his way at the Bar by the sheer force of his own talents, as he had no exceptional influence to back him up. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1877, and it was not long before he attracted attention. Like many others he achieved his first successes on the North-Eastern Circuit, where he quickly became known as an able man. He is a very persuasive speaker, and a daring cross-examiner, and can lucidly explain a technical subject, as he showed in the electrical cases that cropped up round the famous "Harness belt," in which he proved himself the equal of Sir Richard Webster. Mr. Walton took silk only six years ago, and since then his practice has increased to an enormous extent. His most brilliant success was when he obtained for his client the record damages of

£10,000 in the Playfair case—a success that will attract to him many seekers after heavy damages. He was first elected one of the Liberal members for Leeds in 1892, and was re-elected in 1895. He is known to the whips of his party as an exceptionally good candidate.

Of Mr. H. F. Dickens, Q.C., a son of the world-famed novelist, a good story was told last summer. Mr. Dickens, who is very effective at the Bar, was staying at Coire for a little holiday. The conversation at the dinner-table one evening turned upon glacier chasms, and a friend of Mr. Dickens, dipping his finger in champagne, outlined on the cloth a certain chasm. "That's a pretty fair description of the place," he said. "Yes," assented Mr. Dickens, "it is quite an illustration by *Phiz*."

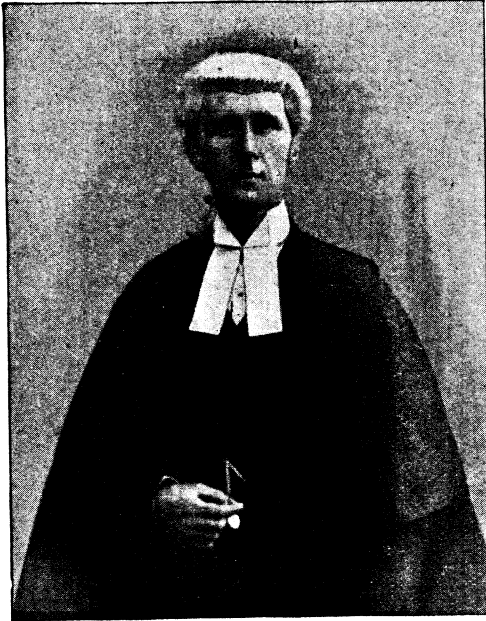
It is impossible to predict who will be the great men of the future, but there are two juniors who are marked out for promotion. One is Mr. Charles Mathews, who is perhaps the best criminal advocate of the day, and who has prosecuted innumerable notorious wrong-doers. Mr. Mathews was a great friend of the late Montagu Williams, Q.C., and was associated with that brilliant man in several *causes célèbres*. At the Old Bailey he is one of the most familiar figures, and his cross-examining powers are constantly displayed to advantage. He has a fine flexible voice, and considerable dramatic ability. Mr. Mathews has sought Parliamentary honours unsuccessfully as yet, but



From a photo by]

[Barrauds.

MR. LAWSON WALTON, Q.C., M.P.



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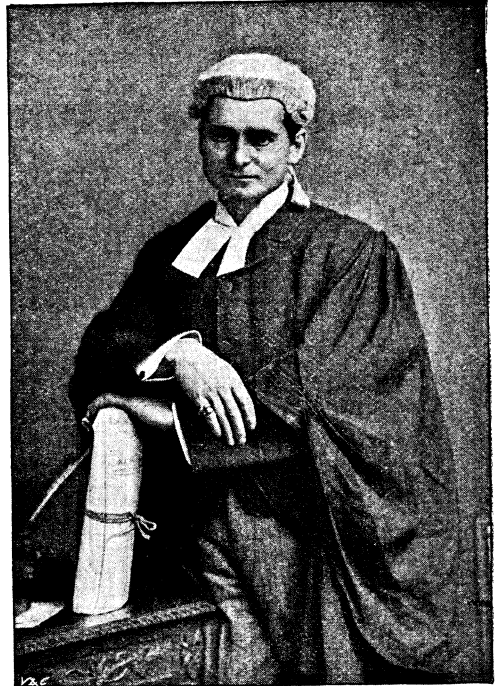
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MR. H. F. DICKENS, Q.C.

he will doubtless ultimately sit in the House of Commons. Mr. Mathews is constantly in demand, and can make a great effect on a jury. He is very popular at the Bar. The other is the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who is one of the most lucky men at the Bar, as he started with immense influence to help him, and at the same time is one whom no success will spoil. Mr. Cripps, Q.C., gave up an income of £15,000 at the Parliamentary Bar in order to enter the House, and Mr. Lyttelton sacrificed a practice that

promised to be as great. There is, of course, every hope that both will make their mark and will receive their reward.

Taken as a whole, it is doubtful if the general standard of ability at the Bar was ever so high as it is at present, and it remains as much as ever a mark of genuine distinction to win a high place and a secure fame among the gentlemen of the long robe.



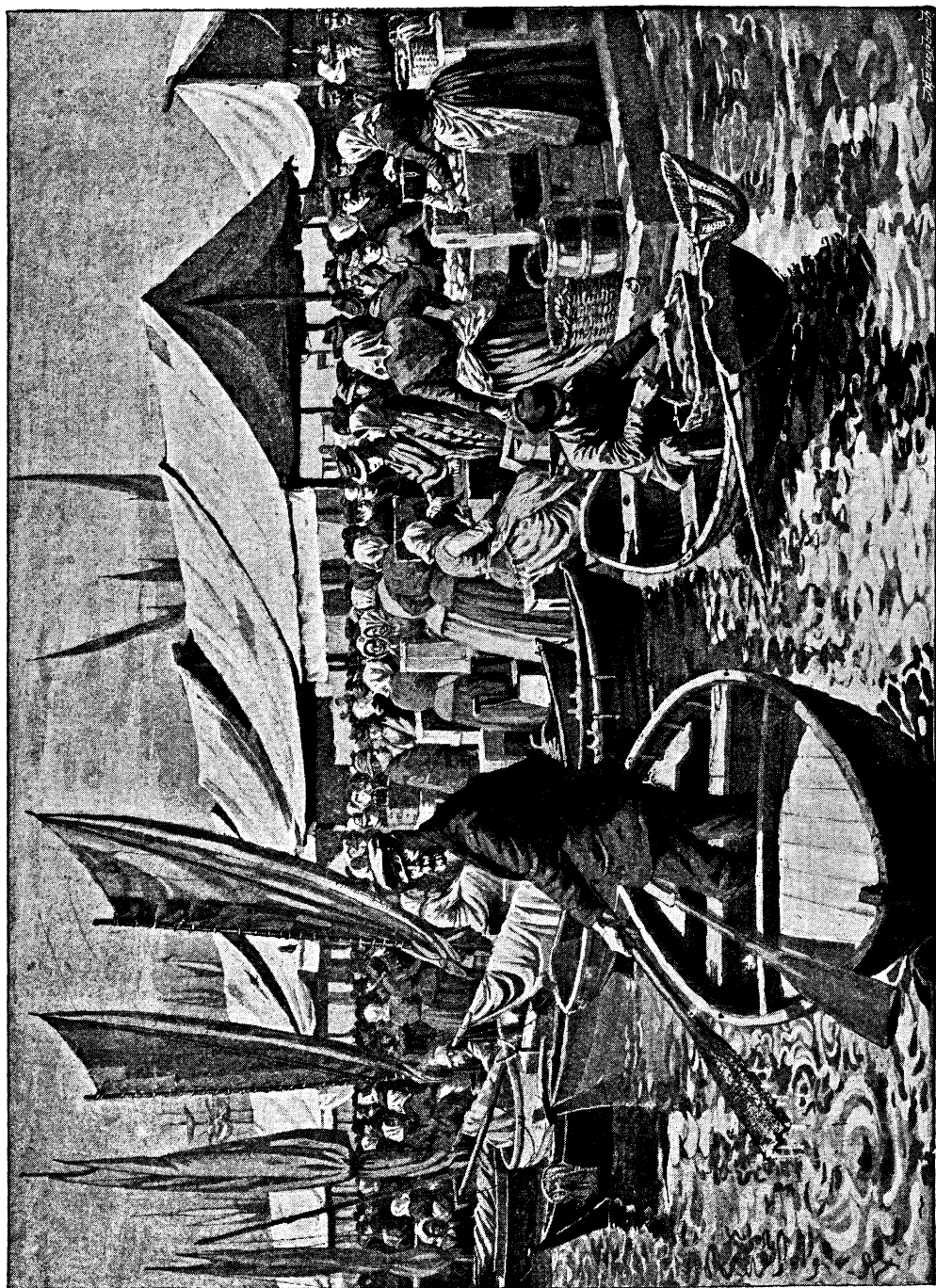
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[Elliott & Fry.

MR. CHARLES W. MATHEWS.



"IN MAIDEN MEDITATION, FANCY FREE."



THE FISHMARKET OF STOCKHOLM.
DRAWN BY GEORGE HUTCHINSON.

CAPTAIN SHANNON.*

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

(Author of "A Dead Man's Diary," "A Book of Strange Sins,"
"Sorrow and Song," "God and the Ant," etc.).

Illustrated by F. S. WILSON.

CHAPTER VI.

I MAKE UP MY MIND TO FIND CAPTAIN SHANNON.



THE striking of that fusee was a critical moment in my life, for before the thing had hissed itself into a black and crackling cinder, I had decided to follow up the clue

which had been so strangely thrown in my way. My principal reason for so deciding was that I wanted a rest—the rest of a change of occupation, not the rest of inaction. I am by profession what George Borrow would have called, "one of the writing fellows." But much as I love my craft, and generous and large-hearted as I have always found men of letters—at all events large-brained men of letters—to be, I cannot profess much admiration for the fussy folk who seem to imagine that God made our world and the infinite worlds around it, life and death, and the human heart with its joys and sorrows and hope of immortality, for no other reason than that they should have something to write about. Instead of recognising that it is only life, and the unintelligible mystery of life, which make literature of any consequence, they seem to fancy that literature is the chief concern and end of man's being. As a matter of fact literature is to life what a dog's tail is to his body—a very valuable appendage; but the dog must wag the tail, not the tail the dog, as some of these gentry would have us to believe. The dog could at a pinch make shift to do without the tail, but the tail could under no circumstances do without the dog.

You may screw a pencil into one end of a pair of compasses, and draw as many circles of different sizes as you please, but it is from the other end that you must take your

centre, and what the pivot end is to the pencil, life must be to literature.

Hence it is my habit, every now and then, to put away from me all that is connected with books and the making of books, and to seek only to live my life, and to possess my own soul and this wonderful world about us.



"The striking of that fusee was a critical moment in my life."

At the particular date of which I am writing, the restlessness which is so often associated with the artistic temperament was upon me. I craved change, excitement, and adventure, and these the following up of the

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clue which I held to the identity of Captain Shannon promised in abundance.

As everything depended upon the assumption that James Mullen was, in reality, Captain Shannon, the first question which I felt it necessary seriously to consider was whether the informer's evidence was to be credited; and I did not lose sight of the fact that his confessions, so far from being entitled to be regarded as *bonâ fide* evidence, were to be received with very grave suspicion. At the best they might be nothing more than the invention of one who had no information to give, but hoped by means of them either to escape, or at least to stave off for a time, the otherwise inevitable death sentence which was hanging over his head. At the worst it was possible that the pretended Queen's evidence had been carefully prepared beforehand by Captain Shannon, and communicated by him to his agents, that it might be used in the event of any of them falling into the hands of the police. In that case the statements thus put forward, so far from being of assistance to the authorities, would be deliberately constructed with a view to confuse and mislead.

The one thing which I found it utterly impossible to reconcile with the theories I had previously formed about Captain Shannon was that the informer should have in his possession a portrait of his chief.

Was it likely, I asked myself, that so cunning a criminal as the man of whom I was in search would, by allowing his portrait to get into the possession of his agents, place himself at the mercy of any scoundrel who, for the sake of a reward, would be ready to betray his leader? Was it not far more likely, on the contrary, that the explanation of Captain Shannon's having so successfully eluded the police, and kept the authorities in ignorance of his very identity, was that he had carefully concealed that identity even from his own colleagues?

The more I thought about it, the more assured I became that so crafty a man—a man who was not only an artist but a genius in crime—would trust no one with a secret that concerned his own safety. On the few occasions upon which he would have to come into personal relation with his confederates, it seemed more than probable that he would assume some definite and consistent disguise that would mislead even them in regard to his appearance and individuality.

When asked how the portrait got into his possession, and whether it was a good

likeness, the informer had replied that he had only seen Captain Shannon once, when he met him after dark at Euston station. The portrait had been sent home to him beforehand, so that he might have no difficulty in recognising the person to whom he was to deliver a certain package, and he added that, so far as he could see, it was an excellent likeness.

Some such explanation as this was just what I had expected, for if the portrait were intended, as I supposed, to mislead the police, I was sure that Captain Shannon would invent some plausible story to account for its being in the possession of one of his colleagues. Otherwise the fact of a man, for whose arrest a large reward had been offered, having, for no apparent reason, presented his photograph to a fellow-conspirator, might arouse suspicion of the portrait's genuineness.

That the portrait represented not the real but the disguised Captain Shannon I was equally confident. I thought it more than possible that the man I had to find would be the exact opposite of the man who was there portrayed, and of the informer's description. For instance, as the pictured Captain Shannon was evidently dark, and was said to be dark by the informer, the real Captain Shannon would probably be fair, as the more dissimilar was the man himself from the man for whom the police were searching, the less likely would they be to find him.

Then again, it had been particularly stated by the informer that the fugitive was slightly lame, and to this the police attached the greatest importance. The fact that he had an infirmity so easily recognised and so difficult to conceal was considered to narrow down the field of their investigations to the smallest compass and to render his ultimate capture nothing less than a certainty.

For myself I was not at all sure that this supposed lameness was not part and parcel of Captain Shannon's disguise. A sound man could easily simulate lameness, but a lame man could not so simulate soundness of limb, and I could not help thinking that if Captain Shannon were, as had been asserted, lame, he would have taken care to conceal the fact from his confederates.

If the police could be induced to believe that the man they wanted was lame they would not be inconveniently suspicious about the movements of a stranger, evidently of sound and equal limb, who might otherwise be called on to give an account of himself.

Being curious to know what course they

were pursuing, I made it my business within the next few days to scrape an acquaintance with one of the ticket-collectors at Euston. After propitiating him by a judicious application of "palm oil," I ventured to put the question whether he had at any time noticed a short, dark, lame man on the platform where the Irish mail started.

A broad grin came over the fellow's face in reply.

"What, are they on that lay still!" he said derisively. "I knew you was after something, but I shouldn't have took you for a detective."

I assured him that I was *not* a detective, and asked him to explain, whereupon he told me that, immediately after the publication of the portrait of Captain Shannon, instructions had been sent to all railway stations that a keen look-out was to be kept for a short, dark, lame man, whether clean shaven or bearded, and that if a person in any way resembling James Mullen (whose portrait was placed in the hands of every ticket-collector) were noticed, the police should instantly be communicated with.

"Why, if you was to know, sir," said the collector, "'ow many short, dark, respectable gents what 'appens to be lame 'ave been took up lately on suspicion, you'd larf, you would. It's bad enough to be lame at hany time, but when you're going to be harrested for a hanarchist as well, it makes your life a perfect misery, it do."

CHAPTER VII.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH JAMES MULLEN.

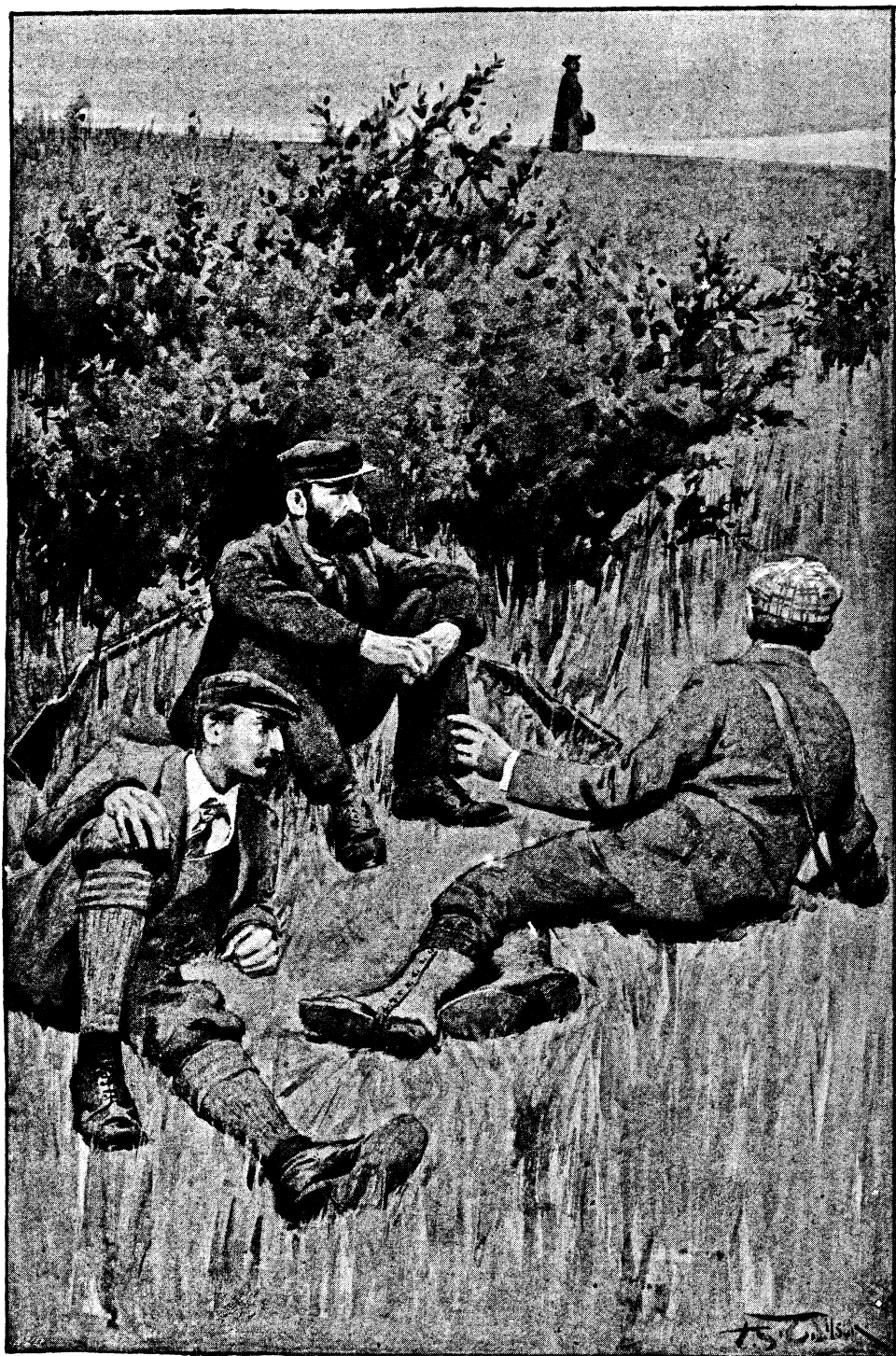
AND now it is time that I told the reader something more about the circumstances under which I had seen James Mullen, and why I was so positive that he and the man in whose company I had travelled to Southend were one and the same person.

Firstly, it must be remembered that I sat opposite to my travelling companion for more than an hour, during which time I had watched him narrowly; and secondly, that there are some faces which once seen are never forgotten. It was such a face that I had seen on that eventful journey. The eyes were bright and prominent, the complexion clear and pale, and the nose well shaped, though a little too pronouncedly aquiline. The nostrils were very unusual, being thin and pinched, but arching upward so curiously that one might almost fancy a part of the dilatable cartilage on each side had been cut

away. The chin was, like the upper lip and cheek, clean shaven, and the lips were full and voluptuous. Thick but fine and straight straw-coloured hair was carefully brushed over a well-formed forehead, and the face taken altogether was decidedly distinguished, if not aristocratic, in the firmness of outline and the shaping of the features.

After the train had started Mullen sank back into his seat and appeared to be thinking intently. I noticed that his eyes were never still a moment, but darted restlessly from object to object in a way which seemed to indicate great brain excitability. That he was excitable was clear from his vehement outburst about the fusee; but almost the next minute he had, so to speak, made amends for his rudeness by explaining that he was peculiarly sensitive to smell, and had an especial dislike to fusees. Nevertheless the sudden change in the expression of his face at the moment of the outbreak was remarkable. The previously smooth and unpuckered brows gathered themselves together into two diagonal wrinkles that met above the nose, which had in the meantime become beak-like, and the effect of this change of expression in some way suggested a bird of prey. He was soon all smiles again; but once or twice during the journey, when his thoughts were presumably unpleasant, I caught the same expression; and it was the fact of my seeing in the photograph this same unmistakable expression on the face of a man, who was apparently a different person, which had set me fumbling with such uncertain hand among the dog's-eared pages of the past. The eyes, the hawk-like wrinkling of the brows, and the nose and nostrils, were of course the same; but the addition of the beard, the evident swarthinness of the skin, and the darkening of the hair led me at first to fail to connect the portrait with my fellow-passenger to Southend. But the missing link was no sooner found and the connection established than I felt that the identity of Mullen with the man I had seen in the train admitted of no uncertainty, especially as, after examining, under a powerful lens, the photograph which the informer had given to the police, I satisfied myself that the beard was false.

My next step was to set on foot an inquiry into Mullen's family history and antecedents. I hoped, and in fact believed, that the clue I held to his identity would in itself enable me to trace him, but I fully recognised that circumstances



"I could distinctly see that the figure was a woman's."

might arise which would render that clue useless, and throw me back upon such information as could be ascertained apart from it. That I should not be unprepared for such a contingency was very necessary, and I therefore commissioned a private detective named Green, who was I knew able and trustworthy, to ferret out for me all that could be discovered of Mullen's past.

Having wished Green good-bye and good luck, I started for Southend, whither I intended journeying in the company of the little talkative man, with whom Mullen had had the brush about the fuses. I thought it more than likely that he was a commercial traveller, partly because of the deferential stress and frequency with which he interpolated the word "sir" into any remarks he chanced to make, and partly because of the insinuating politeness with which he addressed Mullen and myself—politeness which seemed to suggest that he had accustomed himself to look upon everyone with whom he came into contact as a possible customer, under whose notice he would one day have occasion to bring the excellence of his wares, and with whom, therefore, he was anxious to be on good terms. I knew that he lived at Southend from an observation he had let fall; and after watching the barrier at Fenchurch Street station for a couple of hours, I saw him enter an empty third-class smoking compartment five minutes before the departure of an evening train. Slipping half-a-crown into the guard's hand, I requested that he would put me into the same carriage and reserve it. This effected the desired result, and when the train moved out of the station the little man and myself had the compartment to ourselves.

I knew, from what I had heard of my companion's remarks on the occasion when I had journeyed to Southend with him, that, though talkative and inquisitive, he was also shrewd and observant, as men of his occupation generally are. As it would be necessary for me to ask him two or three pertinent questions, I thought it advisable to let the first advance come from him, and that he was already eyeing me to ascertain whether an overture towards sociability was likely to meet with a welcome I could see. The result was apparently satisfactory, for after an introductory cough he inquired whether I would like the window up or down. Always beware, when you wish to be left on a railway journey to the company of your newspaper,

of the man who is unduly anxious for your comfort. 'Twere wise to roar him at once into silence, for your gentle answer instead of turning away wrath is too often apt to beget it. Speak him civilly, and you deliver yourself bound into his hands; for you have scarce made your bow of acknowledgment, sunk back into your place and taken up your paper again, before his tongue is hammering banalities about the weather at the thick end of the wedge he has inserted. In the present instance, as the little man sat facing the engine with the wind blowing directly in his face, whereas I was on the opposite and sheltered side, the window rights were, according to the unwritten laws of the road, entirely at his disposal. But as it suited my purpose to show a friendly front to his advances, I protested with many thanks that I had no choice in the matter, and awaited with composure the inevitable observation about the probability of rain before morning. From the weather and the crops we got to the results of a wet summer to seaside places generally, and thence to Southend. I remarked that I thought of taking a house there, and asked him about the residents.

"Oh, Southend is very much like other places of the sort," he answered. "It's got a great many pleasant and a few objectionable folks. There are the local celebrities (Eminent Nobodies I call them), who, it is true, are very important personages indeed—their importance in Southend being only equalled by their utter insignificance and total extinction outside that locality. And there's a good sprinkling of gentlemen with 'sporting' tendencies, though I must tell you that the qualities which constitute a man a sportsman in Southend are decided proclivities towards cards, billiards and whisky—especially whisky. But take the Southend folk all round they're the pleasantest of people, and a chummier little place I never knew."

I made a great show of laughing at the little man's description, which, as he evidently laid himself out to be a wit, put him in good humour with himself and with me, and I then went on to say that I thought he and I had travelled down together on another occasion, and reminded him of the fusee incident.

He replied that he did not recollect me, which was not to be wondered at, for I had sat well back in the darkest corner, and had taken no part in the conversation. "But I remember the man who objected so to the

fusee," he went on with a smile. "He *did* get excited over it, didn't he?"

I agreed, and asked with apparent unconcern whether the man in question were a friend.

"No, I can't say that he's a friend," was the answer; "but I've travelled down with him several times, and always found him very pleasant company."

I was glad to hear this, for it satisfied me that the fact of my having seen Mullen in the Southend train was not due to a chance visit which might never have been repeated. Had it been so the difficulty of my undertaking would have been enormously increased, for I should then have held a clue only to his identity, whereas I had now a clue to his whereabouts.

"But now you mention it," my companion went on (as a matter of fact I had mentioned nothing), "now that you mention it—though it had never struck me before—it is rather strange that, though I've seen our friend several times in the train, I have never once seen him anywhere in Southend. In a place like that you are bound to see anyone staying there, and in fact I've often knocked up against the same people half a dozen times in an evening, first on the cliffs, then on the pier, and after that in the town. But I can't recall ever once seeing our fusee friend anywhere. It seems as if when he got to Southend he vanished into space."

I looked closely at the little man to see whether the remark had been made with intentional significance, and indicated that he himself entertained suspicions of Mullen's object in visiting Southend. This was apparently not the case however, for, after two or three irrelevant observations, he got upon the subject of politics, and continued to bore me with his own very positive ideas upon the matter for the rest of the journey.

If Mullen were hiding in the neighbourhood of Southend the odds were that he was somewhere on board a boat. To take a house would necessitate giving a reference, and might lead to inquiries. On the other hand, the keepers of hotels and lodging-houses are often inconveniently inquisitive, and their servants are apt to gossip and pry. If Mullen had a small yacht lying off the town, and lived on board, as men with the yachting craze sometimes do, no one except the paid hand or skipper need know anything about his movements; and it would be comparatively easy to find a suitable man, who was not given to gossip, and to engage him

under some explanation which would effectually prevent his entertaining any suspicion as to his employer's identity.

Before commencing my search for Mullen I thought it advisable to look up an old friend of mine, Hardy Muir, a painter, who lives a mile or two out of Southend. Muir is a broad-shouldered, burly-chested giant with a heart as big as his body. Put him at the tiller of a tiny yacht with a sea running that would make the captain of an ocean-going steamer look sick, and his hand and nerve seem made of iron; but show him a pitiful look on the face of a child, and no woman's heart could be more tender, no woman's touch more gentle than his.

I was sure he would join heart and soul in an enterprise which had for its object the hunting down of such an enemy of the race as Captain Shannon; but to have taken him into my confidence would have been ill advised, for had we succeeded in laying hands upon that arch conspirator, no one could have prevented Muir from then and there pounding the monster into a pulp. Personally I had no objection to such a proceeding, but as I considered that the ends of justice would be better served by the handing over to the authorities of Captain Shannon's person in the whole, rather than in pieces, I decided to withhold from my impetuous friend the exact reason for my being in Southend. As a matter of fact it was not his assistance that I needed, but that of a very quiet-tongued, shrewd and reliable man named Quickly, who was employed by Muir as skipper of his yacht. It occurred to me that Quickly would be the very person to find out what I wanted to know about the boats, concerning which I was unable to satisfy myself. Men of his class gossip among themselves very freely, and inquiries made by him would seem as natural as the curiosity of the servants' hall about the affairs of masters and mistresses, whereas the same inquiries made by me, a stranger, would be certain to arouse suspicion, and might even reach the ears of Mullen himself were he in the neighbourhood.

"All serene, my boy," said Muir, when I told him that I wanted Quickly's help for a few days on a matter about which I was not at liberty to speak for the present. "You're just in time. Quickly was going out with me in the boat, but I'll call him in."

"Quickly," he said when the skipper presented himself, "this is Mr. Max Rissler, whom you know. Well, Mr. Rissler's a

very particular friend of mine, and by obliging him you'll be obliging me. He's to be your master for the next day or two, and I want you to do just as he tells you, and to keep your mouth shut about it. Now Mr. Rissler's going to have some lunch with me. In the meantime you go into the kitchen and play *Rule Britannia* on the cold beef and beer, and be ready to go into Southend with him by the next train as he's in a hurry and wants to set to work this afternoon."

And set to work that afternoon we did, making out a list of all the vessels lying off the neighbourhood, and ascertaining who were the owners, and whom they had on board. The task was not difficult, for Quickly seemed to know the name and history of almost every craft afloat, but the result was disappointing. Not all our inquiries could discover anyone answering to Mullen's description, or indeed of anyone for whose presence on board a boat we could not satisfactorily account.

Even the *Nore* lightship, which lies several miles out to sea, was not forgotten, for the first idea which occurred to me was, what a snug and out-of-the-world hiding-place the vessel would make were it possible to obtain shelter there.

Had there been only one man in charge, it was not inconceivable that he might—like the warder who assisted the Head Centre, James Stephen, to escape from Dublin jail in 1865—have been a secret sympathiser with the conspirators, or at all events in their pay, and that a fugitive who could offer a sufficiently tempting bribe might succeed in obtaining shelter and the promise of silence.

I found on inquiry however that there was a crew on board, and that the lightship is frequently visited by the *Trinity House* boats, so the chance of anyone being concealed there was out of the question.

But though I dismissed the lightship from my consideration, I could not help asking myself whether there might not be, in the neighbourhood of Southend, some similar spot to which the objection which rendered the *Nore* lightship impossible as a hiding-place would not apply.

As I did so the thought of the dynamite hulks off Canvey Island occurred to me.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DYNAMITE HULKS.

No one who has not visited Canvey would believe that so lonely and out-of-the-world a spot could be discovered at a distance of

thirty miles from London. Just as we sometimes find—within half a dozen paces of a great city thoroughfare, where the black and pursuing streams of passengers who throng its pavements never cease to flow, and where the roar of traffic is never still—some silent and unsuspected alley or court into which no stranger turns aside, so, bordering the great world-thoroughfare of the Thames, is to be found a spot where life seems stagnant, and where scarcely one of the thousands who pass within a stone's throw has ever set foot.

Where the Thames swings round within sight of the sea there lies, well out of the sweep of the current, a pear-shaped island, some six miles long and three miles broad, which is known as Canvey.

Three hundred years ago it was practically uninhabitable. At high tide the marshes were flooded by the sea, and it was not until 1623 that James I invited a Dutchman named Joas Croppenburg to settle there, offering him a third for himself if he could reclaim the island from the sea. This offer the enterprising Dutchman accepted, and immediately set to work to build a sea-wall, which so effectually protects the low lying marsh-land that, standing inside it, one seems to be at a lower level than the water, and can see only the topmost spars and sails of the apparently bodiless barges and boats which glide ghost-like by.

The evil-looking dynamite hulks which lie scowling on the water like huge black and red barred coffins, are the most noticeable feature in the scenery of Canvey. Upwards of a dozen of these nests of devilry are moored off the island, and are the first objects to catch the eye as one looks out from the sea-wall.

In view of the fact that the position of Canvey, in regard to one of the greatest water highways in the world, is like that of a house which lies only a few yards back from a main road, one wonders at first that such a locality should have been selected as the storage place of so vast a quantity of a deadly explosive. That it was so selected only after the matter had received the most careful and serious consideration of the authorities is certain; and though very nearly the whole of the shipping which enters the Thames must necessarily pass almost within hail of the island, the spot is so remote and out of the world that it is doubtful if any safer or securer place could have been found.

The dynamite magazines consist, as the name indicates, of the dismantled hulks of

old merchant vessels, which, though long past active service, are still water-tight. One man is in charge of each hulk, which he is not supposed to leave. If he wants anything from shore, it must be obtained for him by the boatman, whose sole duty it is to fetch and carry for the hulk-keepers.

Not only is a hulk-keeper, who happens to be married, forbidden to have his children with him, but even the presence of his wife is disallowed, his instructions being that no one but himself is under any circumstances to come on board.

These rules are not however very rigidly kept. A hulk-keeper is only human, and as his life is lonely, it often happens that when visitors row out to the vessel he is by no means displeased to see them, and half-a-crown will frequently procure admittance, not only to his own quarters, but to the hold where the explosive itself is stored in small oblong wooden boxes, each containing fifty pounds. Nor are instances unknown where the solitude of a married hulk-keeper's life has been cheered by the presence of his wife—the good lady joining her husband immediately after an inspection, and remaining with him until another official visit may be looked for. Even if the fact that she is on board becomes known on the island, the matter is considered as nobody's business but the inspector's, and the love of officers of the Crown is not so great among watermen and villagers as to lead them to go out of their way to assist those functionaries in the execution of their duty.

Had I not had reason to suppose that Mullen was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Southend, the possibility of his being on one of these hulks would never have occurred to me. But the more I thought of it, the more was I impressed with the facilities which such a place afforded to lie in hiding, and I promptly decided that before I dismissed the hulks from my consideration I must first satisfy myself that the man I was looking for was on none of them.

A point which I did not lose sight of was that it was quite possible for a hulk-keeper, who was taciturn by nature and not prone to encourage gossip, to remain in entire ignorance of what was taking place throughout the country, and of the reward which had been offered for the apprehension of Captain Shannon. In fact there is now in charge of a certain dynamite hulk a man who is never known to go ashore, to receive visitors, or to enter into conversation. Whether he is unable to read I cannot say,

but at all events he never asks for a newspaper, so that it is conceivable that he may not know—happy man!—whether the Conservatives or Liberals are in power, or whether England is ruled by Queen Victoria or by Edward the Seventh.

The first thing to be done was to make out a list of the dynamite hulks—just as I had made a list of the boats off Southend—and then to take the vessels one by one and satisfy myself that no one was there in hiding. I need not more fully describe the various inquiries than to say that, in order to avoid attracting attention, they were made as at Southend by the waterman Quickly.

Most of the hulks are moored in the creek within sight of Hole Haven, where the principal inn of the island is situated, and all these we were soon able to dismiss from our calculation. But there was one hulk, the *Cuban Queen*, lying, not in the shelter of the creek, but in a much more lonely spot directly off Canvey, in regard to which I was not able to come to a conclusion. It lay in deeper water, nearly a mile out, and no one seemed to know much about the man in charge except that he was named Hughes and was married. He very rarely came on shore, but when he did so, returned immediately to his ship without speaking to anybody, and it was generally believed on the island that he often had his wife with him.

That he *had* someone—wife or otherwise—on board I soon satisfied myself, and that by very simple means.

The man whose duty it was to wait upon the hulk-keepers was, I found, a methodical sort of fellow who kept a memorandum book in which he wrote down the different articles he had to procure. This book Quickly managed to lay hands on, and on looking over it I saw that, for some months back, the supply of provisions ordered by Hughes had doubled in quantity. This might of course be due to the fact that his wife was on board; and indeed Quickly reported that the hulk attendant had remarked to him, "Hughes have got his old woman on 'the *Cuban Queen*." I see her a-rowing about one night in the dinghy."

But I had made another and much more significant discovery when looking over the book—a discovery which the presence of Hughes' wife did not altogether explain. This was that *not only had the quantity of food supplied to Hughes been largely increased, but that the quality was vastly superior.*

The man in attendance on the hulk had probably failed to notice this fact, and I

did not deem it advisable to arouse his suspicion by making further inquiries. But I at once decided that before I put against the name of the *Cuban Queen* the little tick which signified that I might henceforth dismiss it from consideration, I should have to make the personal acquaintance of "Mrs. Hughes."

CHAPTER IX.

I TAKE UP MY QUARTERS AT CANVEY.

UP to this point I had, as far as possible, avoided visiting Canvey myself, but I now came to the conclusion that the time had arrived when it would be necessary to carry on my investigations in person. As my friend Muir, who is an ardent sportsman, rents a part of the island to shoot over, I got him to ask the landlord of the inn at Hole Haven to find me a bed for a week or two, as I was a friend of his who had come to Canvey to sketch.

A week passed uneventfully, and then Muir, accompanied by Quickly, paid us a visit for an afternoon's shooting. After a late lunch we made our way on foot, and inside the sea-wall, towards the eastern end of the island. My interest in the sport was not very keen, for I was keeping half an eye meanwhile upon the hulk. By the time we started to retrace our steps it was becoming dark. Just as we reached the point off which the *Cuban Queen* was lying, I fancied I heard the stealthy dip of oars, and peering over the sea-wall I saw that someone was coming on shore from the *Cuban Queen* under cover of twilight, and that instead of making for the usual "hard" at Hole Haven, the oarsman, whoever he might be, clearly intended effecting a landing at some more secluded spot. As soon as I had satisfied myself of this I stole softly back to Muir and Quickly, telling them what I had seen, and asking them to crouch down with me behind some bushes to wait events.

In another minute we heard the grinding of the keel upon the shingle, followed by a few whispered words. A low voice said, "Pass me out the parcel and I'll push her off." Again we heard the stones scrunch. "Good nights" were exchanged, and receding oar-dips told us that the boat was returning to the hulk. Then somebody climbed the sea-wall, and stood still for half a minute as if looking around to make sure that no one was in sight. Our hiding-place was, fortunately, well in shadow, and we were in no danger of being discovered, but it was not

until the person who had landed had turned and taken some steps in the opposite direction that I ventured to lift my head. Night was fast closing in, but standing as the new-comer was upon the sea-wall, silhouetted against the darkening sky, I could distinctly see that the figure was a woman's. "Hughes's old woman, zur," Quickly whispered in my ear; but I motioned to him to be silent, and so we remained for a few seconds.

Then Muir spoke, with evident disgust, and by no means in a whisper: "Look here, Master Max Rissler, eaves-dropping and foxing about after women isn't in my line. You haven't told me what your little game is, and I haven't asked you. I've a great respect for you, as you know, but if you're playing tricks with that poor devil's wife, why, man, I'd as soon knock your jib amidships as look at you."

I could have strangled the big-hearted blundering Briton, but had to content myself by shaking a fist at him and grinding my teeth with vexation until I grinned, for "Mrs. Hughes" was still within earshot. It did not lessen my annoyance to know, from the approving grimace which I could feel, rather than see, on the generally expressionless face of Quickly, that he also credited me with evil designs upon "Mrs. Hughes," and shared his master's sentiments.

Him, too, I was strongly moved to strangle; and that I resisted the temptation was due chiefly to the fact that I had present need of his services.

"Look here, old man!" I said to Muir when I thought it safe to speak. "Did you ever know me do a dirty action?"

"Never, my boy," he responded promptly.

"Well I *can't* tell you my purpose in this business just now, except to say that if you knew it, you'd be with me heart and soul, and that if my surmise be right, the person we have just seen dressed like a woman isn't a woman at all but a man. He isn't going to Hole Haven for he's turned down the path that leads to the ferry at Benfleet. It looks as if he meant catching the nine o'clock train for London from Southend. He must be followed, but not by me, and for two reasons. The first is that while he's away I must get by hook or by crook upon the *Cuban Queen*. The second is that I don't want him to see me, as in that case he'd know me again. Will you trust me that all's square until I can tell you the whole story, and in the meantime will you let

Quickly follow that man and try to find out where he goes? It is most important that I should know."

"All serene, my boy," said Muir slapping his great hand into mine too vigorously to be altogether pleasant, and too loudly to be discreet under the circumstances. "All serene; I'll trust you up to the hilt; and I'm sorry I spoke. Do what you like about the skipper and I'll never ask a question."

I turned to Quickly: "Can you get round to the station before that person gets there, and in such a way that he shan't know he's followed?"

"Ees zur," said Quickly. "If I go through the churchyard and cross yon field."

"Off you go then," I said. "Here are three pounds for expenses. Get to the station before he does, and keep an eye for him where he can't see you from the window of the men's waiting-room. If he goes into any waiting-room it will have to be into the ladies', while he has that dress on. So you go into the general room. But take tickets before he gets there—one to Shoe-buryness, which is as far as the line goes one way, and the other to London, which is as far as it goes in the opposite direction. If he waits for the next down train, you wait too, and go where he goes, but if he takes the up train to London, slip into the same train when his back is turned. Wherever he goes, up or down, you're to go too, and when he gets out, shadow him, without being seen yourself, and make a note of any place he calls at. Then when you've run him to earth, telegraph to Mr. Muir at the inn here—not to me—saying where you are, and I'll join you next train. But keep your eyes open, at all the stations the train stops at, to see he doesn't get out and give you the slip. Do this job well and carry it through and there'll be a couple of ten pound notes for you when you get back. And now be off."

CHAPTER X.

BOARD THE "CUBAN QUEEN."

THE opportunity to pay a surprise visit to the *Cuban Queen* in the absence of "Mrs. Hughes" had come at last. As I had already hit upon a plan by which I might carry out my purpose, without giving Hughes cause to suspect that my happening upon him was other than accidental, I proceeded at once to put it into effect.

Telling Muir that I would rejoin him at

the inn before long, I slipped off my clothes, tossed them together in a heap on the beach with a big stone atop to keep them from being blown away, and plunged into the water. I am a strong swimmer, and the tide was running out so swiftly that when I reached the *Cuban Queen*, which was moored about a mile from shore, I was not in the least "winded," and indeed felt more than fit to fight my way back against the current. But according to the plan I had formed, it was necessary that I should assume, when I got near the hulk, the appearance of being extremely exhausted; so I began to make a pretence of swimming feebly, panting noisily meanwhile, and sending up the most pitiful cries for help.

As I had expected and intended, Hughes came on deck. Looking over the ship's side he inquired loudly, "Wot's the — row?"

I may here remark that Hughes, as I soon discovered (you could not be in his company for half a minute without doing so), was a man of painfully limited vocabulary. Perhaps I should say that his colour sense had been developed at the expense of his vocabulary, for if he did not see everything in a rose-coloured light, he certainly applied one adjective, vividly suggestive of crimson, to every object which he found it necessary to particularise.

"Wot's the — row?" he repeated, when there was no immediate reply to his question.

"Help!" I gasped faintly, pretending to make frantic clutches at a mooring chain, and clinging to it as if half dead with exhaustion and fear.

"Who are yer?" he inquired suspiciously, "and 'ow'd yer get 'ere?"

I did not reply for at least a minute, but continued to pant, gasp and cough, until my breath might reasonably be supposed to have returned, and then I said faintly, "Help me to get on board and I'll tell you."

"Yer can't coom aboard," he answered surlily. "No one ain't allowed aboard these ships."

"I must," I said, with as much appearance of resolution as was consistent with the half-drowned condition which I had assumed.

"Must yer?" he said. "We'll jolly soon see about that." Then for the second time he put the question, "Who are yer, and 'ow'd yer get out 'ere?"

I replied, in sentences suitably abbreviated to telegraphic terseness, that my name was Max Rissler. Was a friend of Mr. Hardy Muir. Was staying at Canvey for shooting. Had thought would like a swim. Had got

on all right till I had tried to turn, and then had found current too strong. Had become exhausted, and must have been drowned if had not fortunately been carried past hulk.

Hughes evidently considered the explanation satisfactory, for his next question was not about myself but about my intentions.

"And wot are yer going to do now?"

"Come on board," I answered promptly.

"Yer can't do that," he said. "No one ain't allowed aboard these boats."

"I must," I replied. "This is a case where you'd get into trouble for keeping the rules, not for breaking them. You can't talk about rules to a half-drowned man. It would be manslaughter. Help me on board and get me some brandy—I suppose you've some by you—and I'll pay you well and not say a word to anyone. And be quick about it for I can't hold on here much longer. You'll be half-a-sovereign the richer for this night's job, and, if you're quick, I'll make it a sovereign."

Grumbling audibly about it being "a fine lay this—making a poor man run the risk of getting the sack because fools choose to play the monkey," he unlashed the dinghy, and having brought her round to where I was clinging, he assisted me in, and with a few dexterous strokes took us to the side of the hulk over which a rope-ladder was hanging. "Afore yer go aboard," he growled, putting a detaining hand upon my arm, "'ave yer got any hiron concealed about yer person?"

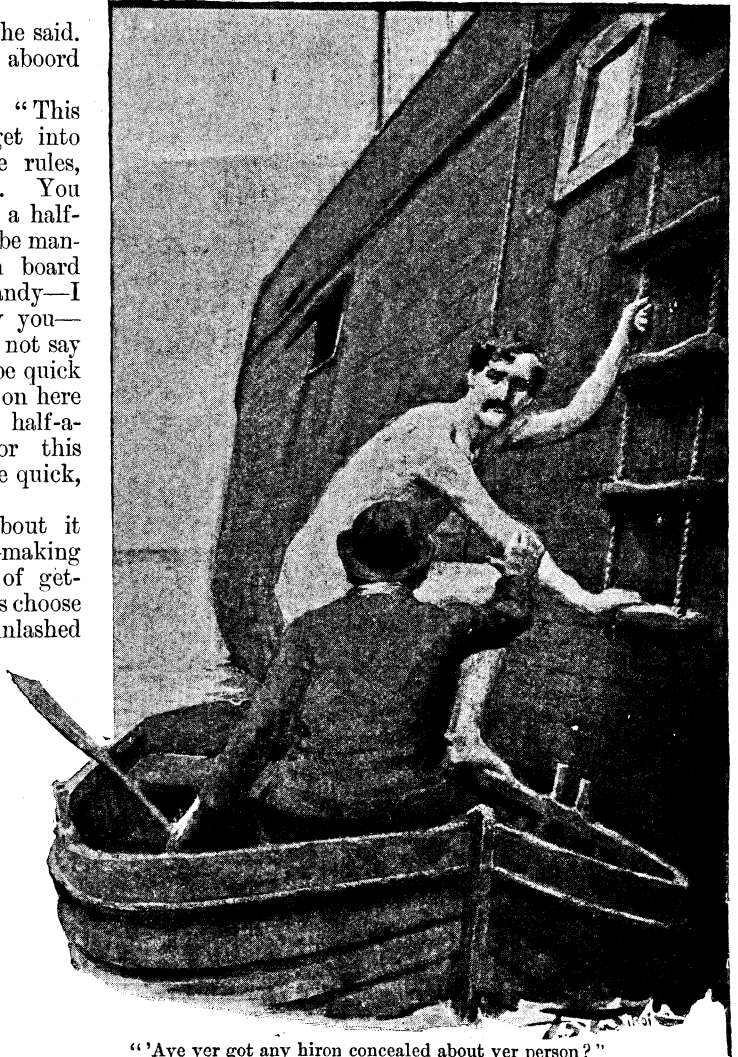
"Iron?" I said.

"What do you mean? And where could I conceal anything? Every stitch of my clothes is lying over there on the beach."

"My instructions is," he replied doggedly, "that I harsk hevery one wot comes aboard this boat whether they've got any hiron concealed about 'em. That's my dooty an' I does it. 'Ave yer or 'ave yer not got hiron on yer person?"

"Certainly not," I said, "unless the iron in my blood's going to be an objection. And now stop this fooling and get me some spirit as fast as you can for I'm half dead."

As a matter of fact I was beginning to feel chilled to the bone, besides which it was very necessary that I should keep up the rôle I had assumed.



"'Ave yer got any hiron concealed about yer person?"

Hughes disappeared below, but soon returned with half a tumbler of rum and water and a dirty, evil-smelling blanket. The rum I tossed off gratefully, but the blanket I declined.

"Very well," said Hughes. "But yer look as white as a sheet already, and yer'll find it none too warm going back in the dinghy with nothink on."

"I'm not going back in the dinghy with nothing on, my good fellow," I replied calmly. "You've got a fire or a stove of some sort below, I suppose, and I'm going down to sit by it while you row back and get my clothes for me. Then you can put me ashore, and I shall have much pleasure in handing you over the sovereign I've promised you, on condition you give me your word not to speak of this fool's game of mine. I don't want to be made the laughing stock of the island. I told them I was a good swimmer, and if they heard that I had to sing out for help, and had to be taken back to shore like a drowned kitten, I should never hear the last of it, especially from that big brute of a Muir who's always bragging about his own swimming."

Something like a grin stole over the fellow's forbidding face.

"Muster Muir 'e don't like no soft-plucked uns, 'e don't; and yer did sing out jolly loud and no mistake. Yer told un yer could swim, did yer? Why, Muster Muir, I seen him swim out two mile and more, and then——"

"Confound Mr. Muir!" I interrupted angrily. "Do you think I'm going to stay here all night while you stand there jawing and grinning. Be off with you and get my clothes for me, or you won't see a half-penny of the pound I promised you."

"It was two poun' as yer promised me," said the fellow, lying insolently now that he had me, as he thought, in his power. "And precious little too for a man wot's running the risk of getting the billet by lettin' strangers on board, dead against the rools. But I don't leave this yere ship for no two pounds, I don't. Yer'll 'ave to come along wi' me in the dinghy; an' mind I 'as the money afore yer 'as the clothes. None of yer monkey tricks with me, I tell yer. Come, wot's it to be? Are yer going back wi' me, or will yer wait for Mr. Muir to come and fetch yer? I can let 'im know in the morning (this with an impudent grin) as yer've been rescued."

"I don't go ashore without my clothes if I stop here all night," I said firmly; "it's inhuman to ask me. What harm could I do to the confounded ship for the few minutes you're away? I don't want to stay here any longer than I can help, I assure you. It was a sovereign I promised you; but if you'll row ashore as fast as you can and get my clothes, and promise to keep your mouth shut, you shall have two pounds. Will that please you?"

"Make it three," said he, "and I'll say done."

"Very well," I answered, "only be as quick as you can, for the sooner I'm out of this thieves' den, and have seen the last of your hangman face, the better. And now I'll go down out of the cold; and perhaps you won't grudge me another dram of that rum of yours, considering how you've bled me to-night."

Motioning me to follow, he led the way to the stern of the ship where, as I knew, the hulk-keeper's quarters were situated, the dynamite being stored, as I have already said, in the hold.

A cockpit, from which there shot up into the night an inverted pyramid of yellow light, marked the entrance to the cabin, and into this Hughes, disdainful of stairs, shuffled feet foremost, swinging a moment with palms resting on either ledge and his body pillared by rigid arms, before he dropped out of sight, like a stage Mephistopheles returning to his native hell. Not being familiar with the place, I contented myself with a less dramatic entrance, and picked my way cautiously down the steep stairs and into the little cabin which served as kitchen, sitting-room and dormitory. A lighted oil-stove stood in the centre, beside which Hughes placed a wooden chair.

"You've got very comfortable quarters here," I said, looking round approvingly after I had seated myself. "If one doesn't mind a lonely life (it *is* lonely I suppose?), one might do worse than turn hulk-keeper."

Hughes grunted by way of reply, but whether this was to be taken as signifying acquiescence or dissent I was unable to say, his face being at the moment hidden in a corner locker, whence he presently emerged with a bottle of Old Tom and a glass.

"There's the rum, and there's the glass; and now don't yer stir out of that chair," he said with a liberal use of his favourite adjective. Then much to my relief he betook himself up the stairs and on to the deck, where I could hear him muttering and swearing to himself as he unlashed the dinghy.

That I was excited and eager, the reader may believe; but though, the moment Hughes's back was turned, my eyes were swivelling in their sockets and sweeping the sides of the cabin with the intentness of a searchlight, I did not think it advisable to leave my seat and set about the search in earnest until he had actually left the hulk. But no sooner was he well out of the way than I was at

work, with every sense as poised and ready to pounce as a hovering hawk.

Not often in my life have I experienced so bitter a disappointment. I had hoped great things of this visit to the *Cuban Queen*; but though I searched every part of the hulk, including the hold, which, as there happened at that moment to be no dynamite on board, was not secured, I found no evidence as to the sex of Hughes's visitor. To describe the fruitless search in detail is unnecessary. Whoever "Mrs. Hughes" might be, she had evidently taken pains to ensure that no trace of her presence should be left. I could not even tell whether she had shared the sleeping bunk with Hughes, for the blankets had been stripped off, leaving the bare boards without so much as a pillow, and the entire cabin had apparently been turned out and scrubbed from end to end immediately before or after her departure.

The visit from which I hoped so much had proved a lamentable failure. I was not one penny the wiser, and three pounds the poorer for my trouble, not to speak of having got a chill, of which I should think myself cheaply rid if it ended in nothing worse than a day in bed.

"The scheming rascal!" I said to myself. "I might have known he wouldn't have let me down here if he hadn't been aware that every sign of his having had a companion on board has been cleared away. I suppose the

secret of it all is that he got word the inspector was coming to pay the hulks a visit shortly, and he's packed off Mrs. Hughes until it's all over. Very likely she set things straight herself before she went. All his pretended reluctance to go for my clothes and to leave me here was assumed in order that he might bleed me to the tune of another pound. I should only be serving him out in his own coin if I gave information that he's had a woman on board.

"If it *was* a woman? It's very odd that she hasn't left behind some little sign of her sex—a hairpin, a button, or a bonnet-pin. There are only short hairs—Hughes's evidently—on the brush, but she may have had her own brush and have taken it with her. But anyhow I might have expected to find, if not some hair-combings, at least a stray hair or two

which would have let me into the secret, and the neighbourhood of the mirror's the most likely place to come across them."

But search as I would, not a single hair could I find, and in another half minute the



"He dropped out of sight."

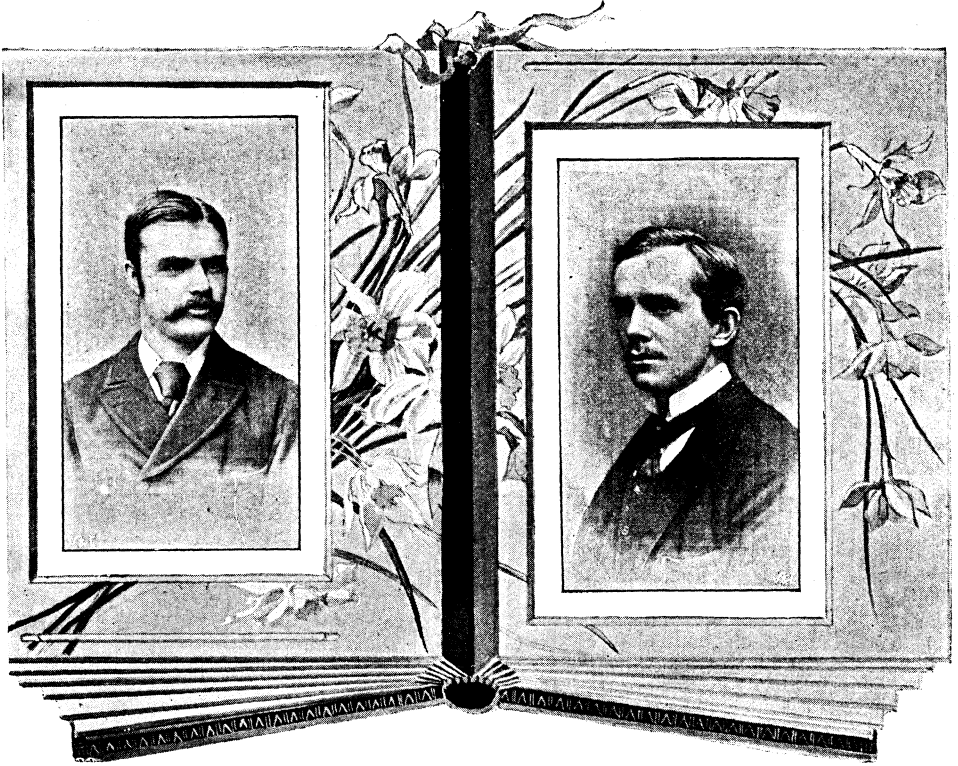
near dip of oars announced Hughes's return. As I heard him jerk the sculls from the row-locks, and the grinding of the dinghy against the ship's side, I took another despairing look around in the hopes of lighting on something that had hitherto escaped my notice. One object after another was hastily lifted, investigated, and as hastily put down, but always with the same result. As I heard Hughes's step upon the deck, my eyes fell upon a little square of soap which had fallen to the floor and had escaped the notice—probably of Hughes as well as of myself—on account of its being hidden by the corner of an oilskin which was hanging from the wall. This oilskin I had taken down to overhaul, and it was when replacing it that I found the soap, which I saw, when I lifted it, was of better quality than one would expect to find in such a place. It was still damp from recent usage, and, as I turned it over, two or three hairs came off from the

underside and adhered to my hand. As I looked at them I gave a low, long, but almost silent whistle. They were beyond question the bristles of a shaving brush which was fast going to pieces from long service. And that I was not mistaken in so thinking, was proved by the fact that the under side of the soap still bore the marks which had been made by the sweep of the brush over the surface, and that the lather upon it was damp.

Someone had been shaving, and that quite recently, on the *Cuban Queen*. It could not be Hughes, for he wore a thick full beard. If the person who passed as "Mrs. Hughes" really was a woman she was not likely to have recourse to a razor to enhance her charms. If, on the other hand, that person was a man, who was personating a woman for purposes of disguise, a razor would be an absolute necessity among his toilet requisites.

(To be continued.)





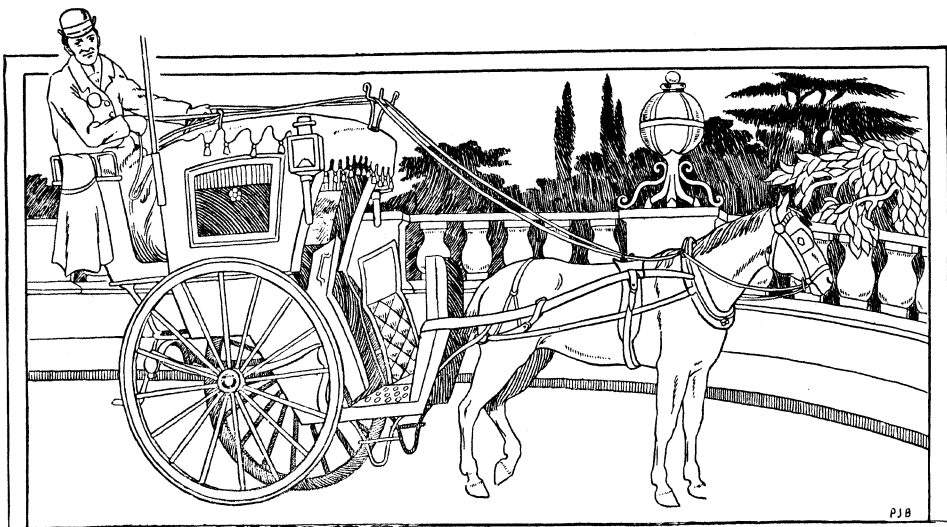
DR. WM. F. HUME.
(From a photo by Killick.)

LORD HUGH CECIL, M.P.
(From a photo by Elliott & Fry.)

RISING STARS.

A RISING figure in the geological world is Dr. William Fraser Hume, chief demonstrator in Geology at the Royal College of Science, and the author of numerous papers and monographs which have been favourably received. Amongst his contributions to geological literature is an essay on the "Chemical and Micro-Mineralogical Researches on the Upper Cretaceous Zones in the South of England," papers on the "Black Earth, 'The Loess,' and the Chalk of Russia," on the "Genesis of Chalk," and on "Oceanic Deposits." This year Dr. Hume was granted a moiety of the proceeds of the Lyell Geological Fund in recognition of his researches. Dr. Hume is now twenty-eight years of age, and was a D.Sc. at twenty-four. The first twelve years of his life were spent in Russia, where his father was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was educated under tutors, and afterwards passed several years at school in England, going then to the College Gaillard, Lausanne. He continued his education in Germany, and then entered the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Dr. Hume can speak five languages fluently. He is absorbed in his favourite studies, and with his perseverance and power of concentration he will doubtless have a brilliant career in science.

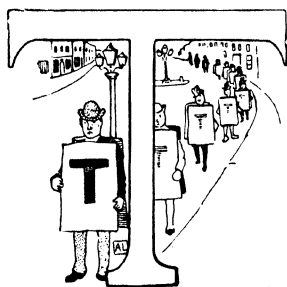
LORD HUGH CECIL, a younger son of the Prime Minister, has made his first speech in the House of Commons just forty-two years, to the very month, after Lord Robert Cecil delivered *his* maiden speech. It remains to be seen whether the son will develop into the accomplished orator which the world acknowledges the father to be. Lord Hugh is twenty-seven years old, and was educated at Eton and University College, Oxford, graduating in 1891. In the same year he became a Fellow of Hertford College. His scholastic career was distinguished by many successes. Essaying Parliamentary life, like his elder brother Viscount Cranborne, Lord Hugh was elected Conservative member for Greenwich last year, a piquant fact when it is remembered that this constituency once was represented by Mr. Gladstone. He selected the debate on the second reading of the now withdrawn Education Bill for his first speech in the House of Commons, and, however much members differed from some of the ideas in Lord Hugh's speech, no one doubted the conviction and sincerity of their author. Previous to entering Parliament he had attracted much attention at the Oxford Union. Like his father, he is an ardent Churchman.



CABBY CHRONICLES.

BY W. J. WINTLE.

Illustrated by M. FITZGERALD and P. J. BILLINGHURST.



THE gondola of the London streets, to adopt Lord Beaconsfield's pleasant figure of speech, is a factor which has to be reckoned with in any attempt to appreciate the activities of the great metropolis. Things have changed since the day when that ancient salt, Captain Bailey, placed four vehicles for hire at the Maypole in the Strand. That was in 1625, and in 1895 the four be-caped and be-muffled jehus had increased to 13,498 licensed drivers. The introduction of the French cabriolet in 1820, and the invention of the hansom in 1834, have been the great epoch-making events in the evolution of the modern cab.

When the guileless foreigner, innocent of acquaintance with the *argot* of the streets, first sets his foot on the platform of Charing Cross or Victoria, he is in danger of hastily concluding that "Keb, sir?" is the English formula of welcome. Should he entrust himself to the careful guidance of one of the enthusiasts who thus unite to greet him,

he will probably be impressed with the vast size of London, and with the extremely circuitous nature of the roads, as were two German youths who recently learnt by sad experience that the distance from Aldgate Church to the Elephant was such that a conscientious cabby assured them he would wrong his wife and family if he accepted anything less than seven-and-sixpence.

The other day a gentleman, whose foreign appearance "wor enough to take in a bloomin' beak," hailed a hansom at Charing Cross and requested to be conveyed to Regent Street. Being in no hurry, he was vastly interested to find that the shortest route to that remote locality lay by way of Whitehall, Victoria Street, Grosvenor Place, Park Lane, and Oxford Street. Arriving at his destination, he placed his shilling on the roof of the vehicle, with the remark "I wasn't born yesterday, cabby," and then leisurely went his way regardless of the tumultuous emotions which surged within that driver's breast.

But it would be a grave mistake to conclude that the rule, *ex uno disce omnes*, has an application here. Taking cabmen as a whole—and I speak from some acquaintance with them—they justify the recent statement of the Duke of York that "the cabmen of London are sober, civil and honest." The

convictions for drunkenness among them show a marked decrease, the records of the Lost Property Office prove their general honesty, and the experience of everyone who uses cabmen fairly goes to show that although abusive and grasping individuals may be met with on the ranks, yet most of them are civil, and many are even gentlemanly. Indeed it is one of the curiosities of the trade that you never know whether the man who drives you is an ex-chimney-sweep or an unfortunate "as kin well remember the time when 'e druv 'is own kerridge an' pair."

Comparatively few men have grown up into the work; most of them have drifted into it after failing to secure a livelihood in other occupations. Coachmen who have lost their situations, and small tradesmen who have come to grief, form no small proportion of the great army of London cabbies, while not a few have fallen from still more exalted positions. At the present time a fully-ordained clergyman of the Church of England is on the look-out for fares, and a near relative of a well-known general officer is plying for hire. Not long ago the son of a famous judge might have been seen hob-nobbing with a distinguished Charter-house man in a cabman's shelter.

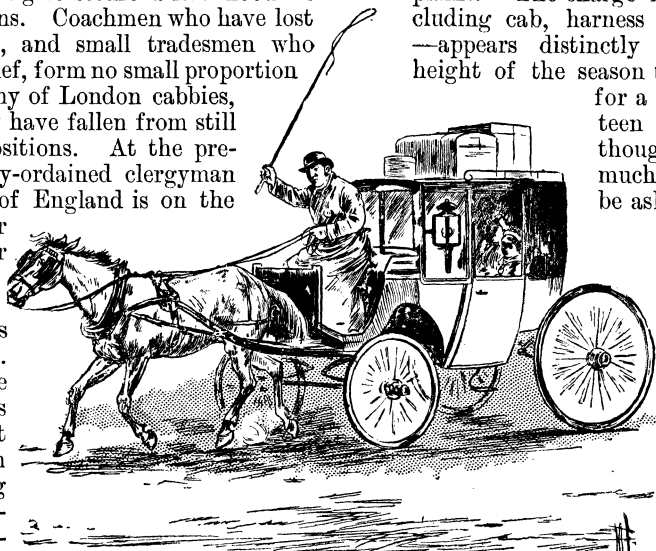
An army coach—M.A. of an English University—fell through drink, and for eight months earned his bread by driving a hansom, until his friends came to the rescue and secured for him an appointment as tutor to the son of a well-known member of Parliament. He has now been ordained, and holds a position worth £750 a year.

About the same time a captain in the artillery, holding eight medals, and formerly receiving a salary of £2000 from the Indian Civil Service, was found in a destitute condition in the infirmary of a West London workhouse, and was glad to obtain a cabman's licence and take his seat on the box of a growler. He has now been awarded a small pension, and has retired into private life. Other conspicuous cases might be mentioned, but they are as nothing

to the scores of men on the ranks who are privately pointed out as having seen better days.

But whether he has seen better days or not, cabby finds his present ones both long and arduous. Working from sixteen to seventeen hours, exposed to every kind of weather, it is not surprising to learn that rheumatism and bronchitis find him an easy prey, to say nothing of other diseases which seem peculiar to an outdoor sedentary life. Then he has to contend with the jobmaster, whom he usually regards as an enemy to his race. Probably there is another side to the story, but from the cabman's point of view he certainly seems to have cause for complaint. The charge for a "lot"—including cab, harness and two horses—appears distinctly high. In the height of the season the usual charge

for a hansom is eighteen shillings a day, though sometimes as much as a guinea will be asked, while in the bad time, i.e. in the late autumn, the charge may fall to ten shillings. The vehicle known as a growler or four-in-hand by the drivers, as a clarence by the police, and as a four-wheeler by the public, may be obtained in the season for



THE HARMLESS NECESSARY "GROWLER."

twelve shillings a day, or with only one horse for eight shillings.

Not infrequently does it happen that a driver, through sheer bad luck, fails to earn the amount of the jobmaster's charge, and then he has either to make up the balance from his own pocket, or is told to "Take your bill and sling it." Cases have occurred where wives have pawned their wedding-rings to save their husbands from dismissal.

It is not easy to find out the average weekly earnings of a cabman. One hears widely different stories, but perhaps it will be safe to say that if a man averages from twenty-five to thirty shillings, he has done quite as well as he may expect. We discussed this question with a couple of gray-headed jehus—brothers in the flesh as well as in the profession—as they sat one Sunday

afternoon in a small room over a stable in a northern suburb.

"Ow much did I ever get in a day, guv'nor?" said the elder of the pair. "Well, the most as I ever tuk wor three pund eighteen an' six. That wor on Thanksgivin' day; an' don't you arst nothink about wot I charged them fares that day. I don't deny but wot it might 'ave bin a little more nor the exact legal amount, but lor, sich a charnce don't 'appen twice in a lifetime! Wy, if we never got no more nor the legal fare we couldn't live nohow. It's them bloomin' bikes wot does the mischief. Young swells wot used to take a 'ansom, now goes out with their donahs on a blessid sewin' machine; an' as for that bloomin' keb strike, wy all the good it did wor to teach fares 'ow to ride in a 'bus. Many a gent I sees goin' to the City on a express 'bus wot tuk a keb afore. Who are the wust fares, d'yer say? Well, milingitary gents is werry perticler to get their money's worth; but the wust of all is women. The old uns allus says yer tryin' to cheat 'em, an' the young uns wants to go that fast as human flesh an' blood carn't stand, let alone 'oss-flesh. Who are the best uns to pay? Well, the public ain't bad in a general way, but the best fares is late at night. Men takin' their wives to the theayters, an' gents wot's a trifle on, they're the blokes wot pays. Wy, guv'nor, the other night a pal o' mine tuk a gent from Pall Mall to Piccadilly. 'E managed to stop six times on the way, an' each time 'e tipped 'im two bob. Lor, don't I wish I'd bin there! It's the late uns wot pays best."

"Don't yer berlieve it, guv'nor," said the other as we parted. "Let me give yer the strite tip. The fares wot pays best is them as don't often ride in kebs—they as ain't 'ad no experience, yer know."

Notwithstanding the engaging frankness of these two worthies, there is one standing testimony to the general honesty of the profession. During the past five years property to the value of about £100,000 was left in cabs, and was duly handed over to the police by the drivers. Last year no less than 32,997 articles were thus given up.

Of course these vary immensely in value, from the parcel containing £3000 worth of bonds, which was recently left in a South London cab, to the dilapidated umbrella which has been brought away in mistake for a better one. Some passengers are strangely careless. £500 in notes were recently found

in one cab, while £50 in cash fell into the hands of a West Kensington driver. Opera glasses are often left, as are also articles of wearing apparel, while the ubiquitous umbrella is perhaps the most frequent find of all. The strangest find of recent years was the leg of a mummy left behind by a couple of absent-minded Egyptologists.

The amount of lost property thus deposited has enormously increased of late years. In 1869 only 1912 articles were brought in, while last year there were nearly 33,000. Whether this indicated increased carelessness on the part of the public or greater honesty on the part of the cabmen, who shall say? Fortunately the finder is no longer at the mercy of an ungenerous owner. The police regulations provide that the cabman shall be rewarded at the rate of three shillings in the pound on the value of goods worth less than ten pounds. Above that sum the amount of reward is at the discretion of the Commissioner.

The natural enemy of cabby is the bilker. This is the gentleman who evades payment at the end of his journey and is the apparent cause of the jaundiced view of life which the cabman is commonly supposed to take. Happily the species appears to be dying out, and the result of a week spent in chatting with men in the stables, on the ranks, and in the shelters, as well as with the venerable Tony Wellers who are on the pension list of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, has been to unearth far fewer cases of "bilk" than might have been expected. The old men tell queer tales, but the younger drivers say that they are seldom cheated. Indeed one man naïvely remarked, "Bilkin', guv'nor? Wy, it's more often the other way." Still the fact that the Cabdrivers' Trade Union secured some convictions for this offence last year proves that it is not yet quite extinct.

The driver of a growler at Kilburn thus discoursed of his experiences: "I reлект three young blokes wot wanted to be druv to Cricklewood. When I got there two on 'em said they was goin' up a dark lane for a minute. O' course they didn't come back, an' so the other bloke says as 'ow 'e'd go an' look for 'em. 'No, yer don't, my fly cove,' I says, jumping down off the box an' landin' 'im one on the smeller. Over 'e goes an' me on top of 'im. Well, I 'ammered 'im till 'e guv me all 'e'd got, which wor tuppence less than the legal fare. So I didn't lose much that time arter all.

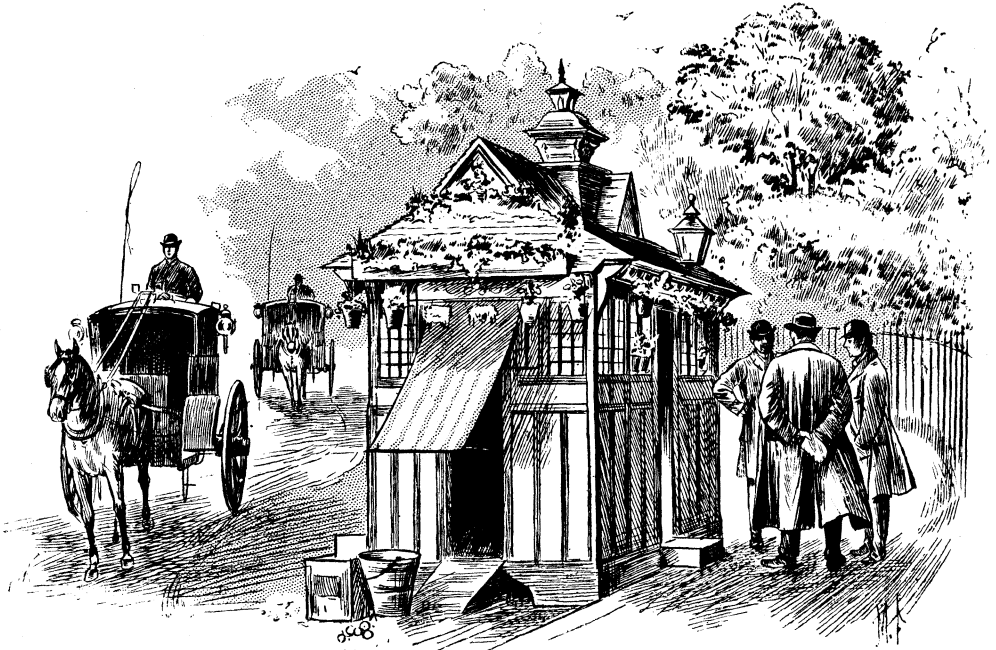
"Another time there wor a swell as 'ad done a lot o' my mates late at night. So I

makes my plans accordin', an' one night the gent come up lookin' a reg'lar torf. 'Keb, sir?' I says, touchin' my 'at. 'Welsh 'Arp,' 'e says, gettin' in. Off we goes; but 'e didn't know as I'd got a buck ridin' on the spring aside the dickey. I 'appened to be drivin' a 'ansom just then. When we got to the 'Arp the swell did a bolt, but the buck wor down an' collared 'im. I gets down too, an' between us we pretty well smashed 'im up; but I never got my fare, guv'nor."

For the benefit of the uninitiated we may explain that a buck is defined as, "a cove wot does a ride to pass the copper when the gaff busts," which, being interpreted, means a

and luggage, including gun-cases and game-bags, from Paddington to Charing Cross, where he was asked to wait while the gentleman saw the lady to her train. He did wait—from 11.30 a.m. till 2 p.m., when he was ignominiously removed by the police for loitering. Needless to say he never saw the gentleman again.

Another jehu drove three "swells" from the St. James's Club to Romano's and waited in vain for their return from midnight till 2 a.m. He was charitable enough to add that he thought they must have taken another cab in mistake for his. But he had no doubt whatever respecting the dishonesty



A CABMAN'S SHELTER.

man who rides inside in order to pass the policeman stationed at a theatre to prevent empty cabs obstructing the thoroughfare when the audience disperses. If any of our readers have chanced to be in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket about 11 p.m. they may have been surprised by an offer from a cabby to take them to Leicester Square or Piccadilly gratis; in other words they were invited to become amateur bucks. It may be as well to mention that both driver and buck are liable to prosecution for conspiring to evade the police regulations.

But to return to the subject of bilking. One cabman in a South London shelter told us how he conveyed a gentleman, with a lady

of the lady who took him one evening from Chelsea to Waterloo Place, where she sent him into a club with a note for a gentleman who was not known there and meanwhile "bolted"—happily without the cab.

On a rank almost beneath the Great Wheel at Earl's Court we found another sufferer at the hands of a deceptive public.

"Bilkin', guv'nor!" he exclaimed. "Wy, my werry fust fare wor a bilk. I druv a gent as looked like a doctor to the corner of Church Street, Kensington, where 'e told me to wait while 'e went into a 'ouse. If yer berlieve me, guv'nor, I waited five bloomin' hours, thinkin' 'e'd got an important case on—an' so 'e 'ad, no doubt, for 'e never come

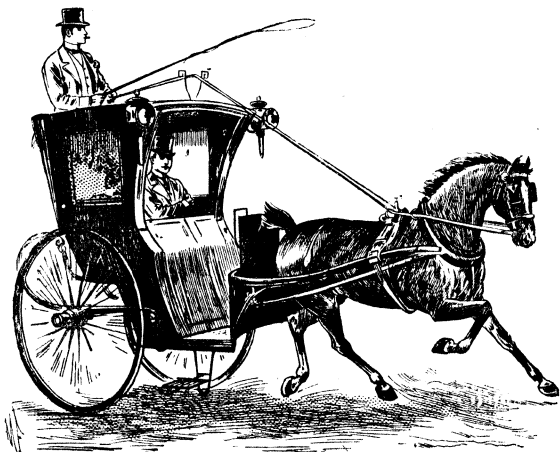
back. Then I tuk a gent at midnight to a 'ouse among a lot of gardins at 'Olland Park, an' 'e went into one, an' I 'ung about all that blessid night till eight o'clock in the mornin', ringin' at the bells an' knockin' up the servants; an' lor', didn't they let on at me! But I never see my swell again.

"One bloke as I druv to Broad Street, borrered some change orf me, an' 'e was so well dressed that I guv it 'im, an' then 'e bolted through one of them offices out of Broad Street into Bishopsgate Street, an' I never see 'im no more. But the werry wust day I ever 'ad wor like this: in the mornin' I picked up a gent—or male person—outside St. Pancras' workhouse. I don't know whether 'e'd slep' there, but anyhow I druv 'im to London Bridge, when 'e chucked a florin on top o' the keb an' bolted. That florin wor a bloomin' smasher. Then I picked up a gent as told me to drive 'im to Greenwich, an' said 'e'd give me ten bob. 'E borrered eighteenpence to get a drink, an then I 'ad one at my own expense, an' when we got to the bottom of Blackheath 'Ill 'e bilked. I 'eard arterwards as someone thought 'e wor a clerk in *Punch's* office. So I goes to Fleet Street to see *Punch*, an' when I gets into the room with the gent, an' begins to say wot I wanted, wot d'yer think 'e said? Wy, 'e said, 'Ave the perliteness to shet that door *from the outside*.' So out I goes an' shets the door, an' then all at once it struck me as 'ow I'd got the bloomin' chuck. So I didn't get much out o' that."

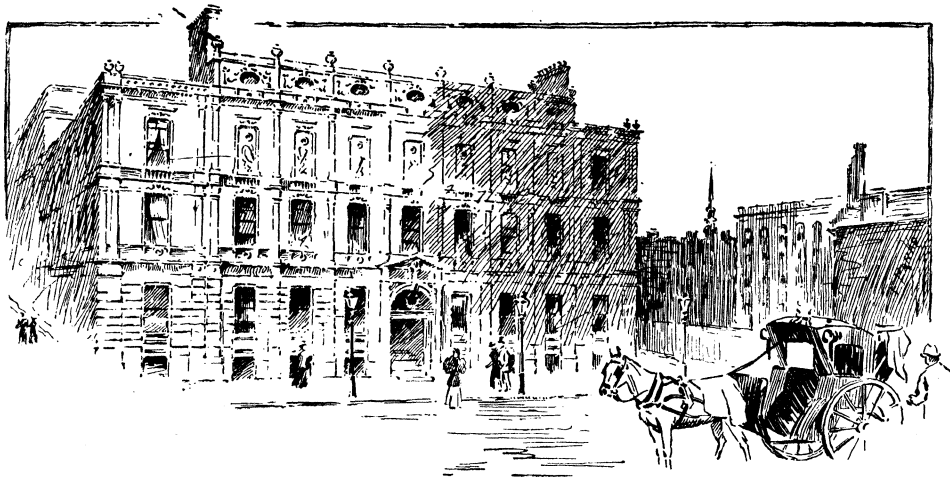
A favourite method with the bilker is to drive to some piace with two entrances, such as St. James's Hall, and quietly pass through while the cabman waits. Another trick is to require change for a cheque or bank-note, or to tell the driver to call next morning, when he discovers that his fare is not to be found. Is it to be wondered at that the native civility of cabby is overcome by the tumultuous emotions which at such times struggle in him for expression?

Then there are queer tales of lunatics and "rummy fares" current on every rank. What a book the literary cabby might compile about "Fares I 'ave druv!"

After all, the drivers deserve well of the public. They have vastly changed for the better since the days of Dickens. Drunkenness and incivility have largely vanished with the disappearance of the old box-cape and mufflers. Four thousand of the London drivers are teetotalers, and about a thousand are regular communicants. To work hard for sixteen hours a day in the interest of the public and often take so little that "a three-penny thumber"—consisting of a split roll and slice of ham—has to serve for dinner, and through it all to keep himself respectable, is surely to constitute a claim upon the sympathy and generosity of those who ride in cabs; and if occasionally the London gondolier demands "three hog" (3s.), when his legal fare is only "half-a-bull" (2s. 6d.), he may be forgiven in the presence of the hardships which surround his daily life.



A WEST-END HANSOM.



MOMENTS WITH MODERN MUSICIANS.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

By F. KLICKMANN.

Illustrated by J. DINSDALE, F. PARKS ; and from Photographs.

AN institution at which seven thousand lessons are given each week is at any time likely to be well worth a tour

of inspection ; but the largest school of music in the world has been more than prominently before the public lately on account of the election of the new Principal, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir Joseph Barnby. And now that the question has been settled, Mr. William Hayman Cummings having received the appointment, it may be interesting to spend a few moments wandering about among the four thousand students who in September will begin to work under his direction.

There is no difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of the Guildhall School of Music if one happens to be within a mile

radius. A few years ago Fleet Street and its neighbourhood was chiefly haunted by the law, busy men with journalistic tendencies, and small boys reeking with printers' ink. When gay hats and dainty dresses chanced in the vicinity, which was seldom, they were usually wending their way in the direction of St. Paul's Churchyard. But times are changed. The Temple station is no longer sacred to the use of barristers and editors ; violin cases monopolise the hat racks in the carriages of the Underground



From a photo by]

[Barrauds.

MR. WILLIAM HAYMAN CUMMINGS.

(Elected Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, June 4, 1896.)

railway, while the orthodox bag of the City man has to go under the seat. No one thinks it remarkable to meet scores of pretty girls in pretty costumes hurrying along Fleet Street and the Embankment, or taking the big crossing at the bottom of New Bridge Street at a dive. They all carry music cases, and their destination is obvious. When one nears the building itself there is no occasion to read the brass plate to learn that it is London's largest music-school; that fact announces itself vigorously through all the windows in the place—and they are many.

containing perhaps a hundred performers, adds its quota to the general din; the booming vibrations of the organ pedal-pipes give a feeling of solid basis to everything, while above it all "there runs a loud perpetual wail as of souls in pain," though I am happy to say this is occasioned by nothing more serious than innumerable singing professors imparting instruction to innumerable diligent pupils.

Yet much has been done to tone down this cacophonous state of affairs. Each class-room has not only double windows but



THE ORCHESTRAL CLASS.

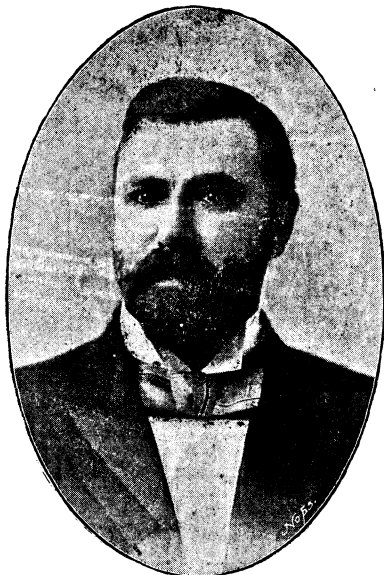
The impressions received outside are decidedly intensified when one enters the building. Wherever one goes, along corridors or up the broad stone staircase, a babel of musical sounds pervades the whole atmosphere. Scales in different keys are being harassed from countless violins. A familiar Beethoven sonata seems a new and unknown work when heard in conjunction with a Chopin polonaise, both being played with firm and vigorous touch on grand pianos in adjacent rooms. As one ascends higher and higher in the building an orchestral class,

double doors, and every effort was made when the school was being built to render the walls as noise-proof as possible. Hence it is merely the onlooker who is in any way disturbed by this troublous sea of sound; each class-room hears nothing but its own performance. But what must it have been like in the early days, when the locale of the school was a warehouse in the City! Things have improved since 1880, when a small handful of students and a still smaller handful of professors represented the Corporation Music-school of the largest city in the

world. Now it is an institution worthy of its name.

Not long ago the King of Italy sent a representative to England to inquire into the methods adopted with regard to the management of our large colleges of music, and particular injunctions were laid on the royal emissary to ascertain how the Guildhall School of Music was regulated. On being informed that the whole of the working part of the scheme was practically in the hands of the Principal, the secretary, and merely half a dozen clerks, the distinguished foreigner was astonished; and so, indeed, was the writer of this article when shown how small is the amount of machinery that keeps such an immense undertaking in motion.

The Guildhall School of Music, as its name implies, is one of the numerous educational institutions of the Corporation of the City of London, having been established by it in 1880. No less a sum than £50,000 has been expended by the Corporation on this flourishing school, which is under the control and management of the music committee. The Lord Mayor is nominally the head, whilst the present chairman of the committee is Mr. Brooke Hitching. The actual work of the school is of course done by the Principal and secretarial staff under the direction of the music committee. The Corporation makes a grant of £2100 per annum and a



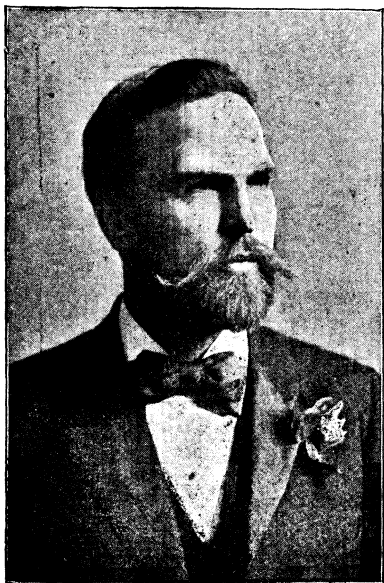
MR. T. H. BROOKE HITCHING.
(Chairman of the Music Committee of the Corporation of London.)

further annual contribution of £200 to the Exhibition fund.

Mr. Hilton Carter, the secretary, is himself a musician of some ability, but he loses sight of the fact now in the serious responsibilities his position entails. And it is no simple matter to be secretary to a school of such dimensions, to be the Principal's right hand, even to assisting him in the examinations if need be. But Mr. Hilton Carter has proved himself to be the right man in the right place, and a man with an unlimited stock of patience and courtesy.

Speaking of examinations reminds me that though a number are held at the Guildhall School of Music, they are, unlike those held at the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, and Trinity College, London, only open to their own students. These are primarily intended as an index to the progress made by the pupils. The Associateship of the school is a stiff examination however, and serves rather as a professional diploma. As in most other large educational institutions, many scholarships and prizes of varying monetary value are open to pupils attending the school.

The amount taken in fees for tuition since the opening of the school is £341,000. The present receipts are considerably over £30,000 per annum, out of which about £25,000 is paid to professors; last term the fees reached £10,754. Yet the whole of the financial business is conducted in a cashier's office not



From a photo by]

[Russell.

MR. HILTON CARTER.
(Secretary of the Guildhall School of Music.)

much bigger than a ship's cabin, and this in the charge of only two clerks. Space is at a great premium, owing to the ever-increasing number of the students. During the last two terms 1120 new students were admitted.

Even the secretary's room has the aspect of the largest amount of work being crammed into the smallest amount of space. Of course the keynote to the working of the school is system, and on the whole a remarkably excellent system. It has been said that the late Principal's policy was always aggressive; as far as the school was concerned it might be called revolutionary, so great and beneficial an alteration did he make when he took the reins of office in his hands; and the result is a music-school without an equal anywhere.

Of the 120 professors on the list none are dummies; that is to say, only those who are actually teaching in the school are announced in the prospectus. But if the number of the

students goes on increasing at the present rapid rate 120 professors will not long suffice. As may be supposed from the fact that tuition is given here by thoroughly qualified teachers at fees ranging from one and a half guineas per term, people come from all parts of the country to study at the Guildhall School of Music. Some come up several times a week from Nottingham, Eastbourne, Brighton, and towns of like distances. Others reside in London during term time, at various halls of residence, recommended by the school authorities—homes where it is known that every care will be taken of the students, and facilities for study and practice will always be at their disposal.

In consequence of the large number of lady students who attend the school, a lady superintendent has for years resided on the premises—Mrs. Charles P. Smith, the widow of the late secretary—and all these are in her charge. This is by no means a merely



Mr. Neill O'Donovan.

Mr. Esmond.

"ESMERALDA" BEING REHEARSED BY THE OPERATIC CLASS.

nominal office. Mrs. Smith is in personal touch with all. Not only does she continually move about the building from one class-room to another, but her rooms and her sofas are ever at the command of the feeble ones, when headaches, nerves, or tiredness take possession of the daughters of the muse.

The general scheme of instruction provides that each student should remain in a class-room while two other lessons are given, in addition to the one he or she receives. The benefit to be derived from this is obvious.

Another rule is that no one, not even a parent or guardian, shall be permitted in the room while lessons are being given. There is no occasion for the semblance of a chaperon for even the youngest of the lady students. Mrs. Grundy is amply appeased by the presence of the various others who sit about the room taking their prescribed amount of onlooking, and the peregrinations of Mrs. Smith, who ever and anon pays a visit and looks after the welfare of her charges.

It is curiously interesting to go over the school and watch the scores of professors at work. This can be done without in the slightest degree interrupting them, as all the upper halves of the doors are of glass, and the occupants of every room are open to the scrutiny of the passer-by. Curious pantomimes these lessons will often appear when one can only see the gesticulations of the teacher but hear nothing that he is saying. In one room there is Professor Ebenezer Prout, evidently dealing in words of wisdom, if one may judge by the attentive look on the faces of the men who are listening to him; a turn in the corridor brings us to the class-room where Mons. Johannes Wolff is giving violin lessons. But it is impossible to enumerate all the professors who are to be seen hard at work when one takes a journey over the school.



MONS. JOHANNES WOLFF TEACHING THE VIOLIN.

The committee room is perhaps the most formidable to the students. It is here that the examinations are held. A large portrait of Wagner hangs above the tall-backed chairman's seat. Sir Joseph Barnby once explained to me that he had it hung there because he liked to feel that he was sitting beneath the composer when he presided at the examinations. The late Principal was an ardent Wagnerian at heart, though he did not obtrude the fact in the school.

The largest amount of noise is wisely kept at the top of the building, and one has to mount a goodly number of steps in order to reach the theatre, a fair-sized hall, in which the orchestral practices are held. Here also the operatic class meets, under the direction of Mr. Neill O'Donovan. The latest work in this department of the school was the recent performance of "Esmeralda," given by the students at Drury Lane on June 18 last. And here I might mention that all the ladies of the chorus make their own dresses for the dramatic performances. This is done under the direction and with the help of Mrs. Smith.

The school possesses an excellent choir; but this is not surprising. The conductor of the famous Royal Choral Society naturally did not allow his school to fall in any way short of the mark; and at a rehearsal he would allow nothing but the very best work to pass, expecting the singing to be as

finished and as artistic as that at the Royal Albert Hall.

Year after year Guildhall students leave the school and take creditable places in the ranks of the professional world. We have only space to mention one or two, but these serve as ample evidence of the soundness of their training.

Of Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies the school has reason to be proud. He was born at Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, his father being an enthusiastic musical amateur. In due

of unqualified successes. The part of Cedric the Saxon in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" was written expressly for him. Though Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has sung extensively in opera, playing numerous parts for Sir Augustus Harris, D'Oyly Carte and Carl Rosa, he is equally at home in oratorio, and has sung in the majority of the modern works of this school. He has recently returned from his first tour in America, which has more than justified his expectations, and is already engaged to return to the

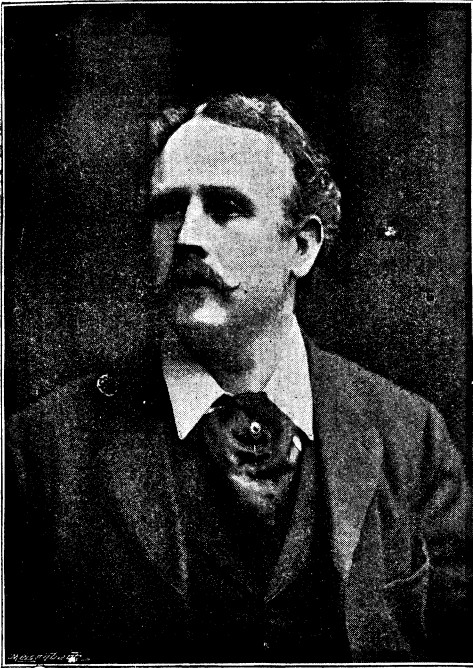


A SINGING LESSON BY MADAME HELEN ARMSTRONG.

course he went to Jesus College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees. At the same time he distinguished himself as an athlete, playing in the college football team, he was also stroke for the college eight, and he rowed in the 'Varsity trial eight. It was while he was at Oxford that Mr. Edwin Holland discovered he had a baritone voice of exceptional calibre, and advised his turning his attention to singing. This decided Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies to come to London and study at the Guildhall School of Music. He made his *début* at Manchester in the beginning of 1890, and has since enjoyed a series

States in November for a six months' tour in oratorio and song recitals.

Miss Florence Oliver, the young contralto, is also an ex-student of our City school, that is so far as her vocal studies are concerned, and strangely enough she is likewise of Welsh descent. Coming of a musical family, she studied pianoforte and theory for three years at the Royal College of Music. When it was discovered that she had a voice of more than ordinary promise she entered the Guildhall School of Music in order to study under Madame Bessie Cox, by whom her voice has been exclusively trained. Miss



From a photo by]

[Window & Grove.

MR. FFRANGCON-DAVIES.

Oliver bids fair to be a valuable acquisition in the realm of oratorio, where good contralto singers are by no means plentiful. She has already appeared in the "Golden Legend," "Judas Maccabæus," and other of the Royal Choral Society's concerts at the Albert Hall, in addition to singing in the Purcell Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, at the Cardiff Festival last year, and on many other important occasions. Miss Oliver gained several valuable prizes during her student days. She is now touring in South Africa.

Miss Jessie Hudleston is one of the school's successes. She was a student for five years, winning a scholarship after the first six months. A native of Bow, she began singing in public at the age of nine, though without any idea of ultimately becoming a professional vocalist. After appearing at various London concerts and making a favourable impression as an oratorio soloist in the Albert Hall, Miss Hudleston went to America with Sir Augustus Harris's company to play the part of Fairy Dawn in Humperdinck's delightful opera "Hänsel and Gretel." She sang sometimes eight times a week in that

popular work, and on her return to England appeared in the part of Gretel at Drury Lane theatre. A fine flexible voice and real dramatic power will win an increasing reputation for Miss Hudleston.

We have not too many bass singers nowadays, and this makes Mr. Alexander Tucker all the more welcome in the ranks of first-class vocalists. He can produce a fine musical tone on a double B flat—what think you of that? To hear him sing such songs as "The Raft," or "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep," enables one to appreciate the extraordinary quality of his *basso-profundo* notes. A native of Langport, Somersetshire, Mr. Tucker is thirty-five years old. After a commercial career he resolved to adopt his present profession on the advice of Sir John Stainer. His teacher at the Guildhall School of Music was Signor Visetti, and he also received lessons from Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. William Shakespeare and Mr. Wallworth. He has quickly made a success, and was chosen to appear with Madame Patti at her recent concert at the Albert Hall. His enunciation is particularly good.

These are by no means all the distinguished students the school can boast. Many other names come to one's mind, as for instance Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Iver Mackay, Dalgety Henderson, Bantock Pierpoint, and Miss Frances Allitsen the composer. But a school that numbers among its professors such musicians as Fred Walker, Henry Gadsby, Emil Bach, Francesco Berger, August Wilhelmj, Gustav Garcia, Johannes Wolff, John Francis Barnett, and a host of other celebrated teachers, can



From a photo by]

MISS FLORENCE OLIVER.

[Jacquette.



From a photo by]

[Elliott & Fry.

MISS JESSIE HUDLESTON.

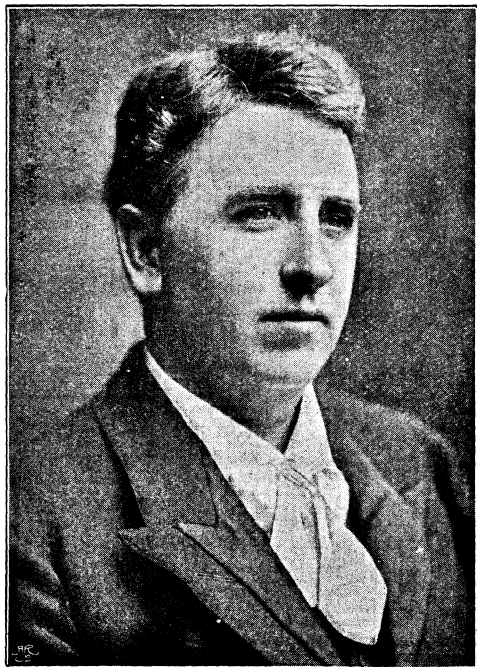
scarcely do other than continually bring to the front some promising genius, even though the larger proportion of its students are amateurs.

A short while ago a sudden, chilly fear seized the heart of a writer in one of our contemporaries as to how the musicians of the future could ever hope ultimately to make a livelihood when such immense crowds of fairly equipped students are being turned out of our large music-schools every year. But it was pointed out that by no means do the majority of these eventually find their way into the professional arena. Some of the most important work of these institutions lies in teaching amateurs. This is particularly so in the case of the Guildhall School of Music, where students can enter at any time, for as short or as long a period as they please, and are permitted to take up as many or as few subjects as they may desire.

One leaves the most important item till the last, and that brings us to the new Principal, who is, after all, the key for better or for worse to the whole situation. Of Mr. Cummings in this capacity it is impossible to speak, as he does not come into his own till next term. As a musician, however, he is no stranger to the world at large. It was as a vocalist that he originally won his laurels, and some of his reminiscences are most enviable. As a boy he formed one

of the choir in the performance of "Elijah" that Mendelssohn himself conducted in London, and he was afterwards personally complimented by the great composer. It may also be interesting to mention that Sterndale Bennett wrote the tenor part in the "Woman of Samaria" specially for Mr. Cummings. His fame has not been confined to England. He was most successful in America, and sang in Boston in 1871 at the Handel and Haydn Festivals. He has sung in opera at Drury Lane and the Gaiety theatres, and also was at one time a member of Westminster Abbey choir, and one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. Mr. Cummings studied the organ under Dr. Hopkins of the Temple Church, and for some years held an organist's appointment in London. He was obliged to resign this however as his other work increased. He has also done much to further music from a literary point of view, as his "Life of Purcell" and "Musical Dictionary" testify. Mr. Cummings is no stranger to the Guildhall School of Music; he has been connected with it as a professor since its commencement. In September he will move from the professor's to the Principal's room.

Before finally leaving the building one pauses a moment before a large oil painting



From a photo by]

[Russell.

MR. ALEXANDER TUCKER.

hanging in the waiting-room. It is a life-size portrait of Sir Joseph Barnby. The sight of this recalls the Principal's room as it used to be only a few months ago. One remembers the hundreds of students who every week went into that room with some difficulty for solution, or in need of advice; and practical help was always forthcoming. That room has heard some strange stories. "I think this carpet must be a very good

one," Sir Joseph once remarked to me. "If not, it would have been ruined long ago by the number of tears that have fallen on it." That the Guildhall School of Music has a brilliant future before it we all believe. It certainly has a past of which it may well be proud. And though one and all are glad to extend hearty congratulations to the new Principal, his predecessor is not likely to be forgotten.



From a photo by]

[Carl, Homburg.

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

(Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, 1892-1896.)

A QUAIN T ENTANGLEMENT.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

Illustrated by ST. CLAIR SIMMONS.



HERE was a delightful perfume in the room, and for a few moments Mr. Ovey fancied that the operation had been fatal, that, contrary to his expectations and the opinion of his friends, he had passed from this earth. Even his glance with half-opened eyes at the pretty nurse did not destroy the fancy, for she might well have been an angel—if angels have

ruddy golden hair, big forget-me-not eyes, clear, colourless skin, and coquetish white caps. A moment later he saw the foot of the bedstead and gave a sigh.

Nurse Greenhalgh—Hetty Greenhalgh—jumped up.

“Oh, I’m so glad!” she said in an eager whisper; “it was a splendid success, and you’ll soon be as sound as a roach. It was a most elegant operation.”

Mr. Ovey sighed again—a happy sigh. “And I’m really alive and going to get well?”

“Rather! You will be out and about in no time.”

“How jolly,” he said. “It’s a jolly thing to be alive.”

They both laughed quietly.

“What a lovely scent,” he said.

“Yes,” she answered, “it comes from the flowers. What friends you must have. We’ve enough fruit and flowers to stock Covent Garden with!”

A contented smile, with a gloss of vanity on it, played on his white face—a face handsome in cut of feature, kindly in expression, with a suggestion of weakness in the mouth that was slightly blurred by age—early middle age.

“One doesn’t know how many friends one has, or how few, till something serious happens.”

She nodded. “But, oh,” she remarked, “I’m afraid that you’ve been a terrible flirt.”

“No, I protest.”

“Hush! You must not tire yourself. Go to sleep.”

The nurse came to the head of the bed, rearranged the pillows gently, poured something into a glass and gave it him, smiled prettily at him and he went to sleep immediately. She stood still for a while looking thoughtfully at his pleasant face and then crept away. Her arm as she passed a table grazed a splendid Martin-ware jar that held some lovely roses; she frowned, yet certainly she was not hurt in the least.

Herbert Ovey slept like a judge on a summer afternoon; he did not awaken till next morning.

“Are there any letters?” he said to Nurse Greenhalgh when he had finished his breakfast, before which his man had managed a sort of picnic toilet for him.

“Oh, a lot,” she answered, “and all from ladies! Oh you——! But doctor said you were to see no letters till further orders.”

“It doesn’t matter; they’re only polite inquiries of no importance.”

Miss Hetty smiled, then with a little frown said: “More fruit and flowers have come—see here.” She handed him a splendid bunch of lilies. He glanced at the card attached to it by a white silk ribbon. On it was written, “With ardent hopes for a speedy recovery.—From Mary.”

“Who is Mary?” he asked. “I don’t know.”

“I’m sure I don’t,” replied the nurse rather tartly. “Look at the back of the card—see: ‘Stonewall Cottage, Weybridge.’”

“Why, it’s Mrs. Bower.”

“Then she’s called here three times and wanted to come up and see you,” said Hetty, “and said she’d a right to.”

“Oh, bother the woman!” answered the invalid.

“Look at these wall-flowers and forget-me-nots, ‘With Kate’s kindest wishes.—From Ridgmount Mansions.’”

“That’s Miss Hemming. Has she——”

“Oh yes, she’s called. There’s been a flock of them—Miss Campbell, Miss Goring, Miss Smythe, Miss Johnson, as well as your widow and Kate—and I’ve had such trouble; and two of them came together and glared



"More fruit and flowers have come—see here."

at one another; and they've tried to bribe John to show them up here; and one of them, a girl with towzled hair, was awfully rude, and offered me—— But, good gracious! what's the matter?"

He looked as if he had just seen a ghost, or a whole shoal of ghosts.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "The letters!"

"The letters! What letters?"

"The letters I wrote. Ring for John."

"Calm yourself," she said as she rang; "calm yourself."

"You don't know. It's too fearful!"

John entered.

"Here, John, the six letters I wrote just before the operation and told you not to post unless I—unless it went wrong."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't say yes, sir, you idiot! Where are they?"

"Oh," interrupted the nurse, "I saw some letters on the desk. I thought they'd been forgotten, and posted them."

"Merciful heavens!" groaned the patient, "you've ruined me!" and he fell back fainting.

* * * * *

Herbert Ovey was one of the lucky children of Fortune. His father was a builder, with an average knowledge of building, and had as partner a brother gifted with a genius for finance. By daring speculation in land in the City, and ingenious, almost rash, manœuvring of other people's capital, they had built a magnificent collection of warehouses, sold the ground rents, paid off the mortgages, and realised a large fortune, his share of which he invested very soundly in house property in a rapidly growing suburb. Herbert, an only child, had been brought up luxuriously, and after a fairly successful career at Eton and Cambridge became an idle member of the Bar—not absolutely idle, for he got a small rating practice owing to his father's constant fights with the assessment committees. The fortune came to Herbert when he was thirty, and during the next nine years he passed a pleasant life spending his ten thousand a year in travelling, hunting, fishing, buying *bibels* and pictures. Society, in the popular sense of the term, he avoided on account of the husband-hunting tactics of mothers and daughters, for he held matrimony in horror since he had noticed how little happiness his father had got out of the life in which the "poor old boy" was cruelly henpecked.

Yet when Herbert was approaching his

forty-first birthday he began to feel lonely, to wonder whether after all it was not worth while to run the risk of getting a bad wife in the chance of securing a good one. So he took a house in Park Lane and soon had abundant opportunities of studying the girls and women likely to accept a charming, well-educated, interesting man and ten thousand a year. Most of them fell out of the running quickly; the residue were the half a dozen already mentioned. The odds were from about two to one against the widow to ten to one against Miss Campbell.

Certainly the widow was very dangerous, and upon two occasions, but for an interruption, Herbert would have proposed to her. In each case, after the danger had passed, he felt uncertain whether he was glad or sorry. It cannot be suggested that he was in love with all or any of them; but his loneliness and want of human interest in life preyed upon him, and every one of the six had some charm or quality that appealed to him.

Fortunately they belonged to different sets. He was considered a flirt in the literary circle where he met Miss Hemming; in the artistic where Miss Smythe was famous; in the sporting of which Miss Goring was a leader; in the politico-economical over which Miss Johnson reigned; in the simply aristocratic, dear to Miss Campbell; and in the theatrical, which considered Mrs. Bower a star. Yet none of his pursuers knew of a rival out of her own circle.

Matters jogged along, his danger growing greater every day, till suddenly his illness declared itself. It is needless to give any details of the malady which threatened his life and led the profession, after much discussion, to decide that he must undergo a severe operation. The family physician told him that, though the chances were in his favour, he ought to make his will. The day before the operation he sent for his solicitor and asked him to add a codicil to a will already made as he wished to leave a thousand to an old schoolfellow.

When the lawyer asked if there were any other legacies he became thoughtful. He knew that Mrs. Bower would be disappointed if he died, and also that she was not rich. He felt too that perhaps she might think he had trifled with her, so he said, "Put Mrs. Bower down for two thousand, free of legacy duty."

"Any other?" inquired the solicitor.

The thought of Miss Hemming came into his mind, then that of Miss Campbell and

the others, consequently he left a thousand to each of them.

When he was left alone Mr. Ovey began to consider seriously what he had done. To his nicely sensitive feelings there seemed something of impertinence in the matter; moreover, he suddenly remembered that each would read of the other legacies and perhaps guess the rather comical truth. He would get contempt—possibly hate—instead of gratitude. Then a happy thought came to him; a letter would set matters straight.

He began by writing to Mrs. Bower. He mentioned the legacy; told her that twice he had meant to make a proposal, but accident had stayed him; spoke pitifully of himself and the idea of dying without having tasted the joys of married life, and wound up with tender hopes that she would cherish his memory. Then came the turn of Miss Campbell; but he was already tired of his task—he hated letter-writing—so to save himself trouble he simply copied out Mrs. Bower's letter. In the end he adopted the same course with all the others.

His conscience, quickened by fear of the operation, suggested to him that the letters were untrue, but he satisfied himself by the thought that really he was quite fond of them all, so he addressed the envelopes, sealed up the letters, gave them to John and told him not to post them unless he died of the operation.

* * * *

When Mr. Ovey came round he was in a frantic state. He had the letters brought up and read them aloud grimly. All the six treated his letter as an offer of marriage, subject to his recovery, and all accepted him. He burst into hysterical laughter at the idea of being engaged six deep, declared he would take the lot to Utah and marry them, and he suggested sarcastically that the nurse should join the party, as one more or less would make no difference. He made the poor girl cry by his reproaches. He determined to die, and said that it was his duty to his six *fiancées* to get himself buried so as not to give undue preference to any one. The upshot was that he became delirious, and for weeks there was hardly more than an interval between him and death.

Nature, aided by the wonderful nursing of Hetty Greenhalgh, pulled him through. When he came to his senses—a mere wreck of a man—he found Hetty by the bed. She had grown hollow-cheeked, and her

eyes, by reason of the dark lines below, seemed larger and more brilliant than before. For a week he said nothing of his troubles, the delirium seemed to have wiped them from his memory; he lay still, gaining strength rapidly, and apparently did nothing but gaze languidly at the pretty nurse, to whom, however, he rarely spoke.

At the end of the time he suddenly made the remark—

“Where are the flowers?”

“What flowers? Oh,” she said, reddening, “they’ve left off sending them—or fruit.”

He looked round the room. “Oh, but there are some pretty roses, and I’ve just had splendid grapes. Were they from Mrs. Bower?”

“No, not from any of them.”

Noticing her blush, he said sharply, “Did you get them?”

“Yes,” she answered nervously.

“Have you hired a van to hold the letters?”

“It’s hardly necessary.”

“Surely,” he said, “my half-dozen betrothed’s have called and written each day?”

“They haven’t called, and have only written once since—since that day. To tell you the truth, I think you’re free.”

“Free?” he said eagerly. He noted that she blushed again, and strange vague thoughts passed through his mind.

“Yes, free.”

“But how?”

“I mustn’t tell you yet.”

“But I will know.”

“Oh no; wait till you’re stronger.”

John entered the room.

“John, why do you walk like a funeral mute? What’s the matter?”

“Don’t tell him,” interposed Hetty.

“I order you, John!”

“Well, sir, I think it’s your ruin has drove off the baggages—begging your pardon, sir.”

“My ruin?”

Miss Greenhalgh opened her purse, took out a newspaper cutting and read: “*Re H. Ovey.*—A receiving order was made to-day against H. Ovey. The debtor is of independent means and possessed of a large amount of house property. His insolvency is attributed to Stock Exchange speculations. The assets are estimated at £200,000, the secured creditors are for £150,000 and unsecured £137,656 —’ Oh, I can’t go on; I’m so sorry.”

The sick man gravely said, "Bring me the letters."

He opened them and read one after the other. Miss Hemming expressed regret that reasons, which she explained unintelligibly and at great length, caused her to withdraw. Miss Smythe had mistaken mere sympathy for the love without which matrimony is intolerable, and felt that it would wrong him, her and another if she carried out an engagement entered into through vexation with the "another," who had since been pardoned. Miss Johnson had changed her views after reading a certain novel, which she found excellent in principle if execrable in writing, and must decline the offer of Mr. Ovey. Miss Goring was sure she could not give up hunting, and would be a useless burden as a poor man's bride. Miss Campbell's parents objected on the ground that his father had been in trade. Mrs. Bower alone came out well with a bold letter, saying that she merely accepted him to give him pleasure and comfort when in danger, and of course withdrew as soon as he was out of it.

"Oh dear!" said Mr. Ovey, "to think that women are so——"

"Not women—some women," interrupted the nurse timidly.

"Humph!" he replied. "A little while ago they were all after me, and now——"

"I don't think we are all so bad," she answered, with some stress on the "we."

"You don't? Do you fancy you could name a girl who would be true to a ruined man?"

"No one," she responded, "unless he told her first that he loved her. You needn't feel my pulse; I'm not your patient."

He carefully adjusted his first finger on her wrist and answered, "I'm curious to see how it is working. I understand pulses. Now if I told the girl that I loved her?"

"Well, but you haven't."

"If I say that I have lain awake during a week gazing at a beautiful girl who has nursed me from death to life, who is sweetness, goodness and purity——"

"But you have not."

"But I do, Hetty. Can you—do you care about me?"

She turned her head away.

"The pulse is at fever pace," he said.

"Isn't that an answer?" she asked.

"If you will.—I'll get a special licence. We can be married here, and then go off to the Riviera."

"A special licence," she exclaimed. "Oh, the extravagance of poor people!"

"Poor people!—Oh, the newspaper," he laughed. "That refers to my cousin Henry, you goose!"

"I am so glad I didn't know—that I was mistaken."

"So am I," answered Mr. Ovey.



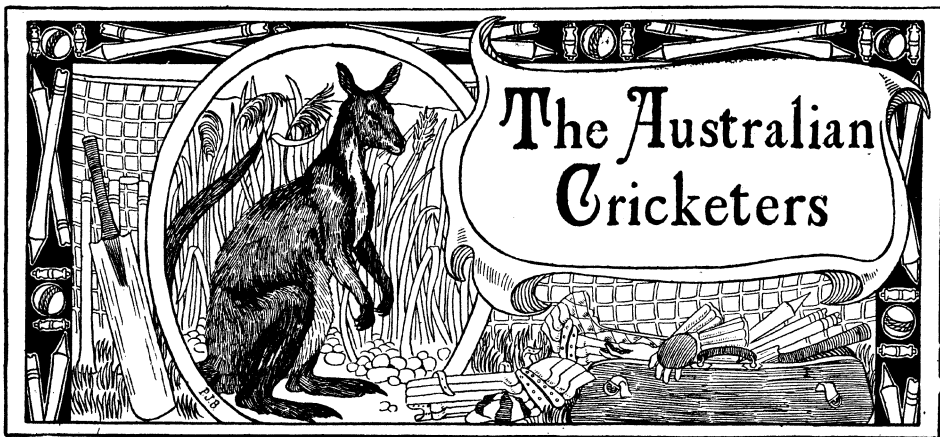
CHILDREN OF THE TIMES.



From a photo by]

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

[Lafayette, Dublin.



BY FRED A. MCKENZIE.

THE ninth Australian team is a standing witness to the democratic tendencies of colonial life. Our southern dominions know nothing of the sharp division between "gentlemen" and "players" that time-honoured custom has sanctioned in England. In Australia cricket is a hobby, not a business, and all the great players have their occupations apart from the game. Except once a year when colony is pitted against colony to obtain the supremacy of the continent, and on special occasions like the visit of an English team, matches only take place on Saturday afternoons, from half-past two till six, when there is a general half-holiday. The professional cricketer is practically unknown, and though a few men are given constant employment on the principal fields, they take no part in contests of any note, merely "fagging" for the players. Every-one who can do good work is welcome on equal terms with the others, altogether apart from his social position.

Thus in the team now visiting us the members are drawn from very varied callings. Several are civil servants, and three are barristers and solicitors. Banking has its representative in Trumble, and bricklaying in Jones the Demon; Clement Hill is preparing to be an engineer, Iredale is a surveyor, Graham's fancy lightly turns to dentistry, and Darling is at the head of a sports depot.

There is not a teetotaler in the team, though one or two are almost abstainers; and the devotion of all to the soothing weed is remarkable. The members of the

Anti-Narcotic League would not obtain much support from any of them. On the matter of diet most take up the simple rule, "Eat what you like and what agrees with you." I doubt if there is a dietetic faddist among them; if there is, he has managed to conceal his fad with remarkable skill. In short, so far as their personal habits are concerned our visitors adopt the simple methods of healthy young Britishers.

The selection of the Australian team was a task compared to which the choice of a ministry is a trifle. Every colony is firmly convinced that it has enough good men to fill at least half the places in the team, and that nothing but the jealousy of the other colonies could prevent this honour being given to it. The duty of selection lies finally in the hands of the Australasian Council, a body of twelve members drawn in equal parts from each of the three principal cricketing colonies, New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia. The Council leaves the work in the hands of a committee, composed this year of Messrs. G. Giffen, W. Bruce, and T. Garrett. When the names picked by this committee were made known early last February a cry of disappointment went up from all over Australia. Each colony asserted that rank injustice had been done to it, and some critics went so far as to declare that even if the team won every match in England still they would be a bad choice, because those left out could have done much better. No one could understand the omission of the names of Clement Hill, Turner the Terror, and A. E. Trott, whose record against Stoddart's party secured him such fame. It will be remembered that

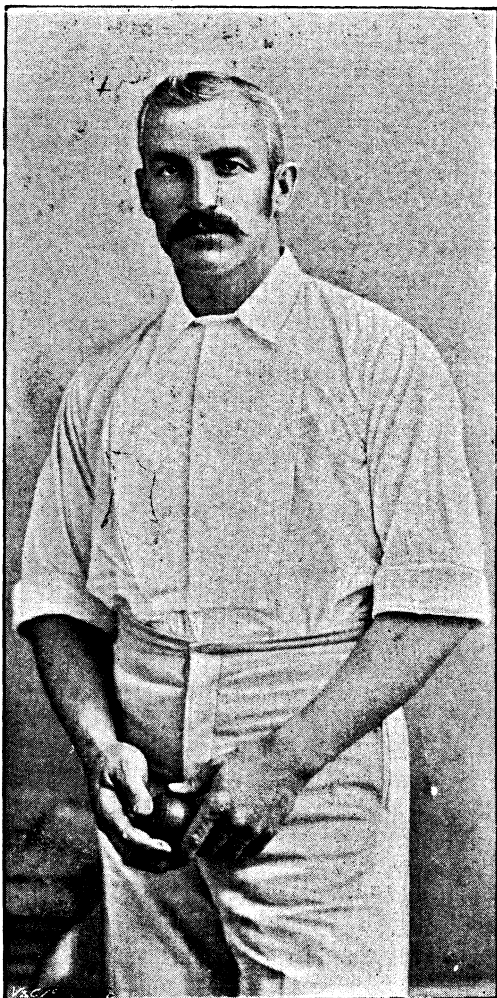
Turner was kept out of the great Anglo-Australian match at Melbourne last year, and after all was over Stoddart went up to him and solemnly thanked him for having contributed to the English success—by his absence! Many appeals were made to the Australasian Council to overrule its committee, but the Council (wisely, as it has since proved) remained firm except on two points. Clement Hill was added to the team as a fourteenth member at the last moment, and Harry, the famous fast bowler, had to make way for another, J. J. Kelly, greatly to his wrath and disappointment.

A few months ago a Melbourne satirist drew a picture of "The Apotheosis of Trott," in which the genial captain of the team was shown seated on a double pedestal, arrayed in flannels and with hand on breast, languidly surveying the crowds of men falling down to worship him. The picture was not very much over-drawn, for Harry Trott is a real hero in the eyes of young Australia. Never, it may be safely said, has there been a merrier or more good-natured idol. The big florid young giant does not allow his temper to be disturbed by trifles, and he can take defeat or success equally with a smile. He was born thirty years ago in a suburb of Melbourne, and when nineteen came to the front by his record against South Australia in the intercolonial match. He first visited England when twenty-two, and has been here three times since. He is a Government official, and is one of the two married men in the team.

"This will be my last visit to England, and I hope to make it a good one," George Giffen declared to his friends before leaving Adelaide, and he is going the right way to keep his intention. No antipodean cricketer has greater fame in England than the "Australian Grace"; but to see George Giffen at his best one has to witness his performances at the Adelaide Oval or in Sydney, with the thermometer registering 106° in the shade. The English climate does not suit him and our treacherous winds and moist air are more than he can stand with comfort. The change from the heat of an Australian March to the bleakness of an English April put him out of condition immediately on his arrival here. No man can do his best when his head is splitting and his eyes are burning with an influenza cold, and that has been Giffen's state during at least part of the last three months. It may be said that most of the Australians, with the exception of one or two like

Johns, find our climate trying. The heat they do not mind, though they would prefer the dry scorching atmosphere of the south to our muggy June temperature; but the sudden variations from heat to cold and the constant rains are not altogether to their taste.

George Giffen is the senior member of



From a photo by]

GEORGE GIFFEN.

[Hawkins, Brighton.

the team, and was born at Adelaide thirty-seven years ago. When his colony, South Australia, first entered the intercolonial matches he was one of its representatives, and he soon came to the front among the players of the South. Since 1882 he has been a member of every Australian team visiting England, except two, and his record in 1886, when he had the best batting and best

bowling average, added to his already great fame. His greatest feat as a bowler was accomplished in 1894, in the match of the Anglo-Australian team against the combined eleven of Australia, when he obtained ten wickets for sixty-six runs—a performance that will be remembered along with Hearne's record at Lord's last June. Giffen is without question the greatest all-round player Australia has yet produced. The infinite patience of his defence as a batsman,

veritable giant, weighing well over fifteen stone, and it would be hard to find a finer athlete. The colony from which he comes, Tasmania, does not take a very high place in cricketing records, and in order to meet fit rivals Eady has often had to play for the Melbourne C.C. His magnificent physique makes him a dangerous player, and, as a Melbourne critic said, "Next to George Bonnor he is the finest type of an athletic Australian we have seen in cricket." He is



From a photo by]

[Hawkins, Brighton.

J. Darling.	H. Trumble.	A. E. Johns.	H. Musgrove	C. J. Eady.	E. Jones.	Thoms
G. Giffen.	T. R. McKibbin.	G. H. S. Trott (captain).	H. Donnan.	F. Iredale.	C. Hill.	(umpire).
S. E. Gregory.		J. J. Kelly.				

THE TEAM OF AUSTRALIANS WHICH PLAYED THEIR FIRST MATCH, MAY 11, 12, 13, 1896,
IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

the variety and success of his methods as a bowler and his smartness as a field have for ten years and more been the admiration of wielders of the willow in three continents. He is about to appear soon, he tells me, in a new line, that of author; and he is now planning a volume of cricketing recollections which is certain of eager reception from all friends of the game.

Among many tall men in the present team two stand specially out, Hugh Trumble and Charles J. Eady, the first being six feet three and the second six feet two. Eady is a

also one of the foremost footballers in Australia. By profession he is a barrister and solicitor of Tasmania, and was admitted to the Bar a year ago.

Trumble is a man of different build, slight, and with a stoop, acquired at the wickets. He comes from a well-known Melbourne family of players, his elder brother having done good work here in 1886; and he has had a long career in intercolonial cricket. Few members of the team are more popular, either socially or as players. Trumble has proved himself to be a good all-round hand, a

first-class bowler, and perhaps the best short slip to be found in a very long radius. The work he has done during this visit has only fulfilled the expectations all who know anything of colonial cricket had formed of him.

A. E. Johns is generally looked upon, both by his fellows and by the outside world, as the aristocrat of the party. This tall, handsome, well-groomed young lawyer has earned his fame as a wicket-keeper; and it is an open secret that his inclusion in the team was regarded with considerable disfavour by many outside the selection committee. Here, however, the committee proved that it knew its business better than its critics. Johns is one of the comparatively few exponents of university cricket in Melbourne. The Australian 'varsity man, as a rule, is a very serious young fellow, not nearly so keen on sport as his brothers of the Cam and the Isis. A large proportion of men at Oxford regard athletics as the main business of life, and exams., with the necessary reading they entail, as quite secondary matters. In Australia, on the contrary, the average undergraduate enters the university to immediately prepare for some profession, and works with the knowledge that his future largely depends on how he gets through. Johns started as a cricketer at Wesley College, Melbourne, and when an undergraduate at the capital of Victoria got well known as a wicket-keeper. After leaving his university and being called to the Bar he still worked with the university team; he was picked as a player in the intercolonial matches, and from that his promotion to the team to England was a natural step.

As a wicket-keeper Johns has one rival—J. J. Kelly, of New South Wales. In the first selection of the team Kelly's name was not included, and later on, when Johns injured his hand in a match at Sydney, it was proposed that Johns should be left and Kelly taken. In the end it was decided that both should come.

"Clem" Hill, the youngest member of the party, was, like Kelly, only included by the committee on second thoughts. The passion for cricket may be reasonably said to run in his blood, for his father, an ex-Commissioner for Railways in South Australia, took prominent part in colonial play when younger, and his brother is famous as a brilliant bat. Hill is a cricketing prodigy, and his performances give promise that he will be the Grace of the coming generation. As a lad, in school cricket, he was noted for his immense scores, mounting sometimes to several

hundred runs, and in first-class Australian games his runs piled up in a way that astonished the most experienced. In playing against Stoddart's team he greatly distinguished himself, and when the words first went forth that he was not to be one of those selected for England no one could understand the conduct of the committee. Even those selected felt that a big mistake had been made, and headed by their manager, Mr. Musgrove, they made such vigorous representations that the mistake was repaired. Hill, who is only nineteen, is a left-handed batsman and a singularly clean, hard hitter.

In this company of giants, Sydney Gregory, standing only five feet five in his stockings, seems a dwarf, hence his popular designations, "The Midget" and "Little Tich." Like Hill, he comes from an old cricketing stock, is nephew of the captain of the first Australian eleven, and son of the well-known caretaker of the Association Grounds at Sydney. He naturally had every opportunity of developing the cricketing talent that was in him, and when nineteen he was chosen as a member of the seventh team. He has proved himself a worthy son of a worthy sire, and in his hands the name of Gregory is not likely to lose its old reputation. The accident that crippled him for a time at Mitcham in April is only one of many such misfortunes that he has suffered. When a lad just entering his teens he was confined to his room for over half a year through slipping under a heavy roller on the Sydney cricket-grounds, and he has a record of broken arms and collar-bones which few of his age can equal. He is twenty-six years old.

Harry Graham, of Victoria, Gregory's great friend, was equally unfortunate on his arrival here in April, being laid on one side for a week or two by rheumatism, caused by the sudden change of climate. In height he is only an inch and a half taller than Gregory, but like him he makes up in pluck what he lacks in inches. His brilliant batting in 1893, on his first visit to England, and his feats against Stoddart's team are fresh in the memory of every cricketer.

The Darling of the team is so devoted to the sport that he changed his business in order to be better able to attend to it. He is the son of the Hon. J. Darling, a South Australian legislator, and began life as a farmer, but felt that he must be where he could take part in the game; so he threw up country life a little over two years ago, went to Adelaide and opened a sports depot there. He soon proved his mettle in matches

against other colonies; and his left-handed playing and clean hitting make him a cricketer beloved by spectators. He is an all-round sportsman, and, much as he loves cricket, he shines equally well in football. Although accustomed to the atmosphere of Adelaide, where matches are sometimes played when the heat registers 111° in the shade, he admits that our English June sun has been anything but comfortable, and tells on him in a way the dry South Australian heat never does. Darling has one rule for training, and only one. Before playing a

man who has to stand up against his bowling needs a very cool nerve. Donnan, Iredale and McKibbin are comparatively new men, this being their first visit here. Donnan, like Gregory and Graham, belongs to the comparative midgets of the team, being only five feet six high. Although he has played with credit for some years in colonial matches, he did not really come to the front till last winter, when his brilliant scoring, particularly in the match of New South Wales against Australia, secured him a place in the present team.



From a photo by]

[Hawkins, Brighton.

Lilley
Davidson.

West (umpire).
Ranjitsinhji

Shrewsbury.

W. G. Grace (captain)
A. Hearne.

Pougher.

F. S. Jackson.

Gunn.

Mold.
C. B. Fry.

LORD SHEFFIELD'S ELEVEN WHICH PLAYED THE AUSTRALIANS, MAY 11, 12, 13, IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

match he takes care to eat no fatty foods; apart from that he believes that a man's appetite and common sense are the best guides for keeping in condition, and not the cast-iron laws of athletic manuals.

There remain four members of the team who must be dismissed rather briefly. "Express delivery" Jones, the lawful successor of Turner the Terror, has probably rendered as many good cricketers *hors de combat* as any man of the century. In his hands a cricket-ball is only a shade less dangerous than a repeating rifle, and the

To describe the team without mentioning Mr. Harry Musgrove would be like playing "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark. Mr. Musgrove is the *beau ideal* of a manager—calm, ready to see the humorous side of things, and not easily put out. Even on the memorable June day when Hearne disposed of one after another of the Australians for next to no runs, the manager murmured softly to himself, "It's cricket; it's luck," readjusted the flower that adorned his button-hole, and walked into the pavilion. Mr. Musgrove no doubt partly

owes his equable frame of mind to long experience in dealing with the most impatient and exacting of all people—theatrical companies on tour. He is one of the Anglo-Australian firm of dramatic agents, Williamson & Musgrove, and for fifteen years has managed the affairs of English companies touring in the South. A business manager in the land of the gum-tree and kangaroo meets with so many obstacles and hindrances that he must learn to treat troubles lightly or must prepare for an early grave. Mr. Musgrove prefers the former, and though the companies under his charge have sometimes numbered nearly a hundred, and although the distances to be travelled between performances have at times been fully a thousand miles, he is able to boast that he and those under his charge have always been the best of good friends.

Mr. Musgrove is a Surrey man by birth and an Australasian by adoption. A few months ago he chanced to see an advertisement in a Melbourne paper asking for a manager for the coming team, and after ascertaining that the affair was not cut and dried in the interests of some friend of the

committee, he decided to apply. There were thirty-two other candidates, many very well known men, but the committee selected him. One special qualification Mr. Musgrove had for the post. Besides being an old business manager, he is an excellent cricketer, and could, if necessity arose, make one of the eleven. When Shaw and Shrewsbury's team were at Ballarat, he made his *début* as an international cricketer by scoring 109 against them, a record feat for a first match against an English team. Mr. Musgrove is one favoured by fate, and Neptune in particular seems to regard him with great friendliness. A ship always has a good passage, if his own accounts are to be credited, when he is on board.

Before the team left Sydney certain saturnine critics foretold that colonial jealousies would split it up into cliques and ruin it. Like most forebodings of evil, this has proved very wide of the mark. The motto of one and all is "Advance Australia," and even the rivalries of Melbourne and Sydney are forgotten in the desire to prove the power of the young South against the old North.

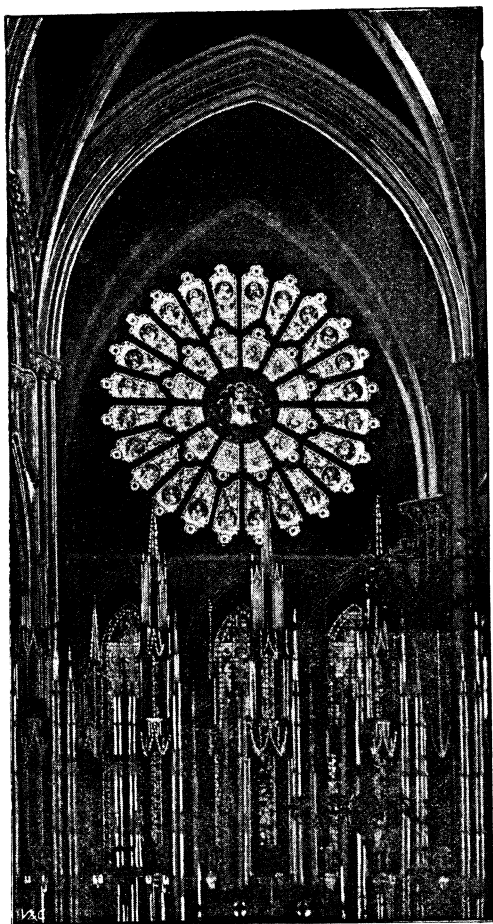


THE HEART OF THE ROSE.

(DURHAM CATHEDRAL EAST WINDOW.)

BY H. M. WAITHMAN.

GREAT jewelled Rose that shines and burns
High in the dim Cathedral's shade,
Thy hues no blast of winter turns,
Nor Time himself can fade.



From a photo by]

[F. W. Morgan, Durham.

THE ROSE WINDOW, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



Deep in the flaming heart of thee
Th' Almighty sits in lonely state ;
And round about Him perfectly
Thy petals radiate :



Their lines lead out to east and west,
To north and south alike they fall ;
That silent figure's stately rest
Is centre of them all.



All lines lead out—how far apart !
Yet peace to loneliness and pain ;
Straight to the Rose's restful heart
All lines lead home again.



A C O W A R D.*

BY JOHN LE BRETON.



THE apples in the orchard were reddening under the autumn sun, and the yellow waves of corn in the fields beyond rustled as the warm wind swept over them. The sky had deepened into purple-blue, and the hot sunshine made the birds forget the sting of the night-chills that warned them of the approaching winter; overhead the rooks cawed lazily and sailed drowsily through the air from one old elm's shady branches to another.

In the best sitting-room of the farmhouse were père Arbois and his wife, although it was early in the afternoon, and the day's work far from completed. The rays of the sun had not reached the little window yet, and the room was cool and dark. The chintz-covered furniture was spotless and shining, for in spite of its great age it had not been much used, and then only with a reverent care for its perfection. It had been for many years the pride of the housewife's heart, but to-day she had no pleasure in its brightness. Tanned by the hot southern sun, wrinkled and weather-beaten, gray-haired and strong of purpose, husband and wife sat hand in hand by the little mahogany table in silence, she with unchecked tears coursing down the channelled wrinkles of her cheeks, he with quivering lips, struggling manfully against the grief that gripped him. For Jean their only son was leaving them, going away from the little village to live in the wonderful city of Paris, there to study and win fame as a sculptor, to show the great world the genius that was burning within him.

Upstairs in his own little room was Jean, a fair-haired handsome boy, with soft gray eyes and a tender, smiling mouth—Jean whom his parents thought the most beautiful thing in the world, and the dearest, not to speak of his wonderful talents, which had only to be known in order to win him fame and riches. He was almost ready to go, but he was taking a last look round to see if he had forgotten anything. In one corner was a half finished head of his mother, in another a broken modelling in clay; here a sketch and there a rude carving, each one

showing evidence of genius, each one unfinished—and it was always so. Every new undertaking he had commenced with ardour, which faded, as the hours passed, into indifference and inactivity. He loved to spend his days in dreaming of new schemes. He found beauty in all things. His mental designs afforded him the most exquisite pleasure; but when he came to work upon them with his hands and put them into an enduring form, the delight of his art vanished. Sometimes he would blame himself for his laziness, at others he would tell himself that he was a true artist to conceive things of beauty, not a craftsman to execute them. Then came the idea of going to Paris—Paris, the home of art, where the very air would be a breath of inspiration to him, and work would become a pleasure.

It was nearly time to go, and Jean dreaded the parting, for grief was a discord to be avoided when possible; but it had to be endured, and he stole downstairs and entered the room where the old couple sat. Père Arbois had counted out fifty golden napoleons, and there they were piled upon the table, representing the aching toil of many a scorching summer and of many a hard winter, for the farming was not what it had been, and profits had become small indeed.

Grief-stricken and desolate were the father and mother, and Jean's eyes filled with remorseful tears as he looked at them; their sorrow rushed like a torrent over his soul, but the thoughts of the delights of Paris surged against it, and joy and grief battled together.

"Fifty napoleons, my son. Be prudent, and they will go a long way, a very long way," said the father looking up into the handsome boyish face.

"And pray to the holy Mother every night to lead you far from the pitfalls that abound in cities," sobbed his mother.

Jean picked up a few of the coins slowly, almost reluctantly, then seeing with them the new-born wings of his life, he swept the rest of them up and put them in his pocket.

"I must go now," he said almost shamefacedly. "Dear mother, I will not be parted from you for very long. I will become rich, and I will send for you and for my father, and there shall be no more work for you, but only pleasure."

* Copyright, 1896, in the United States of America.

The father sighed, but the old mother rose and flung her arms about his neck and kissed him passionately, and wept over him, and her tears wiped out the vision of the gay city for just a moment.

"I will not go, mother; I will not leave you!"

"Come, be brave, Marie," said the father, rising also; "remember we have arranged it all. The boy must have his chance. We must not be selfish. See, it is time for him to go. Kiss him farewell."

And taking his son by the arm the old farmer drew him gently from the clinging arms and led him from the room. Through the orchard they went, across the field and into the lane, following its windings for a mile or more until it reached the high road along which the diligence would come.

When père Arbois crept home he found his wife still in the best room, kneeling there with her hands folded in prayer, and silently he took his place beside her and lifted up his honest old heart to heaven.

* * * * *

Two years had passed since that crisp bright autumn morning when Jean had first come to Paris, and still the world knew nothing of his existence. He could not return to his parents until he had made his name, for the neighbours would have scoffed if he had come back a nobody after having

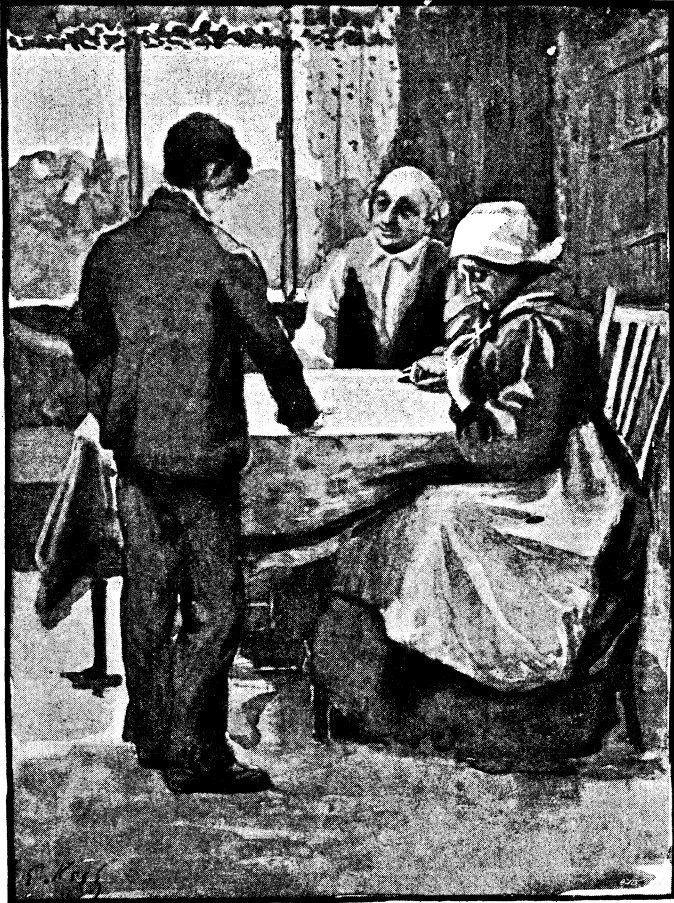
prophesied so grand a career for himself. Work was as distasteful as ever to him, but he had exhausted the slender savings of his parents entirely, and sometimes was forced to earn a few francs by executing a small commission or copying a figure. He had done nothing to buy him fame or fortune, yet he was careless and happy, and wanted little more than enough to live frugally upon, and that little sufficed for the gay outings with

Julie upon Sundays. She was of his own age, merry and heedless of the future as himself. Jean and his friend Pierre Lebronne had been rivals for her love, and when she preferred Jean, Pierre like a good fellow had not broken the bond of friendship, and all three would often go out together and be as happy as though nothing had ever clouded their lives.

Not that Julie liked Pierre's society, for when he saw her alone he still pestered

her with his attention, and she did not dare to tell Jean, for Pierre was a noted swordsman and a deadly shot, and she feared the result of a quarrel between the two.

So stood matters with Jean when the war with Prussia broke out, and the Southern Germans joined with their one-time rivals in crushing France. It was a time of trial for all Frenchmen, a beginning of ardent hope, budding too soon into joy, only to quickly wither into gloom and grief. An early



"'I must go now,' he said almost shamefacedly."

expectation of a conquering march to Berlin, a quick realisation of the promised invasion of German territory, and then came retreat and losses as the days wore slowly on, and the Germans still advanced. The dreaded mitrailleuse gave no certainty of success; the proudest chivalry of modern France, badly led and tended, were forced back before the steady resistless flood of Teuton might; disaster followed disaster until at length the first city in the world was beleaguered.

Then did pride revive the fallen spirits of the Parisians. The Garde Nationale prepared to prove themselves worthy of their name; volunteers cried for arms and demanded to be led against the enemy; all classes of the people were united, and to avenge France and defend her capital was the desire of all. The members of the Press had their own corps, while many of the artists, among whom were Jean and Pierre, drilled with artisans and mechanics, shopkeepers and clerks, all alike animated with the desire to serve their country.

Again at the little farm the apples reddened on the tree, but the old couple had no news from their son, and they could but pray for his safety, mère Arbois wondering at the same time why the good God should allow such devils as these German locusts to invade France and to kill poor people who had done them no harm.

Julie was proud of Jean in his new uniform, and his face glowed with pride as he thought of the fame he should win in action against the enemy. This would be grander than carving marble or moulding clay, and his dreams of the future changed with the times. Once the people were to bow before the great sculptor, now they were to sing the praises of him who had won renown in battle.

On October 11 the invader's guns opened fire and the forts of Paris replied vigorously. Soon the horrors of the siege became daily so intensified that a burning desire for action, an overwhelming cry to be led against the Germans was raised. It was not until late in November that General Trochu decided to attack in force, and on the 28th soldiers were all day marching through the south and south-eastern portions of the city to form an army under General Ducrot, and on Wednesday, November 30, a bright cold morning, as soon as it was light, the corps to which Jean and Pierre belonged, with others amounting to about 55,000 men of all arms, crossed the river Marne on eight pontoon bridges and prepared to attack Champigny, Villiers, Brie and Noisy.

Under General Bellemare they moved upon these villages, supported by a heavy fire from the forts behind them, which however were compelled to cease as the skirmishers came in touch with the Wurtembergers and Saxons. Behind a cloud of riflemen the main body advanced, the Germans firing heavy volleys. A man in front of Jean stumbled and fell so that the young artist stumbled on him. "Stupid pig," he grumbled as he picked himself up, and then he saw for the first time that his comrade had been shot. He who a second before was marching forward so full of life was dead now—passed from time to eternity in a second.

It was the first death in battle he had seen and it gave him a terrible shock. It might have been himself, it was so near; and what would Julie have done, and the old people? It would have killed them. He had to double forward to regain his place in the ranks, and Pierre who was beside him saw how pale he was, and how he trembled.

"Death nearly removed a man who yet will become famous if he lives," he said to Jean. "Why did you volunteer? You have so much to lose, I have nothing."

Jean made no reply, but he too wondered at his folly and wished that he were back in Paris; France had so many men whom she could spare and who would never be famous if they lived as he would be. After the war he would work hard and lose no time, until those he loved should be proud of him.

Men were falling all round him now, some never to rise again; some who limped or crawled to the roadside, some with ghastly wounds which cried aloud for the balm of death. It was terrible, and yet only noise and smoke were to be heard and seen in front; the Germans were behind the misty clouds.

Then came a rush forward, and in the rush the village of Villiers was reached, but the Germans had retired from it and the troops rested for a while in the long street, some of them, like Jean, wondering how they had reached the place, it was so bewildering. But they had won the day, and for a while the past was forgotten, and they spoke only of the future. The rest was not for long; the Germans returned to the charge, and the French forming up again stubbornly opposed them.

On they rushed these great blue-coated warriors like some wave of a mighty sea, but before their bayonets had reached the front rank of those who opposed them they had melted away and lay strewn on the ground,

and with a mighty hurrah the Frenchmen poured a rain of bullets after them.

But once again they rallied and returned, and this time, supported by fresh troops, the assault seemed to be irresistible. The defenders fell fast before a heavy shell fire, and one of these bursting wounded Pierre in the calf of the leg.

"Help me out of this, Jean," he cried, and the latter, half pulling, half carrying his comrade, brought him to the side of a house.

"Now you must return and be shot, Jean," said Pierre as he bound up the wound with a handkerchief. "You who might have lived to make so many happy, and have won such fame as not one man in 100,000 may have. The Germans mean to have revenge. Go back!"

Jean lingered. Here was shelter, outside was death, and one combatant more or less made but little difference.

A sergeant came running back to beat up stragglers, all must be driven into the valley of death, and Jean knew that there was no mercy for those who refused. He slipped his own handkerchief out of his pocket and stood irresolute, when Pierre untied his, covered with blood as it was.

"Put that one on and give me yours," he cried, and scarcely realising what he did, Jean bound up his leg as though he were wounded, and when the sergeant reached him he saw the ensanguined linen and Pierre's wound and passed on.

But desperate as were the Germans they were again forced back in a huddled mass, and into the dense crowds the chassepots bullets hailed, and Brie was won.

In the village street the troops bivouacked, and those who were not too desperately wounded hobbled or crept up to the camp fires, for it was bitterly cold. Among them came Pierre supported on Jean's arm, and they joined in the cries of joy.

"So you scraped acquaintance with the Germans," said one to Pierre laughingly.

"Yes; I was not so fortunate as my friend. Peste! I forgot that he is supposed to be wounded." And Pierre pretended to be vexed that the words had slipped from him.

"What is this? Not wounded!" cried the men, angry that their risk had not been shared by Jean; and one pulled off the handkerchief.

"Pig! Poltroon!" they hissed. "Go! You are no Frenchman. Join the German swine!"

Trembling, dizzy with shame, mad with anger, Jean hurried from them, and crouched

behind the wall again, hoping to be left to die in the cold. He could not live now. What a fool he had been to accept life at such a price. What would Julie say? She would never look at him again. And his parents would discover what a coward was their renegade son. It was terrible.

"Poltroon!" they cried as he sneaked upon parade, and repeated their jeers until the officers demanded silence.

But on Friday morning, December 2, the outposts were heard to fire and soon afterwards they came running in. As usual, although it was certain that the Germans would renew the attack, no precautions had been taken, no reinforcements sent, nothing done to strengthen the position.

The troops fired upon the approaching foe and then retreated, at first steadily, and then helter-skelter. Men who before had faced the bullets without fear now fled at the whistle of them. Some however were rallied, and formed across the road to cover the retreat of the rest, and among these was Jean. The bullets were falling thickly now, and the little force was becoming decimated, but Jean smiled as he saw death so near. His breath came quickly, his eyes lighted up, he heard the word "poltroon," and he held his head up proudly. A few of the men began to look behind them, but not so Jean; he gazed forward at the approaching Germans. Vainly the French officers cried to the men to stand; they turned and ran, all but about a dozen, and later three hundred of them were made prisoners. Among the few who stood their ground was a young officer, who had taken a rifle from a fallen man and was firing on the foe.

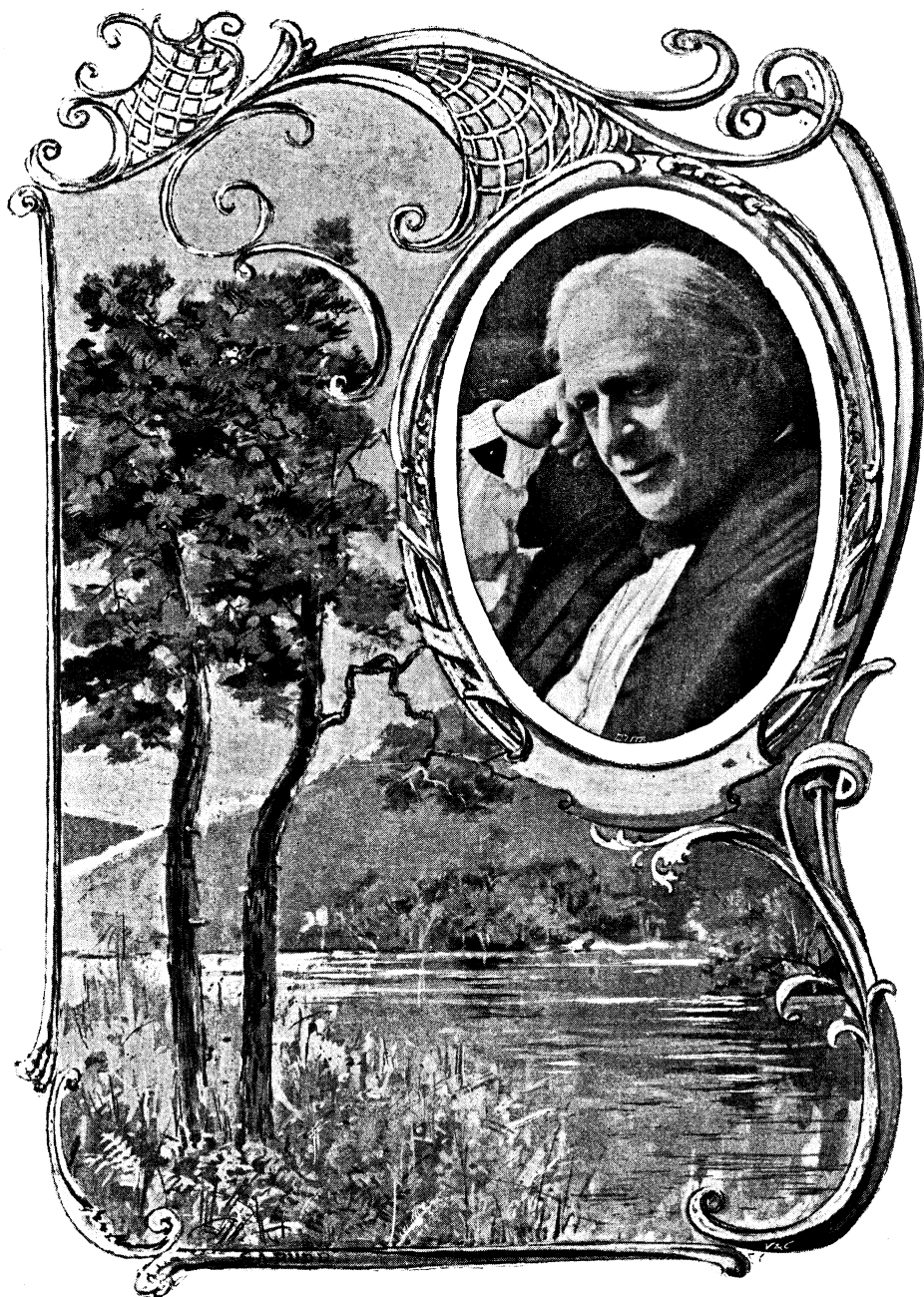
"Surrender!" shouted the Germans, unwilling to slaughter brave men. All the officers but the lad had fallen; there remained but eight or nine men.

"Frenchmen never surrender!" he answered boldly and fired again.

Then with bayonets levelled the Saxons pressed on. One giant made a lunge at the officer, when Jean sprang on to the point of the bayonet, dragging it down as it entered his body. He was the last to fall. The lad and his gallant men were disarmed in a moment, and the young officer, weeping like a woman, knelt beside Jean.

"You gave your life for me, brave fellow," he said; "but it is worse than death for me to see you die thus."

Jean could speak no word, but he tried to kiss the cross one of his comrades held to his lips. And then he died.



DR. BENSON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
(From a photo by Russell.)

PUBLIC MEN AT WORK:

I.—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*

BY DAYRELL TRELAWNEY.



HERE are perhaps no great dignitaries in this advanced age of ours about whom the general public knows less than archbishops.

Our royal family, with a courtesy only equalled by the wisdom of such a course, are readily accessible to all their subjects, including even the journalist in search of "copy."

Politicians, artists, actors, authors, nearly all succumb sooner or later to the wiles of the interviewer. Even a chat with a bishop is not unknown in the pages of enterprising journals. But with archbishops the matter is different. To the public they ever remain veiled in a cloud of mystery. No enthralling details of the toys and pastimes of their childhood have been forthcoming; information about their favourite dogs and horses is sadly deficient, while illustrated interviews with our primates are as yet things of the future.

These facts have their advantages perhaps, especially for archbishops, but there is no doubt they have their drawbacks also, one of the most prominent being that the average layman knows very little about an archbishop. This in itself is regrettable, for I have no hesitation in saying that, with the exception of the life of her Majesty the Queen, there is no more forcible demonstration of responsibilities and trials bravely borne, overwhelming work methodically carried out, and unending rounds of social duties cheerfully performed, than in the routine of a day in the life of one of our archbishops.

In an article that gives a sketch of the work and leisure which falls to the lot of a primate it may be well to glance first at the duties which he has in common with all diocesan bishops. The most important of these may be briefly enumerated as follows:—The ordination of priests and deacons, the confirmation of candidates, the consecration of churches, the task of inaugurating and presiding over all important diocesan enterprises, and the responsibility of guiding,

encouraging, and sometimes rebuking, the clergy and laity under their care.

Until the passing of the Clergy Discipline Bill the bishops were in many cases legally powerless. The law as it at present stands provides comparatively few means for the enforcement of episcopal authority, and even these are so intensely contrary to the tendency of public opinion, so tedious in routine and so expensive in method, that they are only very rarely resorted to. Nor is the sharp discipline of the army and navy known in the ranks of the church militant. The curt and irrevocable decision of a superior officer at once closes a regimental difficulty; the fiat of a naval commander is brief and absolute. But such simple and decisive methods are an unknown boon to a bishop in dealing with his clergy. In their place we find moral suasion, tactful argument and patient discussion. On the most trivial point of ritual expediency or church order a clergyman has, and frequently avails himself of, the right to enter into a prolific and detailed correspondence with his diocesan. Should the answer prove unsatisfactory to his mind he is entitled to one or more interviews, if not with the bishop at all events with his lordship's suffragan or chaplain. What the ultimate result is depends a good deal on the clergyman and still more on the bishop. But the point I wish to bring forward is the enormous amount of additional work such proceedings entail, and the extraordinary success with which a vast body of men, representing every variety of thought, are thus ruled by wisdom, patience and tact.

Admirable however as are the methods and results, the responsibilities and difficulties of such a form of government are almost incredible. And here it is that some of the laity fail to realise the weight of a bishop's work.

If this is true of bishops, how much more so does it apply to our primates, on whom, in addition to their work as diocesans, rest responsibilities of such a much wider and deeper nature. The growth and increase of these duties has of recent years been enormous.

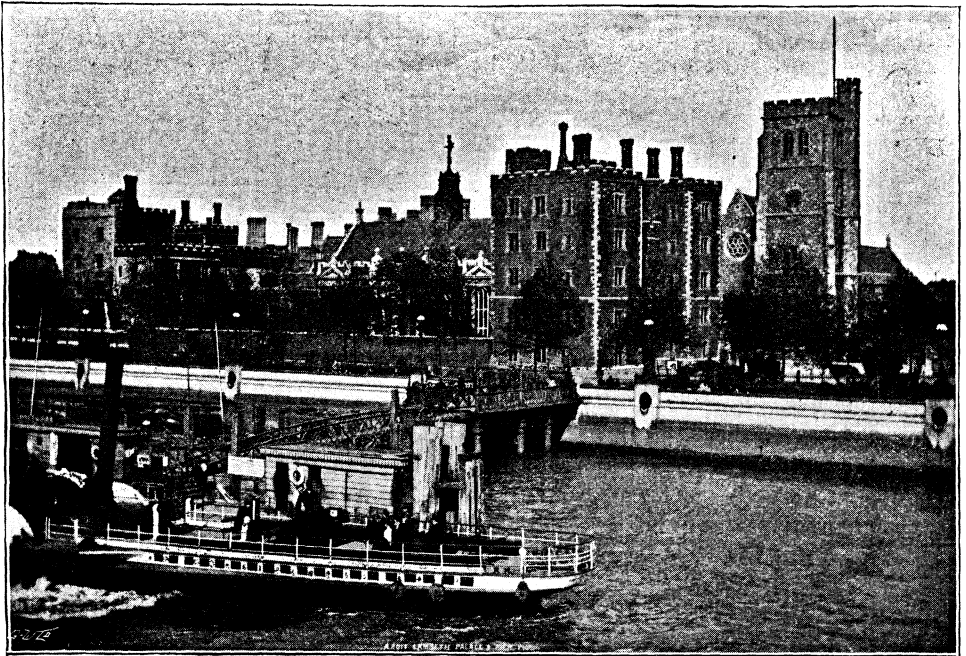
Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canter-

* Copyright by Dayrell Trelawney.

bury, was little more than a missionary. As he and his handful of followers landed on the Kentish coast and walked in a slow procession, bearing a cross and singing chants, to where King Ethelbert sat under an oak tree, a very humble insignificant body they appeared, no doubt. And yet among them were two men, the one destined to occupy the see of Canterbury as the first Primate of England, the other, Paulinus, having subsequently been singled out by the Pope for the position of Archbishop of York, a title which, owing no doubt to his

obtained give an interesting idea of the scope of his ecclesiastical and personal authority.

Thus we learn that at the Priory of St. Sepulchre—a foundation of nuns—the prioress, who was eighty-four years old, was charged by two of the sisters (who were past eighty) with defaming their character to the great scandal of their house. The archbishop, with consummate tact, admonished both accusers and accused, telling the prioress not to use “contumelious words,” and ordering the sisters to be obedient to her



From a photo by]

LAMBETH PALACE.

[Poulton, Lee.

(The London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury.)

incessant labours in the northern province, has often been mistakenly accorded to him.

The duties attached to the archiepiscopal sees were, in the early days of the Church, arduous and difficult, and the responsibilities and dangers great. The issues of life and death lay in the hands of a successful primate, whereas, if he failed, his own life might pay the forfeit. To Archbishop Warham is due the most perfect view we possess of the diocese of Canterbury previous to the Reformation, for he not only made visitation of it in 1511, but he laid a debt on all posterity by recording what he saw and heard. The subjects upon which the archbishop's opinion was solicited and

rule, as required by their profession, thus no doubt preventing a serious breach, which the espousal of one-sided views might possibly have brought about.

A record is given of the heterogeneous array of complaints laid before the archbishop by the monks of St. Martin's, at Dover. These included the curious grievances that they had “linen instead of woollen sheets,” and no one to “teach them grammar.” We should imagine that these are the most remarkable requests of such a nature on record.

Many of the colleges and nunneries, notably those of Wye and Davington, pass excellent examinations, but at Faversham

the list of complaints is so formidable that the mind of the reader quails before the picture of domestic discomfort it reveals. For example: "the food is not properly served," the sacristan is "contumelious," the butler "ill-mannered," the cellarer is accused of spoiling the food for the refectory, which was manifestly gratuitous interference, his own duties being the proper decanting of wine. Whether this was done by demoralising the cook is not stated, but it is certain that the meat came up "half-boiled," and that for some occult reason the cellarer and not the cook was held to be the culprit. The archbishop was severe; possibly he was offered "half-boiled" meat, but of this there is no record.

Unfortunately at the Priory of Leeds no better state of affairs awaited his grace. One of the monks lays a petition before the archiepiscopal visitor which is full of unspoken, yet evidently insulted, dignity. He begs that in future the prior may not be allowed "to lay hands *and feet*" (!) on his brethren. Granted.

The churchwardens too are allowed their say during this tour of inspection. One of these gentlemen solemnly complains to the archbishop that his churchyard is "haunted with hogs"—though it does not appear whether this statement implies grazing or ghosts. What could exceed the pathos of the following return by wardens asked to describe the condition of their parish—"Desperate"?

The parochial clergy too appeal to the archbishop. A vicar complains that a canon (who had apparently received his education at the monastery where no grammar was taught) came and addressed him as follows: "Howbeit thou beareth thee bold, and was instituted by my lord of Canterbury; he hath nought to do here, for we are exempt from him, so tell him." Another priest is interrupted by an irate parishioner during the solemnisation of the marriage service. It is evident that the tediousness of wedding festivities felt by those not directly concerned is not a thing of to-day, for we are told that this guest suddenly shouted to the officiating clergyman who was putting the necessary questions enjoined by the rubric, "If thou ax them any more here I will styk thee." A sidesman states that when attempting, during service time, to get a parishioner out of public-house to attend worship (was this one of their duties?), that person offensively, but somewhat enigmatically, told the officer to go and "shake

his ears." The peaceful residents of Kennington parish may be surprised to learn that a former parishioner, named Richard Ricards, threatened, in the year 1511, to slay his vicar.

These cases of insubordination are the more incomprehensible when it is remembered that humiliating penances, excommunication, confiscation, torture, and death by burning, were punishments dealt out by the authorisation of the prelates of the day.

A little light is thrown on the subject by the following instances. Archbishop Warham passed upon James Morris, of the parish of Sutton Valence, the following sentence for certain misdemeanours: "To go before the processions made in the church of Sutton on the three following Sundays bareheaded and barefooted, wearing only a shirt and holding in his hand a taper, value twopence." On the third Sunday, during mass, he was to "humbly and devoutly offer the said taper into the hands of the officiating minister."

The minuteness of the instructions left no loophole for an additional garment during this chilly undertaking, nor was it possible for the unfortunate penitent to vent his scorn by presenting a farthing rushlight or show his indignation by thrusting his two-penny taper into the hands of the officiating priest with unseemly haste. The question arises why did he not defy his episcopal judge or at least object actively to such indignities? But here the answer is simple enough. To defy the authority of the Church meant in those days certain excommunication, which in turn entailed that the culprit should be dealt with by the laws of the state. That my readers may realise what this course implied, I give the following significant extract which appears in the municipal records of Canterbury dated 1535:—

"For the expenses of bringing a heretic from London ...	14s. 8d.
For 1½ load of wood to burn him... ..	2s. 0d.
For gunpowder	1d.
A stake and staple	8d."

Such an entry throws a lurid light on the subject in question and may explain why any ecclesiastical penance was welcomed rather than the enforcement of the laws of the land.

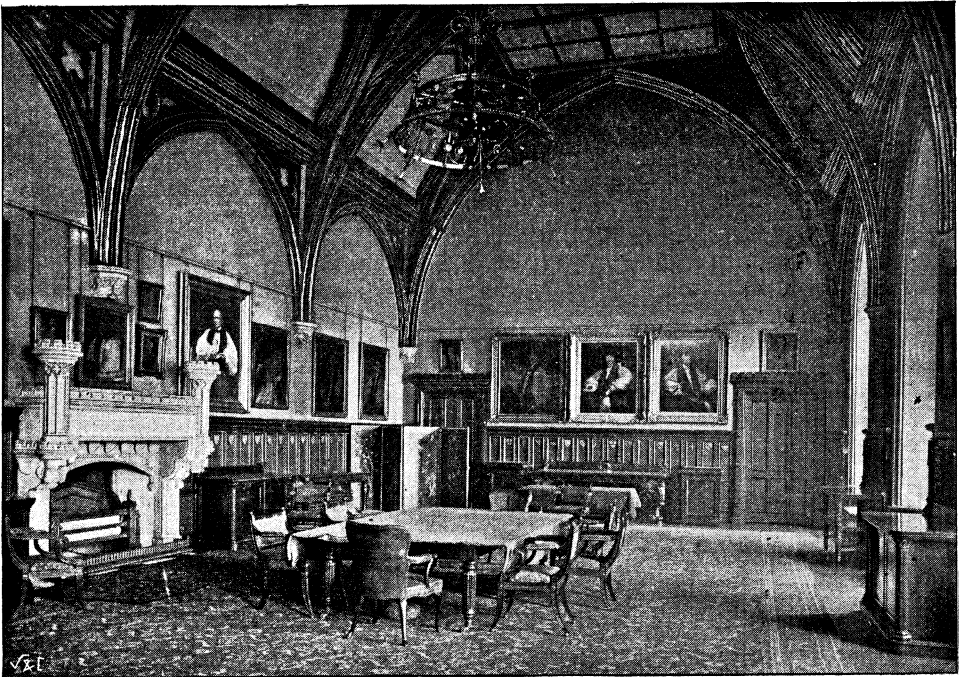
If these records of diocesan work and authority are interesting a still greater contrast may be found by a comparison of the princely state and lavish expenditure

customary with many former archbishops and the simple mode of life which obtains with our present-day primates.

Dean Hook tells us how Parker received Queen Elizabeth at Canterbury with great magnificence, keeping open house the whole time of her Majesty's visit, so that when she left she told his grace that the display of his loyalty, munificence, and good taste, reflected much honour upon him. It was at this visit that the archbishop offered the Queen the curiously assorted gifts of a horse and a golden salt-cellar. When we read

of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeomen of the eyry, master and yeomen of the horse, bakers, pantlers, butlers, larderers, squillerys (?), carvers, servers, cup-bearers, marshals, ushers," and many others too numerous to mention.

None was more fond of that "lordly prelating" which Latimer so sternly censures than Archbishop Whitgift. This primate, with his courteous and affable manners and unbounded liberality, was popular, not only with the clergy and laity of his diocese, but with Queen Elizabeth, who paid him no less



From a photo by]

THE GUARD-ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

[Russell.]

that her Majesty's seat at the banquet was of marble "adorned with gilded trappings," while over her was "a canopy glittering with gold," we are somewhat prepared for the amount which this sumptuous entertainment cost her host. The total expenditure is stated to have been no less than two thousand pounds—a vast sum in those days.

Those who blame our primates for undue extravagance in the maintenance of their households will do well to study the following list (the original ms. is in the Lambeth library), which gives the titles of Archbishop Parker's household: "Chaplains, almoners, painters, writers, bookbinders, printers, engravers, steward, treasurer, controller, clerk

than fourteen visits, often prolonging them two and even three days.

No royal progress was marked by greater pomp than the archbishop's visitations to the larger towns of his province. Eight hundred to a thousand horse, provided and paid out of his privy purse, formed his escort, more than a hundred servants wore his liveries, while some forty gentlemen of his household, adorned with gold chains, completed his princely following. Little wonder that a papal legate, who happened to witness one of these state entries into Canterbury, stood astounded at a sight that Rome itself could not equal.

Every now and again an attempt was

made by one prelate or another to cut down the stately living customary with the high ecclesiastical dignitaries of the day. Thus we read that by common consent it was decided, during the primacy of Cranmer, that in regulating their tables the archbishops should never exceed "six divers kinds of fleshe or six of fishe, . . . the bishops not to exceed five, the deane and archdeacon not above four." As the archbishops were however allowed four "second dishes," and the bishops and deans fared in similar proportions, our sympathies for these fasting prelates are not keenly awakened, even when we read that "of partriches the archbishop must only have three on a dish," and of "larks and that sort *but twelve*." But these drastic reforms obtained little favour with the public of the day, and once again the royal hospitality and liberality reigned supreme.

And here I shall venture to advance the opinion that these princely methods had their uses and advantages. When Queen Elizabeth sat at Archbishop Parker's banqueting table, richly clad, surrounded by her lords and ladies, and with a canopy of gold above her, the humblest and poorest inhabitants of Canterbury were admitted to see the goodly sight and to receive the abundance that overflowed from the laden tables. To them the Queen and archbishop were ever afterwards a magnificent reality, for had they not stood in her Majesty's presence, and did not the archbishop pass among them bidding them welcome?

Then again what a right royal exit and entry did the southern primates make to and from Lambeth House on their way to Parliament, crossing the Thames in the magnificent state barge. And when the Archbishop of York drove from the palace at Bishopthorpe his grace's meanest neighbour might know the fact by the horn which was blown to herald his coming, and if they so wished, could wait to see him pass.

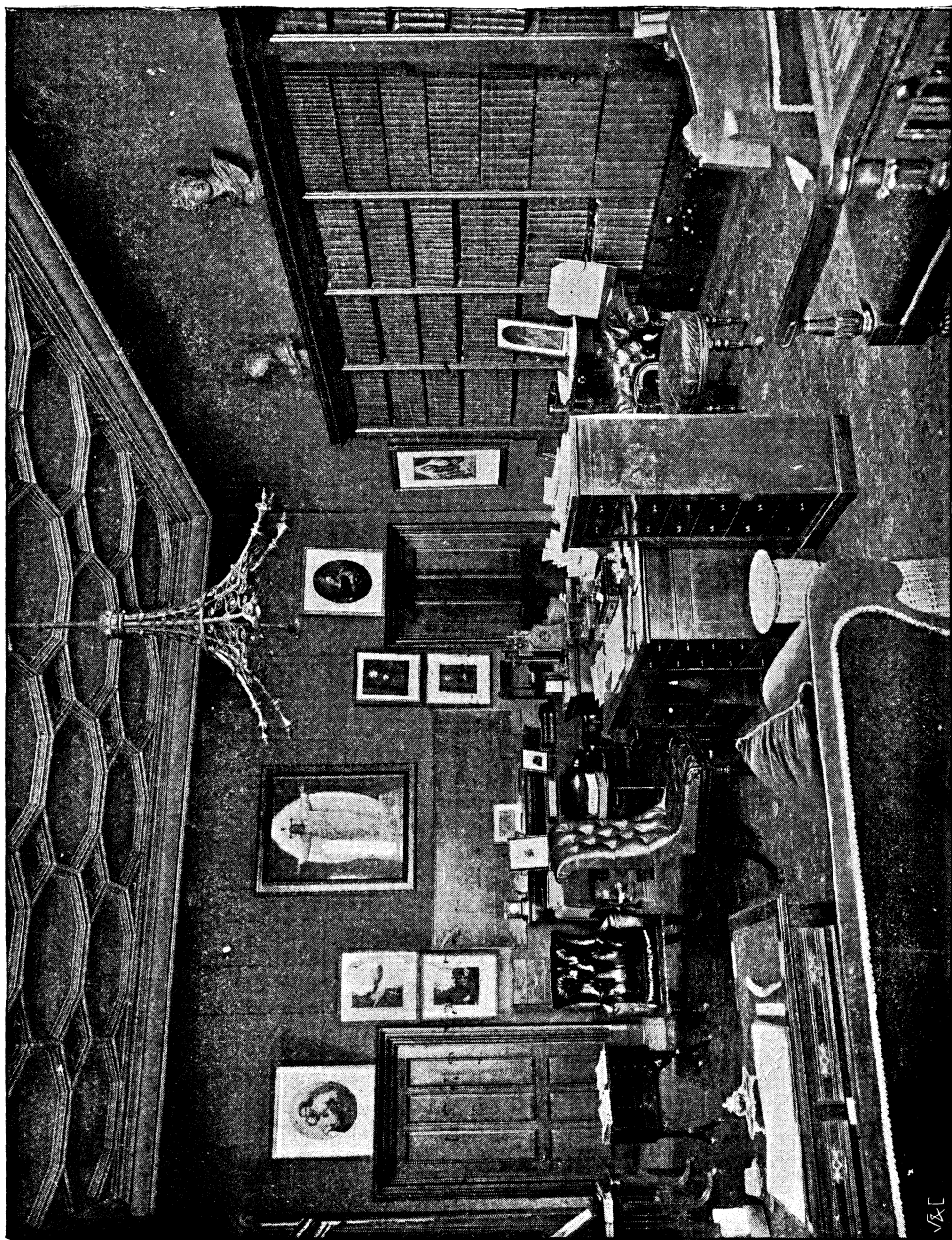
But these days are past and in their place reigns a simplicity in which (if I may say so in all respect) the bishops encourage each other. Fired by a desire to save the departing customs once in use in the episcopate, I suggested the resumption of the horn-blowing at the gates of Bishopthorpe to a former Archbishop of York. He gave me no encouragement. As a matter of fact he laughed and told another bishop of my suggestion; he in turn also laughed. And there my mission ended.

Personally, having known more than one

archbishop, I may add that, deplorable as it may seem, there is in the primates of to-day a growing tendency to extreme simplicity and unostentatious living that is, in my humble opinion, wholly ineradicable. The Archbishop of Canterbury has no state barge. I will go further than this and say that he has never even wished for one. I do not know if it is this extraordinary simplicity combined with so high a rank which mystifies the laity in their conception of an archbishop, but there is no doubt that, as I have said, with the exception of those who are connected with affairs ecclesiastical, the laity have a clearer conception of the duties, responsibilities and daily life of almost any of her Majesty's subjects than they have of the two primates in whose hands, to a very great extent, lies the guidance of the national Church.

Laymen are frequently disturbed in the presence of a bishop by the sense of their inadequate knowledge of matters likely, in their opinion, to form the sole topic of conversation. I remember an amusing instance of this, of which I was witness, not long ago at a large social gathering held to welcome the new suffragan of a diocese. "Let me introduce you to the bishop," said the hostess to a layman who was a prominent figure in the hunting field, and always ready to support his parish church and vicar. "I'd much rather not," was the honest reply. "The truth is I'm so rocky in my knowledge of cathedrals, and—er—churchwardens, and Sunday-school treats, you know." And so the acquaintanceship between two men equally indispensable to the church was prevented by a groundless belief—which is however a popular one—that a bishop is unable to adapt himself to the wants and requirements of a layman, which, as a matter of fact, formed the entire basis upon which the episcopate was wisely founded.

Another instance comes to my mind as I write. The late Archbishop Thomson, who was keenly appreciative in all matters which concerned the laity, and especially desirous in his social intercourse of removing any barrier which his episcopal rank might tend to create, had nevertheless a dignity of presence and solemnity of address which not infrequently defeated the object he had in view. It was customary for the officers of the garrison at York to drop in informally at tea-time at Bishopthorpe. The archbishop was often present. An officer who had lately joined the York garrison having expressed his intense awe of archbishops in the abstract,



From a photo by]

DR. BENSON'S STUDY IN LAMBETH PALACE.

[Russell.

an opening was at once seen for a mild practical joke. He was assured that even his worst fears could not approach the reality. While it was obvious that he must in common civility pay the call, he was warned in a friendly way that the catechism would be a certain topic of conversation, and an immediate study of the collect for the day was suggested. Whatever portions of these warnings the new-comer chose to disregard, there is no doubt that, coupled with his intense natural shyness, they made his first afternoon call (in company with his brother officers) a source of the most intense misery which was evident to all present. The archbishop noticing this shy stranger, whom he had not met before, endeavoured to draw him into conversation. Under the circumstances nothing could have been more disastrous than his opening remark. Speaking in his full sonorous bass tones as he turned to regard the speaker, he uttered the words, "What is your name?" "It is the catechism," thought the unfortunate object of the inquiry, with a consternation nothing could hide, while the archbishop looked mildly round at his guest, wondering at the effect of his simple remark. Subsequent efforts at conversation were doomed to failure, and the party broke up. When, several days afterwards, the real story reached Bishopthorpe, no one enjoyed it more heartily than the archbishop himself.

Another equally amusing incident is the following, which has never yet reached the public, and which proves that this spirit of reverential awe is far from universal. One of our archbishops was visiting a country house, and so commended himself to his hostess's family of children that one of them, a bright little clever girl of about eight, threatened to monopolise the conversation almost entirely, but was brought to a sudden silence by her father's whispered remonstrance of "Shut up, Mabel!" For some time she remained quietly considering the rebuke. Profiting by her silence, her father and mother drew their guest on to assert his conversational powers, which he did with success, passing from one subject to another with the ease that comes of an appreciative audience. To the child who had been rebuked for talkativeness the manifest injustice of favouritism shown to this conversational visitor became totally intolerable. In the middle of a sentence a small but stern voice made itself heard. "Shut up, archbishop!" it said in grave

tones of rebuke, and it is needless to add that the remark had the desired effect.

We have at the present moment two primates of whom churchmen have every cause to be proud. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the first subject of the realm, and he fills his position of Primate of all England with dignity and success. His career and antecedents are too well known to need recapitulation here. A glance at the archbishop at work will be of fresher interest, although it is nearly impossible to present in writing any adequate picture of the heavy duties and overwhelming responsibilities which pertain to the see of Canterbury, and which are so well and faithfully carried out by its present occupant.

From February to the end of July the archbishop resides at Lambeth Palace, retiring for the other six months of the year to the comparative quiet of the life at Addington Park, Croydon.

His grace is an early riser. He once mentioned to me in conversation that he began his day at 6.30, and I remember at the time being divided between a great admiration for his action, and an equally great fear lest he should question me as to when I began mine. The first hour of the day is set aside for devotional study. At 8.30 breakfast is served, at which the family and chaplains are present. At Addington there are frequently visitors staying in the house, and breakfast is sometimes quite a large gathering. At 9.15 there is service in the house chapel. At 9.45 the archbishop retires to his study to go through some of the more important letters and documents needing his revision or signature; and here it may not be amiss to say a few words on the subject of archiepiscopal correspondence.

Within late years this department of work has developed enormously. Dr. Davidson states, on the authority of a former porter at Lambeth, that in Archbishop Howley's time his grace's letters were all placed in a small china bowl on the hall table—"there were scarcely enough to cover the bottom of it"—and an hour's work sufficed for their perusal and for replies. During Dr. Tait's tenure of the primacy the same authority mentions that the correspondence increased immensely. The daily average of letters was about forty-seven during the summer months and thirty-six in winter. Dr. Davidson tells how, when chaplain to Archbishop Tait, he used to be reduced to sore straits on windy

days when the primate, who loved the open air, dictated letters to him as they both strolled along the cliff at Broadstairs, or on the terrace at Lambeth. The climax was reached when the archbishop insisted on his chaplain's revising and annotating a series of visitation statistics on sheets of flimsy foolscap while riding on horseback along the Thames Embankment.

For some years after Dr. Benson took up his residence at Lambeth he had only one chaplain, who, with a private secretary, managed to cope with the work; but such a state of things is past for ever. Each year brings an enormous increase of correspondence, interviews, and official business generally, and his grace's two chaplains and his private secretary, Mr. M. B. Phillips, find their hands fuller than ever.

The ever-growing extension of our colonial and missionary episcopate is a source of great additional anxiety and labour to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he has shown in more than one instance his great wisdom in giving advice to daughter churches, which not only benefits them, but consolidates and strengthens the power of the Anglican Church as a whole.

The affectionate relations existing between our own Church and the sister Church in America have been greatly due to the joint policy of our primates in according a brotherly welcome to the members of the American episcopate. Nor must it be forgotten that the late Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Thorold) did much, by his frequent visits to the States, to draw closer the bond which unites these two powerful branches of the Anglican Church.

The vast problems which confront our bishops and clergy in distant lands, and the decisions which have to be arrived at—in many cases fraught with grave issues for the future—are usually submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury for advice. It will readily be seen how serious is the responsibility laid upon him, and how necessary it is for the successful progress of the Church that he should not only be capable of taking a wide and comprehensive view of ecclesiastical imperialism, but that he should devote continuous thought and labour to the solution of the questions on which he is asked for guidance. Yet the incessant routine of duties, especially during the six months' residence at Lambeth, renders this almost impossible. When not engaged in the diocese, confirming, consecrating churches, preaching, etc., or occupied with the

examination and preparation of candidates for ordination, the archbishop must hurry from one appointment to another. He must preside at the meeting of the Ecclesiastical Commission, or at one of the many committees where his presence is almost indispensable. With but scanty time for preparation, he must be present to make an important speech at a Mansion House gathering or annual meeting of a leading church society. Hardly has he finished his address before he is due at the House of Lords, to take charge of a Bill which he has introduced on behalf of the episcopate. Frequently the evening finds him attending a public dinner, where again he must speak almost *impromptu*. And the most trying part of all is that, great as may be his power and influence in the affairs of the Church, he is totally unable to escape from the inevitable reporter. He must beware of the fate that is generally ascribed to Archbishop Tait—although I am not prepared to vouch for the accuracy of the story. Dr. Tait, according to rumour, was giving the address at the annual meeting of a prominent society. No new developments had recently arisen, and he devoted himself to explaining the objects and operations of the excellent institution whose cause he was advocating. The reporter—evidently an old hand—saved himself the trouble of taking down the primate's words, and the next day there appeared in the paper a brief account of the proceedings, with a list of those present, concluding with the words: "The Archbishop of Canterbury made an interesting speech, which will be found in our account of the annual meeting of this society last year!"

Archbishop Benson is devoted to riding, and many a good gallop does he enjoy with his daughter and sons in the neighbourhood of Addington. When in London he will often escape from the pressure of his duties, if only for three-quarters of an hour, in order to indulge in a ride round Battersea Park or in the Row.

He is fond of animals. His kindness to the birds in winter, feeding them with his own hand every morning, is well known; while Miss Benson has given to the world a charming story of the faithful old family friend, "Watch," his grace's collie.

The most momentous utterances made of recent years were those of the two archbishops at the opening of the Church House. The Archbishop of Canterbury said that his brother primate and the northern bishops would be welcome to use the Church House when it was not occupied by the southern

convocation, but if they came when it was they would be more welcome still ; to which Dr. Maclagan replied that he hoped the day was not far distant when he should accept this invitation—not when the rooms were empty, but when they were filled with the members of the Convocation of Canterbury, and the two primates could sit side by side. This utterance was received with an enthusiastic outburst of applause, foreshadowing as it did the inauguration of a new era, when the Church of England will be represented by one national synod, and the differences of the northern and southern provinces, which at times have been somewhat acute, will belong to the history of the past.

It is a regret to me that I may not see our

southern primate enter Canterbury, as did his predecessor, with a following of 1000 horsemen. But a still grander sight may be the lot of those who live to see the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the advent of St. Augustine to Britain. For then, it is said, the Archbishop of Canterbury will visit the shores of Kent where his predecessor landed, and following his grace will go, not 1000 horsemen, but many hundred bishops gathered in England for the Lambeth Conference, and clergy from all parts of the globe. Not Whitgift nor Wolsey himself could boast such state as this, for it tells of a Church that, like the country from which it has its name, claims an empire on which the sun never sets.



[Drawn by E. Drake.]



EARLY MORNING IN THE STRAND.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

BY A. O. BRAZIER.

Illustrated by STEPHEN REID.



R. MYER STEVENS glanced casually at the clock. It was a small cheeky thing with a bold face—a three-and-six-penny article—that ticked loudly and vehemently, and

stood astride on the mantelpiece amidst an indiscriminate litter of papers and dirty books, and watched the scenes that went on in the small office beyond with the inexpressive stare of a sphinx.

It was never still. When Mr. Stevens' wizened face was bent over his dusty papers it ticked on untiringly—on and on, and it still ticked through the long silent hours of the night when Mr. Stevens had taken his spluttering candle and crawled up the long wooden stairs to the dingy attic at the top; and in the morning, when he opened his office door again, the sound of its voice seemed to rush out and greet him like a living thing.

Not that Mr. Stevens felt anything of the sort. The clock was to him a mere machine by which he regulated his meals and the comings and goings of his clients, and the idea of any companionship in its harsh tick was farther from his thoughts than the North Pole.

Sometimes when he was disturbed in mind, or when he had failed to drive his customary bargains, and was obliged to content himself with a lower percentage than usual, he felt that the ticking was an unmitigated nuisance, he even believed vaguely that the thing mocked him, and that it laughed fiendishly from its position on the mantelpiece.

But Mr. Stevens was not an imaginative man. He was a cool keen man of business, with the eyes of a fox and the teeth of a wolf. His yellow skin was shrivelled and withered with much cunning and savage groping after money, but his jaw was set with a determination which it was difficult to overcome, and his movements were slow, collected and sure, never uncertain or miscalculated, and never to be surprised into an undignified haste.

Seeing that the fingers of his timepiece were pointing to two o'clock Mr. Stevens

put down his pen and began collecting his papers into something like order. He took down a file and added some fresh bills to it, and then began putting back some of his books into a safe that stood on one side of the room.

It was a big iron safe which contained many things—mostly I.O.U.'s and notes of hand—and constituted, with the exception of a desk, the principal article of furniture in the room.

Mr. Stevens closed it, and then, pulling a crumpled newspaper out of his pocket, seated himself opposite a packet containing a crusty roll and a piece of cheese. This constituted his lunch.

The cheese was mouldy and the roll dry; but these were commendable qualities in Mr. Stevens' eyes. He was not a man to rush into unnecessary extravagance in order to satisfy the cravings of a rebellious stomach, and as something to eat was absolutely necessary in order to live, he lunched calmly on the cheapest thing he could get.

He had just reached an exciting point in the money market column, when a knock at his door caused him to drop the paper and begin slowly gathering up the remains of his bread and cheese. These he deposited unceremoniously in the safe. Then he turned and—with a glance at his desk, in order to see that there were no papers lying about which might prove tempting to an unscrupulous visitor—ambled slowly towards the door and opened it.

A girl stood facing him—a girl young and pretty, with an appealing look in her blue eyes—a lady evidently, judging by her dress, and in trouble, if the ashy paleness of her face and the uncertain twitching of her lips meant anything.

Stevens looked at her hesitatingly for a moment. Ladies were not frequent visitors at his establishment, and if he hated one thing more than another it was a woman; and this girl—this pale fair girl who stood timidly on the dusky landing outside his door—destroyed for a brief space his usual presence of mind. She reminded him forcibly of another woman, a woman who

years ago had cheated and defrauded him, and left him on the very eve of his marriage, and the sight of her aroused all the slumbering hate against womankind in general that he had nursed in his heart since.

He looked at her keenly, peered at her suspiciously as she stood in the half light of the landing, and then gruffly bade her come in, watching her, as she seated herself in one of his broken chairs, with eyes that missed nothing in their crafty scrutiny.

He noticed that her manner was nervous and troubled, and that she glanced at him as if uncertain how to proceed. But he also noticed that the curve of her dainty lip was set and decided, and that the outline of her chin was rounded and firm, and he drew up his old worn chair prepared to encounter a trick of the cleverest description.

"You are Mr. Stevens?" she asked presently.

He nodded and bent his yellow face forward, peering up at her with his small eyes under their heavy brows as if he would read her very soul. His long lean fingers twisted themselves together, and he waited for her to go on.

"I—I am in great trouble," she continued.

He pricked his ears at the sound of the tiny break in her voice and smiled grimly. He knew these women. They had practised their tricks upon him before.

"I—I am in want of money," she went on; "and I don't know where to turn, or what to do; and I must have thirty pounds to-day—I must, and—and there seemed to be only one way, and I have come to you."

She began slipping off her glove.

"Can you—will you let me have thirty pounds on this?" she asked.

She took a ring from her finger and handed it to him.

He flashed a look at her from his keen eyes and snorted as he held out his hand. Bah! it was a common trick after all. The ring was probably not worth thirty shillings; and he rose, with a sneer curling his lip, and held it to the light.

The sun sparkled upon it, and the diamonds flashed up at him in dancing colours. It looked genuine enough; it looked as if it might be worth even fifty pounds; but—he glanced from the corner of his eye at the girl.

She had risen and, whether accidentally or deliberately, had turned her profile towards him; and her profile, with the golden hair curling softly towards her white neck,

aroused admiration even in Stevens' withered heart, and he watched her eagerly. When he spoke she started and turned.

"I can't tell you off-hand," he said. "I should not be prepared to advance so much money at a moment's notice. If you will wait I'll get an opinion on it and let you know."

"How—how long will you be?" she asked nervously. "I—I *must* have the money to-day."

She turned away with a catch in her breath that was suspiciously like a sob, and Stevens sneered again.

"I shall be five minutes," he remarked, "and meanwhile, Madam, compose yourself, compose yourself."

He took his old felt hat from a peg and shuffled his way out and down the dark stairs into the street.

A few doors below his office was a shop—a small, dark, dingy place, full of old silver and second-hand jewellery, with big silver trays and old spoons and tea-services lining the window, and with an iron grating fastened against it, through which diamonds and sapphires and a hundred gems flashed out their colours into the sunshine.

Mr. Stevens entered this shop and looked round hastily as a man came forward and accosted him.

"Hallo! Stevens," he remarked; "you, is it?"

"Yes," said the other in a thin harsh voice; "it is. Look here"—taking the ring out of his pocket—"what do you think of that? I've got a girl up there who wants thirty pounds on it. What the meaning of it is I can't make out, but she's mad if she thinks to swindle me by such a fool's trick. It *is* a trick, of course; but I told her I'd get an opinion on it, just to satisfy her, you know, and get her away. What's the exact value?"

The jeweller held the ring carefully to his eyes.

"Did you say a girl?" he asked, looking up sharply.

"Yes," Stevens replied, "and a deuced pretty girl too; but she don't swindle me for all that. Is it worth thirty shillings? I just want your opinion, you know—that's all."

"How much do you say she wants for it?—thirty pounds? My dear fellow you can offer her fifty. It will sell for a hundred any day. They're first-rate diamonds, and the ruby alone is worth thirty pounds."

Stevens stared in amazement.

"You don't mean that?" he asked. It had never occurred to him that the girl was genuine, and he was taken aback. It was not like him to make a mistake. It had seemed such a palpable trick too. And he crawled back to his office fingering the ring undecidedly.

He opened the door and went in. Her back was towards him, and she had moved her chair to a position nearer the door. His keen eyes detected the difference, and he glanced suspiciously at his papers as he shuffled slowly towards his desk. They had not been touched—nothing had moved except the girl, and she looked up anxiously from under her dark lashes as he took his seat. He remained for a moment looking doubtfully at the ring.

"I can let you have thirty pounds on it," he said at last. The thing was after all worth the risk.

He filled up a form, and then opening his safe deposited the ring therein and took out thirty pounds in notes.

She looked at him gratefully as he counted them into her hands.

"I shall redeem it in a week," she said. "You will not part with it? You will not let it go out of your hands? I—I dare not lose it; and I'll return for it in a week."

"And the name?" he asked.

She paused for a moment. Then she said "Waters—Miss Waters. Good-bye, and — and thank you."

The door shut behind her. He listened to the sound of her light footsteps on the wooden stairs, and then he opened his safe for the remainder of his lunch.

II.

Whether it was Miss Waters' eyes or the magic gold of her hair that had affected him Mr. Stevens was unable to discover, but for a day or two after her visit he was considerably agitated in his mind—that is, as agitated as a man who has lived through fifty years of his life in cool deliberate selfishness can possibly be. His small sharp eyes took on a keener hungry look as his lean fingers folded over the ring she had left with him; and as a new bold idea began to take possession of his mind his yellow skin puckered itself up into hideous wrinkles about his brows, his discoloured teeth gleamed hatefully at times from behind his

thin lips, and the plot that he was forming in his mind sent a sharp eager look into his wizened face.

The stagnating blood began to course a little quicker in his veins, and he gloated over his gold and bank-notes with eager delight, as he had clutched them before with despair—despair because he knew that in a few years they would roll from his grasp as surely as his life would depart from his body.

Now a faint hope was rising within him—a faint hope that he might yet retain his hold over them even after death; and in this the yellow-haired girl was to the fore—with him, by his side, her hand in his, hating him, loathing him probably, yet his, his to have and to hold, and to keep henceforth as his wife.

That was his idea. He was old, he knew,



"He remained for a moment looking doubtfully at the ring."

and hideous, but if his gold could buy her—if by any means, fair or foul, he could obtain her, he was determined that she should become his wife.

The thought was maddening, and he lived upon it, counting the days until she would return as he had never before calculated upon the visit of a client. And the fact that his thoughts were playing this strange truant from his books and money-bags might have accounted for the curious start he gave when, three days before he expected her, the door of his office opened suddenly and admitted a gentleman—a tall, well-dressed gentleman—who stopped abruptly when he found himself face to face with the money-lender, and who seemed breathless from climbing the long dingy stairs outside.

He came in hurriedly, shutting the door

carefully behind him, and removing his gloves and stick from one hand to the other.

"Mr. Stevens?" he asked abruptly.

Stevens looked up at him from under his bushy brows without lifting his head.

"I am," he replied in his usual harsh voice. "Can I do anything for you? Take a seat."

The stranger complied, pulling up the broken-backed chair to a position nearer the desk, and looked sharply at the money-lender.

"I have been referred to you," he said



"A tall, well-dressed gentleman."

shortly. "I am in bad straits for a week or two, and I find that I shall be obliged to raise some money immediately, for the matter is urgent, otherwise I could have arranged it myself. I had better go into details, in order that you may judge whether you will be willing to undertake it or not."

Stevens leant back in his chair, watching with his sharp ferret eyes, and at first his grim smile seemed rather to disconcert the stranger. He was a peculiar looking man, with a pale sensitive face, and a shrewd nervous manner. He unbuttoned his frock-

coat, and pulling up his trousers leant forward with one arm on his knee.

"I am just about to complete the purchase of some property," he went on after a moment's pause. "The deeds are to be signed on Thursday—three days from this—and in order to complete I want ten thousand pounds. Will you advance me this money? I can give you good security, as well as a reference to my banker and a friend, if you wish. I have some South American railway shares with me now which would cover the advance, and I am willing to satisfy you further in any reasonable way. Perhaps you would like to look at these?"

He took out a bundle of papers from his pocket as he spoke and handed them over, watching eagerly as Stevens took them into his long thin fingers and prepared himself to examine them.

He glanced at them casually at first. Then he went through them again slowly, one after the other, and after a moment he lifted his head and looked steadily at the man opposite him.

"You are Mr. Somers, the owner of these shares, I suppose?" he said.

"Certainly," replied the other. "I beg your pardon for not offering you my card earlier. Allow me to do so now. The address of my hotel is upon it."

"Well," said Stevens as he took the card, "I shall be willing to advance the money with these shares as security, and on that condition I will have it ready for you in three days' time—on Thursday."

"Thanks," said the stranger. "But about the interest? I only want the money for a month. I shall be able to return it then; and if the interest should be too high——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Twenty per cent.," said the money-lender briefly. "Twenty per cent. for the first month and fifteen afterwards."

He screwed up his eyes and looked keenly at his client.

"Well," said the latter, "that will do. I shall not want it beyond the month. And, by the way," he added as he gathered up the shares and put them in his pocket, "you will have the money in notes, of course? I will be here at—let me see, the deeds will be signed at five—well, say four o'clock."

Stevens signified his consent and the stranger withdrew, leaving the money-lender looking sharply after his retreating figure.

* * * * *

On Thursday, although Mr. Stevens waited all day until the fingers of his little clock

began crawling down towards the lower side of the face, the golden-haired girl did not put in an appearance, but at about half-past four there was a knock at the door and a telegram was handed in.

The telegram signified that his client, Mr. Somers, had been delayed and would be unable to call for the money until the following morning, and this meant—as the banks were closed—that ten thousand pounds would have to remain in his safe all night.

III.

At midnight there was a dull scraping sound—a sound like the muffled rasping of a file and the chink of a broken lock—and the little clock astride on Mr. Stevens' mantelpiece had ceased to tick. Its bold expressionless face stared out silently into the darkness and its black fingers pointed vaguely to something past eleven.

It was a dark night, dark and still, and no light crept into the office from outside, and in the street there was no sound save the occasional tramp of a policeman on his beat. But inside a bull's-eye lantern poured a bright flood of light on Mr. Stevens' iron safe and on the pale face of a man who was on his knees before it, and in the room a chink of metal and skeleton keys had superseded the ticking of the clock.

The man, with his face half in darkness, was slowly forcing open the safe. He felt the lock move under his hands, and he brought the lantern a little nearer and listened. Not a sound, not even a footstep in the street below, and he returned hastily to his work.

He took up the keys with a stealthy hand. They grated softly against each other; the lock turned, the iron door rumbled on its hinges, and in another moment the contents—the ring, the gold, and the ten thousand pounds—would be his. He stretched out his hand, it encountered some papers. He smiled faintly and lifted his lantern, but the next moment he had turned with a start and flashed the light towards the door. The lantern trembled in his hand and the keys fell to the ground with a crash.

Mr. Stevens stood in the doorway, stood looking on and smiling contemptuously, shading his spluttering candle with one long lean hand, and watching his midnight visitor with the air of an indulgent parent.

"Ah! Mr. Somers," he said coolly, coming in and setting down his candle on the table, "good evening. You are rather later than I expected."

The man fell back, dazed for a moment. Then he made a sudden movement as if he would have escaped, but Mr. Stevens held up his hand and calmly advised him to compose himself.

"Don't be alarmed," he said blandly. "Don't disturb yourself. You don't know me yet, but you may hope for a better acquaintance soon. No, it's no use trying to escape. Oh yes, shoot me if you choose; but the police are waiting for you below. I took that precaution—thought it wiser, you know."

He moved his spluttering candle out of the way of the draught and shut the door.

"My dear sir," he went on, addressing his prisoner, who was crouching again on the floor, "you must be in a very uncomfortable position there. Why not take a chair?"

He waved his hand towards the old broken articles of furniture that adorned his room, and then, twisting his lean fingers together, looked down at the floor and the implements that lay scattered about it.

"A nice arrangement," he remarked mockingly; "very nice and clever, but just a little unwise."

The man on the floor rose suddenly to his feet and made an angry rush towards him.

"Curse you!" he cried. "Curse you——"

"Sh-sh," said Mr. Stevens; "sit down, sit down. It's no use whatever to try to escape, you would be nabbed before you reached the gutter, and I've a proposal to make to you; sit down, sit down."

Somers staggered forward to a chair, and sat looking at the old man like one fascinated against his will.

"Now," Mr. Stevens remarked, "before I go on I should like you to send for your daughter."

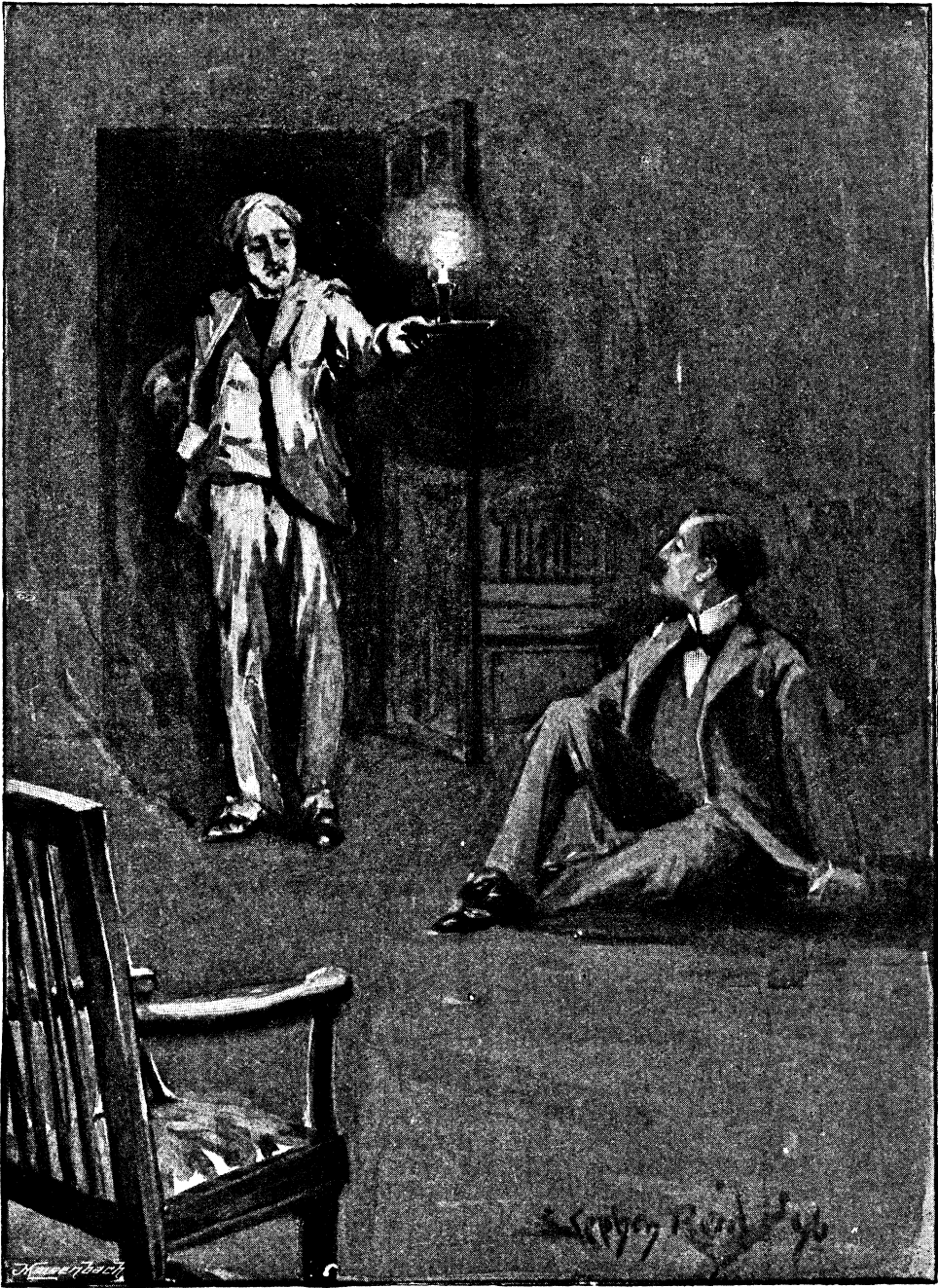
The man started and turned pale.

"My daughter?" he cried. "What do you mean—what daughter?"

"I did not understand that you had more than one," the old man replied; "but of course if you say so I shall be bound to respect your word. I mean the young lady who was clever enough to pawn a hundred-guinea ring for thirty pounds—Miss Waters—the one you sent to spy, to take bearings and wax impressions, and anything else she could lay her hands on probably, the one——"

"What do you want with her?" Somers cried hoarsely. "For heaven's sake, man, stop this sneering and tell me what you mean?"

"I mean," said Stevens, "that I insist



"Ah, Mr. Somers, good evening."

upon your daughter being present now. If you do not send for her I shall be obliged to do so myself; and she may possibly save you from imprisonment."

The man looked up wildly, with the perspiration standing out on his forehead. There was an eager gleam in his eye, and he watched the thin keen face of the money-lender with mingled hesitancy and fear.

"Do you mean to do honestly by her?" he cried out. "It's no trick—you swear it?"

"It's no trick," repeated the money-lender.

"Oh, you don't mean to send us both to prison?" The man trembled, and the veins worked on his forehead. "For God's sake spare *her*! I'd rather suffer the imprisonment ten times than she——"

"Write," Stevens interrupted impatiently. "There are pens and paper—send her a note."

Somers, dazed and bewildered, obeyed like one in a dream. He wrote hurriedly, and when he had finished Stevens took it and strode over to the window. He threw it open, and leaning out into the night air whistled softly.

The man behind him shivered as a gruff voice answered immediately, and the next moment the note dropped to the pavement below.

When he turned round again Somers was pacing up and down the room.

"My dear sir," said the money-lender, "sit down and calm yourself. Take a newspaper. No? Then if I were you I'd put out the lantern; waste of oil with the candle here too."

IV.

When the girl entered the room she looked pale and upset, and she glanced from one to the other with increasing bewilderment and fear. Stevens watched her with a sinister leer upon his face as she went towards her father and put her hand upon his shoulder. He sat with bent head, staring at the dusty floor, and waiting with sickening fear for the proposal Stevens was about to make.

That it would be some devilish scheme he felt certain. What it would be, how it would end, and whether the girl—his daughter—would have to be sacrificed too, he did not dare to think. The doubt was horrible, and he put up his hand and clasped hers convulsively.

"Father, what is it?" said the girl. "What has happened?"

She put her hand on his head and tried to raise it.

"Oh, my poor father!" she cried—"poor, poor father!"

Stevens chuckled to himself, and watched them keenly—the girl with hair the colour of his gold and the face of a saint (bah! how deceitful faces can be!), and the father whose manly bearing and gentlemanly appearance had almost disarmed his suspicion at first—and he grinned as he remembered the trap they were in and the means of exit.

He cleared his throat harshly, and the girl started at the sound and turned towards him. Her eyes looked fearlessly into his, almost defiantly. They were a deep clear blue, and Stevens rubbed his hands warmly together and drew a long breath. He felt almost inclined to pat her on the cheek. He wanted to order her to put up her red lips to his, to fold her white arms about his neck. Ah! he wondered how she would take it—she, the daughter of a criminal, with the face of an angel!

He got up and put his hand upon her shoulder. She shuddered and recoiled, and a dark look sprang into his face in answer to the repulsion in hers. His lips parted over his yellow teeth and he gave a short fiendish laugh.

"Ah, ah!" he sneered. "Didn't like it, eh? Well, well, but beggars can't be choosers, my girl."

"Father, what does this mean?" she went on. "Why did the policeman fetch me here? I don't understand."

Her father rose and put his hands on her arms, as if he would remove her from contact with the old man. She turned round.

"You," she exclaimed to Stevens. "Explain yourself. What do you mean? Or, no, let us go—let us get out of your sight."

"Wait," said Stevens, "wait a moment. You are in too great a hurry; and I have something to say to you."

He fixed his glittering eyes upon her and went on with a leer: "Your worthy father there has, as you no doubt observe, overreached himself. I have policemen waiting for him below, and every preparation made for placing him in the cells to-night."

The girl gave a frightened look towards him and her face paled.

"Surprises you, eh?" said the money-lender. "Well, it didn't surprise me. I was quite aware"—turning to Somers—"that the South American shares were forgeries—quite aware. There was a slight mistake in them which did not escape me, and my agent afterwards soon found out who you were. The police will be very glad

to take care of you, and very grateful to me, no doubt."

"Have done with this!" Somers cried hoarsely. "The game's up. I know it's no use resisting. Call in the police and let me go."

"Wait, wait," said Stevens. "There's no hurry, you know; and, as I remarked before, I have a proposal to make."

"Now," he added, turning to the girl, "it rests entirely upon you whether your father goes to the cells to-night or whether he returns home a free man; with you, I tell you—it depends upon you."

A bright eager flush rose to the girl's cheek.

"Free!" she cried.

"Do you mean——"

"I mean," said the money-lender, "that on one condition I will set your father free; I will overlook this affair entirely, and give the police the slip."

"And — and the condition?" said the father hoarsely.

Stevens glanced up into the girl's face. She was looking at him anxiously, eagerly, with a light in her eyes and a flush upon her cheek. He twisted his fingers together and sidled nearer to her.

"The condition," he repeated, "is this. I am rich; I am worth thousands (how many I scarcely know), and I want a wife, and a son to inherit my money and to fill my shoes when I am gone. Give me your daughter"—turning suddenly to Somers—"give me your daughter as my wife."

The girl gave a hoarse cry and the father sprang to his feet.

"No, no, no!" he cried vehemently. "Ten thousand times no! Give my daughter to *you*! I'd rather be dead than see her your wife! No, no, my child. I tell you, you may do with me what you will. It will mean five years; but rather than see her, my child, married to you!"

The money-lender stood collected and cool, but with an angry gleam in his eyes.

"Think," he said. "Don't speak hastily; think what it will mean. You give your

daughter to me; I will provide for her. She shall have money; I have plenty. Think what my proposal means, and think if you refuse."

The man shuddered and looked at his daughter.

"Jessie," he cried, "look at me, turn your face. Tell me, what will you do? If you refuse this—this proposal you will go to prison, child."

"Yes, I know," said the girl promptly; and Somers turned.

"Call the police," he said to Stevens; "we are ready."

He moved towards the door, and the girl followed silently.

"Then we may consider the interview at an end," he said coolly.

He took up the candle and held it above his head to throw the light on the dingy stairs. It flickered fitfully and threw strange dancing shadows into the corners as they went slowly down.

The girl was sobbing now and clinging to her father, and it made a wretched, dismal sound in the empty house.

Opposite the street door the money-lender stopped and looked again at the girl. The gleam of the candle fell on her golden hair, and he stretched out his hand to touch it.

"They will cut all this off," he said in a low thin voice—"cut it off close."

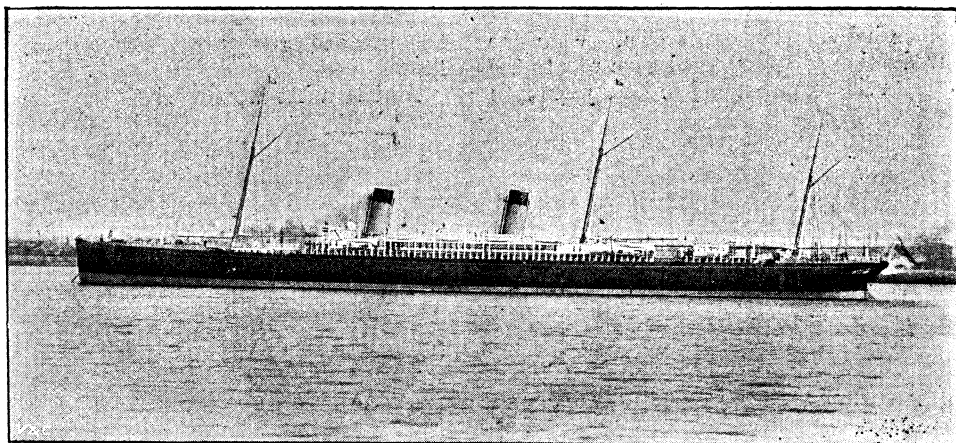
A shining lock uncoiled itself and fell loosely into his hand, and the girl, with a cry, started back and shrank from him.

The dark blood crept up sullenly into Stevens' yellow face, and he abruptly flung open the door.

Two dark figures were standing on the step. They entered the house and threw the light of a lantern on the three faces in the passage. Then there was the sound of Stevens' harsh voice and a gruff reply, the click of handcuffs, the short gasp of a girl as the cold iron rubbed her flesh, and a moment afterwards the noise of a closing door echoed through the empty street.



"He took up the candle and held it above his head."



THE MERCANTILE ARMED CRUISER "MAJESTIC."

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK.

BUILDING AN ATLANTIC LINER.

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



T was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that I should find the Queen's Island, Belfast, no island at all, save in the Irish sense ; that it is just the opposite. Still, one hardly expected to encounter a Hibernian bull so far north as Belfast, where the inhabitants are more Scotch than the Aberdonians themselves. My object was to visit the largest shipbuilding yard in the world—that of Messrs. Harland & Wolff—and my curiosity prompted me to inquire the nationality of those who had the directing of this great concern, and I learnt that Sir Edward Harland, who died since my visit, was an Englishman, Mr. Wolff a German, and Mr. Pirrie and Mr. Wilson Irishmen, though of Scotch descent. Perhaps it was this joining of the nations on the banks of the Lagan that has made the firm the tremendous affair it is to-day.

To judge from his brogue, it was a real Irishman who induced me to mount his jaunting-car and be driven down to the shipyard. We proceeded safely enough, though I had to hold on to the uncomfortable vehicle, and to pretend I liked it, while all the time I was in mortal dread of being pitched head first on to the cobblestones, which were so useful when Belfast gave itself

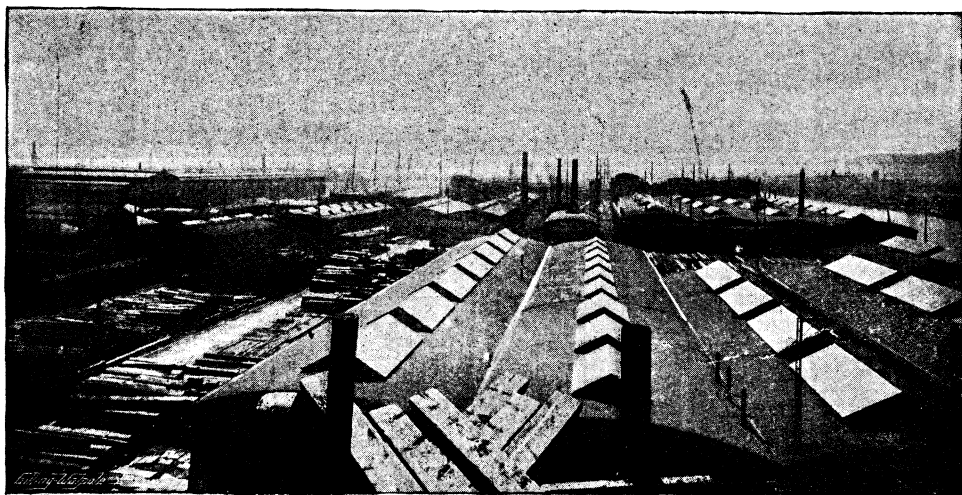
up to popular diversion—a riot. But the horse, so the driver told me, had a hatred of steam-rollers, and when we encountered one snorting along the quayside I was told I could not be taken any further, for the only progress I would make would be into the docks. I had no desire for a douche with my clothes on ; so, with a grumble, I dismounted and pursued the rest of the journey on foot. It was to my advantage after all, for I was able to inspect the shipping, to listen to the not unpleasant rattle of the cranes as the loading and unloading went on and see everybody in a state of bustling activity, until I began to wonder whether I was in Ireland after all, for the scene and the people were so different from what one generally expects to find.

And when I was in the shipyard, where great steel vessels destined to plough the oceans were in course of erection, and saw the thousands of men all busy, like a hive of bees, my wonder was still greater. There are few places so interesting as a yard where boats are built. I can understand, however, that lack of keen personal interest there must have been in the old days when the shipbuilder built his vessels of wood, when every man acted more or less in accordance to rule of thumb, and never bothered his head about the laws of

resistance and the like, but every boat had an individuality of its own. With the introduction of steam, wood gave way to the more serviceable iron, and in later years iron

though still a comparatively young man, is beginning to grow gray in the service of the firm.

And to what wonderful dimensions this



From a photo by

VIEW OF THE YARD FROM THE TOP OF A VESSEL.

[Reid Bros., Belfast.]

has made room for steel. So it is that whereas in former times it was the shipwright who designed and built the boats, now the labour is divided between the draughtsman, the riveter and the boiler-maker, and along the banks of the Tyne, the Clyde, the Mersey and the Lagan now resound the harsh clang of heavy hammers beating on stubborn rivets. The making of vessels has largely become stereotyped, but with this stereotyping has come the display of great enterprise and the launching of gigantic undertakings.

Formerly the speed of sea-going ships was largely a question of the spread of canvas, without "heeling" too much; but science now plays a considerable part in shipbuilding. A great change has taken place in the method of construction. Iron ships have generally less than half their bulk out of the water, and they will float even when almost filled with water. Everything which goes to the making of an iron ship is decided by mathematical calculation; the thickness of all the parts are detailed in the specifications, and, as the weight of each part is known, it is possible to arrive at the approximate weight of the vessel when completed. Much judgment, foresight and clear-headedness is required in the conducting of a shipyard, and Mr. Carlisle, the manager at Messrs. Harland & Wolff's,

firm has extended its works since the nucleus was laid nearly half a century ago! The yard is on ground which has been reclaimed from the river Lagan, and covers 80 acres. Not only is there shipbuilding to be seen, but also engineering, for, as I will show, Messrs. Harland & Wolff not only build, but equip a vessel throughout. I will give a few figures to indicate the sort of industry of which the North of Ireland can boast. Here are the number of vessels, with their aggregate tonnage, launched from this one yard during the last four periods of five years on to 1894:—

	Vessels.	Tons.
Five years ending 1879 . .	44	57,068
" " 1884 . .	42	125,626
" " 1889 . .	57	156,091
" " 1894 . .	68	313,225

These figures go to demonstrate the great increase in the size and weight of vessels during the past decade. I do not wish to flatter Messrs. Harland & Wolff, for my object is rather to give an idea of the industries which have placed Great Britain in the forefront of the nations than give credit to any particular firm. Still it is interesting to remark that for four years in succession their tonnage output has exceeded that of any other firm. While other firms produce more vessels, Harland & Wolff make up for

it by the size and weight of theirs. For instance :—

Harland & Wolff.		The next best record.	
Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.
1891 . 13	64,962	1891 . 26	59,033
1892 . 14	68,612	1892 . 21	59,810
1893 . 15	65,660	1893 . 18	50,349
1894 . 13	65,448	1894 . 25	56,946

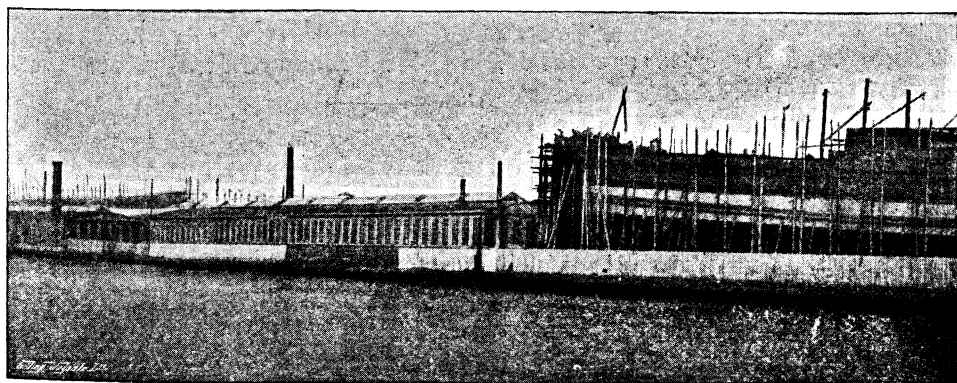
The fame of the yard chiefly rests on the magnificent Atlantic liners that have been built in it. For nearly a quarter of a century the fleet of the White Star Line has been launched here. Everybody has heard of those floating palaces, the *Majestic* and the *Teutonic*, which first touched water in the Lagan. Amongst the other noteworthy steamers built by Harland & Wolff within the last few years are eight mail and cargo ships for the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., four passenger steamers for the Union Steamship Co., familiarly known as the four G's—*Gaul*, *Goth*, *Greek*, and *Guelph*—specially designed and constructed to cross the bars at certain ports in South Africa—a course hitherto found impracticable by large vessels. For the same company they have built the magnificent mail steamer *Norman*. I could go on quoting a string of boats built on the Queen's Island slips, but those I have mentioned are sufficient to show what an immense place it is.

Between eight and nine thousand men are employed, and one of the most remarkable sights I have ever witnessed was one night,

on the steps waiting their turn to get on the boat was really very like a great throng I once saw on a railway platform awaiting the arrival of Mr. Gladstone. There was a sea of eager upturned faces, but in the case of the crowd on the steps their countenances were toil-stained and their coats covered with iron dust, while in their hard hands were tin flasks which had been filled with cold tea, or maybe something stronger, to appease their thirst in the heat of the day.

And now having roughly sketched in outline the magnitude of the shipyard, I may proceed to give my impressions and the facts I gleaned as I trod my way between the iron-ribbed monsters which were reared on all sides. I had a long chat with the manager in his office, and he showed me how he was in communication with the chief of every department all over the works. He had merely to ring a bell by his side and instantly there was an answering ring and the telephone was in use. Or a certain signal might be given to indicate that a chief of a department was wanted at once, and another signal that a boy was to be sent. There was no waste of time; and although in the shipyard there seemed much confusion there was really no more than in a newspaper office, where, despite all the rushing about, everything proceeds with regularity and precision. So I was interested to find that while Mr. Carlisle was chatting with me he at the same time was sending instructions into thirty offices in different parts of the works.

Mr. Carlisle showed me over the yards,



From a photo by]

VIEW OF THE YARD FROM THE RIVER LAGAN.

[Reid Bros., Belfast.

shortly after 5.30 o'clock, when they were all released. The crowd rushed along the roadway like the swell of a wave. All the men do not care to cross the river by the bridge, so some make use of the ferry. The crowds

and in the course of further conversation with him the thought that had often occurred to me when hearing of Messrs. Harland & Wolff's success came back with more force than ever, viz., that the characteristic feature

of their relations with the shipowners for whom they build, is the friendliness and unanimity that seems to exist (and, as Mr.



From a photo by]

[Reid Bros., Belfast.

IN THE DRAWING OFFICE.

Carlisle assured me, *does* exist) between them. All the partners are on friendly and social terms with those with whom they do business, and in some instances such implicit confidence is placed in them that an owner actually gives an order for one of the magnificent Atlantic steamers that Messrs. Harland & Wolff know so well how to construct without any formal agreement being drawn up and signed by the contracting parties.

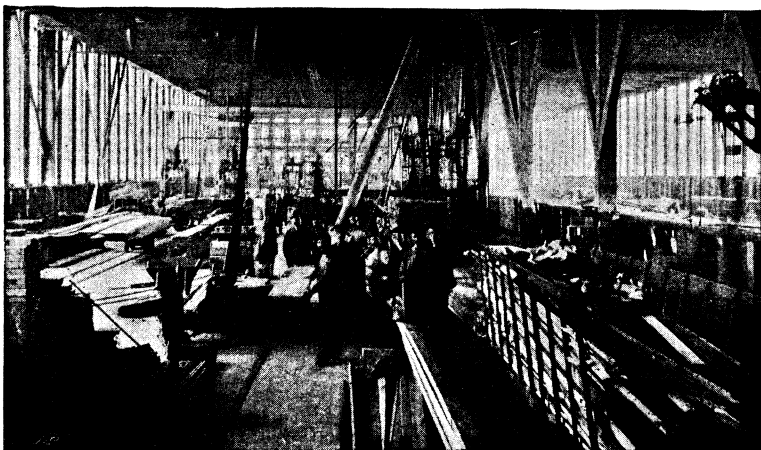
Many years ago, when Sir Edward Harland took an active interest in the firm, the White Star Company, as a recognition of the time he devoted to, and the personal interest he took in, their work, and as an expression of their good feelings towards him, presented a portrait of Sir Edward, by Frank Holl, to Lady Harland. A few years later, just after the completion of the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*, a similar compliment was paid by the same friends to Mr. W. J. Pirrie when his portrait, by Professor Herkomer, was presented to Mrs. Pirrie as a mark of their appreciation of her husband's efforts to maintain their line in the position it has always held in the Atlantic service.

I also gathered from Mr. Carlisle's remarks that these friendly relations to some extent explained why Messrs.

Harland & Wolff, as far as fast Atlantic liners are concerned, never build for any other than the White Star Line. There being such perfect understanding between these owners and builders when an order is given, everything is left to the latter as to the construction and equipment of the vessel, and naturally they build the best vessel they can produce at the time, within certain limits, and it would be manifestly unfair to build for rival lines under such conditions.

I spent some time in the drawing office where the various plans were being prepared. The paper was stretched on high solid tables, and then the draughtsmen, in their shirt sleeves, worked out according to scale particular sections of the vessels.

This requires great delicacy, and errors are things which simply must not be. The drawing office is one of the most carefully guarded places on the works, for Messrs. Harland & Wolff have their own particular designs as to the way vessels should be built, and they do not care for other people to learn the details; indeed it is necessary to be very careful who is admitted to the yard at all. It would not do to allow every stranger to enter, for he might be a representative from a rival firm on the outlook for "wrinkles." Although I went into the drawing office and through all the machinery departments, it was in accordance with special provisions made that I should wander where I wanted, the firm knowing that however great was my interest in marine engines, I had no desire to detail what I saw for the benefit of any other



From a photo by]

[Reid Bros., Belfast.

IN THE SAW MILL.

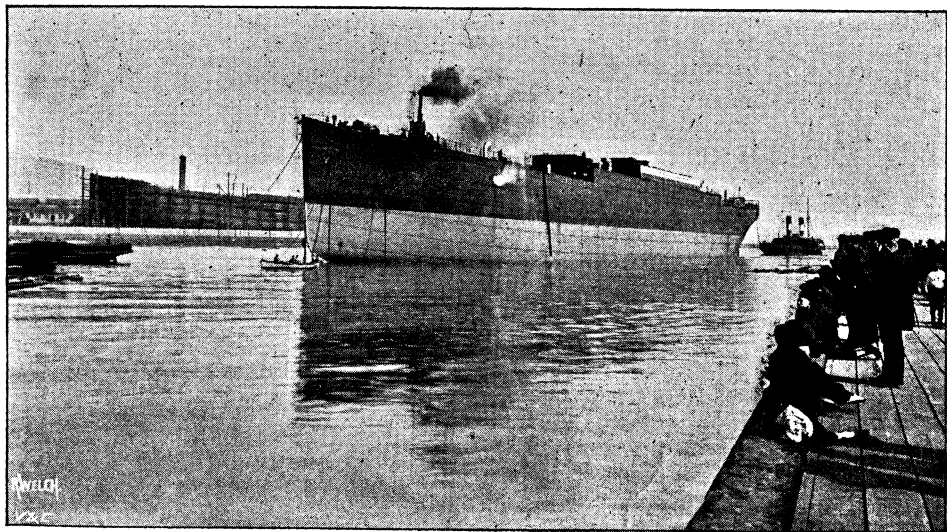
makers, but rather to give a general idea of what is to be seen in a great shipyard whose doors are closed to the public gaze.

After the plans have been worked out on paper, there takes place what is called the "laying off"; that is, on the floor of an immense loft, called the mould floor, the plan is transferred on the exact dimensions they are to be in the ship. The floor is covered with curved lines, and although confusing enough to the lay eye, every line indicates a part of the ship, and altogether they may be reckoned as the skeleton from which the shipbuilders work.

Before turning into the yard I entered the joiners' shop and saw mills—for even in an iron-bound vessel there is a good deal more

plates are swung through the air into place, the clang of hammers reverberating again and again. Every vessel is surrounded by a network of scaffolding, and inclined wooden ways are built to the top of the ship. Chains, pieces of iron, heaps of bolts and blocks of wood litter the ground, and you shudder as the casual remark is made to keep out of the way of falling bolts, and it is added, as a piece of interesting information, that scarcely a day passes without someone being injured, and that on the average a baker's dozen of men are killed in the course of a year.

I say that all is apparent confusion; and when, for a moment, you stand in the centre of the yard or, better still, climb one of the scaffoldings and give a look round, you are



From a photo by]

[R. Welch, Belfast

S.S. "GEORGIC" LAUNCHED.
(The largest cargo steamer in the world.)

wood used in fitting up than is generally supposed by the public. All sorts of joinering was being done, from nicely turned work to rough flooring, whilst in the saw mills the teeth of the saws screeched as they cut through the middle of a huge tree. There was one saw, made of a band of steel, which was running at the rate of a mile a minute. These mills, with a joiners' shop, cover $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres, while close to are the timber-drying sheds covering another couple of acres.

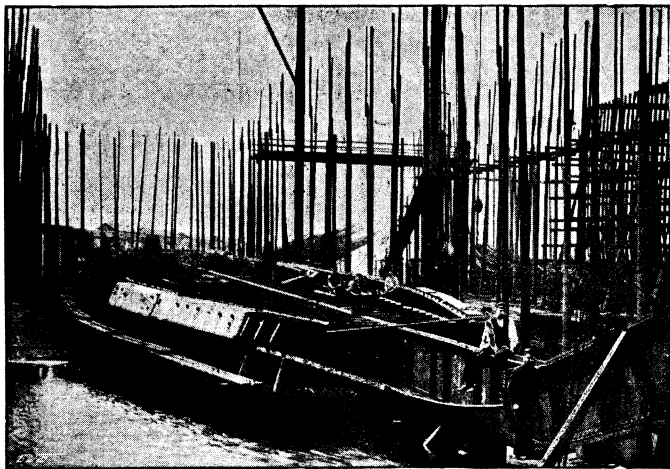
Then into the yard I went. There were thirteen ships being built, and all in different stages of erection. An ironclad vessel, when in the rough, is by no means artistic. Men rush about with great plates of steel on hand-carts; there is the creaking of cranes as the

seized with an abiding amazement that all this scurrying and clashing of bars and deafening noise is in the direction of making so taut and neat a thing as a steamship. Viewed from the summit of one of the scaffolds, so that a bird's-eye glance is obtained, not only of the spare-ribbed skeletons of ships, but those that are already plated, and others that have been painted and ready to float, and still others lying in the basin, having machinery fitted in them, and then allowing the gaze to wander across the river to the smoke-veiled town of Belfast or away down the Lough between the picturesque coasts of Down and Antrim, the sight presented is as varied as any I know.

Four out of the thirteen vessels I saw

being built were nearly 600 feet in length, seven were nearly 500 feet, and two were about 300 feet. Each vessel is known by a number and not by a name, and in speaking of it the number is always used. Down below me from where I stood were many bars of iron lying on blocks of wood. That was the keel of a boat for the West India and Pacific Steamship Company. At the other end of the yard was a vessel for the Johnston Line, two for Messrs. Bates, of Liverpool, and one for the Harrison Line, and others of lesser degree.

In the building of a liner, as in the building of any other vessel, the first thing to do is to lay the keel. This is of bars of iron laid on blocks of wood, running with a gentle slant to the water's edge, and high enough to allow the man to work underneath. When the bars are fastened together then the ribs are fixed. These are of bent pieces of steel, which have been curved in the smiths' shop according to a pattern worked out on the iron-plated floor. All over the floor are holes, and plugs are stuck in these holes according to a certain arrangement, and then when the bars of iron are drawn out of the furnace they are bent to these plugs by the beat of huge hammers. You see the long bars pushed far into the furnace, and after they have been in some time, drawn out red-hot with great tongs, and



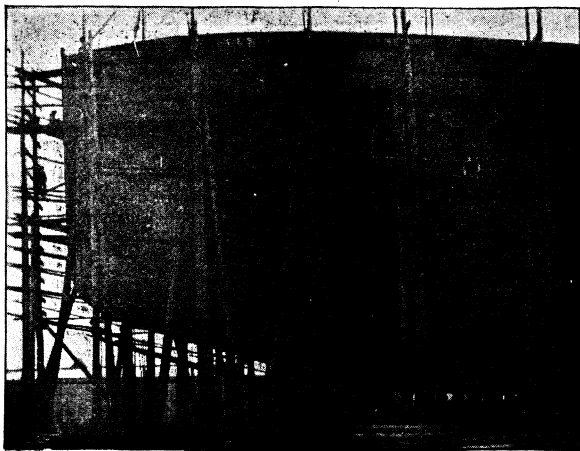
From a photo by

THE KEEL OF A VESSEL.

[Reid Bros., Belfast.]

the hammers descend in a rush upon them. Holes have to be pierced down the sides through which bolts are to be thrust to join the plates. The punching of the holes is all done by hydraulic machinery. At the touch of a lever down comes the punch with giant strength, nothing being able to resist it, and a piece of metal, the circumference of a shilling, is forced out. The same has to be done with the plates. These are made in ironworks in Scotland or in England, but they have to be cut according to pattern. A number of men hold the plate and guide it under a shearing machine, which cuts neatly and closely. Holes have also to be punched in the plates, and the work is done with great rapidity.

As soon as the skeleton has been fixed up and cross pieces fastened to prevent the ribs by their weight falling away, the fastening of the plates to them begins. You have only to look at an iron vessel and see the number of rivets to get some sort of an idea of the tremendous work this is. A temporary crane swings the sheet of metal into place. It is pushed backwards and forwards by the men till the position is exact. A couple of small bolts are pushed through the holes in the plate and rib, and fastened with a nut to keep it steady. On the inner side of the boat is a man with a portable furnace, in which he heats the rivets till they are red hot. Then he thrusts one through a hole, and two men on the other side immediately proceed to



From a photo by

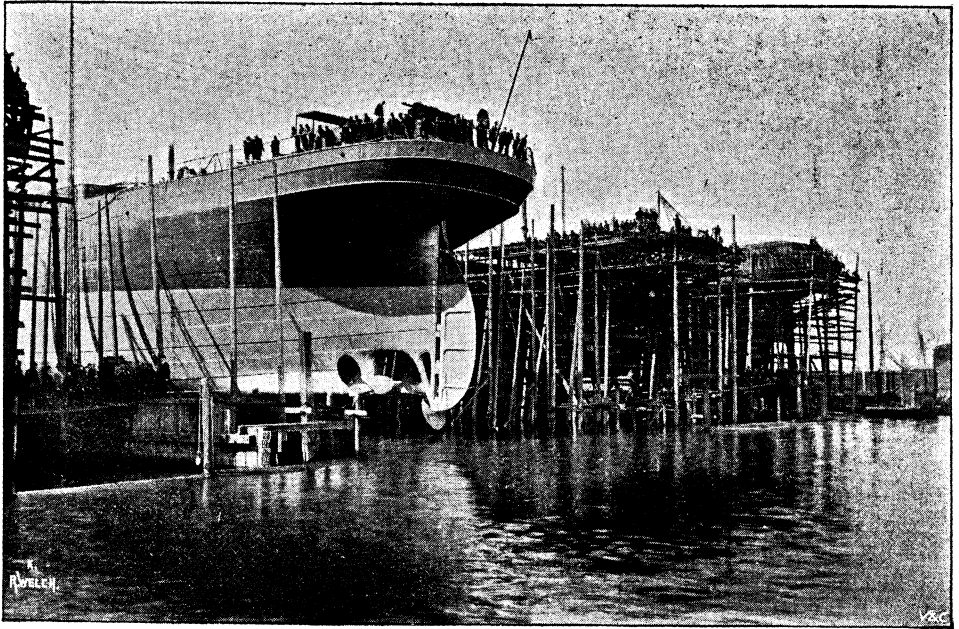
[Reid Bros., Belfast.]

FASTENING THE PLATES WITH RIVETS.

cut off the head of the bolt with a chisel. The moment this is done their hammers fall as quickly as they can full upon the bolt. As there is a groove slanting outwards in each hole on the plate, the bolt in its fired soft state is beaten until it fills this and is level with the plate itself. When a bolt has been properly fixed by this means nothing can wrench it out. If at any time it is found necessary to remove a bolt it has to be chiselled and drilled with no end of difficulty.

When one plate is made fast by the driving of bolt after bolt, then another plate is brought along, and it in its turn is fixed,

the top are men who paint the outside of the vessel until the iron brown has all given place to a bright salmon tint. Yet, although the outside is complete, after the propellers have been put in, practically nothing has been done to the interior. Here, then, all activity centres, and the cutting of plates and fixing them, until compartment after compartment is made, is work that occupies a long time. About the middle of the ship an open space is left to allow the machinery to be inserted when once the vessel has been floated. There is not much variation. It is nothing else but the fixing of plates, day in and day out, until at last the top deck is



From a photo by]

THE SIGNAL FOR A LAUNCH.

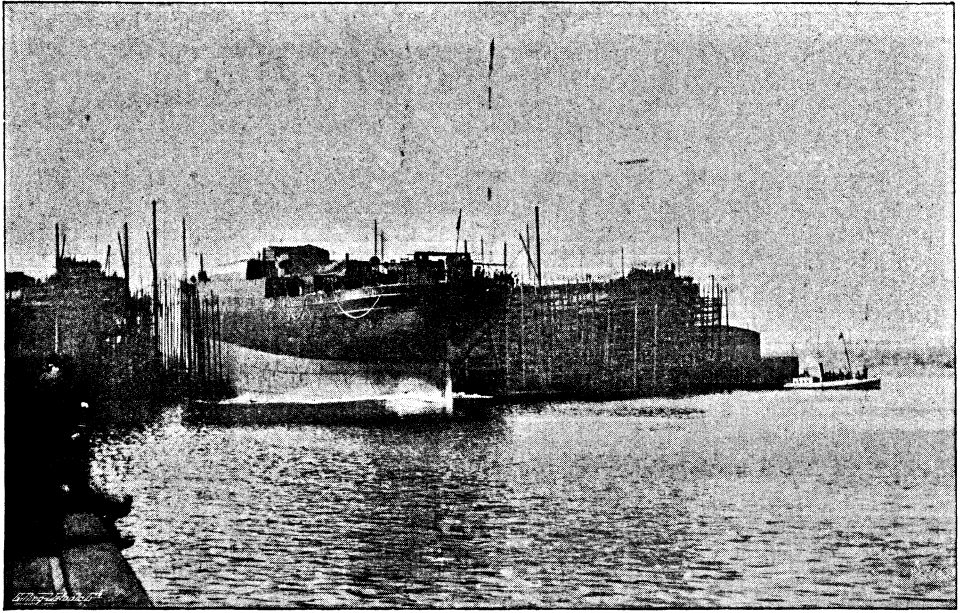
[R. Welch, Belfast.

until all along the side of the vessel a band of steel plates has been added. Another band is fixed above that, and so in the course of months, by infinite toil, the outer casing of a ship is fastened. Inside plates are fixed horizontally, some 18 inches from the bottom, and divided into air-tight compartments, which also serve an exceedingly useful purpose, namely, of being filled with water whenever necessary, to act as ballast. This is a great economy, and one that is readily appreciated by all shipowners.

As the vessel rears higher and higher, so the immense scaffoldings rear with it, until it is literally surrounded with poles. Dangling at the end of ropes let down from

reached, where the plates have a diamond-shape pattern slightly raised upon them for the purpose of affording a better foothold than the smooth-surfaced metal. Thus when the true framework of the ship is all in the vessel is ready for launching.

The launching of a great boat six or seven hundred feet long is a pretty sight, but it is an anxious time. The keel, as I have explained, rests upon a series of wooden blocks, but at each side is a tramway, as it were, of heavy pieces of timber which run, not only in a slanting direction the whole length of the ship, but far into the water as well. This timber is well greased with tallow and black soap, and then other pieces



From a photo by]

VESSEL DIPPING INTO THE WATER.

[R. Welch, Belfast.

of timber, all screwed together and called a cradle, are fastened above it until the sides of the vessel are jammed tight. The blocks of wood beneath are knocked away, and the vessel settles down until she rests in the cradle. The beams at the sides are removed, and, but for a dovetailed arrangement at the nose of the boat which holds the cradle, it would slip over the tallow and black soap, carrying the ship with it. This is what is intended, but first of all heavy anchors have to be buried in the ground to pull the vessel up when it reaches the water, so that it will not dash into the other side of the dock and do damage.

I was fortunate in witnessing the launch of one of these great vessels. Two anchors had been buried, each weighing 5 tons, only parts of them sticking above ground, and a humorist had written in chalk, "Don't take these away." The chain was many tons in weight, every link bearing an Admiralty stamp, and was hung along the ship's side, held up by laps of rope. There was an immense crowd of spectators to see the launch, and for a few minutes the men in the yard ceased work and clambered on the top of other vessels. Everything was ready, and then the manager gave the signal and the wedge which held the cradle to the greased timber tramway received a blow with a sledge-hammer. For a moment all

held their breath. "She moves!" was the shout that went up from a hundred throats. As usual a lady gracefully christened the vessel with a bottle of champagne, and then it was seen to be gliding down the ways. Slowly at first, but immediately gathering a tremendous impetus the vessel slid towards the water. There was a rumbling of cracking timber, and men skipped briskly out of the way. With a fine sweep the stern dipped into the still water and threw up a silver-edged wave. As a cheer burst from the spectators the plunge was made, and she floated. The vessel entered the water with the speed of a greyhound, and now came the stopping. Crack, crack, went the ropes which held the anchor chains until they had run out. But still the ship was not stopped, and with a tug it drew at the anchors, tearing them several feet through the ground. It was a thrilling moment; but the anchors were too much for the ship, and, with a last strain and a groan, it pulled up within five feet of where the calculations had been made for it to stop. Many boats were out picking up the floating pieces of timber. For a quarter of an hour the ship lay idly on the water, and then she was tugged round to another part of the yard, moored and made ready for the engines to be put in, and fitted up and upholstered throughout ready for a voyage.

This part of the building of a liner is, to the looker-on, the most interesting of all. A walk through the shops where the engines were being made was, of course, very much like a walk through the shops of any other large works. But what a mass of whizzing machinery there was! Great lathes were spinning and huge hammers beating, while not only the large sections of the machinery were being made, but also delicate little appliances, in the manufacture of which great care is requisite. Every man had his own particular article to make either in steel or in brass. At the close of the day everything is collected and put away in the store-rooms, so that the men whose particular duty it is to fit up an engine know exactly where to go for what they want. There is no carelessness. Even the men act with the precision of machinery.

A minute or two was quite long enough to stay in the boiler shop. The din was ear-splitting. It was bad enough to look on; but how the men manage to bear the noise continuously, and even to be inside a boiler while it is being riveted is a wonder. Of course their hearing is much affected. There is not a boiler-maker that is not more or less deaf; many of them are stone deaf.

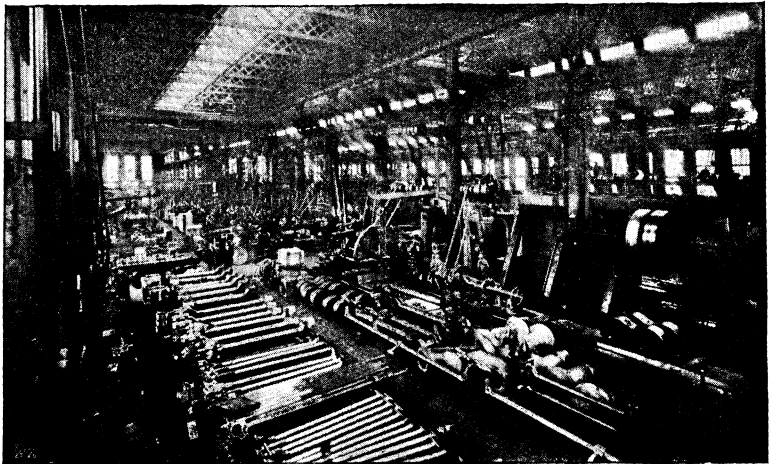
Not far away was the dynamo room from whence all the electric lighting for the yard is supplied. Everything is in the store-rooms to properly equip a ship; most things you can think of, and many more of which you cannot think.

All these are fitted up in the vessel before she leaves Belfast Lough. The carpenters take her in hand as soon as she is floated and with their hammers and nails commence erecting the cabins and sleeping berths. The engines are swung into their place by shear-legs, which will lift as much as 100 tons. Then the incomplete deck is finished. An army of painters and decorators come down and many are the coats of paint put on the woodwork. The upholsterers come along and the saloons

are beautified with rich ornamentation. Everything is of such magnitude that day by day you can recognise little progress. It is by allowing a month or a couple of months to elapse between your visits you get a good idea of the advancement that is made.

It is difficult to tell when a ship is really finished. Like a lady's bonnet there is always just something else to be done. But a vessel may be considered complete when she steams down the Lough to have her speed and seaworthiness tested for the first time. It is usual for most shipbuilders to test the speed, etc., of the vessels they construct, or what is generally called "the measured mile," but Messrs. Harland & Wolff are intensely practical, and I was frankly told that they consider the proper test for a vessel is a voyage from Liverpool to New York, or from London to Australia, as the case may be, and only on one occasion I understand have they tried a vessel on the measured mile. No mishaps occurring after completion, the ship is placed in the fleet ready for traffic.

On more than anything else Britain depends on shipping for her supremacy in commerce. Therefore a shipbuilding yard is naturally a place in which any Briton would delight to wander. The thought occurred to me that if I, a comparative novice, could take such a deep interest in the art of shipbuilding, how interesting the work must be to the men actu-

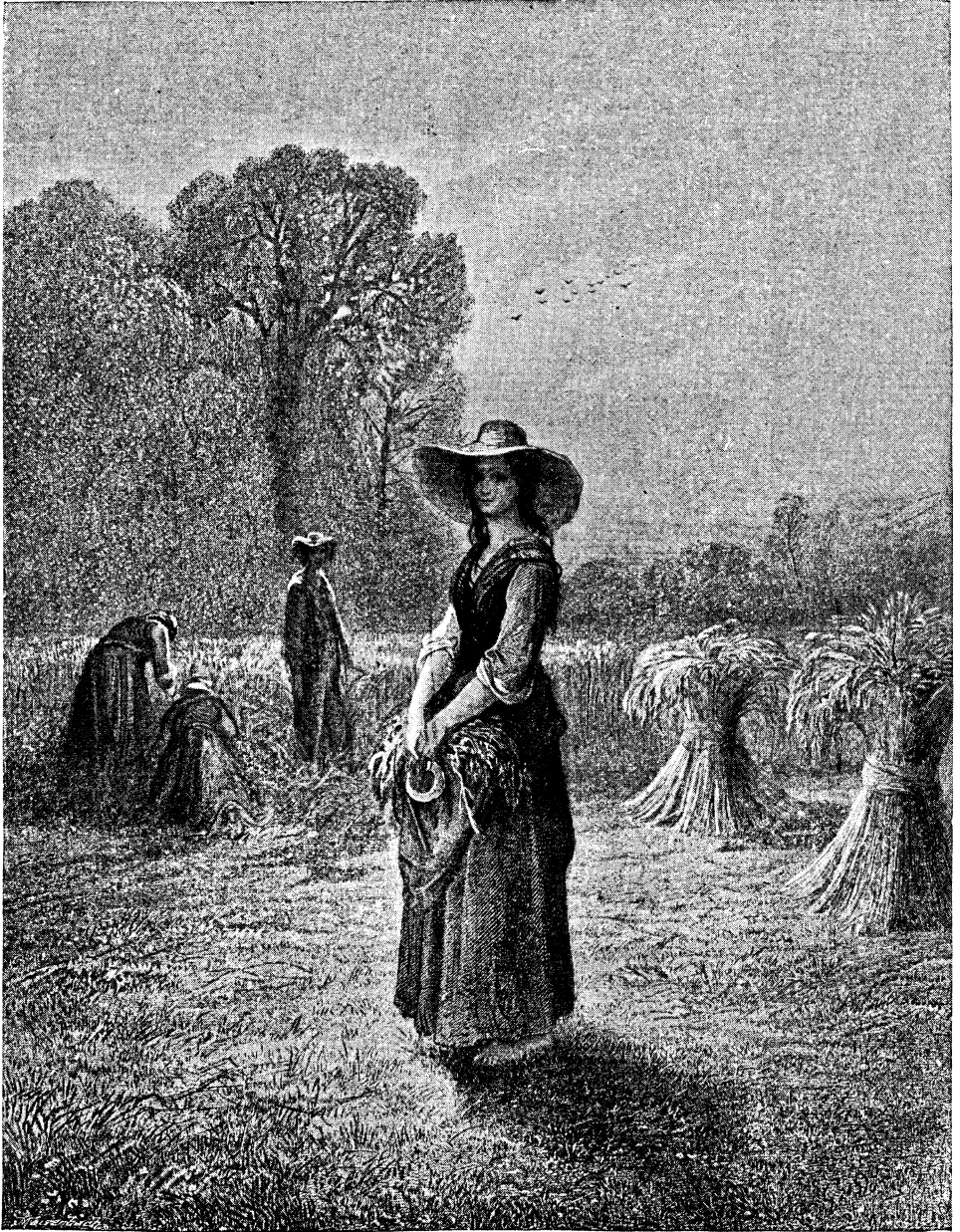


From a photo by]

THE ERECTING SHOP.

[Reid Bros., Belfast.

ally engaged in it, and what pride they must take in their work. The manager, I regret to say, did not entertain so high a regard for the motives that inspired British workmen.



RUTH.
FROM THE FAMOUS PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORE.



[Lately there have been signs of a renaissance of interest in the poetry of Thomas Hood. Three years hence the centenary of his birth will be celebrated, and doubtless his genius will then receive still wider appreciation. Hood was the son of a Scotch bookseller, and was born in London on May 23, 1799. He was educated at Camberwell and was articled to his uncle, an engraver. The *London Magazine* having accepted some of his compositions, he was encouraged to adopt a literary career. His "Song of the Shirt" appeared in *Punch*, and that poem, with the "Bridge of Sighs," remains the best known of his wonderfully varied works. The poem "Ruth," printed beneath, is a good example of his serious style, and was one which Gustave Doré illustrated. Hood died in London, May 3, 1845.]

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun—
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened ; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were blackest none can tell ;
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim :
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ?
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

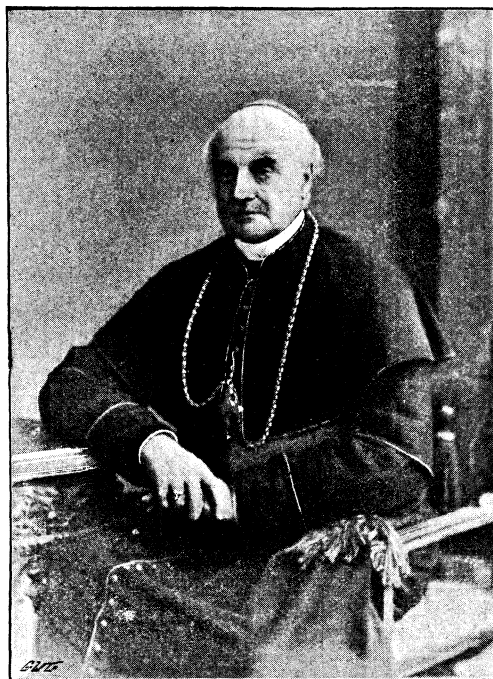


THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS MOSTYN, Vicar Apostolic of Wales and Bishop of Ascalon, was born on August 6, 1860, and is therefore the youngest bishop of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, so far at least as the British Isles are concerned. This distinction, it may be interesting to note, belonged to the present Bishop of Middlesbrough for a considerable time after his consecration. Dr. Mostyn has only held his exalted position a short time, though he has for a lengthy period been connected with the Romish Church in the Principality.



From a photo by] [Barrauds, Liverpool.

THE YOUNGEST ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP IN GREAT
BRITAIN: RIGHT REV. DR. MOSTYN.
(AGED 36.)



From a photo by]

[Heath, Plymouth.

THE OLDEST ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP IN GREAT
BRITAIN: RIGHT REV. DR. VAUGHAN.
(AGED 82.)

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM VAUGHAN, Bishop of Plymouth, was born February 14, 1814, and hence is the most venerable figure among the Romanist bishops of Great Britain. He was consecrated bishop by the late Cardinal Wiseman, on September 16, 1855. Plymouth is one of the most picturesque and interesting sees in the kingdom, though Liverpool, with its 200,000 Roman Catholics, is considerably the largest English bishopric. A large proportion of the diocese of Plymouth is, as might be expected for a naval port, filled with a population which is constantly shifting.

BEVERIDGE'S BICYCLE.*

BY THOMAS McEWEN.



WHEN I went out this morning I found my neighbour, Beveridge, at his garden gate, busily inflating the pneumatic tyre of his bicycle.

"How do?" I asked.

"Pretty well," he answered; "but this job is rather fatiguing; it tires me, in fact."

"Ah, yes; I see. You're a little pumped out, I suppose?"

"Exactly," he replied. "The more air I pump into this perky tyre the less there seems to be left for me to breathe. I'm going to ride down to the office this morning."

I tried to dissuade him, but without success.

Beveridge was attacked by pneumatics—which is a comparatively new disease—about three months ago. He is a substantial business man of good standing, carrying considerable weight (about fifteen stone of it) in commercial circles, and is therefore financially in a position to indulge in any little hobby he may fancy. During the few years that I have known him he has gone in for many hobbies, most of which were harmless so far as he himself was concerned. The infliction of suffering on his neighbours did not trouble him.

For a time it was gardening that occupied his spare moments. His manure heap poisoned the air, and the voice of his lawnmower was heard in the land. Then he took lessons in voice production, and at first we thought he was using the lawnmower in the drawing-room. We soon discovered that the ghastly sounds which came through the open windows were only the results of Beveridge's attempts to get the proper tone as he slowly went over his scales.

He abandoned singing and went in for recitation. He presumed upon the affection of his oldest friends by reciting the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" (with change of voice to indicate the different characters) at every little gathering he was invited to, and soon began to express his surprise at the alarming indifference of seemingly intelligent men to the genius of the greatest poet of all time.

When he took to amateur photography

and made a series of portraits of his friends and acquaintances as jail-birds and freaks of nature, they all, with one exception, began to plot for his extermination.

The exception was Ward, who declared that he was indebted to Beveridge for saving the life of his sainted mother. It appeared that she had received some great shock, and that the doctors had declared, in the language of Tennyson—"She must weep or she will die." In the nick of time the postman had delivered at her home Beveridge's portrait of her son, at sight of which she had burst into a paroxysm of tears, exclaiming—

"Is that my boy? My poor, poor boy! I have suffered, but what agonies *you* must have endured if you now appear like that!"

I should imagine this to be the only authentic case on record of the preservation of a friendship by the use of a chestnut.

On the heels, or rockers, of all these hobby-horses followed the iron steed. Had Beveridge been wise he would have recognised that cycling was not for a substantial man like him, and that his best chance of permanent happiness and safety was to be found in remaining with his feet on the earth he had erst been so fond of cultivating. Better for him fifty years of gardening than a cycle any day.

He was no wiser than most of us however, so he bought his bicycle, none saying him nay. During his first few trials his feet of course left the ground, but the considerable convex portion of his person, covered by the lower half of his waistcoat was much in contact with the soil. After a time he got the length of describing weird geometric figures with the wheels in the dust of the road in front of our terrace, and bitterly complained of the conduct of the trees that lined the pathway on each side. As soon as the wheels began to revolve these trees seemed to enter into a vile conspiracy to obstruct his progress. He declared, in fact, that they advanced to meet him, regardless of the consequences of a collision.

However, he persevered in pedalling, and one day he covered about fifty yards before he fell. I don't believe he would have come off even then had he been left in undisputed possession of the road. I saw and heard the whole affair from my open window, and

* Copyright, 1896, in the United States of America.

it gave me sincere pleasure to assure Beveridge when he came out of his faint that he was in no way to blame.

Ward, who uses Indian clubs night and morning, and is therefore muscular, assisted him to mount and set him a-going. He ran alongside of the bicycle for a few yards and then let go, crying—"Are you all right?"

"Bu-bu-bully," gasped Beveridge, going on gamely. He was doing so well that the trees grew green with grief—although, as it was early summer, it may just have been their nature so to do—at their inability to intercept him, when down the road towards him came a man driving a cow. All might yet have been well had Beveridge not attempted to do two things at once. He joked as he cycled—with difficulty. Nevertheless he cried, "Out of the way you bully-boy, you cow(h)erd!"

"Stow that, guv'nor; none of your lip. Out of the way yourself!" yelled the man. But I doubt if Beveridge heard him, for just at that moment the bicycle ran between the animal's fore-legs; Beveridge's coat-tails unaccountably caught on its horns; the cloth gave way, and my poor friend was precipitated against the man's chest with considerable violence.

For two minutes cow, Beveridge, bicycle and man were in a kaleidoscopic entangle-

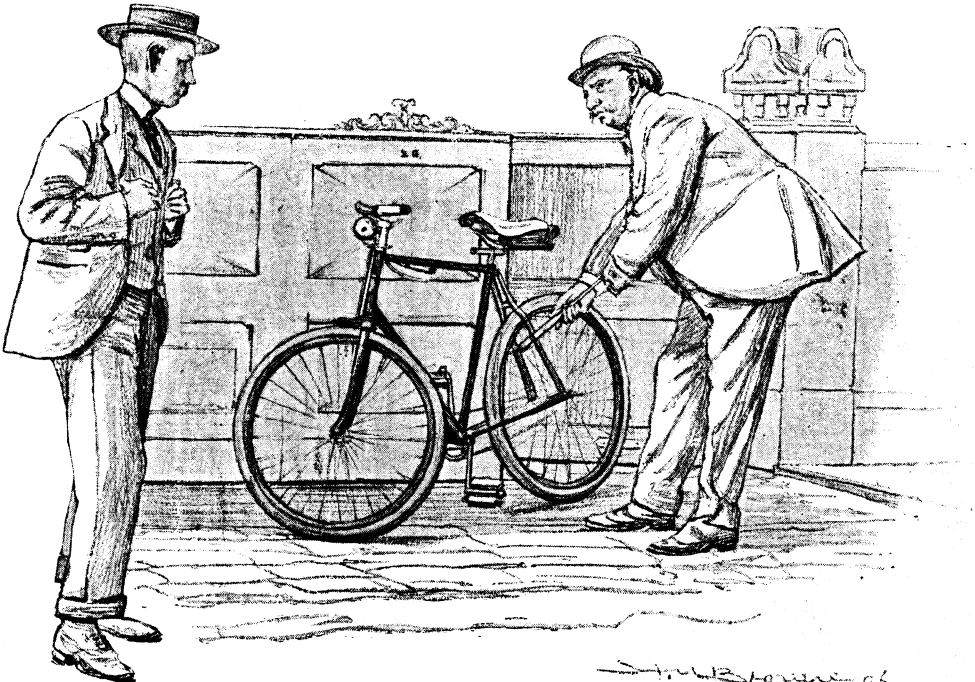
ment; then the cow emerged from the chaos and raced down the road bellowing, with her driver after her.

I ran out and helped Ward to gather up what was left of Beveridge and the bicycle. His former hobbies had caused us to send Beveridge to Coventry; but in this case it was only the remains of the bicycle that went there.

With these recollections in my mind it will readily be understood that I viewed Beveridge's preparations for his first ride down to business this morning with considerable apprehension. He got his tyre inflated at last; one of the trees assisted him to mount, and off he toppled. Then I helped him on again and away he wobbled. I went to the end of the terrace and saw him zigzag out of sight.

It is now 7.30 p.m., two hours past his usual time for getting home, but he has not returned. I am afraid something has happened to him. Still, he may only be detained by a business engagement.

Later.—He has just come home, riding at a fair pace, almost in a straight line, and seemingly with very little exertion—in a cab! I cannot see anything of the bicycle. But as the cabman has come down from the box seat and is lifting the garden gate off its hinges, I must hasten out to see if I can be of service.





THE ATTRACTIONS OF BOURNEMOUTH.

By J. T. GARRISH.

Illustrated from photographs by A. T. CAMDEN PRATT.



WHEN the bright cloudless days of August are past, and the shortening evenings of September lead on to the first night-frosts and eager air of chill October, Bournemouth is at her best. She feels neither the chill nor the gloom of advancing autumn. Snugly seated upon her sunny slopes, she remains bright and genial, open to the bracing breezes of the west, her broad bay speckled with the shadows of clouds that break and drift away eastward or inland, rarely covering this happy valley with their gloom.

Then, too, the fall of the leaf, though not unknown, is only partial here. Embowered in evergreen woods, Bournemouth is spared much of the melancholy associated elsewhere with the season of the dying year. Her autumnal tints are comparatively few—only sufficient to vary what would otherwise be a monotony of perpetual green; to add picturesqueness without sadness to the view.

Although Bournemouth is at her best in autumn, there is not a month in the year but she seems to put forth some fresh attraction, to appeal to some new set of visitors. In June, for instance, when the rhododendrons, which here abound, burst forth into flower, and the warm sunshine brings out

the odour of the pines, one might well say, "This is *the* month." However this may be, it is a fact that the town, almost alone amongst our British watering-places, enjoys a perpetual "season."

In the summer her sands and cliffs are crowded with masculine "blazers," and the scarcely less variegated "blouses" of the gentler sex. Happy groups of children paddle on the safe smooth sands, building their castles, and bailing the salt water into tiny trenches with small tin buckets. The smooth sea is studded with rowing-boats and white-sailed yachts, and there is a great going and coming of excursion steamers around the noble pier.

At this season even the day tripper is not unknown, though, truth to tell, his appreciation of the place is by no means reciprocated by the inhabitants. He comes vast distances from the grimy midland towns—the railways bring him and the female of his species, the railways take him away; and when he is gone select, high-class Bournemouth hurriedly clears his luncheon papers and empty bottles from her beach and pleasure-grounds, and breathes more freely.

It is when the tripping season is over, and even the fortnightly and monthly visitors have returned home—when the blazer has

disappeared from the cliff, and the blouse from the pleasure-gardens—that the place awakens to a superior kind of life. That life is ushered in by the autumn visitors, who are really only the “first flight” of that superior class of winter residents, the earliest and still most esteemed patrons of the place. Soon the arrival lists in the local papers teem with titles and bristle with aristocratic names, and private carriages take the place of the summer “flies.” This glorious season goes on in full swing till Easter, for which festival yet another set of distinguished guests arrive, and for a week or two the town is crowded more than at any other time except perhaps August. Before the Easter visitors have all departed, the

white sloping sand, admirable alike for bathing, walking, or riding. There is very little difference here between high and low water, owing to the double or return tide caused by the outflow from Poole Harbour. Viewed from the sands the cliffs present an endless variety of picturesque outlines and rich tints, crowned by sombre fir or purple heather, affording great opportunities for the artist.

At intervals the cliffs are broken into chines, caused by the action of streams, and the principal chine is that of the Bourne (or “Brook”)—hence the name “Bournemouth.” This chine or valley runs far inland; the brook now flows through beautiful pleasure-grounds, which divide the town into two portions, and it was along the hillsides that the first houses appeared.

The pier entrance faces the mouth of the valley, and here roads from all parts of the town converge upon the sands. About a mile to the eastward is Boscombe Chine, a smaller valley hollowed out between high sand hills, and until recently allowed to remain in all its primitive wild beauty.

As, however, the suburb of Boscombe has grown into almost a separate watering-place, with a pier of its own, the chine and its little wandering stream have fallen victims to the landscape

gardener, or as the guide book puts it, “have been very judiciously laid out as pleasure-grounds.” There is a “spa” here whose water is said to resemble that of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Boscombe Manor, rebuilt by Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, is embowered in woods just beyond, and farther on is Southbourne, another little watering-place with a pier of its own. Hengistbury Head, marking the entrance to Christchurch Harbour (opposite the Needles), shuts in the bay on this side, whilst westward of Bournemouth pier the cliffs extend in broken chines of delightful beauty right up to the sandhills which nearly close the harbour of Poole, beyond the narrow opening to which the hills of Purbeck begin to rise and form a line of cliffs extending far into the Channel.

Ninety years ago there was not even a



THE INVALIDS' WALK.

summer guests are again descending upon the hotels and villas, the Rosebanks, and Sea Views and Fern Vales, of the place. Happy Bournemouth, whose perpetual charms are at once the envy and despair of her rivals!

Situated at the south-western corner of Hampshire, Bournemouth occupies a position of unique advantage, looking directly south over the English Channel, which here forms a wide bay guarded on either hand by grim gray cliffs. It needs no knowledge of geology to recognise that at one period the high downs of the Isle of Wight, which terminate suddenly at the Needles, were continuous with those of the Isle of Purbeck (island only in name) on the western side of the bay. By some convulsion of nature the intermediate land was submerged, and the present shore formed.

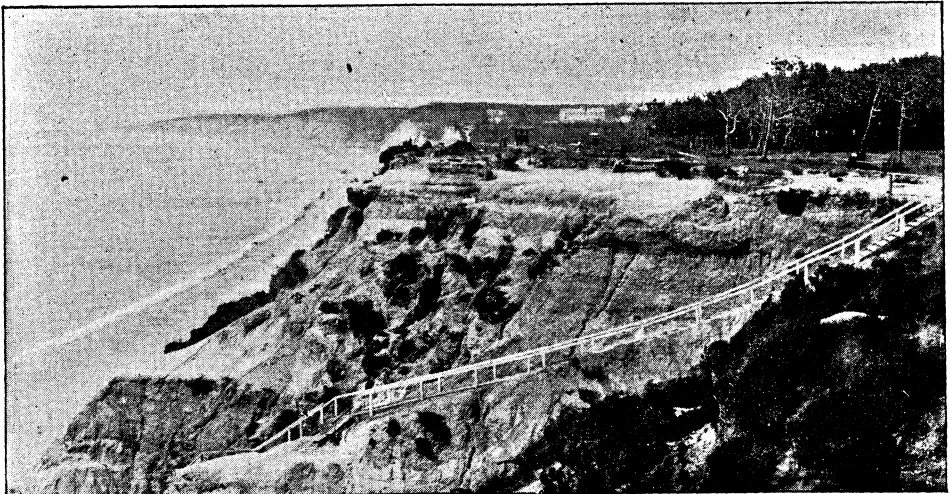
A beautiful shore it is, composed of firm

road in the Bournemouth district, much less a house. The beautiful sandy shore was left to the sea-birds and the smugglers. The pine woods, which have been the making of Bournemouth, were not then planted. The hills and valleys were simply a wild expanse of gorse and heather, and up the narrow romantic chimes was rolled many a cask of illicit rum and untaxed brandy. Local traditions exist of fierce fights between the representatives of law and the smugglers, who, as usual, had the sympathy of the country side.

The only communication between the ancient towns of Christchurch and Poole was by a long detour inland up the valley of the Stour. The Enclosure Acts, passed about 1806, led to the extensive plantation

owners, built a mansion which has, after many transformations and enlargements, become the Royal Exeter Park Hotel of to-day. The inn, which bore the name of the Tregonwell Arms, has unfortunately not been preserved as a landmark for the future historian.

It is difficult to fix the birthday of Bournemouth, but it would seem to be about the year that her gracious Majesty ascended the throne. Sir George Tapps (afterwards Tapps-Gervis), the proprietor of much of the land east of the Bourne, consulted with his architect, Mr. B. Ferrey, who very wisely counselled the building of detached or semi-detached residences, a policy the more creditable to both architect and patron, because at that time sanitary science had scarcely



THE WEST CLIFF.

of this deserted spot with Scotch and pinaster fir. About the same time the present Poole and Christchurch road was constructed. For many years it was so lonely a thoroughfare that the bank clerk who paid a weekly visit to Christchurch, took care to arm himself to the teeth before mounting his trusty steed. Now two miles of the centre of this road form practically the only business thoroughfare in Bournemouth.

A wayside inn was erected on the eastern side of the valley of the Bourne, but such was the seclusion of the district, that on the same side of the brook a decoy pond was formed for shooting purposes, and the country people first knew the site of the new watering-place as "Coypond." Near the sea, Mr. Tregonwell, one of the local land-

come into existence. That enlightened policy has since been faithfully followed, and except as regards portions of the business street already alluded to, Bournemouth of to-day is a unique town of detached or semi-detached houses, a fact which undoubtedly conduces much to its reputation as a health resort.

An amusing mistake made by a popular illustrated weekly, which has been publishing representations of the English watering-places in former times, may here be mentioned. One of the views is entitled, "Bournemouth, near Christchurch, Hants," but it is a picture of what the town never was and never will be. The East Cliff is shown as having upon it a long terrace of white houses, while upon the site of the Belle Vue Hotel is placed an imposing edifice crowned by a lofty tower.

An old resident explained to the writer the curious picture as being a copy of one of the rival plans prepared for the laying out of the town, but rejected by Sir G. Tapps in favour of Mr. Ferrey's scheme.

With but two or three exceptions the first house of the new watering-place to be opened was the Royal Bath Hotel, which dates back to 1838, and occupies a commanding position on the East Cliff. The Belle Vue (facing the pier) quickly followed, and in 1840 the oldest private business establishment, Sydenham's Library, was founded, and soon became known to visitors as the "local Mudie's." It says well for the salubrity of Bournemouth that the founders of this establishment are still the active proprietors, and the Library, having grown with the requirements of its *clientèle*, is now one of the most conspicuous objects in every view of the Bournemouth sands.

The building of villas commenced with the Westovers, a row of white residences facing the pleasure-grounds. These were constructed between 1838-46, and from that time onward villas, hotels, and business-places began to spring up in various directions.

The Church element has always been strong here. So long ago as 1842 a small church was erected on the site now occupied by St. Peter's; and, under the fostering care of its first vicar, the late A. Morden Bennett, the building was developed into one of the most beautiful and perfect of modern churches in England, whilst no fewer than a dozen subsidiary parishes have been formed out of what was originally all St. Peter's.

These provide for Churchmen of all views, but in the early days of Bournemouth High Church principles were undoubtedly most popular. Followers of Pusey made their home here, and Keble, the well-known author of "The Christian Year," died in Bournemouth at "Brookside," a house which is still pointed out near the sands, on the western side of the pleasure-grounds. The large south window of St. Peter's Church is a fitting memorial of the Anglican poet, who worshipped here during the last four months of his life. The window illustrates the *Te Deum*, and in the lower part of the fourth compartment a portrait is introduced, the inscription beneath recording the death of John Keble and Charlotte his wife, with the motto, "Day by day we magnify Thee." A second window, illustrating the Resurrection, was placed at the east end of the south chancel aisle.

The Rev. J. Ossian Davies, a famous

preacher, has a fine Congregational church in Bournemouth.

Loyal and aristocratic to a degree, Bournemouth has one grief, and that is, that the Queen has never honoured her with a visit. From time to time a rumour gets afloat that her Majesty is contemplating a stay here, and a flutter of pleased anticipation goes through the place; but hitherto, unfortunately, these flutters have been the only sequel to the rumour.

There is, however, plenty of room still for hope, especially if Bournemouth could undertake that the Queen's privacy should be as much respected as it is on the Mediterranean coast, to which of late years she has been in the habit of repairing in the perilous spring season. Certainly in the matter of suitable climate Bournemouth need not fear comparison even with the Riviera. But of this question more anon.

Although the Queen herself has not yet seen the queen of South Coast watering-places, Bournemouth by no means lacks royal appreciation. The Prince of Wales has paid two or three visits, on one occasion being accompanied by the Princess; and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duchess of Albany, have also seen and acknowledged the charms of the place, which enjoys the warm admiration among foreign royalties of the Empress of Austria, the King of the Belgians, the King and Queen of Sweden, and the Princesses of the German Imperial House. The unfortunate Empress Eugénie has also sought quietude and rest here.

Before discussing the claims of Bournemouth as an invalid resort, it may be as well to remove a popular misconception which, though not so prevalent now as it used to be, is still frequently met with, namely, that Bournemouth is all very well for the invalid, but rather a trying and depressing place for the robust.

This is quite a mistake. It is true that in the early years of the town the healing qualities of its air drew thither a large number of sick persons, who, in fact, could scarcely pass the winter elsewhere in England; but the idea that respirators and invalid carriages are the prominent feature of the place, even in the winter season, is an antiquated one. This arises not from the fact that fewer invalids now come than formerly—on the contrary, more do—but the great increase in visitors does not belong to the invalid class, consequently the latter are no more *en évidence* than they are in other warm and sheltered nooks of the South

Coast. Thanks to an enlightened board of Improvement Commissioners, who lived well up to their name, and have in due process of time blossomed into a full-blown municipal

be found in the Winter Gardens, where the Corporation provide a permanent band under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, junior, with other constant musical attractions. During the winter, too, grand concerts are given, at which some of the stars of the musical world make their appearance.

In fact, Bournemouth goes a step farther in her devotion to St. Cecilia's art. Last year a musical festival was inaugurated here at which the late Sir J. Barnby and Dr. Bridge conducted their own compositions. The success of the experiment justifies its repetition, and arrangements are already being made for a second festival in January or February next, when equally eminent masters of the art will appear.

As regards the climate of Bournemouth, personal evidence is preferable, and certainly more interesting, than mountains of statistics. King Oscar II of Sweden gave the place a testimonial, of which it is naturally very proud, in proposing "Prosperity to Bournemouth" at a luncheon given some years ago at the laying of the first stone of the "Mont Dore," an institution which now combines the

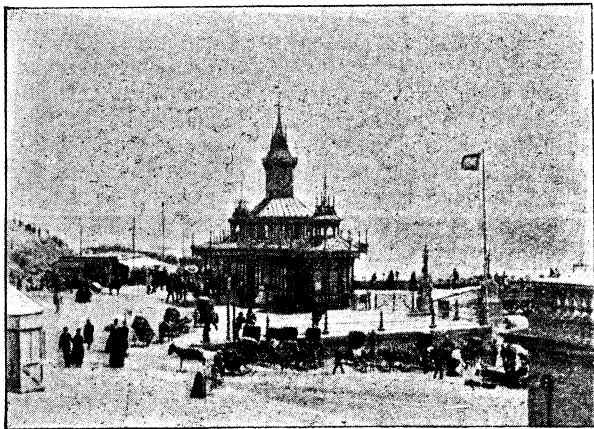
corporation, ample provision has been made for the enjoyment of visitors at all seasons.

Even the latest addition of golf-links has been made, and Bournemouth is thoroughly up to date in this respect. To the north of the town there was a large district of common land, now known as Meyrick Park, where residents in the parish had a right to cut turves for fuel, but this privilege having small attractions for the people of a fashionable watering-place, it was not found difficult, two years ago, in conjunction with the lord of the manor, to obtain an Act of Parliament, under which eighty acres were taken in and laid out as a public park, cricket-ground, and golf-links. The ground is prettily undulated, and commands fine views of the surrounding country. It was formally opened not many months ago by Mrs. G. Meyrick, wife of the heir to the great Meyrick estates. Professional golfers speak highly of the provision thus made for their absorbing sport, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, although unable to be present in person, sent a fervent epistolary blessing upon the encouragement afforded to his favourite pastime. The links are open freely to all players.

A more general source of enjoyment is to



ON THE SANDS.



THE PIER APPROACH.

functions of a hydro with those of a general hotel:—

"When the Queen came here" (said his Majesty), "in the month of January, in the midst of winter, which was,

as you all know, everywhere exceptionally hard, she came here in order to recover her strength, after long years of severe suffering, and she was immediately struck with the charm of this place. She found here not only a quiet and comfortable home, but she found softness of air and mildness of climate with few exceptions, the dryness of the soil, and that charming evergreen which, to northern eyes, has so great a value. When she returned with me a few months later, we both had occasion to appreciate, in still higher degree, the merits of this place, which she already had found. It was now spring-time, and the sun stood higher in a pure sky and shone glittering on the waves, casting its light on the cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and on this place, behind the high cliffs of which there were gardens with rich flowering rhododendrons, and other flowers spreading their blossom. We found here just what we wished for and desired, and we spent a quiet and happy time."

The King went on to say that they had also found what they had scarcely dared to hope—kindness and greeting from everyone from the first moment they came to Bournemouth. "Certainly," he added, "we shall never forget this place, but ever shall we with the greatest interest hear of its prosperity and welfare."

The chief requirements of invalids in seeking a winter residence in this country are a mild climate and a dry atmosphere. In both these respects Bournemouth offers

great advantages. Its climate is not only mild, but, what is of still greater importance, is remarkably equable; whilst the soil, being composed of sand and gravel, is very dry. In addition to this, the aromatic exhalations from the surrounding pine woods are of the greatest benefit in cases of lung trouble. Many eminent medical men have written strongly in favour of the place, which really may be said to have been discovered by the doctors, though now, as we have seen, it has long outstepped the stage of a mere sanitarium.

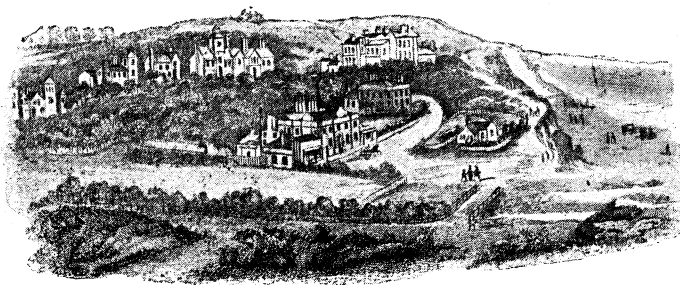
It ought, however, to be added that the climate is very suitable to two classes of persons who may not labour under any actual disease—namely those who have long been resident in hot climates, and young persons and children who from hereditary or accidental causes are in need of special help in their development. Rickety children in particular obtain great benefit here.

Bournemouth claims to enjoy more hours

of sunshine than almost any other English town. The meteorologists bear out this claim. Of course London cannot be fairly compared with so bright a spot; in some months there are nearly twice as many shining hours recorded at Bournemouth as there are at Greenwich, and many more than at Kew, which should be a sunny place. An even more important superiority is that already referred to, the dryness of the atmosphere. This is most marked in the season when mists and fogs prevail elsewhere, for these are of rare occurrence at Bournemouth, owing to the remarkable conformation of the district, the result being that especially during November and December the air is drier here than at any place in England at which accurate records are kept.

The high downs of Purbeck to the south-west, and of the Isle of Wight to the south-east, visibly attract the clouds, which occasionally pass over the sea between the

two headlands in the form of fog, whilst the Bournemouth sky remains perfectly clear. At other times heavy rain may be seen falling in the distance, with-



From a view by]

BOURNEMOUTH IN 1843.

[Sydenham.

out even a shower in the evergreen valley.

When, however, the rain does fall, as fall it must, the excellent system of drainage aids the naturally-porous soil in speedily removing all traces of it. Again, in the rare occurrence of a fall of snow, the arrangements made by the Corporation are so perfect that, should it occur in the night, the visitors on descending to their late breakfast would hardly be aware of the fact.

Little room is left in which to describe the subsidiary attractions of the district. But these are far too important to be passed over without comment. In the summer season, at any rate, and this extends as we have seen from Easter to October, the visitor to Bournemouth has a wider choice of excursions and trips than is offered by any other South-Coast resort.

This is mainly due to the admirable service of powerful and beautiful steamers, the property of two companies, who, after being for some years at daggers drawn, have now wisely

joined forces, and are thus enabled to offer their patrons an unrivalled choice of excursions. Even in their earlier and rival state the boats practically made the Bournemouth summer season. The two principal vessels are the *Monarch* belonging to Messrs. Cosens & Co., of Weymouth, and the *Brodick Castle*, the property of a local company. These vessels scour the Channel from Brighton in the east to Torquay in the west, whilst the *Monarch* frequently crosses the sea to Cherbourg and the Channel Islands.

This means that visitors are enabled within a comfortable time easily to explore the whole of the delightful Solent district, to circumnavigate the Isle of Wight, to visit the old watering-place of Weymouth, so much patronised by George III, and where, in the now protected Portland Roads, some of our great war vessels are frequently thrown open for inspection, and to call at other towns of interest on the coast.

There is, moreover, a constant service of fast steamers between Bournemouth and Swanage, a delightful little town situated on a miniature bay which, for beauty of colour, has been likened to the Bay of Naples. Swanage is built of gray stone, quarried high on the downs above. The coast here is wild and picturesque, abounding in steep cliffs and outlying rocks, and plentiful in deep caverns.

The most interesting object to the visitor is the finely preserved and easily reached ruin of Corfe Castle, a renowned fortress of Saxon times, and famous in history as the scene of the murder of Edward the Martyr by his perfidious kinswoman, Elfrida. So complete are the remains that the visitor, with scarcely any exercise of imagination, can reconstruct for himself the castle and its appurtenances.

Inland, on every side the district around Bournemouth affords ample opportunities for charming drives, and during the summer season these can be obtained very cheaply. The principal places within moderate distance are Christchurch, the New Forest, Wimborne, Poole, Corfe Castle, and the Isle of Purbeck (more speedily reached by steamer to Swanage). Christchurch, which by the way is the political centre of Bournemouth, is an old Saxon town, beautifully situated at the junction of the rivers Avon (from Salisbury) and Stour. Its principal attraction is an ancient priory church, about which a fascinating legend is told. The tower, overlooking the harbour, commands magnificent views of sea and land, and is a well-known landmark at the western entrance to the Solent. The church contains a beautiful memorial chapel to the famous Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and under the tower is a noble monument to the poet Shelley.

Wimborne is another ancient town containing a fine minster, dating from the early Norman period, but the church is of much earlier foundation, as it contains a memorial of Æthelred, King of the West Saxons. Poole is an old seaport, once of much greater importance than at present. A judicious expenditure of capital on her fine but sand-blocked harbour, might at any time render her an important commercial rival to Southampton in accommodating the largest vessels.

The country, indeed, all around is rich in attractions: there are many ancient camps and barrows to be explored; the cliffs abound in fossils, and the fishing in the rivers is good. Both for itself and its surroundings, in fact, Bournemouth may, without exaggeration, be described as a bourne from which no traveller willingly returns.



BOSCOMBE FIFTY YEARS AGO.



From a photo by]

[J. Hadgood, Boscombe,

BOSCOMBE IN 1896.



"THEN NIKOLA FIRED."

DOCTOR NIKOLA.*

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.



OUR after hour I sat upon my bed-place surrendering my mind completely to the consideration of our terrible position. We were caught like rats in a trap, and, as far as I could see, the only thing left to us now was to continue our resemblance to those animals by dying gamely. For fear lest my pluck should give way I would not think of Gladys at all, and when I found I could no longer drive my thoughts into any other channel, I went into the adjoining room to see what Nikola was doing. To my surprise I found him pacing quietly up and down, just as calm and collected as if he were waiting for dinner in a London drawing-room.

"It looks as if another three hours," he said, "will see the curtain rung down upon our comedy."

"Tragedy, I should call it," I answered bitterly.

"Isn't it rather difficult to define where one begins and the other ends?" he asked, as if desirous of starting an argument. "Plato says——"

"Oh, confound Plato!" I answered sharply. "What I want to know is how you are going to prevent our being put to death at daybreak."

"I have no intention that we shall be," said Nikola.

"But how are you going to prevent it?" I inquired.

"I have not the remotest notion," he answered, "but all the same I *do* intend to prevent it. The unfortunate part of it all is that we are left so much in the dark and can have no idea where the execution will take place. If that were once settled we could arrange things more definitely. However, do not bother yourself about it; go to your bed and leave it all to me."

I went back into my own room and laid myself down upon my bed as he commanded. One thought followed another, and presently, however singular it may seem, I fell fast asleep. I dreamt that I was once more

walking upon the wall in Pekin with my sweetheart. I saw her dear face looking up into mine, and I felt the pressure of her little hand upon my arm. Then suddenly from over the parapet of the wall in front of us appeared the man who had discovered my identity in the Llamaserai, he was brandishing a knife, and I was in the act of springing forward to seize him when I felt my shoulder rudely shaken and woke up to discover a man leaning over me.

It was one of the monks who had conducted us to the room, and on seeing that I was awake he signed that I should get up. By this time a second had brought Nikola from his room, and as soon as we were ready we were marched out into the corridor, where we found another dozen men waiting.

"It seems a pity to have disturbed us so early," said Nikola as we fell into our places and began to march up the long passages, "especially as I was just perfecting a most admirable scheme which I feel sure would have saved us."

"You are too late now," I answered bitterly.

"So it would appear," said Nikola, and strode on without further comment.

It was not a nice sensation that march through those long silent corridors, with only the backs of the men in front and the glare of the torches blazing up to the roof to be seen, and only the steady tramp, tramp, of our feet to be heard. What the time was I had no idea, nor could I tell to what place we were being conducted. We ascended one stair and descended another, passed through large and small caves and threaded endless corridors, till I lost all count of our direction. At last we came to a halt at the foot of the smallest staircase I had yet seen in the monastery. We waited for a few moments, then ascended it and arrived at a narrow landing, at the end of which was a large door. Here our procession again halted for a few moments, then the doors were unbarred and thrown open and an icy blast rushed in. Outside we could see the battlements which were built on the sheer side of the cliff. It was broad daylight, and from where we stood we could plainly distinguish the mountains across the valley.

* Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

Our guides beat their torches against the wall till the flames were extinguished and then stood at attention ; from their preparations we could see that the arrival of some person of importance was anxiously expected.

All this time my heart was beating like a wheat-flail against my ribs and my teeth were chattering in my head beyond control. As they had brought us up here it was evident we were going to be thrown over the cliff as at first proposed. I glanced round me to see if it would be possible to make a fight for it, but one glimpse showed how utterly futile such an attempt would be.

While I was arguing this out in my own mind our guards had somewhat relaxed their stiffness, then they came suddenly to attention, and next moment, evidently at a signal from the other side, we were marched out through the door.

Waiting on the battlements for us were the two great men of the monastery, and as soon as we made our appearance they signed to our guides to bring us closer to them. The old man was the first to speak.

"O men of the West! ye have heard your sentence," he said in a low solemn voice. "Ye have brought it upon yourselves, and now ye have only to say whether there is any reason why the decree should not be put into execution."

I looked at Nikola, but he only shook his head. Hard as I tried I could not discover sufficient reason myself, so I followed his example.

"Then let it be so," said the old man, who had noticed our hesitation ; "there is nothing else to be done now save to carry out the work."

We were then ordered to stand back, and, until I heard another commotion on the stairs, I was at a loss to understand why we were not immediately disposed of. Then a second procession of monks appeared upon the battlements escorting a third prisoner. He was a tall burly fellow, and from the way in which he was dressed and shaved I gathered had been a monk. He made his appearance with evident reluctance, and when he arrived at the top of the steps had to be dragged up to face the two. Their interview was short and very much to the point.

"You have murdered one of your own brethren," said the old man, still in the same sepulchral tone in which he had addressed us. "Have you anything to say why the sentence of death passed upon you should not be carried into effect?"

In answer the man first blustered, then

became stolid, and finally howled outright. I watched him with a curiosity which at any other time I should have deemed impossible. Then at a signal from the old man four stalwart monks rushed forward and, having seized him, dragged him to the edge of the battlement. The poor wretch struggled and screamed, but he was like a child in the hands of those who held him. Closer and closer they drew to the edge. Then there was an interval of fierce struggling, a momentary pause, a wild cry, and next moment the man had disappeared over the edge, falling in a sheer drop quite fifteen hundred feet into the valley below. As he vanished from our sight my heart seemed to stand still. In another minute it would be our turn.

I looked up at the blue sky above our heads, across which white clouds were hurrying ; I looked across the valley to where the snow-capped peaks showed up on the other side, then at the battlements of the monastery, and last at the crowd of black figures surrounding us. In a flash all my past life seemed to rise before my eyes. I saw myself a little boy again walking in an English garden with my pretty mother, with my playfellows at school, at sea, on the Australian gold-fields, and so on through almost every phase of my life up to the moment of our arrival at the place where we now stood. I looked at Nikola, but his pale face showed no sign of emotion. I will stake my life that he was as cool at that awful moment as when I first saw him in Shanghai. Presently the old man came forward again.

"If you have aught to say—any last request to make—there is still time to do it," he said.

"I have a request to make," answered Nikola. "Since we *must* die, is it not a waste of good material to cast us over that cliff? I have heard it said that my skull is an extraordinary one, while my companion here boasts such a body as I would give worlds to anatomise. I have no desire to die, as you may suppose ; but if nothing will satisfy you save to kill us, pray let us die in the interests of science."

The old man, on hearing this singular request, betrayed signs of astonishment for the first time.

"You are a brave man," he said.

"One must reconcile oneself to the inevitable," said Nikola coolly. "Have you any objection to urge?"

"I will give it consideration," said the old man. "In the meantime you may con-

sider that your lives are spared to you for the time being."

Thereupon our guards were called up again and we were once more marched back to our room. Arriving there, and when the monks had departed to take up their positions at the top of the staircase as before, Nikola said—

"If we escape from this place you will never be able to assert that science has done nothing for you. At least it has saved your life."

"But if they are going to scoop your brains out and cut me up," I said with an attempt at jocularly I was far from feeling, "I must say I fail to see how it is going to be any benefit to us."

"Let me explain," said Nikola. "If they are going to use us in the manner you describe, they cannot do so before to-morrow morning, for I happen to know that their operating-room is undergoing alterations, and as I am a conscientious surgeon myself I should be very loath to spoil my specimens by any undue hurry. So you see we have at any rate all to-night to perfect our plan of escape."

"But have you a plan?" I asked anxiously.

"Maturing somewhere in the back of my head," said Nikola.

"And you think it will come to anything?"

"That is beyond my power to say," he answered; "but the chances are certainly in our favour."

Nothing would induce him to say any more, and presently he went back into his own room, where he began to busy himself with his precious medicine-chest, which I saw he had taken care to hide.

"My little friend," he said, patting and fondling it as a father would his favourite offspring, "I almost thought we were destined to part company; now it remains with you to save your master's life."

Then turning to me he bade me leave him alone, and in obedience to his wish I left him and went back to my own room.

How we survived the anxiety of that day I cannot possibly tell; such another period of waiting I never remember. One moment I felt confident that Nikola would carry through his plan and that we should get out and away to the coast in safety, the next I could not see how it could possibly succeed, the odds were so heavy against us.

Almost punctually our midday meal was served to us, then the ray of light upon the floor began to spread out, reached the oppo-

site wall, climbed it, and finally disappeared altogether.

About seven o'clock Nikola came in to me.

"Look here, Bruce," he said with unusual animation, "I've been thinking this matter out and I believe I've hit on a plan that will save us if anything can. In half an hour the monk will arrive with our evening meal. He will place the bowl upon the floor over there and then turn his back on you while he puts his torch in that bracket upon the wall yonder. I will have a sponge of chloroform ready for him, and directly he turns it must be clapped over his nose. Once he's unconscious you must slip on his dress and go out again and make your way up the steps. There are two men stationed on the other side, and the door between us and them is locked. I have noticed that the man who brings us our food simply knocks upon it and it is opened. You will do as he does, thus, and as you pass out will drop this gold coin." (Here he gave me some money.) "One of the men will be certain to stoop to pick it up; as he goes down you must manage by hook or crook to chloroform the other. I shall be behind you and I will attend to his companion."

"It seems a desperate scheme,"

"We are desperate men!" said Nikola.

"And when we have secured them both?" I asked.

"I shall put on one of their robes," said Nikola, "and we will then make our escape as quickly as possible. Luck must do the rest for us. Are you prepared to attempt so much?"

"To get out of this place I would undertake anything," I answered.

"Very good then," he said. "We must now wait for the appearance of the man. Let us hope it won't be long before he comes."

For nearly three-quarters of an hour we waited without hearing any sign of the monk. The minutes seemed long as years, and I don't think I ever felt more relieved in my life than when I heard the door at the top of the stairs open and the sound of sandalled feet coming down the steps.

"Are you quite ready?" whispered Nikola, taking up his sponge and returning to his own room.

"Quite ready," I answered.

The man came nearer, the glare of his torch preceding him. At last he entered carrying a light in one hand and a large bowl in the other. The latter he put down upon the floor and having done so, turned to place the torch in the socket fastened to

the wall. He had hardly lifted his arm before I saw Nikola creep out of the adjoining room, holding in his hand a small sponge. Closer and closer he approached the unsuspecting monk, and then, having measured his distance, with a great spring threw himself upon the man and clapped the sponge upon his nose and mouth. The man fought hard, but Nikola held him like a vice, while I was standing near to render him any assistance he might need. Then little by little his struggles ceased, and presently he lay in Nikola's arms as helpless as if he were dead.

"That is one man accounted for," said Nikola quietly, as he laid the body down upon the floor; "now for the others. Slip on this man's dress as quickly as you can."

I did as he bade me, and as soon as I was ready placed the peculiar black covering over the upper part of my face and head, and was prepared to carry out the rest of the scheme. In the face of this excitement I felt as happy as a child; it was the creepy, crawly, supernatural business that shook my nerve. When it came to straightforward matter-of-fact fighting I was not afraid of anything.

Carrying the money in my hand as we had arranged, I left the room and proceeded up the steps, Nikola following half a dozen yards or so behind me. Arriving at the gate I rapped upon it with my knuckles and it was immediately opened. Two men were leaning on either side of it, and as I passed through I took care that the one on the right should see the money in my hand.

As if by accident I dropped it and it rolled away beyond his feet. Instantly he stooped and made a grab for it. Seeing this I wheeled round upon the other man, and before he could divine my intention had him locked in a tight embrace, and the sponge which Nikola had given me, and which I had been carrying in my left hand, pressed tight upon his mouth and nostrils. But though I had him at a disadvantage he proved no easy capture. In stature he must

have been nearly six feet, was broad in proportion, and, like all the men in the place, in most perfect training. I tried to keep the sponge upon his face in such a way that it must take immediate effect; this however I found to be almost impossible, for he drew his head aside and rushed in upon me with such ferocity that we were soon struggling for our lives upon the floor. For some strange reason, what I cannot tell, that fight seemed to be the most enjoyable three minutes I have ever spent in my life.

Over and over we rolled upon the stone floor, each fighting for the other's throat. Presently he had

bold of me in such

a way that it seemed impossible I could ever cast him off, but summoning all my energies to my assistance I did it, and at last got the upper hand. Throwing my leg over him I seated myself upon his chest, and then—having nothing else to do it with—I drew back my right arm and let him have three blows with the whole strength of my fist.

Written in black and white in cold blood it looks a trifle bloodthirsty, but you must remember we were fighting for our lives,



"Nikola held him like a vice."

and if by any chance he gave the alarm nothing on earth could possibly save us from death. I had therefore to make the most of the only opportunity I had of silencing him.

As soon as he was unconscious I looked round for Nikola. He was kneeling by the body of the other man, who was lying face downwards upon the floor as if dead.

"I would give five pounds," said Nikola casually as he rose to his feet, "for this man's skull. Just look, it goes up at the back of his head like a tom cat. It is my luck all over to come across a specimen like this when I can't make use of it."

As he spoke he ran his first finger and thumb caressingly up and down the man's poll.

"I've got a bottle in my museum in Port Said," he said regretfully, "which would take him beautifully."

Then with a swiftness extraordinary he picked up the sponge which he had used upon the last man and went across to my adversary. For thirty seconds he held it upon his nose and mouth, then throwing it into a corner, divested the man of his garments and attired himself in them.

"Now," he said, when he had made his toilet to his own satisfaction, "we must be off. They change their guards at midnight, and it is already twenty minutes past eleven."

So saying he led the way down the corridor, I following at his heels. We had not reached the end of it however before Nikola bade me wait for him while he went back. When he rejoined me I asked him in a whisper what he had been doing.

"Nothing very much," he answered. "I wanted to convince myself as to a curious malformation of the occipital bone in that man's skull. I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but if we get out alive I might never have had another chance of examining such a complete case."

Having said this, this extraordinary votary of science condescended to continue our escape. Leaving the long corridor which led into the small passage where the guards were now lying insensible behind us, we turned to our left hand, ascended a flight of steps, followed another small passage, and then came to a sudden standstill at a spot where four roads met.

"Where on earth are we?" inquired Nikola looking round him. "This place reminds me of the Hampton Court maze."

"Hark! What is that?"

We listened, and by doing so discovered that the dull booming noise we heard was the subterranean waterfall which we had seen on the occasion of our visit to the large cave.

"We are altogether out of our course," I said.

"On the other hand," answered Nikola, "we are not close enough to it yet."

"What on earth do you mean by that?" I asked.

"My dear Bruce," he said, "tell me this: why are we in this place? Did we not come here to obtain possession of their secrets? Well, as we are saying good-bye to them to-night, after adventuring so much do you suppose I am going to leave empty handed? If so you are very much in error. Why, to do that would be to have failed altogether in what we had set out to attempt; and though Nikola often boasts you must admit he seldom fails in what he undertakes to do. Don't say any more, but come along with me."

Turning into a passage on his right he led the way down some more steps. Here the torches, which had hitherto been burning brightly in their sockets, gave evidence that they were almost at their last flicker.

"If we don't look sharp," said Nikola, "we shall have to carry out our errand in the dark, and that will be undesirable for more reasons than one."

From the place where we now stood we could hear the roar of the waterfall quite distinctly and could just make out further to our left the entrance to the great cave. To our delight there were no guards stationed there, so we were able to pass in unmolested. Taking what remained of a torch from a socket near the door we entered together. A more uncanny place than that great cave as it revealed itself to us by the light of our solitary torch no man can imagine. The little flickering flame showed us the damp walls, the roof covered with stalactites, and the great pillars towering up and up until they were lost in the higher darkness. Innumerable bats fluttered down the aisles, their wings filling the air with ghostly whisperings, while over all was that peculiar charnel-house smell that I had noticed on the occasion of our previous visit, and which nothing could ever properly describe.

"The door down to the catacombs is at this end," said Nikola, leading the way up the central aisle; "let us find it."

I followed him and together we made towards that end of the cave furthest from

the great doors. The entrance once found we had only to follow the steps and pass down into the queer sort of crypt I have before described. By the light of our torch we could discern the swathed figures in the niches. Nikola however had small attention for them; he was too busily occupied endeavouring to discover the spring in the central pillar to think of anything else. When he found it he pressed it and the door opened. Then down the ladder we crept into the anteroom where I had waited on that awful night. I can tell you one thing very candidly, I would far rather have engaged a dozen of the strongest monks in that monastery single-handed than have followed my chief down into that room. But he would not let me draw back and so we pushed on together. All around us were the mysterious treasures of the monastery, with every sort of implement for every sort of chemistry known to the fertile brain of man. At the further end was a large wooden coffer exquisitely carved. This was padlocked in three places and looked as if it would offer a stubborn resistance to anyone who might attempt to break it. But Nikola was a man hard to beat, and he solved the difficulty in a very simple fashion. Unfastening his loose upper garment he unstrapped his invaluable medicine-chest and placed it on the floor, then choosing a small but sharp surgeons' saw he fell to work upon the wood surrounding the staple. In less than ten minutes he had lifted the lid and the chest stood open. Then with all the speed we were masters of we set to work to take out the things it contained—small phials, antique parchment prescriptions, a thousand sorts of drugs, and finally a small book written in Sanscrit and most quaintly bound. This Nikola stowed away in one of his many voluminous pockets, and when he had made a selection of the other things announced that it was time for us to turn back. Just as he said this the torch, which had all the time been burning lower and lower, gave a final flicker and went out altogether. We were left in the dark in this awful cave.

"This is most unfortunate," said the ever philosophical Nikola. "However, as it can't be cured we must make the best of it."

I answered nothing, but waited for my leader to propose some plan. After a few moments the darkness seemed to make little or no difference to Nikola. He took me by the hand and led me straight through the cave into the antechamber.

"Look out," he said, "here is the ladder."

And true enough as he spoke my shins made its acquaintance. Strange is the force of habit; the pain was a sharp one, and though I was buried in the centre of a mountain, surrounded by the dead men of a dozen centuries, I employed exactly the same epithet to express my feelings as I should have done had a passing hansom splashed my boots opposite the Mansion House.

Leaving the lower regions we climbed the ladder and reached the crypt, passed up the stairs into the great cave, made our way across that, and then, Nikola still leading, found the tunnel and passed through it as safely as if we had been lighted by a hundred link-men.

"Our next business endeavour must be to find out how we are to get out of the building itself," said Nikola as we reached the four cross passages again; "and as I have no notion how the land lies it looks rather more serious. Let us try this passage first."

As quickly as was possible under the circumstances we made our way up the stairs indicated, passed the great waterfall, sped along two or three corridors, had several near escapes from being observed, and at last to our astonishment reached the great hall where we had been received on the day of our arrival.

At the same instant there was a sound of a great noise in the monastery, the ringing of a deep-toned bell, with the shouting of many voices and the tramping of hundreds of feet.

"They are after us," said Nikola. "It's evident our flight has been discovered. Now if we cannot find a way out we are done for completely."

The noise was every moment coming closer, and any instant we might expect our pursuers to come into view. Like rats in a strange barn hearing the approach of a terrier, we dashed this way and that hunting for an exit. At last we discovered the steps leading from the great hall into the valley below. Down these we flew at the top of our speed, every moment risking a fall which would inevitably break our necks. Almost too giddy to stand we at last reached the bottom, only to find a painful surprise in store for us. The door was shut and guarded by a stalwart monk. Together we might have silenced him, but he would have been certain to cry out, and even in the event of his not doing so his inanimate body upon the ground would have been certain to give a clue to our escape. We could not

carry him with us, so what was to be done?

Nikola however was as usual equal to the occasion. Bringing his piercing eyes to bear upon the man he said slowly—

“Look me in the face,” and then pointed his finger at him while one might have counted ten. His eyes seemed to glitter like diamonds in his head. The monk fell under his influence immediately.

“Open that door!” said Nikola in a commanding voice. The man mechanically obeyed. “Now sit down!”

The man seated himself upon his bench, still unable to withdraw his eyes from Nikola's face.

“You will fall asleep,” said Nikola, “and when you wake you will have forgotten that we have passed this way. Remember that is my order. Now sleep!”

As he spoke Nikola waved his white hands backwards and forwards before the man's face, his eyes gradually closed, and in less time than it takes to tell he was fast asleep. As soon as Nikola had assured himself that the sleep was genuine he signed to me to give him the key, and when the door was unlocked we passed through it and closed it after us; then we ran down the valley as hard as we could go.

CHAPTER XVII

CONCLUSION.

WE were no sooner through the gates than we took to our heels and fled down the valley for our very lives. For my own part I was so thankful to be out of that awful place, once more breathing the fresh air of heaven, that I felt as if I could have gone on running for ever. Fortunately it was a pitch dark night with a high wind blowing. The darkness prevented our pursuers from seeing the direction we had taken, while the noise of the wind effectually deadened any sound we might make that would otherwise have betrayed our whereabouts.

For upwards of an hour we sped along the bottom of the valley in this fashion, paying no heed where we went and caring for nothing but to put as big a distance as possible between ourselves and our pursuers. At last I could go no farther, so I stopped and threw myself upon the ground. Nikola immediately came to a standstill, glanced round him and then sat down beside me.

“So much for our visit to the great

monastery,” he said as casually as if he were saying good-bye to a chance acquaintance.

“Do you think we have given them the slip?” I queried, looking anxiously up the dark valley through which we had come.

“By no means,” he answered. “Remember we are still hemmed in by the precipices, and at most we cannot be more than five miles from the doors. We shall have to proceed very warily for the next week or so, and to do that we must make the most of every minute of darkness.”

We were both silent for a little while. I was occupied with my own thoughts, Nikola in distributing more comfortably about his person the parchments, etc., he had brought away with him.

“Shall we be going on again,” I asked as soon as I had recovered my wind. “I've no desire to fall into their hands again I can assure you. Which way is it to be now?”

“Straight on,” he answered, springing to his feet. “We must follow the valley down and see where it will bring us out. It would be hopeless to attempt to scale the cliffs.”

Without further talk we set off, not to stop again until we had added another four miles or thereabouts to our flight. By this time it was close upon daybreak, the chilliest, dreariest, grayest dawn in all my experience. With the appearance of the light the wind had somewhat died down, but it still moaned among the rocks and through the high grass in the most dispiriting and uncanny fashion. Half an hour later the sun rose above the opposite cliff, and then Nikola once more called a halt.

“We must hide ourselves somewhere,” he said, “and travel on again as soon as darkness falls. Look about you for a place where we shall not be likely to be seen.”

For some time it seemed as if we should not be able to discover any such spot, but at last we hit upon the very one, a small enclosure sheltered by big boulders and situated on a sort of little rocky plateau high up the hill-side. To this place of refuge we scrambled, and then with armfuls of grass, which we collected from the immediate neighbourhood, endeavoured to make ourselves as comfortable as possible until night should once more descend upon us. It was not a cheery camp. To make matters worse we were unfortunately quite destitute of food, and already the pangs of hunger were beginning to obtrude themselves upon us.

“If we ever do get back to civilisation,” said Nikola after we had been sitting there some time, “I suppose this business will

rank as one of the most daring escapades in your life."

"I have no desire ever to undertake such another," I replied truthfully; "this trip has more than satisfied my craving for the adventurous."

"Wait till you've been settled in a sleepy little English village for a couple of years," he said with a laugh. "By that time I wouldn't mind wagering you'll be ready for anything that turns up. I wonder what you would think if I told you that, dangerous as this one has been, it is as nothing to another in which I was concerned about six years ago. Then I was occupied in trying to discover —"

I am sorry to have to confess that it is beyond my power to narrate what his adventure was, where it occurred, or indeed anything connected with it, for while he was talking I fell into a sound sleep from which I did not wake until nearly three hours later.

When I opened my eyes the sun was still shining brightly, the wind had dropped, and the air was as quiet as the night had been noisy and tempestuous. I looked round for Nikola, but to my surprise he was not occupying the place where he had been sitting when I fell asleep, nor indeed was he inside the enclosure at all. Alarmed lest anything ill might have befallen him I was in the act of going outside in search of him when he reappeared creeping between the rocks upon his hands and knees. I was about to confess my delight at his return, but he signed to me to be silent and a moment later reached my side.

"Keep as still as you can," he whispered; "they're after us."

"How close are they?" I asked with a sudden sinking in my heart.

"Not a hundred yards away," he answered, and as he spoke he bent his head forward to listen.

A moment later I could hear them for myself coming along the valley to our left. Their voices sounded quite plain and distinct, and for this reason I judged that they could not have been more than fifty yards from us. Now came the great question, would they discover us or not? Under the influence of this awful suspense I scarcely breathed. One thing I was firmly resolved upon—if they did find us out I would fight to the last gasp rather than let them capture me and carry me back to that awful monastery. The sweat stood out in great beads upon my forehead as I listened. They were evidently searching among the rocks at the base of the

cliff. Not being able to find us there, would they try higher up? Fortune however favoured us. Either they gave us credit for greater speed than we possessed, or they did not notice the hiding-place among the rocks, at any rate they passed on without molesting us. The change from absolute danger to comparative safety was almost overpowering, and even the stoical Nikola heaved a sigh of relief as the sound of their voices died gradually away.

That night, as soon as it was dark, we left our hiding-place and proceeded down the valley, keeping a watchful eye open for any signs of our foes. But our lucky star was still in the ascendant and we saw nothing of them. Towards daylight we left the valley and entered a large basin, if it may be so described, formed by a number of lofty hills. On the bottom of the bowl thus fashioned we could discern the roofs of a considerable village. Halting on a little rocky eminence Nikola looked round him.

"We shall have to find a hiding-place on the hills somewhere hereabouts," he said, "but before we do that we must have food."

"And a change of dress," I answered, for it must be remembered that we were still clad in the monkish robes we had worn when we left the monastery.

"Quite so," he answered: "first the food and the dress, then the hiding-place."

Without more ado he signed to me to follow him, and together we left the little hillock and proceeded towards the sleeping village. It was not a large place, nor, from all appearances, a very wealthy one, and contained scarcely more than fifty houses, the majority of which were of the usual Thibetan pattern, that is to say, built of loose stones, roofed with split pine shingles, and as draughty and leaky as it is possible for houses to be. The family reside in one room, the other—for in few cases are there more than two—being occupied by the cows, pigs, dogs, fowls and other domestic animals.

As we approached the first house Nikola bade me remain where I was while he went forward to see what he could procure. For many reasons I did not care very much about this arrangement, but I knew him too well by this time to waste my breath arguing. He left me and crept forward. It was bitterly cold, and while he was absent and I was standing still I felt as if I were being frozen into a solid block of ice. What our altitude could have been I am not in a position, of course, to tell, but if one might

judge by the keenness of the frosty air it must have been something pretty considerable.

Nikola was absent for nearly twenty minutes. At last however he returned, bringing with him a quantity of clothing, including two typical Thibetan hats, a couple of thick blankets, and, what was better than all, a quantity of food. The latter consisted of half a dozen coarse cakes, a piece of a peculiar sort of bread and a number of new laid eggs, also a large bowl of milk. In payment he informed me he had left a small gold piece, believing that that would be the most effectual means of silencing the owner's tongue. Seating ourselves in the shelter of a large rock, we set to work and stowed away as much of the food as we could possibly consume. Then dividing the clothing in two bundles we set off across the valley in an easterly direction.

By daylight we had put a considerable distance between us and the village, and were installed in a small cave halfway up a rugged bit of hill. Below us was a small copse of mountain pines and across the valley a cliff, not unlike that down which we had climbed to reach the monastery. We had also discarded our monkish robes and, for greater security, had buried them in a safe place beneath a tree. In our new rig, with the tall felt hats upon our heads, we might very well have passed for typical Thibetans.

Feeling that our present hiding-place was not likely to be discovered we laid ourselves down to sleep. How long we slumbered I cannot say, I only know that for some reason or other I woke in a fright to hear a noise in the valley beneath us. I listened for a few moments to make sure and then shook Nikola, who was still sleeping soundly.

"What is it?" he cried as he sat up.

"Why do you wake me?"

"Because we're in danger again," I answered. "What is that noise in the valley?"

He listened for a moment.

"I can hear nothing," he said.

Then just as he was about to speak again there came a new sound that brought us both to our feet like lightning. *It was the baying of dogs.* Now, as we both knew, the only dogs in that district are of the formidable Deggi breed, standing about as high as Shetland ponies, as strong as mastiffs and as fierce as they are powerful. If our enemies were pursuing us with these brutes our case was indeed a hopeless one.

"Get up!" cried Nikola. "They are

hunting us down with the dogs. Up the hill for your life!"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than we were racing up the hill like hares. Up and up we went, scrambling from rock to rock and bank to bank till my legs felt as if they could go no further. Though it was but little over a hundred yards from our hiding-place into the wood at the summit it seemed like miles. When we reached it we threw ourselves down exhausted upon a bed of pine needles, but only for a minute, then we were up and on our way again as hard as ever. Through the thicket we dashed, conscious of nothing but a desire to get away from those horrible dogs. The wood was a thick one, but we knew it could offer no possible refuge to us. Every step we took was leaving a record to guide them, and we dared not hesitate or delay a second.

At last we reached the far side of the wood. Here, to our surprise, the country began to slope downwards again into a second valley. From the skirt of the timber where we stood for nearly a mile it was all open, with not a bush or a rock to serve as cover. We were in a pretty fix. We could not wheel round on our pursuers, to turn to either hand would be equally as bad, while to go on would only be to show ourselves in the open, and after that to be run to earth like foxes in the second valley. But there was no time to stop and think, so for good or ill we took to our heels again and set off down the slope. We were not halfway across the open before we heard the dogs breaking cover and the excited shouting of men who had seen us ahead of them and were encouraging the hounds to run us down.

If we had run fast before we literally flew now. The dogs were gaining on us at every stride, and unless something unexpected turned up very soon to save us we could look upon ourselves in the light of men as good as dead. Only fifty yards now separated us from the cover that bounded the moor, if I may so describe it, on the other side. If the worst came to the worst, and we could reach the timber at the bottom, there would be nothing for it but to climb a tree there and sell our lives as dearly as possible with our revolvers.

Putting on a final spurt we gained the wood and plunged into the undergrowth. The nearest dog—there were three of these gigantic brutes—was scarcely twenty yards behind us. Suddenly Nikola, who was a yard or so ahead, stopped as if shot, threw

up his arms and fell straight backwards. Seeing him do this I stopped too, but only just in the nick of time. A moment later I should have been over a precipice of some sixty feet into a swift-flowing river that ran below. By the time I realised this the first dog was upon us. Nikola lifted his hand and, as coolly as if he were picking off a pigeon, shot him dead. The second fell to my share; the third proved more troublesome. Seeing the fate of his companions he stopped short and crouched among the bushes growling savagely.

"Kill him!" cried Nikola with one of the only signs of excitement I had ever known him show. I fired again but must have missed him for he rushed in at me, and had I not thrown up my arm would have seized me by the throat. Then Nikola fired—I felt the bullet whiz past my ear—and before I could think the great beast had fallen back upon the ground and was twisting and twining in his death agony.

"Quick!" cried Nikola springing to his feet once more. "There's not a moment to be lost. Throw the dogs into the stream."

Without wasting time we set to work, and in less than half a minute all three animals had disappeared into the river. As the last went over the side we heard the foremost of our pursuers enter the wood. Another moment and we should have been too late.

"There's nothing for it," cried Nikola, "but for us to follow the dogs' example. They'll hunt about wondering which way the brutes have gone, and by that time we ought to be some distance down stream."

"Come on then," I said, and without

more deliberation took a header from where I stood. It was a nasty dive, but not so unpleasant as our position would have been upon the bank. Nikola followed me, and before our enemies could have gained the river side we had swept round the bend and were out of their sight.

But though we had for the moment given them the slip our position was still by no means enviable. The water was like ice and the current ran like a mill sluice, while the depth could not have been much under fifty feet, though I could only judge this by the shelving of the banks.

For nearly ten minutes we swam on side

by side in silence. The voices of our pursuers grew more and more faint until we lost them altogether. The horror of that swim could scarcely be over-estimated. The icy coldness of the water was eating into the very marrow of my bones, and every moment I expected to feel an attack of cramp. The stream seemed to be running more and more swiftly. Suddenly

Nikola turned his head and shouted, "Make for the bank!"

I endeavoured to do so, but the whole force of the current was against me. Vainly I battled. The stream bore me further and further away till at last I was swept beyond the ford and down between two precipitous banks where landing was impossible. It was then that I realised Nikola's reason for calling to me. Further than a hundred yards ahead I could not see the river at all, only blue sky and white clouds. It could not have come to a standstill, so this sudden break off could have but one meaning—a fall. With incredible swiftness the water



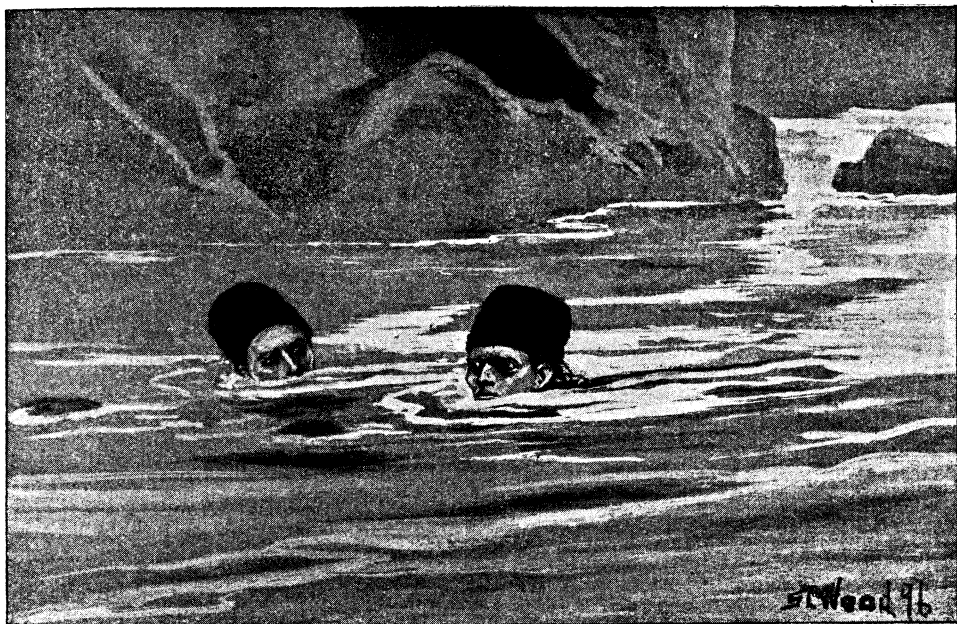
"We literally flew."

bore me on, now spinning me round and round like a teetotum, now carrying me this way now that, but all the time bringing me closer to the abyss.

Another ten yards and I could hear the sullen boom of the falling waters, and as I heard it I saw that the bank of the fall was studded with a fringe of large rocks. If I did not wish to be hurled over I must catch one of these and cling to it with all my strength. Strange to say even in that moment of despair my presence of mind did not desert me. I picked my rock and concentrated all my energies upon the work of reaching it. Fortunately the current helped me, and with

sailing, and in less time almost than it takes to tell I was lying stretched out upon the rock safe but more dead than alive.

When I had somewhat recovered my strength I opened my eyes and looked over the edge. Such a sight I never want to see again. Picture a river as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, walled in between two steep banks, pouring its enormous volume of water down into a rocky pool almost half a mile below. The thunder of the fall was deafening, while from the lake at the foot rose a dense mist changing where the sun caught it to every colour of the rainbow. Fascinated by this truly awful picture and



"We swam on side by side."

hardly an effort on my part I was carried towards it. Throwing up my arms I clutched at it, but the stone was slippery and I missed my hold. I tried again with the same result. Then just as I was on the very brink of the precipice my fingers caught in a projecting ledge and I was able to stay myself. The weight of the water upon my back was enormous, but with the strength of a dozen men I clung on and little by little lifted myself up. I was fighting for dear life, for Gladys, for all that made life worth living, and that gave me superhuman strength. At last I managed to lift myself sufficiently on to the rock to get a purchase with my knees. After that it was all plain

the narrowness of my own escape from death I could hardly withdraw my eyes. When I did it was to look across at the right-hand bank. There stood Nikola waving to me. Cheered by his presence I began to cast about me for a means of reaching him, but the prospect was by no means a cheerful one. Several rocks there certainly were, and near the bank they were close enough to each other to enable an active man to jump from one to the other. Unfortunately however between that on which I lay and the next was a yawning gulf of something like eight feet. To reach it seemed an impossibility. I dared not risk the leap, and yet if I did not what was to become of me? I was

just beginning to despair again when I saw Nikola point up stream and disappear.

For something like a quarter of an hour I saw no more of him, then he reappeared a hundred yards or so further up the bank, and as he did so he pointed into mid-stream. I looked and immediately realised his intention. He had discovered a large log and had set it afloat in the hope that it would be of service to me. Closer and closer it came, steering directly for where I knelt. As it came alongside I leant over and, catching at a small branch which decorated it, attempted to drag it athwart the channel. My strength however was uncertain and had the effect of bringing the current to bear on the other end. It immediately wheeled swiftly round, went from me like an express train, and next moment disappeared over the brink into the abyss below, nearly dragging me with it. Once more Nikola signalled to me and disappeared into the wood. Half an hour later another log made its appearance. This time I was more fortunate and managed, with considerable manœuvring and coaxing, to get it jambed by the current between the two rocks.

The most perilous part of the whole enterprise was now about to commence. I had to cross on this frail bridge to the next stone. With my heart in my mouth I crawled over my own rock, and then having given a final look round and tested it as well as I was able, seated myself astraddle of the log. The rush of the water against my legs was tremendous, and I soon found I should have all my time taken up in trying to preserve my balance. But with infinite caution I continued to advance until at last I reached the opposite rock. All the time I had never dared to look over the brink; had I done so I believe my nerve would have deserted me and I should then have lost my balance and perished for good and all.

When the journey was accomplished and I was safely established on the second rock, I rested for a few minutes and then, standing up, measured my distance as carefully as possible and jumped on to the third. The rest was easy, and in a few minutes I was lying quite overcome among the bracken at Nikola's feet. As soon as I was safe my pluck, presence of mind, nerve, or whatever you like to call it, gave way completely and I began to tremble like a little child.

"You have had a narrow escape," said Nikola. "When I saw that you could not make the bank up yonder I made up my

mind it was all over with you. However all's well that ends well, and now we've got to see what we had better do next."

"What do you advise?" I asked, my teeth chattering in my head like castanets.

"That we find a sheltered spot somewhere hereabouts, light a fire and dry our things, then get down to the river below, construct a raft and travel upon it till we come to a village. There, if possible, we will buy donkeys and, if all goes well, pursue our journey to the coast by another route."

"But don't you think our enemies will have warned the inhabitants of the villages hereabouts to be on the look-out for us?"

"We must chance that. Now let us find a place to light a fire. You are nearly frozen."

Half a mile or so farther on we discovered such a spot, lit our fire and dried our things. All this time I was in agony; one moment as cold as ice, the next in a burning fever. Nikola prescribed for me from his medicine-chest, which, with the things he had obtained from the monastery, he still carried with him, and then we lay down to sleep.

From that time forward I have no recollection of anything till I woke to find myself snugly ensconced in a comfortable but simply furnished bedroom. Where I was or how I got there I could no more tell than I could fly. I endeavoured to get up and look out of the window, but I found I was too weak to manage it, so I laid myself down again, and as I did so made another startling discovery, *my pigtail was gone*.

For nearly half an hour I was occupied puzzling this out. Then I heard a footstep in the passage outside, and a moment later a dignified priest entered the room and asked me in French how I felt. I answered that I thought I was much better, though still very weak, and went on to state that I should feel obliged if he would tell me where I was and how I had got there.

"You are in the French mission at Ya-Chow-Fu," he said. "You were brought here a fortnight ago by an English doctor named Nikola, who, from what we could gather, had found you higher up the river suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever."

"And where is this—this Dr. Nikola now?"

"That I cannot say. He left us a week ago to proceed on a botanising excursion, I believe, further west. When he departed he gave me a sum of money which I am to devote to chartering a boat and coolies to convey you to I-chang, where you will be able to obtain a steamer for Shanghai."

"And did he not leave any message to say whether I should see him again?"

"I have a note in my pocket for you now."

Thus reminded, the worthy priest produced a letter which he handed to me. I opened it as soon as he had departed and eagerly scanned its contents. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Bruce,—By the time you receive this I hope you will be on the high road to health again. After your little experiment on the top of the falls you became seriously ill with rheumatic fever. A nice business I had conveying you down stream on a raft, but, as you see, I accomplished it and got you into the French mission at Ya-Chow-Fu safely. I am writing this note to bid you good-bye for the present, as I think it better we should henceforward travel by different routes. I may however run across you in I-chang. One caution before I go—figure for the future as a European, and keep your eyes wide open for treachery. The society has branches everywhere, and by this time I expect they will have been warned. Remember they will be sure to try to get back the things we've taken and to punish us for our intrusion. I thank you for your companionship, and for the loyalty you have extended to me throughout our journey. I could have wished for no better companion.—Yours,

NIKOLA."

That was all.

A week later I bade my hospitable hosts, who had engaged a boat and trustworthy crew for me, good-bye, and set off on my long down-river journey. I reached I-chang, where I was to abandon my boat and engage a passage to Shanghai, safely and without any further adventure.

On learning that there would not be a river steamer leaving until the following day I went ashore, discovered an inn and engaged a room. But though I waited all the evening and as late as I could next day, Nikola did not put in an appearance. At four o'clock I boarded the steamer *Kiang-Yung* and in due course reached Shanghai.

How thankful I was to again set foot in that place no one will ever know. I could have gone down on my hands and knees and kissed the very ground in gratitude, for was I not back again in civilisation, free to find my sweetheart and, if she were still of the same mind, make her my wife? was my health not thoroughly restored to me? and last but not least, was there not a sum of £20,000 reposing at my bankers in my name?

That day I determined to see Barkston and McAndrew, and the next to leave for Tientsin in search of my darling. But I was not destined to take my journey after all.

Calling at the club I inquired for George Barkston. He greeted me in the hall with all the surprise imaginable.

"This is really most wonderful," he said. "I was only speaking of you this morning and here you turn up like ——"

"Like a bad penny you were going to say."

"Not a bit of it. Like the wandering Jew would be more to the point. Now come along with me. I'm going to take you to my bungalow to tiffin."

"But my dear fellow I ——"

"I know all about that," he cried; "but you've just got to come along with me. I've got a bit of news for you."

Nothing would induce him to tell me what it was. So we chartered 'rickshaws and set off for his residence.

When we reached it I was ordered to wait in the hall while he went in search of his wife. Having made some inquiries he led me to the drawing-room, opened the door and bade me go inside. Though inwardly wondering what all this mystery might mean, I followed his instructions.

A lady was sitting in an easy-chair near the window sewing. On seeing me she rose. *That lady was Gladys!*

"Wilfred!" she cried, turning quite pale and hardly able to believe her eyes.

"Gladys!" I answered, taking her in my arms and kissing her with all the enthusiasm of a long-parted lover.

"Why did you not let me know you were coming to Shanghai?" she asked when the first transports were over.

"Because I did not know you were here," I answered.

"But did you not call on Mr. Williams in Tientsin? and did he not give you my letter?"

"I have not been to Tientsin, nor have I seen Mr. Williams. I have come straight down the Yang-tze-Kiang from the west."

"Oh, I am so glad—so thankful to have you back. We have been separated such a long, long time."

"And you still love me, Gladys?"

"Can you doubt it, dear? I love you more fondly than ever. Does not the warmth of my greeting now convince you of that?"

"Of course it does. I only wanted to have the assurance from your own dear lips. But now tell me, how do you come to be in

Shanghai and in George Barkston's house of all other places?"

"Well that would make too long a story to tell *in extenso* just now. We must reserve the bulk of it. Suffice it that my brother and sister have been transferred to a new post in Japan, and while they are getting their house in Tokio ready I came down here to stay with Mrs. Barkston, who is an old school friend. I expect them here in about a week's time."

"And now the most important of all questions. When are we to be married?"

She hung her pretty head and blushed sweetly. I pressed my question, and it was finally agreed that we should refer the matter to her brother-in-law on his arrival the following week.

Now to bring my long story to a close, let me say that we were married three weeks after my return to Shanghai in the English church, and ran across to Japan for our honeymoon. Two days after our arrival in Nagasaki a curious incident occurred that brought in its train a host of unpleasant suspicions. My wife and I had retired to rest for the night, and we were both sleeping soundly when we were awakened by a loud cry of fire. To my horror I discovered that our room was ablaze. I forced the door, and then seizing my wife threw a blanket over her and made a rush with her outside. How the fire had originated no one could tell, but it was fortunate we were roused in time or we should certainly both have lost our lives. As it was, most of our belongings perished in the flames. A kindly Englishman resident in the neighbourhood seeing our plight took pity on us and insisted that we should make use of his house until we decided on our next plans. We remained with him for two days, and it was on that following our arrival at his abode that the second circumstance occurred to cause me uneasiness.

We had been out shopping in the morning and returned just in time for tiffin, which when we arrived, was already on the table. While we were washing our hands before sitting down to it our host's little terrier, who was of a thieving disposition, clambered up on to the table and helped himself. By the time we returned (the owner of the bungalow you must understand lunched at his office and did not come home till evening) he had eaten half the dish and spoiled the rest. We preferred to make our meal off biscuits and butter rather than call the servants and put them to the trouble of cooking more. An hour later the dog was

dead, as we should have been had we partaken of the curry. The new cook, who we discovered later was a Chinaman, had meanwhile decamped and could not again be found.

That evening, when returning home in the dusk, a knife was thrown from a window across the street, narrowly grazed my throat and buried itself in the woodwork of the house I was passing at the time. Without more ado I booked two passages aboard a mail steamer and next day set sail with my wife for England.

Arriving in London I took a furnished house in a quiet part of Kensington and settled myself down while I looked about me for a small property in the country.

One day I had been up to town to consult a land agent about a place I had seen advertised, and was walking down the Strand while waiting for an omnibus when I felt a hand placed upon my shoulder. I wheeled round to *find myself face to face with Nikola*.

"Dr. Nikola!" I cried in complete amazement.

"Yes, Dr. Nikola," he answered quietly, without any show of emotion. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Very glad indeed," I replied; "but at first I can hardly believe it. I thought you were still in China."

"China became too hot to hold me," he said with a laugh. "But I shall go out there again as soon as this trouble blows over. In the meantime I am off to St. Petersburg to-night. Where are you staying, and how is your wife?"

"I am staying in Kensington," I replied; "and I am glad to say my wife is in the best of health."

"I needn't ask if you are happy. Now can you spare me half an hour?"

"With every pleasure."

"Then come along to Charing Cross; I want to talk to you. This is my hansom."

He led me to a cab which was waiting alongside the pavement, and when I had seated myself in it, climbed in and took his place beside me.

"This is better than Thibet, is it not?" he said as we drove along.

"Very much better," I answered with a laugh. "But how wonderful it seems that we should be meeting here in this prosaic fashion after all we have been through together. There is one thing I have never been able to understand, what became of you after you left me at Ya-Chow-Fu?"

"I went off on another track to divert the attention of the men who were after us."

"You think we were followed then?"

"I am certain of it, worse luck. And what's more they are after us now. I have had six several attempts made upon my life in the last three months. But they have not managed to catch me yet. Why you will hardly believe it, *but there are two Chinamen following us down the Strand even now.* That was partly why I picked you up."

"The devil! Then my suspicions were correct after all. The hotel we stayed at in Nagasaki was fired the first night we were in it, a dish of curry intended for us was poisoned two days later, while I was nearly stuck with a knife two days after that again. Yesterday I saw a Chinaman near our house in Kensington, but I may have been mistaken in his intentions."

"What was he like? Was he dressed in English rig? and had he half an ear missing?"

"You are describing the man exactly."

"Quong Ma. Then look out. If that gentleman has his eye upon you I should advise you to leave. He's a beggar to stick, and when he gets an opportunity he'll strike. Be advised by me, take time by the forelock and clear out of England while you have the chance. They want the things we took and they want revenge. To get both they'll follow us to the ends of the earth."

"And now one very important question: have the things you took proved of sufficient value to repay you for all your trouble and expense?"

"Of more than sufficient value. In less than a year I shall enlighten this old country I think in a way it will not forget."

As he said this we rattled into the station-yard and a minute or so later were standing alongside the continental express. Time was almost up and intending passengers were warned to take their seats. Nikola saw his baggage placed in the van and then returned to me and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Bruce," he said. "We shall probably never meet again. You served me well and I wish you every happiness. One last word of caution, beware of that fellow with half an ear, and don't give him a chance to strike."

I shook hands with him, the guard fluttered his flag, the engine whistled and the train steamed out of the station. I waved my hand in token of good-bye, and since then I have never heard or seen anything of Dr. Nikola.

When the last carriage of the train was

out of sight I went into the station-yard intending to take a cab, but as I was about to call one up a man brushed passed me and appropriated it. *To my horror it was the Chinaman with half an ear.*

Waiting until he had left the station-yard I made my way to the Underground railway and took a train for Earl's Court, thence I drove home as fast as I could go. On the threshold my servant greeted me with the information that a Chinese beggar had called at the house asking to see me. I waited to hear no more but packed my things, and within a couple of hours my wife and I had left London for a tiny country town in the Midlands. Here at least we thought we should be safe; but as it turned out we were no more secure there than in London



"Quong Ma."

or Nagasaki, for that week the hotel in which we stayed caught fire in the middle of the night and we only just managed to escape with our lives.

Next day we migrated to a still smaller place near Torquay. We had not been there a month however before a most daring burglary was committed in my rooms in broad daylight, and when my wife and I returned from an excursion to a neighbouring village it was to find our trunks rifled and our things strewn all about our rooms. The most extraordinary part of the affair however was the fact that nothing, save a small Chinese knife, was missing.

The county police were soon to the fore,

but the only suspicious character they could think of was a certain Celestial with half an ear who had been observed prowling about the hamlet the day previous ; even he could not be discovered when they searched for him.

On hearing that last piece of news I had a consultation with my wife, told her my whole story and asked her advice.

As a result we left the hotel, much to the chagrin of the proprietor, that night, and departed for Southampton, where we shipped for New York the following day. Judge of our feelings on reading in an afternoon paper previous to sailing that the occupants of our bed had been found in the morning with their throats cut from ear to ear.

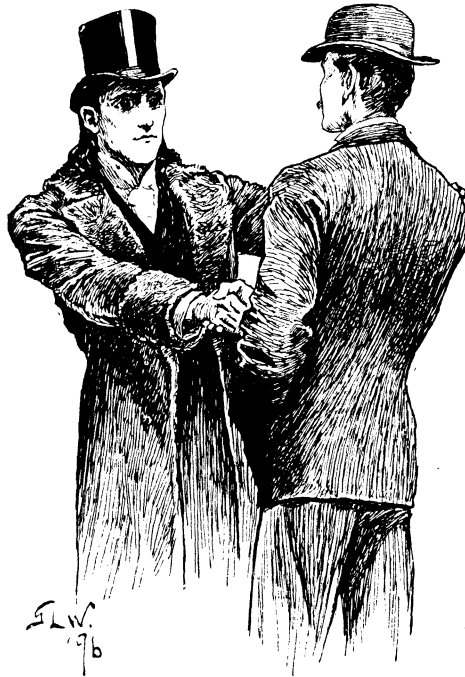
In New York things became even more dangerous than in England, and four distinct

attempts were made upon my life. We accordingly crossed the continent to San Francisco, only to leave it in a hurry four days later.

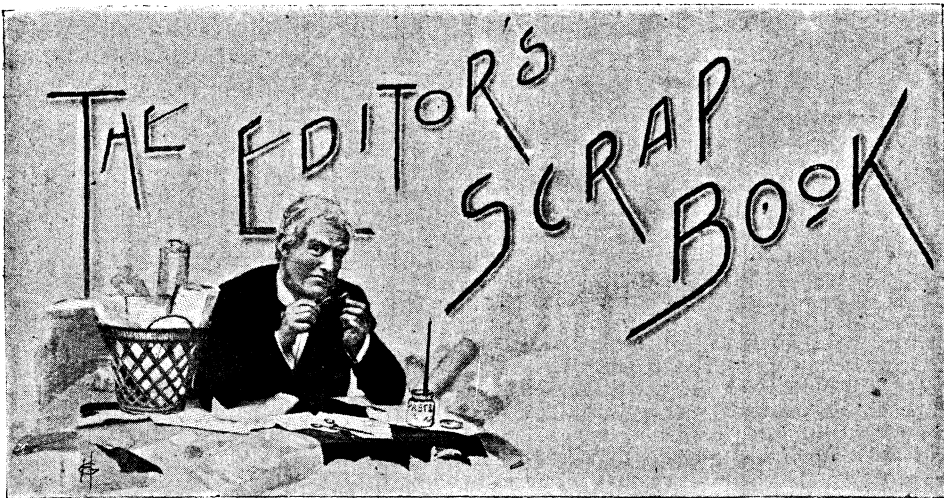
Where we are now, my dear Craigie, as I said in my Introduction, I cannot even tell you. Let it suffice that, though we have been here six months, we have seen no more of the half-eared Chinaman, or indeed any of his sinister race. We live our own lives, and we are as happy as any two mortals in similar circumstances can expect to be. I love and honour my wife above all living women, and if for that reason alone I shall never regret the circumstances that brought about my meeting with that extraordinary individual, Dr. Nikola.

Now, old friend, you know my story. It's an extraordinary one, isn't it ? Goodbye.

THE END.



"Good-bye, Bruce.



AUGUST 1, 1896.



THE Royal Academy Exhibition, which has just closed its doors, will be memorable for more than one fact. Probably for the first time the public could see part of the Exhibition for nothing. I refer to the statue of Lord Roberts

which was erected in the quadrangle of Burlington House, and was visible to the passer-by without payment of the customary shilling. One would like to know if the numerous coachmen who spent part of each day "patiently waiting and growing old" appreciated this additional stimulus to their conversation. One was remarked that whether you went inside Burlington House or stayed outside you could not help "passing Bobs"—in the former case at the turnstiles, in the latter case in the quadrangle. British statues are very rarely successful as works of art. The formal costume of a statesman is not exactly artistic at any time, least of all in marble. The relatives of John Bright have quite recently been proclaiming their dissatisfaction with Mr. Alfred Gilbert's statue placed in the Octagon Hall of the Houses of Parliament. Perhaps the relatives of Chatham and Fox were as critical regarding their stony monuments standing in white grandeur near Westminster Hall. Still, to most of us, leaving a heated debate, those very statues seem the personification of great statesmen looking down upon the modern M.P. with a dignity and grace which he sadly lacks. You can almost imagine those statues have been recalling old battles of the past when you see the outstretched hand of one and the noble pose of another. Our outdoor statues soon lose their beauty in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the City, and some of them deserve the black oblivion which quickly settles upon them. I heard of a tailor who once clothed in the night a famous statue in a suit of fashionable cut, affixing a card, "This style, three guineas," with the address of the maker. That at least gave a life-like touch to the statue. Perhaps in this era of living pictures and cinematography we may soon have statues as well worth watching as Bennett's clock in Cheapside.

SUSIE: Wouldn't you like to be as happy as a lark?

JOHNNIE: Naw. Think of the time they have to get up!

OVER THE WAY.

By George P. Hawtrey.

He sat at his desk looking over the way.
Her beauty kept haunting him day after day.
To make her acquaintance he plotted in vain,
Till one day she was luckily caught in the rain.
How he managed to meet her I really can't say,
But I know his umbrella went over the way.

Over the way,

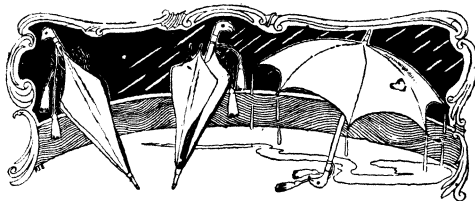
That very day;

I know his umbrella went over the way.

He ventured to say,

"It's a very wet day"

And that's how his umbrella went over the way.



The umbrella went frequently over the way;
Week after week it went, day after day
Hour after hour it stood in the hall
While its owner was making an afternoon call.
It got quite accustomed to make a long stay
While its master was visiting over the way.

Over the way,

It made a long stay

While its master was visiting over the way.

It's needless to say

What caused the delay;

But the whole afternoon it was over the way.

The umbrella no longer goes over the way—
No longer goes visiting day after day;
It only comes out when the weather is wet.
And a board says the opposite house is to let!
You doubtless perceive what I wish to convey—
The lady herself has moved over the way!

Over the way,

Ever to stay;

The lady herself has moved over the way!

And she's asked me to say

That she blesses the day

When the dear old umbrella went over the way!

TWO PILLS.

By P. A. Blyth

"WHY are we waiting?"

She was a new-comer or she would have known that in this very genteel boarding-house, select as were its boarders, the baronet, who was permanent, by a tacit consent took the lead, and that it was a feature of the honour accorded him that dinner was never fairly commenced, the carving and serving really entered upon, before his arrival at the table. The baronet, to do him justice, was extremely punctual where replenishing of the inner man was concerned. But on this particular evening he was not in his accustomed place, and peopled shuffled and toyed with serviette rings, and tried to appear not to be waiting, till the new-comer, a vivacious, fresh-tinted little lady, a little turned forty, inquired of her near neighbour the cause of delay. But at that moment the baronet appeared, walking slowly, a heavy cloud on his brow. He took his seat by the side of Miss Clive, the lady of the establishment, presiding at the head of the table. He stooped and whispered to her in portentous tones.

"Can eat no dinner!" she answered aloud in alarmed accents.

"Nothing, nothing," said the baronet, "unless," with a melancholy wave of his hand, "a spoonful, just a spoonful of the soup. No more, not a drop more," as in obedience to his request the soup ladle descended to his plate. "I have not missed taking them for fifteen years, and I dare not attempt anything like a full meal without their aid. Until the post arrives to-morrow morning I am a starving man," and mournfully he applied himself to the soup placed before him. That despatched he rose and with a muttered apology left the apartment for the drawing-room.

At his departure Miss Clive gave explanation. The baronet could eat no dinner because his digestive pills—the last two he possessed till the morning post brought a fresh supply—had disappeared from the box. The pill box was still standing on the mantelpiece, but the pills, so the servant reported who had been sent to fetch them, were gone.

"Does he think the servant swallowed them?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Clive absently, too anxious for the effect upon her permanent boarder to join in the general titter around the table; "but he says he shall dismiss him at once for his carelessness."

"What is the number of the baronet's room?" The new-comer asked the question with sharp abruptness.

"Number fifteen."

"Then it is next to mine." The lady looked for a moment attentively at her plate, then, after the baronet's example, rising, with murmured apologies quitted the table and the room.

A minute later found her by the baronet's chair. "Are you quite sure? Perhaps there is some mistake. Your servant might have overlooked them. May he just give one more look?"

Divided between surprise at her interference and her pertinacity, the baronet, turning, rang the bell near him and directed his servant to look once more.

The man obeyed. He returned, perplexity on his face, with the pill box, and two innocent-looking pills therein.

"There, I told you so!" said the little lady with a clap of her small white hands.

The baronet's first sensation was joy. "Madam," he said with a studied bow, "you have the witchery of your sex." But his brow clouded. Glancing towards his man-servant, "Your carelessness is unpardonable. I shall dismiss you from my



"Does he think the servant swallowed them?"

service. You might have cost me the loss of——" He rose hastily and, courtesy reminding him, offered his arm to his benefactress. The two returned to the dining-room. "Forgive the poor man," said the lady as they went.

"No, madam; such carelessness is too culpable."

There was a scuffling back of hot plates and dishes, and the baronet's appetite spoke grandly as an advertisement for the pills' digestive merits.

"And you are feeling quite well this morning?" It was the morning after, and the lady whose

witchery had secured the baronet his dinner leaned over his chair.

"Quite, madam," he replied gallantly, "owing to your cleverness. I have not had a dinner suit me so well or enjoyed so perfect a night's rest for a long while."

"Then you will not be so stern towards your man-servant?"

But the baronet shook his head. "Such culpable carelessness, madam."

The lady hesitated. "Could you keep a secret?"

He bowed solemnly.

"Then I will tell you something. My room joins yours; they are much alike. I too take pills before dinner, and I went by mistake into your room and took your pills. Afterwards I slipped up and placed two of mine in your box. I feared to tell you lest they should not suit you; but you see they have acted admirably. Pray, say you forgive me."

The baronet's politeness was taxed. He had been hoodwinked, but she had saved his dinner. "Madam," he said, "the effects have been too happy for resentment. Also it follows my servant is absolved from blame."

"I am so glad"; and her mission accomplished she fluttered away.

But the baronet's face assumed a meditative expression. A minute later he was seating himself near the lady; they were alone in the room. "Madam, it has occurred to me, might I—the pills suited my digestion so admirably—might I inquire their name and where I could procure them?"

There was a deeper tint in the lady's cheek, but her eyes were laughing. "Could you keep another secret?"

He laid his hand on his heart. "Faithfully."

"Then"—she rose as though prepared to make quick exit after speaking. "It is nothing so very serious; only the pills you took last night were rheumatism pills; and I am so glad they suited you."

It is recorded of Louis Napoleon that, having announced to the Emperor of Russia that he was seated on the throne of France, and having received from Czar Nicholas a reply addressed, not to "Mon frère," as is usual between crowned heads, but "Mon ami," Napoleon the Third remarked: "This is most flattering. We choose our friends; we cannot choose our relations."

An American millionaire, accustomed to purchase anything he wanted, tried to obtain from an Oxford gardener the secret of the beautiful lawns which make the pride of England. "Tell me, my good man, how you manage it," he said condescendingly, putting his hand significantly into his pocket. "It is very simple, sir," replied the gardener. "You cuts it as close as ever you can cut, and you rolls it and cuts it for six hundred years."

JIM: Got the tools all here, Bill?

BILL: Yes.

JIM: And the dynamite capsules, and the smokeless bombs, and the non-detonating powder?

BILL: Yes.

JIM: Then get out that there Röntgen camera and we'll see what's inside the vault before we go any further.

THERE are three reasons why a preacher should pound the cushion: firstly, it beats the dust out of it; secondly, it emphasises his points; thirdly, it keeps the congregation awake.

THE faculty of estimating a person's seriousness by the sound of his voice or the peculiarity of the words he uses is highly developed in the small boy.

"Bertie, don't you hear your mother calling you?"

"Yes'm, but she don't want me bad."

"Yes she does; she has called you seven times."

"I know, but she hasn't called 'Albert' yet."

A GENTLEMAN who objects to abbreviations insists that if "company" is to be put down as "Co.," the following lines are correct and intelligible—

**A clerk hired by John Smith & Co.
Declared that he'd certainly Tho'
Man who might drop
Rubbish close to that shop.
So the folks around there didn't Do**

SIR HENRY IRVING once entered a train at King's Cross. After putting his travelling-bag on the rail he found that four passengers already occupied the corners of the carriage and had appropriated the rest of the seats for their portmanteaus. As no one moved, Sir Henry continued to stand, holding on to the hat-rail. After a while one of the passengers sulkily began to move his luggage from the seat, seeing which Sir Henry remarked in his blandest tone, "Oh, please don't let me disturb you. I'm getting out at Scotland."

A YOUNG woman went to tea at the Pioneer Club the other week. She was introduced to a whole roomful of people, and afterwards she went about trying to call everybody by his right and proper name—she rather prides herself on that sort of thing, you know. She remembered an amazing number of names, but when she came to one distinguished-looking man she paused in despair.

"I know everybody else's name," she said, "but when I try to remember yours I am completely at sea."

"Then you're not far wrong," said the distinguished-looking man. "My name is Atwater."

It is essential to print at least one cycling jest per month. This is the latest. An inscription has been put up on the way down from the Matterhorn: "Notice. This hill is dangerous for bicycles."

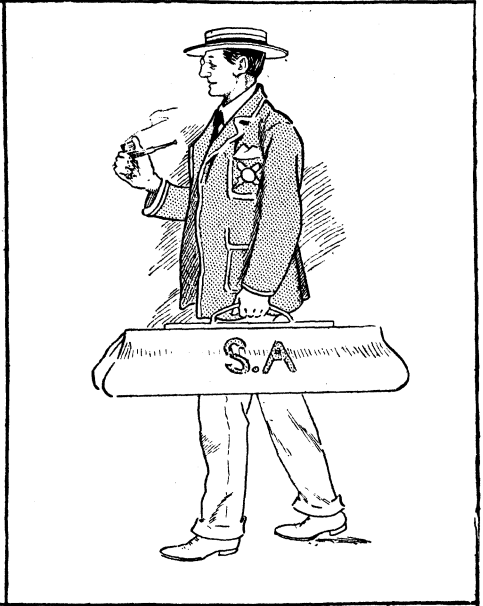
"You keep your lawn in splendid condition, Mrs. Potter."

"Yes, the Calkins have a new lawn mower; the one they used to lend us last summer was a disgrace to the neighbourhood."

THE young man who had travelled began: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet."

"Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who had never been away; and then the young man found that he had just time to catch the last train.

THE thoughtful parent shaded his eyes and looked after the fleeing cyclist disappearing up the road. "I wonder," he ruminated, "whether that's my boy or my girl?"



2000



A LITTLE LUTHERAN.

MAIDEN SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS, T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.,
and RAYMOND POTTER.



WHAT a singular interest attaches to the first utterances in Parliament of those who have come to be famous statesmen and orators!

"I believe there is no more solemn moment in the life of an Englishman," said Lord Rosebery in concluding his own maiden speech in the House of Lords, "than that at which he is first privileged to take part in the deliberations of the national senate." But unfortunately for the biographer, the solemnity of the moment never extends to the audience, which as a rule has failed to give much heed to the first efforts in the Parliamentary arena of the men who were to become its most prominent figures. It was a masterly piece of penetration which led Lord Beaconsfield to finish his maiden speech by the audacious declaration, "The time will come when you will hear me," but how many are acquainted with the occasion of the maiden speech of his great rival?

According to Mr. Barnett Smith's "Life," Mr. G. W. E. Russell's monograph in "The Queen's Prime Ministers" series, and similar books, the "old Parliamentary hand's" first speech was made in defence of his father as a slave owner, the date being May 17, 1833, according to one authority, and the third of the following month according to another. But as Mr. Alfred F. Robbins has shown in his lately published "Early Public Life of Mr. Gladstone," the Conservative member for Newark had taken part in debate about three months before the earlier of these two dates. On February 21 a petition was presented relative to electoral corruption at Liverpool, and, prompted doubtless by a sensitive concern for the honour of his birthplace, the new member ventured to interpose in the discussion, which, in accordance with the then existing rule of the House, was allowed to take place on the petition when its prayer had been read. The

new Parliament had not been in session a month, and Mr. Gladstone—who had been returned for Newark at the General Election in the preceding December—was, it must be supposed, still overawed by his surroundings. At any rate the young man of twenty-three was described in the newspapers of the following morning as having been "inaudible in the gallery," a circumstance which may have been, however, as much due to the wretched accommodation of the reporters at that time as to the failure of the voice that has since thrilled tens of thousands. Nor does this circumstance fully explain the long oblivion to which this maiden speech was consigned, for some sort of a report of it is to be found in both "Hansard" and "The Mirror of Parliament," although they are qualified by the prefatory warning that "Mr. Gladstone was understood to say." From these reports it would seem indeed that he had not been well heard even by the members around him, and later on he had to rise on "a point of explanation" at the request of a speaker who complained of the hon. member for Newark's want of clearness.

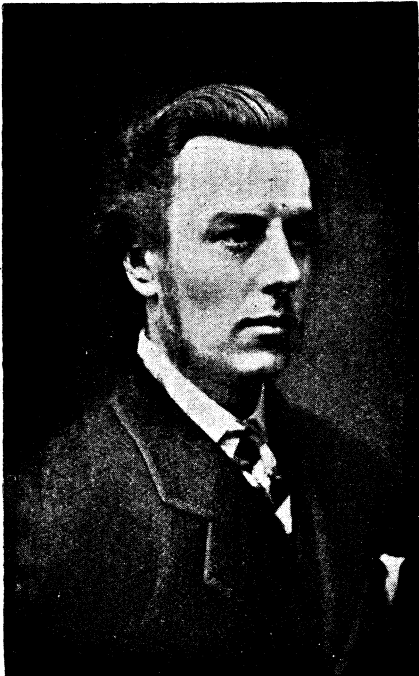
Altogether it is clear that this maiden speech made no sort of impression upon the House. In a few hours it was forgotten; and when Mr. Gladstone came to make his second effort it was regarded by many members as his first. The doubt as to the date of this occasion arose from the presence in Parliament at that time of Mr. Gladstone's brother Thomas. William Ewart spoke on the question of slavery on May 17, Thomas on the same subject on June 3; but both speeches were reported simply as the deliverances of Mr. Gladstone. There is some good evidence however that the earlier speech, regarded as a maiden speech, obtained a distinctive success. Mr. Buxton, in following Mr. Gladstone, described it as "very able, eloquent and impressive," whilst Mr. Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, referred to its "temper, ability and fairness, as affording a model for many older members." But the most remarkable testimony to the contemporaneous effect of the speech was not published till many years after in the

memoirs of Lord Albemarle, who was then Whig member for East Norfolk. "One evening on taking my place I found on his legs a beardless youth, with whose appearance and manner I was greatly struck; he had an earnest, intelligent countenance, and large expressive black eyes. Young as he was he had evidently what is called 'the ear of the house,' and yet the cause he advocated was not one likely to interest a popular assembly—that of the planter versus the slave. I had placed myself behind the Treasury Bench. 'Who is it?' I asked one of the Ministers. I was answered, 'He is the member for

Parliaments," Mr. Lucy describes the right hon. gentleman's first essay in the House of Commons, with much gusto and some humour, as having been delivered on February 17, 1877, his subject being the Prison's Bill. Mr. Chamberlain himself tells me that his maiden speech was called forth on August 4, 1876, by debate in Committee on Lord Sandon's Education Bill. Elected for Birmingham in July he had not intended taking part that session in the debates of the House, but this resolve was broken by the attacks levelled against the Birmingham School Board, of which he was then chairman, by the supporters of Lord Sandon's Bill. But in beginning his speech Mr. Chamberlain thought it necessary to tender an apology to his audience in the following terms:—

"He had so recently come into the House that he felt reluctant to trespass on its time, being of opinion that he should best show his respect for the assembly he was proud to enter by refraining from addressing it while inexperienced in its forms and practices."

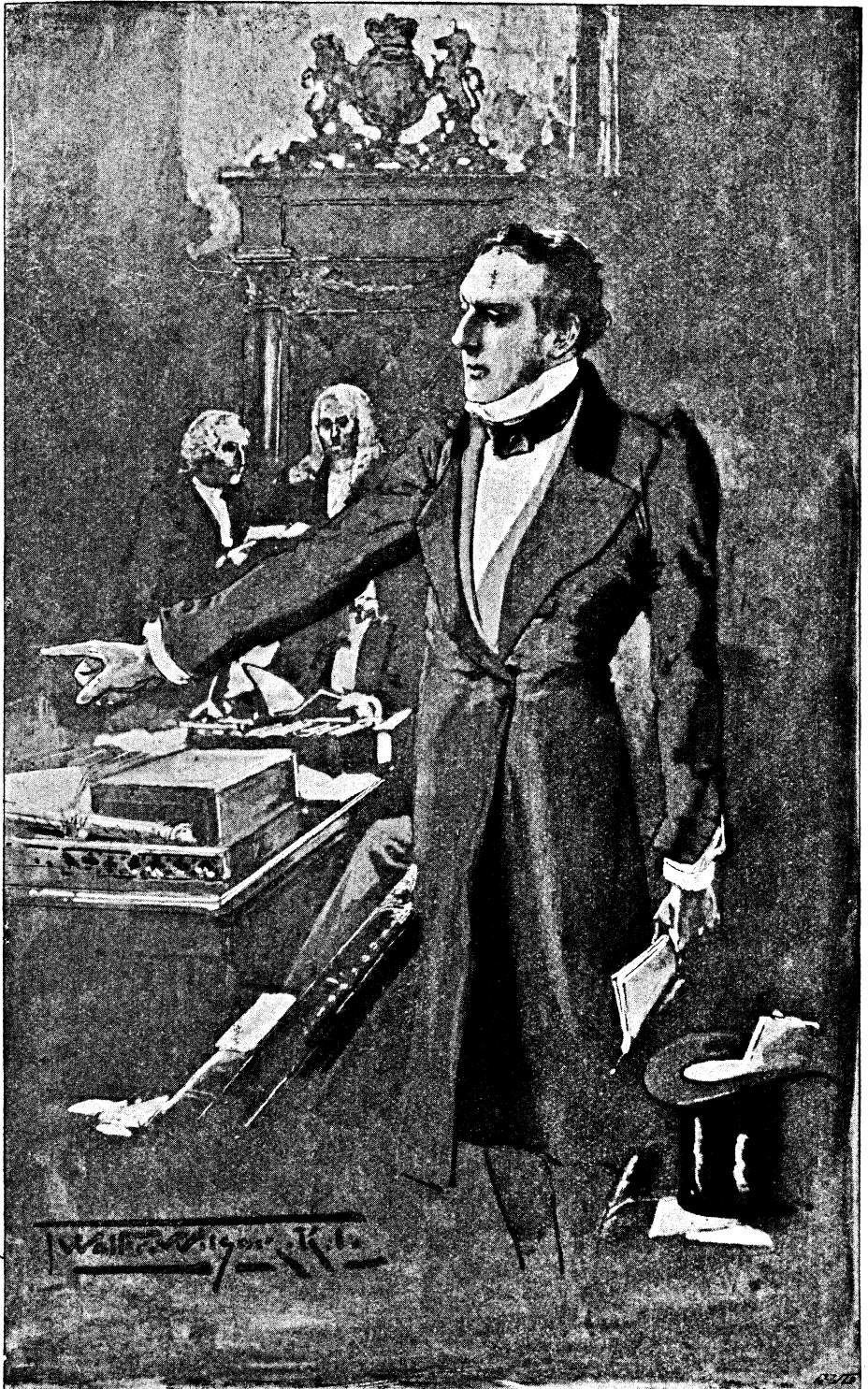
The event proved the apology to be superfluous. The speech indeed was, according to all accounts, so strikingly successful as to make it a matter of some surprise that it should have been overlooked by Mr. Lucy. The four columns in "Hansard" and the half column in the *Times*—greater space than was given to any speech in the debate, with the exception of Lord Sandon's—were doubtless the reporters' tribute to the reputation which Mr. Chamberlain took with him into the House of Commons. A new member rising to make his maiden speech always excites some amount of expectant interest—in a new Parliament like the present, indeed, maiden speeches are a recognised means of diversion. Mr. Chamberlain's first appearance in debate was made at the fag end of a session, in a Parliament which was more than two years old, but his Birmingham career invested it with an exceptionally eager curiosity. The House was impatient for a division, but the moment it was seen that Mr. Chamberlain was on his feet the cries of "Vide, vide" ceased. Members hurried in from the lobbies, and even Mr. Disraeli, who was in his private room when Mr. Chamberlain rose, was induced to return to the Treasury Bench by the voice of the new member for Birmingham. The House listened with close and unbroken attention, and Mr. Chamberlain, we are told by the chronicler of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, "resumed his seat amid loud and general cheering."



From a photo by] [Draycott, Birmingham.
MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN IN 1876.

Newark—a young fellow who will some day make a great figure in Parliament,' said Stanley."

In the then condition of the Press—the *Morning Post* was the only London daily which had any reference to a speech that was thus spoken of—it was only natural that parliamentary proceedings generally should receive very inadequate attention. But it is surely passing strange that the maiden speech of Mr. Chamberlain—who did not enter Parliament till 1876—should have been the subject of an error similar to that in Mr. Gladstone's case. Even "Toby, M.P." is found nodding. In his "Diary of Two



MR. GLADSTONE DELIVERING HIS MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
FEBRUARY 21, 1833.

(There was a window at that time behind the Speaker's chair, from which the light fell on the young orator's face. Mr. Gladstone spoke from behind the Opposition Bench.)

On the following morning the *Times* made the speech a text for its leading article on the Education Bill, although content to

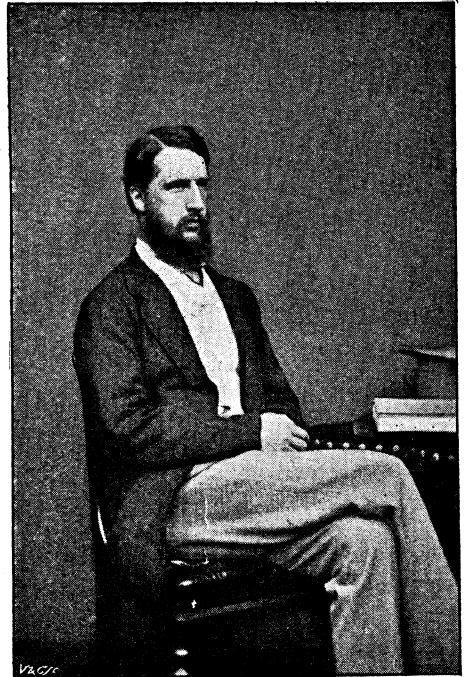
shire, and Mr. Balfour, passed unnoticed unhonoured, and unsung. The present Prime Minister first appeared in "Hansard" (by the name of Lord Robert Cecil) under the date April 7, 1854. It was a brief speech delivered in opposition to the second reading of the Universities Bill, which Lord John Russell had moved. Its keynote was rebuke of Lord Robert Cecil's party leaders for lacking the courage to divide against a measure which he described as "fraught with injustice and hostility to the Universities." Lord Salisbury was then twenty-four years old, and had sat for Stamford for two months. "Hansard" gave him only eighteen lines. Another maiden speech of that evening, delivered by Mr. Byng, was seemingly received with far greater favour. But there was one conspicuous exception to the indifference with which the parliamentary *début* of the future leader of the Peers was regarded. In closing the debate Mr. Gladstone—who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer—spoke with characteristic generosity of the speech of Lord Robert Cecil as "rich with future



LORD ROBERT CECIL (NOW MARQUIS OF SALISBURY)
DELIVERING HIS MAIDEN SPEECH IN THE HOUSE
OF COMMONS, APRIL 7, 1854.

describe it as "interesting." Of the complete success of this first effort there can be no doubt, and it was a success all the more difficult of achievement because the House of Commons expected much—although it hardly knew what—from the man who, by his work in Birmingham, had obtained something like a national fame.

In contrast with the *éclat* attached to Mr. Chamberlain's maiden speech, we find that those of Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devon-



From a photo by]

[Russell.

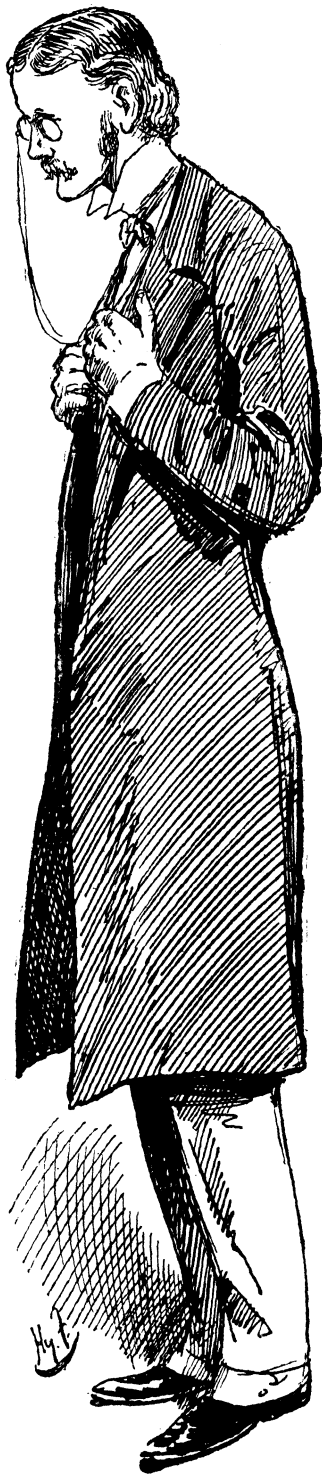
THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON (NOW DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE) IN 1858.

promise," and as indicating that "there still issue forth from the maternal bosom of the University men who, in the first days of

their career, give earnest of what they may afterwards accomplish for their country." It would be interesting to know how much of this eulogium was dictated by love for an *alma mater* and how much by admiration for a new member's first speech. Mr. Gladstone's prescience at any rate began to be justified even sooner than he could have anticipated, for twelve months later Lord Robert Cecil was selected by his party to second a vote of censure on the Government.

Both the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Balfour showed some coyness in wooing the House of Commons. The Duke—then Marquis of Hartington—entered St. Stephen's as member for North Lancashire in March 1857, and his first speech was not made till May 1858. Mr. Balfour sat for two years and a half as member for Hertford before, in August 1876, he successfully endeavoured to catch the Speaker's eye. Both gentlemen had in fact ceased to be new members, and we find them refraining therefore from the customary claim upon the indulgence of the House. It was a matter largely of local interest which led the Marquis of Hartington to interpose for the first time in debate—a motion by Mr. Ricardo in favour of a committee of inquiry into the mining operations carried on by the Duchy of Lancaster. The member for North Lancashire opposed the motion in a speech to which "Hansard" gives only about a dozen lines; but, among a number of speeches by members of similar standing, no particular attention was paid to what he said. Certainly in this maiden speech there is not a glimmer of the qualities which were to secure for its author his powerful position in our Parliamentary system.

Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, tardily chose the occasion of his first effort when the nature of the debate appealed to a phase of thought which he has since done much to bring into prominence, if it did not favour an effective or dramatic *début*. It was the Indian Budget of 1876, brought forward by Lord George Hamilton, then Under Secretary for India. On the motion to go into Committee Mr. Fawcett moved an amendment for the purpose of raising a debate on the depreciation in the value of silver and its consequent effect on the Indian taxpayers. In this amendment Mr. Balfour—then a young man of twenty-six—saw an opportunity of putting forth those views on the currency which have since developed into so decided an advocacy of Bimetallism. After giving to the comparatively small House



MR. A. J. BALFOUR DELIVERING HIS MAIDEN
SPEECH ON AUGUST 10, 1876.
(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

many figures and much economic learning, Mr. Balfour quietly thanked it for a patient hearing and sat down, having clearly said, indeed, what he intended to say, but without



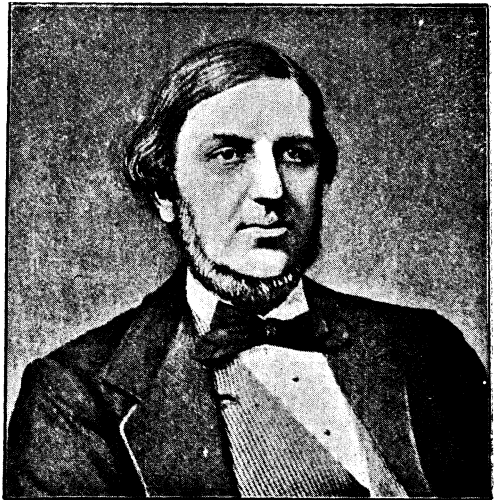
LORD ROSEBERY IN 1871.

raising a suspicion in any of his hearers that in him there was a coming leader. This speech was delivered on August 10, six days later than that which gave Mr. Chamberlain so good a start in his parliamentary career.

At the beginning of this session Lord Rosebery playfully rebuked the Government for not having chosen as the mover of the Address in the House of Lords an orator who had what he called "the halo of political virginity." The usual practice on such occasions had impressed itself the more on the mind of the leader of the Opposition inasmuch as it gave him the opportunity twenty-five years ago of making a highly successful maiden speech. Lord Rosebery was indeed only the seconder of the Address in the House of Lords on February 9, 1871, but his oration, which occupies over six columns in "Hansard," quite eclipsed that of the mover, the Marquis (now Duke) of Westminster. Additional prestige was given to the occasion by the presence of the Queen, who that year opened Parliament in person. Lord Rosebery, who was then twenty-four, was attired in the uniform of the Scottish

Archers and, according to the *Times*, "spoke with a graceful emotion which became his years."

Beginning with the plea that the favour and indulgence which their lordships were accustomed to show to all who for the first time addressed the House might be extended to him in even a larger measure on account of his "extreme youth and inexperience," Lord Rosebery finished with words of similar humility. But the speech as a whole was bold and original. It gave more than one taste of the bright fancy which Lord Rosebery has since cultivated so well. In reference to the conflict between France and Germany, for instance, Lord Rosebery said: "Among the numerous engines of war which have recently been discovered or re-adopted, we must all have noticed the diplomatic circular. Every event of the war has been preceded or followed by a cloud of these missives. I believe that if Jupiter were to return to the earth and re-commence his courtship of Danaë he would woo her in a shower of diplomatic circulars." The speaker was chivalry itself, by the way, in his references to the nation that was then in the throes of defeat, and more particularly the capital which, "having for eighteen years given herself up to luxury and deified pleasure," showed so gallant a spirit in the national hour of need, "feeding



From a photo by]

[London Stereoscopic Co.

MR. (NOW SIR) WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.,
AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT IN 1869.

her population of epicures on husks and rats." The admiration with which the peers heard this speech from one of their latest

recruits was expressed by the Duke of Richmond, who spoke of its "conspicuous ability," this compliment being endorsed by Earl Granville. Lord Rosebery is, by the way, the only leading parliamentary orator whose experience has been gained entirely in the Upper House.

Sir William Harcourt's maiden speech was even more successful than that of his colleague in the leadership of the Liberal party. Sir William did not enter the House of Commons till he was forty-one, however, and his triumph was the triumph of well-matured power, not that of the daring of enthusiastic youth. Mr. Vernon Harcourt—as he was then known—

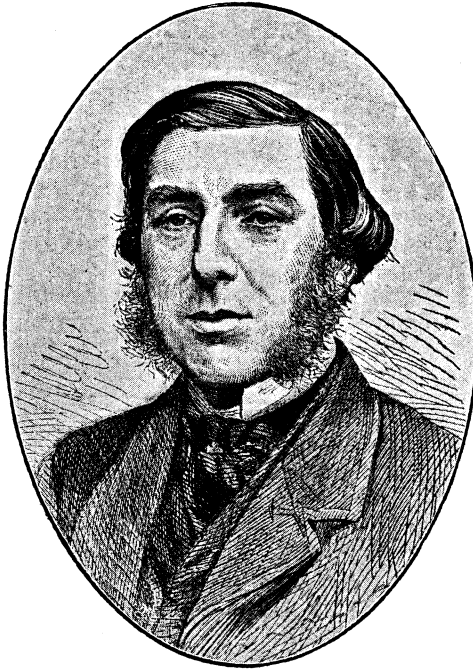
was returned for Oxford to the Parliament which met for the first time on February 16, 1869. It was perhaps his feeling that no time was to be lost in striving for that parliamentary position which ambition had marked out for him; at any rate just a week later the new member threw himself into the fray. The battle was not one which, in the ordinary course of things, could give the new speaker much glory. It arose out of a motion by Viscount Bury for leave to bring in the Vacating of Seats Bill—a measure relieving Ministers of the Crown from the necessity of re-election on their appointment—and a large part of the discussion was taken up with the propriety of opposition at this primary stage. The member for Oxford saw an opportunity however of turning to good account the constitutional knowledge which, as a writer, had made "Historicus" famous. In sonorous, well-rounded sentences, to the extent of six columns of "Hansard," Mr. Vernon Harcourt denounced the proposal as an insidious attack upon one of the safeguards of our popular freedom. In what for a maiden speech was a remarkable peroration, the hon. member for Oxford described the statute which it was proposed to repeal as "the sword of our fathers, and it was our duty to keep it bright

and burnished as we had received it from our ancestors. While sailing on a calm and unruffled sea we ought not to confine our thoughts solely to the present because it seemed prosperous, but we should make provision also for the future when a political tempest might arise, and following the advice of Mr. Hallam, jealously preserve those safeguards which our forefathers had provided—those safeguards which had proved hitherto, and might prove hereafter, alike a security for the stability of the throne and for the liberties of the people." Strangely enough, from beginning to end the speech had not a suggestion of the jesting spirit which now

relieves the natural heaviness of Sir William Harcourt's style.

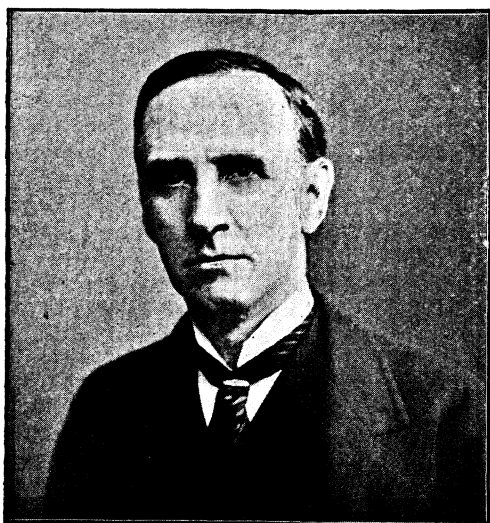
When the new member sat down he was warmly complimented by friend and foe. Mr. Henley, on the Opposition front bench, spoke of the "constitutional principles so admirably set forth" by Mr. Harcourt, and congratulated the House "on their having so sound a constitutional authority among them." Mr. Gladstone was profuse in felicitating his supporter, and admitted "great expectations in regard to his future contributions to our debates." Lord Bury's motion was negatived without a division, and according to the *Daily News* its fate was sealed by

"the comprehensive and effective oration" of the member for Oxford. "There could be no difference of opinion," said the same newspaper, "as to the effect which this maiden speech produced upon the House; but it was perhaps unnecessarily elaborate, and the manner of its delivery was not altogether unexceptionable." This opinion was supported by the London correspondent of the *Oxford Chronicle*, who wrote to his paper that "the critics of the Gallery were unanimous in their approval of the matter of the speech, but considered it a little slow in manner, although the speaker never stumbled."



MR. GOSCHEN IN 1864.

Mr. Goschen, like his son, obtained his first parliamentary opportunity through being chosen to second the Address in reply



From a photo by

[London Stereoscopic Co.]

MR. JOHN MORLEY, M.P., IN 1883.

to the Queen's Speech. It cannot be said, however, that the right hon. gentleman made Lord Rosebery's brilliant use of the opportunity. Although at the time it was delivered—the date was February 4, 1864—nearly the whole of Europe was distraught with international difficulties, Mr. Goschen's speech was chiefly noteworthy for its exposition of banking principles. He had been elected, at the age of thirty-two, for the City of London during the previous session, and accepted the honour paid him by Lord Palmerston's Government as a compliment to his constituency. But although "Hansard" reported it in the first person, and to the length of seven columns, the speech was received in very listless fashion, and assuredly gave no omen of the oratorical power which Mr. Goschen was to develop in spite of great natural disadvantages. The best adjective Mr. Disraeli could employ—when paying the customary compliment to the mover and seconder of the Address as Leader of the Opposition—in reference to it was "interesting."

In more recent years there have been two maiden speeches of exceptional interest—those of Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith. When Mr. Morley entered the House of Commons in 1883 he had already won a reputation—like Mr. Chamberlain in 1876—but it was the reputation of the thinker and

the author, and there was not much expectation of his achieving a similar distinction in the arena of debate. The member for Newcastle-on-Tyne rose to address the House for the first time on March 13, 1883, about three weeks after he had taken his seat. Mr. Gorst, Q.C.—now Sir John Gorst—moved, "That in view of the complicity of the Transvaal Government in the cruel and treacherous attacks made upon the chiefs, Montsioa and Mankroane, this House is of opinion that energetic steps should be immediately taken to secure the strict observance by the Transvaal Government of the Convention of 1881, so that these chiefs may be preserved from the destruction with which they are threatened." The late Sir R. N. Fowler seconded the resolution, and he was followed by Mr. Morley, who spoke in opposition to it for about twenty minutes. According to the newspapers of the following day, "he was greeted with encouraging cheers from his friends on rising, and the clear, able and intelligent manner in which he addressed himself to the subject made a favourable impression on those who heard him." Mr. Morley spoke from the third bench below the gangway, among Irish



From a photo by

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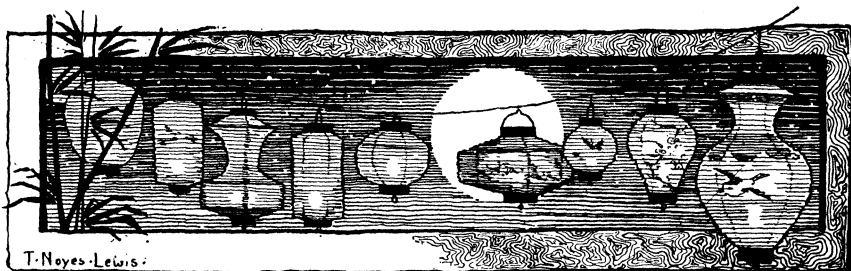
MR. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P., IN 1887.

Nationalists and English Radicals, many of whom warmly congratulated him on the success of a speech which they had awaited with something like fear and trembling.

Nevertheless Mr. Guy Dawnay, the succeeding speaker, ventured to accuse Mr. Morley of "laying down several premises without making deductions from them, and drawing a variety of conclusions without premises." Nor would it seem that in Mr. Morley's own eyes the speech had, not indeed the logic, but the effect which produces self-confidence. In praising the fluency and self-possession of this speech more than one parliamentary chronicler suggested that the old members who heard it would never have supposed that it came from a new member, whose life had been spent in the study. Yet both Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. H. W. Lucy, in writing generally of the early parliamentary speeches of the late Irish Secretary, lay stress on the nervousness by which they were distorted. The latter authority speaks of Mr. Morley "struggling piteously, with parched tongue, nervously facing an audience in which there are not ten men his intellectual equals."

It seems only the other day that Mr. Asquith startled the House of Commons into the admission that success at the Bar might not necessarily disqualify for the highest parliamentary eminence. Mr. Asquith emulated Mr. Morley in obtaining his first hearing during a full-dress debate. It was on March 24, 1887, the subject "urgency"

for the Irish Coercion Bill. The late Home Secretary, who had been biding his time since entering the House at the General Election of the previous year, was sandwiched between Col. Saunderson and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Asquith, who introduced himself as "an Englishman who represents a Scottish constituency," did not attempt, however, to reply to the redoubtable Colonel, but delivered a speech which was obviously as carefully prepared as it was closely reasoned. The House, which had filled up for Col. Saunderson's fiery humour, was held together by the first sentences of the maiden speech and listened to the end, in the words of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "as to a leader." By all the papers the speech, which fills seven columns in "Hansard," was described as the most striking of the evening, apart from Mr. Gladstone's, but some considered that it did not equal Sir Robert Finlay's brilliant maiden speech about the same time. Mr. Chamberlain, with whom Mr. Asquith has since fought on equal terms, did not pay the compliment of a reply to the young barrister's speech, but spoke of it as "a favourable augury of the position which he is likely to fill in our parliamentary contests." The Opposition, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, had already given their opinion of this new acquisition to their debating strength by continued applause.



T. Noyes-Lewis.

CAPTAIN SHANNON.*

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

(Author of "A Dead Man's Diary," "A Book of Strange Sins,"
"Sorrow and Song," "God and the Ant," etc.).

Illustrated by F. S. WILSON.

CHAPTER XI.

A WORD IN CONFIDENCE.



I often read of a novelist "taking the reader into his confidence," but at this point of my narrative I should like to reverse the process, and ask my readers to take me into theirs. Were I telling my story by word of mouth instead of by pen, I should lay a respectful hand, my dear madam, upon your arm, or hook a detaining forefinger, my dear sir, into your button-hole, and leading you aside for a few minutes, should put the matter to you somewhat in this way: "From the fact of your following my record thus far, you are presumably interested in detective stories, and have no doubt read many narratives of the sort. You know the detectives who have been drawn—or rather created—by Edgar Allan Poe, and in more recent times by Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Arthur Morrison—detectives who unravel for us, link by link, in the most astounding and convincing manner, and by some original method of reasoning, an otherwise inexplicable mystery or crime.

"And you know too the familiar bungler who is always boasting about his astuteness, unless, as occasionally happens (but only in the pages of a detective novel, for in real life our friends are more ready to record our failures than our successes), he has some applauding Boswell—a human note of exclamation—who passes his life in ecstasies of admiring wonder at his friend's marvellous penetration. And as it is not unlikely that you have your own opinion as to what a detective should or should not do under certain circumstances, I ask you at this point of my narrative to take me into your confidence and let me put to you the following question:—Suppose it had been you and not I who, in the hope of getting sight of James Mullen—as we will for con-

venience' sake call the person passing as Mrs. Hughes—had kept a watch upon the *Cuban Queen*, as described in Chapter IX. And suppose it had been you and not I who had been in the company of Muir and Quickly that evening, and had seen Mullen come from the hulk in a boat, under cover of twilight, and proceed in the direction of Benfleet, whence he could take train either to London or to Southend. Would you in that case have acted as I did, and instructed Quickly to shadow him, so that you might get an opportunity of paying a surprise visit to the *Cuban Queen* in Mullen's absence? or would you have abandoned your proposed visit to the hulk and decided to follow him yourself?"

Let me sum up briefly the arguments for and against either course as they presented themselves to me when I had so hastily to make choice. In the first place, I had to recognise that in entrusting the task to Quickly I had one or two very ugly possibilities to face. Though a sensible fellow enough for ordinary purposes, he was hardly the sort of man one would select for so delicate a piece of work as that of shadowing a suspect. He might prove himself sufficiently clever to carry it through successfully, but it was much more likely that he would fail, and it was even conceivable that he might so bungle it as to attract the attention of Mullen, and thus to frighten away the very bird for whom I was spreading a net. But what weighed with me even more than this was that in deputing Quickly to follow Mullen I was losing sight—at all events for a time—of the central figure of my investigations, as they then stood—of the person whom, rightly or wrongly, I suspected to be the object of my search—and this was a course which no one placed as I was could adopt without the gravest misgiving.

On the other hand the reasons which most influenced me in deciding to entrust the task of shadower to Quickly were equally weighty. If the person who was secreted on the *Cuban Queen* were James Mullen, he

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was not likely, in view of the hue and cry that had been raised, and of the vigorous search which was being made, to venture far from so secure a hiding-place, and the probability was that he had gone to some station up or down the line—probably to Southend—to post some package in order that it might not bear the Canvey postmark.

Another reason was that I could not ask for an arrest merely upon suspicion, and it was quite possible that to obtain the necessary evidence I might have to keep an eye upon Mullen for some time to come. By shadowing him upon the present occasion I ran the risk of being seen and recognised, which would not so much matter in the case of Quickly. Then again, it was highly desirable I should pay my surprise visit to the *Cuban Queen* in the absence of the suspected party, and if I neglected to do so on the present occasion I might not get another opportunity.

If I could satisfy myself by a visit to the hulk that the person who had been concealed there was really a woman, I need trouble myself no farther about the vessel and its occupants. But if, on the other hand, I found evidence which went to prove that the supposed Mrs. Hughes was of the male sex, I should have good cause to believe that I had indeed discovered the hiding-place of the redoubtable James Mullen.

My last reason was that at the moment when I was called upon to make my decision I was wearing a Norfolk shooting jacket and knickerbockers. This costume, especially in the streets of London, would render me conspicuous, and in fact would be the worst possible attire for so ticklish a job as that of shadowing a suspect, whereas Quickly's dress would attract no attention either in town or country.

I have asked my readers to take me into their confidence and to face with me the dilemma in which I was placed, because I am in hopes that most of them will admit that under the circumstances, and especially in view of the conspicuous dress I happened to be wearing, I acted rightly. Those who so decide will not be too hard upon me when I confess that, in allowing myself to lose sight of the person who had been in hiding on the hulk, I made, as events proved, a fatal and, but for other circumstances, an irretrievable mistake. That I am but a bungler at the best is, I fear, already only too evident, though I make bold to say that it is not often that I bungle so badly as I did on this occasion. The results of that bungle

—results big with consequences to others and to myself—were twofold. The first was that Quickly never returned from the quest upon which I had despatched him, nor from that day to this has any word of him been received. He simply disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. The second was that he was companioned in his disappearance by the person whom I had instructed him to follow. James Mullen, if James Mullen it were, did not come back to the hulk, and I had after a time to admit to myself that, so far as Canvey Island and the *Cuban Queen* were concerned, "the game was up."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW CAPTAIN SHANNON'S AUTOGRAPH CAME INTO MY POSSESSION.

THE set back I had received, so far from causing me to abandon my search for Mullen, only nerved me to fresh endeavour, though how to go to work I could not for some time determine. To threaten Hughes that I would report him to the authorities unless he made terms for himself by telling me all he knew about his mysterious visitor, was not a course which commended itself to me. I might, as a last resource, and in the event of everything else failing, be compelled to so bold a step, but for the present I felt that the wisest thing I could do would be to trace Quickly's movements after he had started to shadow the person who had come ashore from the hulk. This would however necessitate my leaving Canvey, and in the meantime it was of the highest importance that an eye should be kept upon the *Cuban Queen*.

It was quite within the bounds of possibility that Mullen might yet return, in which case he would probably do so by night. Hence it was at night that I kept my keenest watch upon the hulk, and in order to do this I thought it advisable to leave the inn and to install myself in a small furnished cottage, which, by an unexpected stroke of luck, I was able to rent very cheaply. But as I could not pursue my inquiries in regard to the fate of Quickly and keep an eye at the same time upon the *Cuban Queen*, I decided to send for a friend of mine, named Grant, whom I could trust implicitly.

Grant took the next train to Benfleet—the nearest station to Canvey—on receiving my telegram, and, after hearing my story, assured me of his readiness and willingness to co-operate in the search for Mullen. He

promised to keep an unwinking eye upon the *Cuban Queen* while I was away, and to let me know should any suspicious stranger come upon the scene. The matter being thus satisfactorily arranged, I started off to see what I could learn about the ill-fated Quickly.

My theory was that that luckless wight had so clumsily performed the work of shadowing as to bring himself under the notice of the person shadowed, who would then have reason to believe that the secret of his hiding-place was known, at all events to one person. Under such circumstances Mullen would in all probability decide that, in order to ensure the return of the secret to his own keeping, Quickly must be despatched to the limbo of the "dead folk" who "tell no tales"; and I felt tolerably certain that, on discovering he was being shadowed, he had led the way to some secluded spot where he or his accomplice had made an end of the shadower.

How I set to work to collect and to sift my evidence I need not here describe in detail, but will sum up briefly the result of my inquiries.

Quickly had reached the station some minutes before the arrival of any other passenger, and in accordance with my instructions had gone at once to the general waiting-room, where he remained until the train started. Some few minutes afterwards

a woman carrying a bag had entered the booking-office and taken a third-class single ticket to Stepney. When the train drew up at the platform she had seated herself in an empty carriage near the centre, and Quickly had entered a smoking carriage at the end. When the train reached Stepney she passed through the barrier, followed at some distance by a man answering to the description of Quickly.

The woman had then bought an evening paper from a newsboy, and crossing the road slowly had turned

down a by-street which led to the river. The man, after looking in a tobacconist's window for half a minute, had taken the same turning, but upon the other side of the road.

There I came to a dead stop, for not one jot of evidence as to the subsequent movements of either of the two could I discover,



" 'Another throw back, Grant,' I said when I entered the cottage."

and reluctant though I am to admit myself beaten, the fact could no longer be disguised that in that direction too I was checkmated.

"Another throw back, Grant," I said when I entered the cottage at Canvey after this fresh reverse.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" inquired my friend and collaborator when he had heard my story. "Give it up, as we did the other riddles of our schoolboy days?"

"Give it up! What do you take me for? But, hollo! For whom is that letter?" I said, pointing to an envelope which was lying on the table.

"For you. Hardy Muir brought it over. It was sent under cover to him from London."

"At last!" I said, breaking the seal. "It's from Green, the detective whom I put on to ferret out Mullen's past. I told him that if he wanted to write he was to slip the letter into an envelope addressed to Muir at the Hogarth Club in Dover Street. He's been long enough finding anything out. Let's hear what he has to say, now he does condescend to write. It is dated from Baxenham, near Yarby. I knew the place well years ago—used to yacht round there as a lad. Nasty coast too, with some curious currents and very dangerous sands. Here's his letter."

"Max Rissler, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—When you asked me to see what I could find out about James Mullen I did not expect to turn up anything much in the way of trumps. But, sir, I always act honourable, and I have found something which I think is valuable. Sir, it is so valuable, and the reward offered for the capture of James Mullen is so big, that I cannot afford to part with the information to anyone else. So I ask you, sir, as man to man, to let me withdraw from your service. The man that finds Mullen has got his fortune made, and what I have discovered ought to be worth twenty-five thousand pounds to me. Sir, I could have gone on taking your money as you allow for exs. and kept my mouth shut, but I want to act honourable, believing as you have always acted honourable by me. So, sir, I beg to give notice that I withdraw from your service as regards the aforesaid James Mullen, and hope you will not take offence. My exs. up to the present as I have drawn in your pay are thirty-one pound. Sir, if you will take my I.O.U., and I find Mullen, I will pay you back double money. But if you say you must have the money, I can get it. I hope

you will take the I.O.U., as I want my money just now, and oblige. Sir, I am on the track.—Your obedient servant,

"JAMES BAKEWELL GREEN.

"P.S.—My address is c/o Mrs. Brand, Elm Cottage, Baxenham."

"What a rascal," said Grant when I had finished this letter. "He ought to say he's on the make as well as on the track."

"I don't think he's a rascal," I answered. "I have always found him above board and square. If he is really on Mullen's heels the temptation to turn his discovery to his own account is pretty strong. Twenty-five thousand pounds, not to speak of the *kudos*, isn't made every day, my boy. It's rather like shaking an apple tree in order that somebody else may pick up the fruit, to do the work and then see another man go off with the money bags. No, I think he's acted honourably in giving me due notice that he's going to run the show himself, and in offering to return the exs. as he calls them. Many men would have gone on taking the coin while working on their own account."

"What are you going to do?" queried Grant.

"Run down to Baxenham to-morrow. I don't suppose I shall get any change out of Green, but I may hear something that will help me to put two and two together in regard to our late visitor on the *Cuban Queen*. As Green has been working on my money and in my service I shan't feel any qualm of conscience in finding out his wonderful secret—if I can—and of making use of it if I do find it."

Next morning I was up betimes to catch an early train to town and thence to Yarby, where I arrived late in the afternoon. Baxenham is a little village on the coast, some five miles distant, and the shortest way there from Yarby is by a footpath across the fields.

A lovelier walk I have seldom had. The sunset was glorious, so glorious that for a while I sat like one rapt, dreaming myself back into the days of my childhood, and forgetful of everything but the beauty that lay before me.

I remembered the fair-haired little boy who day after day, as the afternoon was waning, would climb the stairs which led to a tiny garret under the roof. There was only one window in this garret, a window which faced the west and was cut in the roof itself. Looking down one saw the red tiles running away so steeply beneath that the little boy could never glance at them without a catching of breath, and without

fancying what it would be like to find oneself slipping down, down the steep descent until one reached that awful place—the world's edge, it seemed to him—where the roof ended in a sheer and terrible abyss.

But it was to see the sunset that the little boy would climb the stairs each day, and as he dreamed himself out into that sunset it seemed a part of himself—not merely a thing at which to look.

It seemed to draw him to itself and into itself. It seemed to him as if, as he gazed two little doors opened somewhere in his breast and his soul flew out like a white bird into the distant west. He knew that his body was still standing by the window, but he himself was away there among the purple and crimson and gold. He was walking yonder sunlit shining shore that bent round to form a bay for a golden sea. He was climbing yonder range of mountain peaks—peaks which, though built of unsubstantial cloud, were more beautiful than any show-place of the tourist's seeking—peaks upon whose shining summit the soul might stand and look out upon the infinite—peaks which might be climbed by the fancy of those whose fortune it might never be to see an Alpine height. And when the purple and crimson had faded into citron, and the citron into gray; when the gold had paled to silver and darkened to lead; and the bird had fluttered back like a frightened thing to his breast—then the little boy would creep downstairs again, dry eyed, but sad at heart with a strange sense of loneliness and loss.

As I sat there watching the last of the sunset, that little boy seemed to look out at me with desolate reproachful eyes, asking what the man had to give the boy in exchange for his dreams. Then a bat flew by, so closely that I felt the cold fanning of its wings upon my face, so suddenly that I drew back with a start and awoke to real life again.

Evening was already closing in. An hour ago the setting sun had looked out over the horizon's edge and flooded the stretch of meadowland—now so gloomy and gray—with a burst of luminous gold which tipped every grass-blade and daisy-head with liquid fire. Now on the same horizon's edge the gusty night-rack was gathering. The glory and the glamour were gone, and darkness was already abroad. A wind which struck a chill through the heart moaned eerily over the meadows, and white mists blotted out bush and tree.

If I was to reach Baxenham before night-

fall I had no time to lose, so, with a sigh for the vanished sunset and my vanished dreams, I rose to continue my walk.

Another field and a thickly-wooded plantation and then, as I turned a bend where the path wound round among the trees, I found myself upon the sea-beach along which my path lay. In front, about a couple of miles away, I could see the church tower of Baxenham, over which red Mars burned large and lurid among a score of tiny stars that quivered near him, like arrow-heads shot wide of the mark; and low in the south the slender moon was like a finger laid to command silence on the lip of night. The beauty of the scene so possessed me that I stood still an instant with face turned seaward and bared head, and then—almost at my feet—I saw lying in the water a dark body that stirred and rocked, and stretched forth swaying arms like a creature at play. For one moment I thought it was alive, that it was some strange sea-beast come ashore, which was now seeking to regain its native element, but in the next I knew it for the body of a man, lying face downward and evidently dead.

There is horror enough in the silent and stone-cold stillness of death, but to see death put on the semblance of life—to see dead arms reach and the dead body stir and sway, as they did that night when the incoming tide seemed to mock at death and to sport, cruel and cat-like, with its victim, is surely more horrible still!

With hands scarcely warmer than his I drew the dead man up upon the sands and turned him upon his back that I might see his face. It was the face of Green, the Inquiry Agent, and in his hand he held a small green bottle, which was lashed to his wrist by a handkerchief worked with his own initials, "J. B. G." "Suicide!" I whispered to myself as I stooped to untie the handkerchief and bend back the unresisting fingers. The bottle was short and stumpy, with a wide mouth and a glass stopper secured by a string, and was labelled "Lavender Salts." I cut the string and, drawing out the stopper, held the thing to my nose. "It is lavender salts," I said, "or has been, for it's light enough to be empty. No, there's something inside it still. Let's see what it is," and with that I turned the bottle mouth downward over my open palm. A slip of neatly folded paper fell out, which I hastily opened. Four words were printed upon it in rude capitals—

"BY ORDER.—CAPTAIN SHANNON."

CHAPTER XIII.

I POSSESS MYSELF OF THE SECRET OF
JAMES BAKEWELL GREEN.

WHEN I look back upon that moment I find myself wondering at the singular effect which the discovery of the dead man's identity had upon my nerves. It turned them in a second's space from quivering and twitching strings to cords of iron. It acted upon the brain as a cold douche acts upon the body. It was as if a man had staggered heavy with drink to a pump, and after once dipping his head under the tap had come up perfectly sober.

when the body is found, it is believed that Green was drowned by misadventure there is less chance of awkward questions being asked and inconvenient inquiries made. Such inquiries might bring to light the fact that he was engaged, by my directions, in investigating Mullen's antecedents, and the matter might come to the ears of Mullen himself.

"And now another thing. I'm afraid Green's papers have been taken by the murderer, otherwise I ought to secure them. They might contain a clue to the secret to which the poor man attached such importance. Ah! I thought so; they've gone,



"I drew the dead man up upon the sands."

And the mental effect was equally curious. I do not think I am in the general way unsympathetic or indifferent to the misfortunes of others, but on this occasion I found myself as coldly calculating the possible advantages and disadvantages to myself of Green's untimely end as if I had been a housewife reckoning up what she had made or lost by the sale of eggs.

My first procedure was to secure the piece of paper which I had found in the bottle. "I may want Captain Shannon's autograph one of these days," I said to myself, "and even were it not so I should be unwise to leave this document upon the scene. If,

for the pocket-book which I know he carried is missing, although his watch, chain, money and other belongings are left. But stop a minute. When I gave Green my address I remember he took out his cigar-case, removed the cigars, and showed me that the case had a secret pocket for papers. He said that he never carried important papers in a pocket-book, which is the first thing a thief or a rogue who wishes to abstract a document goes for, and that he had had his taken from him twice—once by force and once by a cunning theft.

"But Mullen would not know that Green kept documents in his cigar-case, and pro-

bably wouldn't trouble to take it. Let me see. Yes, here it is, in the breast pocket, and I *think* I can feel papers inside the silk lining. We'll look at them by-and-by. Anything else in his pockets that I might require? No. Then I'll slide the body back into the water. He's evidently been dead many hours, and it can make no difference to him, poor fellow. That's it. He's just as he was when I found him. Now I'll be off. Good-night, Mr. James Bakewell Green. I won't press you for that I.O.U."

Still wondering at my heartlessness, I turned and walked in the direction of Yarby. But I had more important matters than my own mental attitude to consider, for the first thing which I had to ask myself was, "By whose hand did Green meet his end?" It was of course possible either that he had committed suicide, or that the paper bearing the signature of "Captain Shannon" had been placed where I found it by someone who, for reasons of his own, had taken Green's life, and hoped by attributing the crime to Captain Shannon to divert suspicion from himself. But I soon decided that neither of these alternatives was worth consideration. For the motive of the crime one had not far to look. Green had, on his own showing, discovered something which might lead to Captain Shannon's arrest, and there could be no doubt that, should the fugitive get wind of this, his first step would be to rid himself of so dangerous an enemy.

From the circumstance under which I discovered the body of my unfortunate agent, I came to the conclusion that he was on board a yacht when the crime was effected.

Having often yachted off Yarby I was tolerably familiar with the coast, and knew that the place where I found the body was the very spot towards which, with every incoming tide, a strong current sets. And as matters stood it looked as if the corpse had been carried thither from the open sea. That it had not been placed where it was by anyone on the shore—at all events since the outgoing tide—was evident from the fact that my own were the only footmarks on the soft smooth stretch of sandy mud which led down to the water's edge. But what struck me as especially strange was that, though Green was otherwise fully dressed, he was wearing no boots. It was very unlikely that he had walked two miles along a rocky beach with unprotected feet. But if he had for any reason been persuaded to go upon a yacht,

it was quite possible that he might take his boots off—firstly, because no yacht owner who prides himself upon the trimness of his craft and the whiteness of her decks cares to have a visitor tramping about in heavy and perhaps muddy boots; and secondly, because a landsman who is so shod would find it difficult to get a safe foothold upon the slippery decks of a small vessel. My theory was that Green had been decoyed upon a yacht under some pretext, or that he had been foolhardy enough to go on board of his own accord, perhaps in the hope of obtaining further and final evidence of Mullen's identity, or, it may be, with the idea of achieving the fugitive's arrest. Once on board he had in all probability been the victim of foul play. Very likely he had been rendered insensible by a blow on the head given from behind, after which he had been carried out to sea, where he could be despatched at leisure, and without any risk of his cries being heard or the act witnessed, as might be the case on land. After that the bottle containing the paper inscribed "By Order.—Captain Shannon," had been fastened to his wrist and the body cast adrift, to serve as a warning to others like him who might elect to enter the lists against the arch-assassin. But apart from the question of how Green met his end, I had to recognise that if the body were found while I was in the neighbourhood, and foul play were suspected, I, as a stranger, might be called on to give an account of myself, and might even be arrested on suspicion. Hence I decided to return to town at once; but as the crime might at any moment be discovered and an alarm raised, I thought it highly inadvisable to carry about with me anything which could be identified as the dead man's property, and that I should do well to investigate the cigar-case at once and get it out of my possession.

Two neatly folded sheets of paper—a diagram and a letter—were concealed in the secret pocket, and one glance at them satisfied me that they were the documents of which I was in search.

CHAPTER XIV.

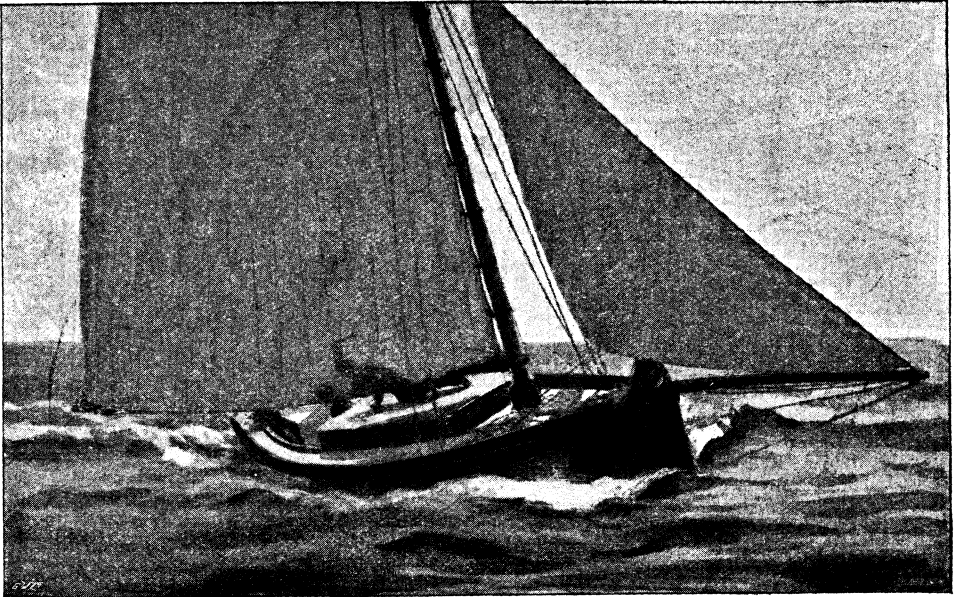
ONE OF THE DOCUMENTS WHICH COST MY INQUIRY AGENT HIS LIFE.

As I could not secure a carriage to myself in the train by which I returned to town I had to defer a closer examination of the papers I had found until I had gained the seclusion of my own chambers in Buckingham Street.

The first of the documents contained in Green's cigar-case was a letter, evidently addressed to Mullen. It was dated from "Stavanger, Norway," and ran as follows:—

"James,—I know all. I have never tried to spy into your affairs, but I have known for a long time that you have been engaged in some secret undertaking which I felt sure was for no good purpose. Your sudden disappearances and equally sudden reappearances, and the large sums of money you have had, have always been a source of anxiety to me. That it was some political plot you were engaged in I was certain, for you were not at such pains to disguise your

her deathbed that I would try to be to you all that she was. She could do almost as she liked with you—could soften you and turn you from evil as no other person in the world could. There was some strange sympathy between you and her. Perhaps your knowledge of her one and only sin made you tender and chivalrous to her, just as it sometimes—God forgive me!—made me, who am so different from you and her, hard. And perhaps her memory of her one sinning made her gentle and tender to you in your many. I have had children of my own since then, James, and I think something has thawed in my heart that was cold as ice before.



"He had probably been the victim of foul play."

real views before me as you were before others. I remember your wild talk about society having conspired to rob you from before your birth; of your being denied the right to bear your father's name, and of your mother's name being a dishonour to you. That your father was a villain to our mother I know, and it may be that from him you inherit your evil tendencies, and that God may not hold you morally responsible for them. But, James, bad as your father must have been, he was, after all, your father, and the language you sometimes used about him has made me, who am used to your violence, shudder and turn sick.

"James, I promised our dead mother on

"I remember that in those childish days, when you would come to our mother after some wild and wicked deed, she would take you in her arms and speak softly to you, and that you would become another creature and would seek to undo the evil you had done. But I used to become impatient. I wished that you should be punished, and I remember that my words would turn you to stone again and bring that hard glitter that I so hated into your eyes. Yes, and when I saw her caressing you, whom I would have had flogged, I used to feel—though she was my mother as well as yours—as if I were a stranger in the house, and could not be of the same flesh and blood as you and she.

"That is long ago, James, and we are no longer boy and girl, but man and woman. But my heart tells me that I have not kept my promise to her. She said to me when she was dying, 'Mary, I am afraid for James. He can be chivalrously generous to those who appeal to his protection; he can be heartlessly cruel to those who oppose his will. You remember how as a boy he fought like a wild cat with two lads twice his size in defence of the homeless cur that crawled to his feet when they were stoning it; and you remember that upon the same day, because his own dog snarled at him, he beat it about the head so mercilessly that we had to kill it. Mary, I am afraid for James; I am the one and only soul in this world—where, young as he is, he feels himself an outcast—who understands him. And everything depends upon his associations. He might be a good man or he might be criminal. Mary, promise me you will not be too hard with him—promise me that you will try to understand him, and to make allowance and to be gentle.'

"I promised her, James, and I meant to keep my promise, but I know now that I have not done so. I did not grudge you money. I gave you more of what my father left me than I kept. But I did not try to be to you what I promised our mother to be. I know now, though I did not know it then. I have reason to know it now, for my little son Stanley looks up at me with your eyes to reproach me with it. What you once were he now is in looks and in disposition. I fear for him as your mother feared for you; and his mother knows now that the promise I made to your mother I did not keep.

"James, if you have done evil I am greatly to blame. If I had kept my promise, if I had tried to take our dead mother's place in your life, if I had aimed at being your companion, and at winning your confidence, if I had sought to keep evil influences away and to set good influences at work, you might never have formed the associations you have formed. That you have done the things they lay to your charge I cannot believe. I have seen the *Daily Record* and the portrait, and I know only too well, in spite of the disguise, that the James Mullen who is accused of being Captain Shannon is my half-brother James. I will never believe—nothing will make me believe—that it is really true, and that you are responsible for the inhuman crimes which you are said to have committed or to have caused to be committed. That you are associated with

men who are capable of any wickedness is, I fear, only too true; men who, by flattering that fatal vanity of yours, which I know so well—that constitutional craving to be thought important and a power, of which I can see traces in the Manifesto which was published after the explosion—have made you their tool, and have persuaded you to accept responsibilities for actions in which you had no hand, I can readily believe. But that you, whom I have known to do such chivalrous actions, you whom I have seen empty your pockets to relieve some beggar whose woe-begone looks had appealed to your pity, could deliberately plan the murder of hundreds of inoffensive people, I cannot and never will believe.

"Until I received your letter I did not know where to write to you, and I feared to send to the old address lest my note should fall into wrong hands. You say that you have got into a scrape, and that I must help you to get out of England as you cannot trust your associates—which I can well believe. You say too that you must get right away to America or Australia, and that I must lend you the steam yacht, as it would not be safe to go by any ordinary passenger steamer, all of which are being watched. You say you would not drag me into such a miserable business if you could help it, but that you dare not risk the chance of attracting the attention in which your chartering yourself a boat big enough to cross to America might result.

"Well I see the force of all this, and I will do what I can to help you, but only on one condition. How heartily my husband and I abhor the acts of those with whom you are associated you must know. Not even to save your life, not even to keep our connection with you from becoming known, not even to save our children from being branded throughout their lives as the relatives of a man who was accused of the blackest murder, would we move hand or foot in any matter which might even in the smallest detail further the infamous scheme in which your associates are engaged.

"But Stanley and I have talked it over, and if you will absolutely and unconditionally promise to sever yourself entirely from your associates, and never again to take part in any political plotting, we will do as you ask and bring the steam yacht to the place you mention, and remain there until you can make an opportunity to join us. We will then take you to America or Australia, or whatever country you think will be safest,

will allow you a certain yearly sum which will enable you to begin life over again, and if possible to retrieve your terrible past. I tell you frankly that it is only after days of entreaty that I have got Stanley to consent to this. Had it not been that he knows my life is hanging by a thread, and that for you, my only brother, to be given up to the police by information which came through me would kill me, I believe he would have telegraphed at once to the police after receiving your letter and told them where you could be found. It is right to tell you that the terrible shock I received when I saw the *Daily Record*, and knew that my half-brother was 'Captain Shannon,' brought on hemorrhage of the lungs afresh, and so badly that my life was at first despaired of.

"But whether I live or die, Stanley has promised me—and you know he never goes back from his word—that if you will accept the conditions we impose he will help you to get out of the country. But he will do nothing until he has received that promise, so send us a line at once.

"And now, James, as it is quite possible that I may die before then and never see you again, I wish to make one last and perhaps dying request. You know how nobly my dear father acted when he found out about you; how to save our mother's reputation he gave out that you were his nephew, whom he intended to adopt as his son. James, for his sake, for my sake, for our dead mother's sake, promise me that should you be arrested you will never let our connection with you be known. It could do you no good, and it would mean that our mother's guilty secret would come out, and my innocent children would be disgraced and dishonoured throughout their lives by her shame and your guilt. If you have one spark of natural affection left you will promise me this.—Your broken-hearted sister,

"F."

CHAPTER XV.

A DOCUMENT OF IMPORTANCE.

It was a copy and not the original of this pitiful letter which I found in the cigar-case, as was evident from the fact that the document was in Green's handwriting, and to this I attached some importance.

As matters stood it looked as if Green had in some way contrived to intercept Mullen's correspondence; and it also looked as if, after making himself acquainted with the contents of Mullen's letters, Green had

carefully resealed them and let them go on to the person for whom they were intended. That he must have had some reason for not retaining in his possession what might prove so valuable a piece of evidence was very clear, and after thinking the matter over I came to the following conclusion:—

Although Mullen had given an address to which a letter might be sent to him by his sister, it was not likely that he himself was actually to be found at that address. On the contrary, it was more than probable that he had arranged some complicated and roundabout system of reforwarding correspondence, so that even if the police should find out the address to which the letter was sent, they would still have before them the difficult task of tracing the letter to the address to which it had been reforwarded, and perhaps again reforwarded, before they could come to the actual hiding-place of the fugitive, who in the meantime would get wind of what was going on and would promptly decide that it was high time for him to change his quarters. And I felt tolerably sure that his manner of making a change would be like that of certain sea-fowl who, upon the approach of an enemy, dive out of sight beneath the water, where they twist and turn and eventually come up far out of reach and range, and in any other direction than that in which they are looked for.

Hence it was possible that though Green had succeeded, as I say, either in intercepting or obtaining access to Mullen's correspondence, he might not be any nearer to discovering the criminal's actual whereabouts. But if Green merely took a copy of this letter and then let it go on to Mullen, the latter would very likely fall into the trap of keeping the appointment which he had made with his sister, and could then be arrested and handed over to justice. For though his sister had—lest the letter should fall into other hands than those for which it was intended—cautiously refrained from mentioning her own or her husband's name, or from giving any address except that of a foreign town, she had, woman-like, forgotten that there were not likely to be many large steam yachts belonging to an English gentleman, whose wife was in bad health, lying at the same moment off such a place as Stavanger. An experienced inquiry agent like Green would have no difficulty in learning the name of such a vessel and of its owner, and that he had taken steps to obtain the necessary information was very

clear from the second document which I found in his cigar case. Here it is—

Viscount Dun-	} and {	Mary Hatherwick
gannon, shot		Coyne, daughter of
in U.S.A. in		John Coyne, Esq.,
1881,		of Galway,

had son,

known as James Cross who, afterwards assumed the name of James Mullen.

—:—
 This Mary Hath- was
 erwick Coyne { afterwards } Henry Cross
 (d. 1880) { married to } (d. 1886);
 and had daughter,

Flora Hatherwick Cross, b. 1865;
 m. in 1885 to Stanley Burgoyne, Esq.

The meaning of this document—a document which affords some interesting data to the student of heredity—evidently was that James Mullen was the illegitimate son of the famous, and also infamous, Lord Dunnington by a Miss Mary Mullen, the daughter of an Irish gentleman. The fact that Miss Mullen had been seduced and had given birth to a child had probably been kept a secret, for if Green's notes were correct she had afterwards married a Mr. Henry Cross, by whom she had a daughter, Flora (now Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne), who was therefore Mullen's half-sister, and the writer of the letter, a copy of which I had found in Green's cigar-case.

How Green had contrived to find out the address to which Mullen was having his letters sent there was no evidence to show. Whether it was due to a singularly lucky fluke or to his own astuteness I could not say, and am not likely ever to know, but I quite realised and understood that it was possible for him to have made such a discovery. And I recognised and understood also that, after having read the letter which gave him the clue to Mullen's connection with Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne, the other facts which he had ferreted out in regard to Mullen's parentage would not be difficult to arrive at. What I could *not* understand however, was by what means he had succeeded in intercepting Mullen's letters. If Green had been an official from Scotland Yard he would no doubt be allowed to intercept letters which might be written by or addressed to suspected persons, but that the postal authorities would permit a private inquiry agent to tamper with their mail bags was not to be entertained. That Green was staying in the same house as Mullen, and was able in that way to lay

hands on the latter's correspondence, was very unlikely. Nor was it likely that my late inquiry agent had succeeded in bribing a postman; for though it may not be impossible to find dishonest postmen, the odds are very much against finding the dishonest man in the one particular office with the mails of which one wishes to tamper.

A far more probable theory was that which had at first occurred to me, namely, that the letters had been directed to the care of a tobacconist or, more likely still, of a hairdresser. It is matter of common knowledge that many hairdressers add to their business takings by allowing letters, on each of which a fee of one penny is charged, to be addressed to their care. Though generally implying a not very creditable connection, these letters are, as a rule, of no more criminal character than assignations with people to whom the recipient has thought it inadvisable to give his real name or address, or whose letters he is anxious should not come under the notice of his family.

If Green had intercepted the letters at a tobacconist's shop, the first thing to find out was where that tobacconist's shop was situated, and the only way to do so would be to trace the inquiry agent's recent movements. Hence I decided that I could not do better than run down to Yarby again and see what could be learned about him. But before I could do this with safety I should have to ascertain whether the body had been found, and whether suspicions of foul play were entertained, as in that case it would not be advisable to visit the neighbourhood for the present.

The morning paper of the following day settled that point satisfactorily, for on opening my *Daily News* I read the following announcement:—

“SAD DEATH FROM DROWNING.—Mr. Robert Bakewell Green, a visitor from London, was accidentally drowned at Baxenham, near Yarby, yesterday. The body was discovered late last night on the beach by the Baxenham rural postman. From the fact that the unfortunate man was wearing no boots it is supposed that he had taken them off in order to pursue the pastime—so popular among Cockney visitors to the seaside—of paddling among the small pools left by the last tide. Dr. Ellis, who examined the body, is of opinion that while so engaged the deceased was overcome by faintness and was drowned in quite shallow water, the

body being subsequently washed up upon the beach by the incoming tide. An inquest will be held."

Five minutes after I had read this paragraph I was on my way to catch the next train to Yarby. The reader will remember that Green had given his address as "Care of Mrs. Brand, Elm Cottage, Baxenham," and my first step was to interview this lady under the pretence of being a Press representative who had come down to collect further particulars about her late lodger. From Mrs. Brand I learned, among other facts, that Green had been in the habit of paying frequent visits to Cotley, a town some twenty miles inland.

To Cotley I accordingly betook myself, and curiously enough the very first thing that caught my eye after leaving the station was the legend, "Letters Taken," displayed in the window of a tobacconist's shop immediately fronting the booking-office entrance. The door was closed, but as I pushed it open a bell overhead announced the arrival of a customer.

I found myself in a small shop with another room beyond, on the swing-doors of which were the words, "To the Hairdressing Saloon." There was no one behind the counter, nor, so far as I could see, was there anyone in the haircutting rooms. But on the counter before me lay half-a-dozen letters, apparently thrown there by an impatient postman who could not wait for the proprietor's return. One of them was for "Mr. Robert Bakewell Green," the inscription being in his own handwriting; another was addressed in a woman's hand to "Mr. Henry Jeanes," and I saw that it bore a Norwegian stamp and the Stavanger postmark. Could "Henry Jeanes" be the name under which James Mullen was having letters sent to him?

CHAPTER XVI.

HENRY JEANES, ALIAS JAMES MULLEN.

It had been raining heavily when the train drew up at the Cotley platform, but as I did not know how far I might have to walk I had put up my umbrella when leaving the station only to put it down again as I entered the hairdresser's shop. I was holding the half-closed umbrella in my hand when my eye caught sight of the two letters. To sweep them as if by accident into the folds of the umbrella was the work of a second, and then as I turned quickly round I saw a

man without a hat and wearing a white apron slip out of the door of a public-house opposite and run hastily across the road towards the shop, wiping his mouth with his hand as he did so.

As I expected, he was the proprietor of the establishment, and after wishing me good-morning and apologising for being out of the way by explaining that he had been across the road to borrow a postage stamp, he proceeded to tuck me up in a white sheet preparatory to cutting my hair.

The demand for postage stamps had apparently been heavy that afternoon, and the task of affixing them had no doubt resulted in an uncomfortable dryness of the mouth, which necessitated the frequent use of liquid. Under the circumstances I considered this rather fortunate than otherwise, for the man was not unaware of his condition, and did his best to palliate it by being so obligingly communicative in regard to any question I asked him that I could, had I wished it, have acquainted myself with all that he knew about every customer who patronised his establishment.

"You have letters addressed here sometimes, don't you?" I asked as he was brushing my hair.

"Yes, sir, we 'ave letters addressed 'ere," he made answer; "but strictly confidential of course," whispering this in my ear with drunken gravity, and adding, after a pause, with a meaning leer, "Hand very convenient too, under certain circumstances. Is there hany little thing you can do for us in that way yourself, sir? If so we should be 'appy to accept your commission."

The only little thing I was minded to do for him was to kick him, and that right heavily, but repressing the unregenerate desire of the natural man, I affected to be thinking the matter over, and then replied—

"Why, yes, I think you might. My name is Smithers—Alfred John Smithers, so if any letters addressed to that name come here you'll know they are for me, won't you?"

"Certainly," he said. "Only too 'appy to oblige a customer at hany time. Living 'ere, sir?"

"Staying for a week or so," I answered, "and I may perhaps come to live, but am not sure yet. By-the-by, do you ever get any letters for my friend Mr. Henry Jeanes?"

"Mr Henry Jeanes?—oh, yes, sir. And you are the *second* gentleman that's harsked me the same question. Mr. Green 'e harsked me as well."

"Mr. James Bakewell Green?" I said. "Oh, yes; he is a friend of mine too."

"Hindeed, sir!" (This with a deprecatory cough, as if he did not think much of the late Mr. Green, and was inclined in consequence to reconsider the favourable opinion he had apparently formed of myself.) "Curious gentleman, Mr. Green. Never bought nothing in the shop, Mr. Green didn't. Most gentlemen as 'as their letters addressed 'ere takes a bottle of our 'air wash now and then for the good of the 'ouse; but Mr. Green 'e never 'ad as much as a stick of shaving soap at hany time. 'E was always harsking questions too, as I told Mr. Jeanes."

"Oh," I said, beginning to see daylight in regard to the means by which Mullen had got to know that Green was making inquiries about him. "How did you come to mention the matter to Mr. Jeanes?"

"Mr. Jeanes 'e left particular word, sir, that if hanybody harsked after 'im we was to be sure and let 'im know."

"I see," I said. "And when do you expect Mr. Jeanes to call again?"

"Mr. Jeanes never calls, sir. We 'aven't ever seen 'im. 'E sent us hinstuctions that all letters wot come for 'im was to be put in a henvelope and addressed to 'im at Professor Lawrance's 'air cutting establishment at Stanby, and we was to let 'im know if anyone harsked after 'im."

At that moment the bell over the tobacco-nist shop outside announced the entrance of a customer, and two young men pushing open the swing door of the hairdressing saloon, seated themselves to await their turn.

Under the circumstances, and especially as I had learnt all I required, I did not think it wise to ask further questions, but I had a particular reason—which the reader shall shortly hear—for wishing to possess a specimen of the handwriting in which the letters for Henry Jeanes, Esq., that were sent on to the care of Professor Lawrance's establishment at Stanby, were directed.

"Can you spare me a second in the outside shop?" I said to the hairdresser.

"With pleasure, sir," he answered, following me out. "What can I do for you?"

"Look here," I said, pushing half-sovereign towards him over the counter, "that's for your trouble in letting me have my letters addressed here. And now another matter. I've not been very well to-day, and want to see a doctor. Who's the best man to go to?"

"Dr. Carruthers, Devonshire 'Ouse, Gray-

land Road, sir. Best doctor in the town, sir," he responded.

"Would you mind writing it down for me? I've got a beastly memory."

"With pleasure, sir," he said, producing a bottle of ink, a pen, and a sheet of paper from a drawer. "That's it, sir. Much obliged, sir. I'll be very careful about the letters, and good-day, sir."

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE HEELS OF JAMES MULLEN.

I HAD already decided that my next destination must be Stanby, where it would be necessary to pay a visit to Professor Lawrance's haircutting establishment. But first I had to read the letters I had secured, so I turned into a small quiet-looking hotel and, having ordered dinner, asked that I might have the use of a bedroom. Then I rang for a jug of boiling water, and on its arrival I dived into the folds of my umbrella, and having brought up the two epistles which were there secreted I proceeded to hold them over the steam until the gum was so moist that it was possible to open them.

The letter for Green was, as I have said, directed to himself in his own writing. It contained nothing more important than a sheet of blank notepaper, which, as the reader will already have surmised, had evidently been sent as a "blind," its purpose being to afford the inquiry agent an excuse for calling at the shop where it had been delivered.

The letter addressed to Mr. Henry Jeanes—that which had attracted my attention from the fact of its bearing the postmark of the very town in Norway where I had reason to believe Mullen's sister was staying—promised to be more interesting, and it was with no little eagerness that I opened it and read as follows:—

"James,—Your letter to hand. I cannot reply at present as Stanley has gone to Bergen; but I will write you again on his return.

"F."

Though short and unimportant as regards contents, this letter was of the highest importance in other respects. Firstly, because it was evidently from Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne, and intended for the eye of James Mullen, and so in every way confirmed the genuineness of the letter I had found in Green's cigar-case; and secondly, because it disclosed some information that I might otherwise have had much difficulty in discovering—the

name under which Mullen's correspondence was being addressed to him.

It was of the highest importance—if Mullen was to fall into the trap which I was preparing for him—that he should have no cause to suspect his correspondence was again being tampered with, so, as it was possible that Mrs. Burgoyne might refer to this epistle in a later letter, I carefully resealed the note and handed it to the postman, whom I saw delivering letters in the street where the shop whence I had obtained it was situated.

"What's this?" he said when he had looked at it.

"You dropped it when making your last call," I answered.

He looked surprised at first, and afterwards suspicious. "I don't remember seeing that letter when I sorted my delivery," he said; "and I ain't in the habit of dropping letters in the street—been at it too long for that. How do I know this ain't a put up job?"

"Give it me back at once, you insolent fellow," I replied, "and I'll do what I ought to have done at first—take it to the head office and report you to the postmaster for negligence. I go out of my way to do you a courtesy, and perhaps save you from getting into trouble for carelessness in the execution of your duty, and I get insulted for my pains. Give it me back, or come with me to the head office and we'll soon put this matter right."

"I humbly ask your pardon and hope there is no offence, sir, I am sure," he answered, with a change of manner which showed that he did not relish the threat of being reported for negligence. "I'll see the letter's delivered all right, and I'm much obliged to you, sir, I am sure, and hope you won't think no more of it."

"I'm not sure that I oughtn't to take the letter to the office now," I said. "However, I don't want to get a man into trouble for an accident, but keep a civil tongue in your head another time, young man, or you'll not get off so cheaply as you have this."

He touched his cap, and promising to profit by my advice, slipped the letter in with what I supposed were others bearing the same address, so wishing him good-day I entered a stationer's shop and purchased a couple of envelopes and two sheets of paper. Each sheet of paper I folded and put into an envelope, which I then addressed in pencil to myself, at the post office, Stanby. Then after posting them I made my way to the station and took a ticket to Stanby.

As I had to wait some time for a train, besides changing twice at junctions, it was late when I reached that town, and I had some difficulty in finding Professor Lawrance's haircutting establishment, which was in a side street, and was already closed for the night. On the other side of the way, and only a few doors down, was a not very clean looking temperance hotel and coffee palace, and here I secured a bedroom and sitting-room, from the latter of which, as it faced the street, I should be able to keep an eye upon every one who entered or left Professor Lawrance's establishment.

I then went to bed, but was up early next morning and called at the post office, where the two envelopes which I had posted on the preceding day at Cotley were awaiting me. These I took with me to my room at the hotel, and having bought a piece of india-rubber on the way I rubbed out the pencilled name and address, after which I re-addressed the envelope in ink to Mr. Henry Jeanes, at Professor Lawrance's Haircutting Rooms, Stanby, imitating as closely as I could the handwriting of the barber at Cotley, of whose caligraphy I had secured a specimen.

Most of my readers will already have guessed why I troubled to post these pencil-addressed letters to myself at Cotley, and then, after rubbing out the direction, re-addressed them in ink to Jeanes, at Professor Lawrance's establishment at Stanby, but as some may fail to do so, I had better perhaps explain myself.

If a letter for Jeanes should be forwarded on to Professor Lawrance's rooms from Cotley, that letter it would be my business, by hook or by crook, to abstract. But to do this without attracting suspicion it would be necessary to have a dummy letter with which to replace it, and the dummy would have to bear the Cotley postmark, and be directed in a hand as much resembling the handwriting on the original letter as possible. How to arrange all this had puzzled me at first; for though I did not anticipate any difficulty in hitting upon a pretext by which to obtain a specimen of the Cotley barber's handwriting, or in imitating that handwriting when obtained, I could not see how to get over the difficulty of the postmark. A postmark is not an easy thing to forge without specially prepared tools, and until the idea occurred to me of posting at Cotley a letter addressed in pencil to myself at Stanby, and then rubbing out the address and re-addressing it to Jeanes, I was rather at a loss to know how to effect my purpose. However the

difficulty was now satisfactorily surmounted, and armed with my dummy letters I set out to make the acquaintance of Professor Lawrance.

He was an extremely unprepossessing, not to say villainous-looking man, and regarded me with what I could not help thinking was a suspicious eye when I entered. I submitted to be shaved and shampooed, both of which operations he performed badly, though he regaled me meanwhile with his views in regard to the winner of the Derby, and also of a prize-fight which was coming off that day.

"By-the-bye," I said as I was drawing on my gloves, "can one have letters addressed here?"

"No," he replied shortly, "yer can't. It don't pay—on the usual terms."

"I know that," I said, "or I shouldn't have asked you. But I'm willing to pay special terms."

"Is it 'orses?" he inquired gruffly.

"Yes, horses," I said, taking up the cue which he had given me; "but it's a fool's game, and I've lost a lot of money over it already."

"Ah!" with a grin. "And yer've got a hintroduction of course. I don't take on customers of that sort without a hintroduction. It ain't safe."

The affair was panning out beyond my reckoning, but from what had transpired I felt sure that I should be safe in assuming he was more of a betting agent than a barber, and that the wisest thing for me to do would be by bluffing boldly to lead him to suppose I knew all about him, so I nodded assent as airily as possible, and as if his question had been a mere matter of course.

"Who is it?" he asked point blank.

"Morrison," I replied, without a moment's hesitation—"Henry Morrison, of Doncaster. You recollect him—tall man, clean shaven and small eyes. Wears a fawn coat and a brown billycock. He said any money I put on with you would be quite safe."

The barber nodded. "Like as not, though I don't rekerlect him from yer description. Well, wot d'yer want me to back?"

"Ah, that's what I wish *you* to tell me," I said—this time at least with absolute truthfulness, for as a matter of fact I did not know as much as the name of one of the horses, or what was the race which we were supposed to be discussing.

"Greased Lightning's the lay," he said. "It's a dead cert. I can get yer level money

now. It'll be four to two hon to-morrow. How much are yer going to spring?"

I replied that he could put a "flimsy" on for me; and after he had entered the amount and my name—which I gave as Henry Watson—in a greasy notebook, I wished him good-morning, promising to call again soon to see if there were any letters.

The rest of the day I spent for the most part in my bedroom watching the customers who patronised Professor Lawrance's saloon; nor was my vigil without result in assisting me to form an opinion as to the class of business which was there carried on. Not more than a dozen people entered the establishment during the day, and the majority of them had called neither to be shaved nor to have their hair cut. My reason for coming to this conclusion was not that I had such telescopic and microscopic eyes as to be able to detect in every case whether the caller had been under the barber's hand since his entrance, but because most of Professor Lawrance's customers did not remain inside his shop more than half a minute, and because, too, I saw a letter in the hand of more than one of those who came out. And as the postman never passed the door without making a delivery, and the callers were all more or less horsey in dress and appearance, the evidence seemed to point pretty clearly to the fact that Professor Lawrance was, as I had already surmised, more of a betting agent than a barber.

I looked in next morning, ostensibly to be shaved, but in reality to try to get sight of any letters which might have come addressed to the Professor's care. That worthy forestalled me by gruffly volunteering the information that there were no letters; nor could I succeed in leading the conversation to the subject in which I was interested.

The morning after, however, I waited until I saw someone—who looked more like a customer in search of a barber than of a betting agent—enter the shop, and then followed him. He was at that moment being lathered for shaving, so, after wishing the Professor good-morning and remarking that I was in no hurry, I took a seat close to the mantelshelf and pretended to read the *Daily Telegraph*. It was on this mantelshelf, as I was aware, that the box containing the letters was kept, but on looking round I saw to my dismay that the mantelshelf had been cleared for the display of a big coarsely coloured picture of "The Great

Fight between Slade and Scroggins." The picture was labelled, "To be raffled for—the proceeds for the benefit of the Widow."

Whether this was intended as a delicate way of intimating that the conflict had proved fatal to one of the conflicting parties, or whether the widow in question was the relict of the artistic genius whose brain had conceived and whose hand had drawn the picture, I am unable to say, as particulars were not given. In regard to the details of the raffle however, the promoters of the enterprise had condescended to be more explicit, as another label announced that the price of tickets was sixpence, and that they were "to be obtained of the Professor." I was, however, more concerned at the moment in ascertaining what had become of the letters, so I scanned the room carefully, shifting meanwhile the outspread and interposed broadsheet of the *Daily Telegraph*—like a yachtsman setting his canvas close to the wind—so as to keep myself out of reach of the Professor's too-inquisitive glance, and switching my eyes from object to object until they discovered the missing letters placed upon a rack which hung upon the wall near the window.

"It's very dark here, or else my sight's getting bad and I shall have to take to glasses. I'm hanged if I can read this small print," I said aloud, standing up and moving towards the window, as if to get a better light. For half a minute I pretended to read, and then I leisurely shook out the newspaper to its fullest extent, in order to reverse the sheet, thus hiding myself completely from the Professor's eye.

As I did so I took the opportunity to snatch the packet of letters from the rack. It was no easy matter to shuffle through them with one hand and without attracting attention, but I accomplished the task successfully, and not without result, for the bottom letter of the packet was for Mr. Henry Jeanes, and was in the handwriting of the barber at Cotley.

The reader will remember that I had prepared two envelopes bearing the Cotley postmark, and addressed to Jeanes in as close an imitation of the barber's handwriting as possible. Into one of these envelopes I had that morning slipped a sheet of blank paper on which was pasted the newspaper cutting about the finding of the body of poor Green (I had a reason for doing so which will shortly transpire), and this envelope I was at that moment carrying just inside my sleeve. To abstract the original letter and replace

it by the dummy was the work of a few seconds. It was well that I had come thus prepared, for in the next instant the Professor had snatched the packet from my hand, and was asking in a voice quivering with fury, "What the dickens I meant by such impudence?"

"What's the excitement?" I said as calmly and unconsciously as possible. "I was only looking if there was one for me? There's no harm done."

"Oh, isn't there?" he said. "But there soon will be if yer get meddling 'ere again," and with one swiftly searching and darkly suspicious glance at my face he fell to examining the letters and, as I could see by the movement of his lips, counting them one by one to see that none was missing. My heart, I must confess, jumped a bit when he came to the forgery with which I had replaced the letter I had abstracted. But the result was apparently satisfactory, for he put the packet back upon the rack without further comment and took up the discarded shaving brush to continue his task. I did not feel at the best of ease when, after the customer had paid and departed, a surly "Now then!" summoned me to the operating chair, for it was not altogether reassuring to have a razor, in the grip of such a ruffian, at one's throat. But though the shave was accomplished with none too light a hand, and the scoundrel drew blood by the probably intentional and malicious way in which he rasped my somewhat tender skin, he did me no serious injury, and it was not long before I was back at the hotel and engaged in opening the abstracted letter.

There were two documents inside, the first of which was addressed to Jeanes in Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne's handwriting, and ran as follows:—

"James,—We are glad to have your promise, and will carry out our part of the contract faithfully. We shall remain here as you direct until you telegraph the word 'Come,' when we shall start for England at once, and you can count on the yacht being at the place you mention within four days and ready to start again at a few hours' notice. We shall be just off the boat-builder's yard where our little yacht is laid up.

"I do not see any necessity for doing as you say in regard to sending the present crew back to England under the pretence that we are not likely to be using the yacht for some time, and then, after getting the

ship's appearance altered by repainting and rechristening her the name you mention, engaging another crew of Norwegians.

"This seems to me a very unnecessary precaution. Your connection with us is never likely to be discovered, unless by your own confession. However I suppose you know best, and we will do as you say.

"F."

The other letter was on a half-sheet of notepaper, and in the handwriting of the barber at Cotley. Here it is :—

"Respected Sir,—Mr. Green has not called since I last wrote you. But a person named Smithers came and asked questions. I did not like the look of him and would not tell him anything, but said I did not know any Mr. Jeanes.—Respectfully,

"JAMES DORLEY.

"P.S.—Smithers smelt of rum. He had been drinking. He was a low-looking man, and I did not like his eye."

"I'm pained to hear you don't like my eye, Mr. James—Mr. 'Truthful James,'" I said sarcastically as I put the letter down, glancing sideways all the same at a mirror on the wall to see if I could detect any sinister expression in my eye which could account for the unfavourable opinion Mr. James had formed of that feature. "And so you didn't tell me anything, didn't you, you precious rascal? Some day I may have an opportunity of telling *you* something, and then it is possible you may find something else to dislike about me as well as my eye. In the meantime I'll take the liberty of detaining your letter, as it would put Mullen on the alert if I let it go on to him. His sister's letter he must have, for if I fail to set hands on him here, I can take him when he keeps his appointment with her on the steam yacht, on board which he hopes to get out of the country. So I mustn't lose a moment in resealing her letter and getting it back by hook or by crook to the letter-rack whence I got it. I'm not easy about the forgery with which I replaced it. If there had chanced to be only two or three letters waiting to be called for this morning, and I had abstracted one without replacing it with a dummy, the Professor would be bound to have noticed that a letter was missing. But I'm running a risk in leaving the forged dummy there a moment longer than I can help. Mullen might call and have it given him, or it may get sent on ;

and though I flatter myself that the forgery is so well done that even Mullen is not likely to notice any difference in the handwriting, and though it is also possible too that he will think the cutting about Green's death had been sent him by the Cotley barber, I'd much rather that the dummy didn't fall into his hands.

"To have forged a letter from the Cotley barber would have been extremely dangerous, for I didn't then know how the rascal addressed Mullen. And to have enclosed a blank sheet of paper would at once suggest the trick which had been played. The newspaper cutting was the only thing I could think of that had the look of being a bonâ fide enclosure from the rascal at Cotley. He had to my knowledge informed Mullen that Green was inquiring about him, and what was more natural than that, seeing a notice of Green's death in the papers, he should send it on to his principal. But all the same, the sooner I get the dummy back into my own hands the better, for I don't think —"

At this point I broke off my meditations abruptly. I had been sitting in full view of Professor Lawrance's door, and just then I saw him put his head out, look up and down the street as if to see whether he could safely be away for a few minutes without the probability of a customer popping in, and then cross the road in the direction of the nearest public-house.

"If I'm to make the exchange, it's now or never," I said, snatching up the letter from Mrs. Burgoyne which, after copying, I had put back into its envelope and resealed. In another half minute I had crossed the road and was ascending the stairs which led to Professor Lawrance's haircutting establishment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I BECOME A HAIRDRESSER'S ASSISTANT.

To replace the dummy letter by the original and to pocket the former did not take long, and as no step upon the stair announced the Professor's return I thought I might as well avail myself of the opportunity of ascertaining anything that was to be learnt about his other correspondents. With this end in view I put out my hand to take down the packet again when a voice behind me said—

"Wot a hinterest he do take in correspondence to be sure. Be hanged if he ain't at 'em again!" And as I turned round I saw the Professor in the act of closing the

door, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket.

"Now then, Mr. 'Enery Watson," he said, with an ugly look upon his face, "you and me 'as got to come to a hunderstanding. You comes here very h'affable like awanting to back a 'orse, with a hintroduction from Mr. 'Enery Morrison o' Doncaster. Tall man, clean-shaved, small heyes, wore a fawn coat and a billycock 'at, did he? Ah! I knows 'im—Valker's 'is name. 'Orses!"—this with scorn too withering to be expressed by means of pen and ink—"You know hany-think about 'orses! Why, yer sneakin' goat, there ain't a knacker in the cats'-meat yard wot wouldn't put 'is 'eels in yer face if 'e 'eard yer talk about a gee-gee!"

He looked me up and down contemptuously for a moment, and then with a sudden accession of fury, and with the sneer in his voice changed to a snarl, said—

"Yer come 'ere, do yer, a-spying and a-prying, and takes rooms over the way to keep a watch upon me and my customers."

And yer want to get yer 'and on them letters there, so as to find some hevvidence to lay hinformation agin me, do yer? Think I didn't know yer was a-watchin' me through the korfey palis winder? That's wot I went out for. I knew as yer'd be slippin' over 'ere direckly, my back was turned. But I copped yer, yer slinkin' toad! and yer ain't got nothink to lay hinformation on; and I'll take care yer don't!"

"My good man," I replied quite coolly, "don't distress yourself unnecessarily. I know very well that you are carrying on illegal transactions, and I could make things uncomfortable if I chose to give the police a hint. But I'm not a detective, and I don't

concern myself one way or the other with your doings, legal or illegal. What I came here to find out is purely a private family affair, and has nothing in the world to do with you or your betting business. A man I know has disappeared, and his family are anxious to get news of him. I've got an idea that he is in Stanby, and that he is having letters addressed to your care under an assumed name. Now look here. You've got it in your power to spoil my game, I admit; and I've got it in my power to give the police a hint that might be inconvenient to you. But why should you and I quarrel? Why shouldn't we do a little business together to our mutual benefit? I can pay for any help you give, and if you'll

work with me I'll guarantee that your name shan't be mentioned, and to keep my mouth shut about any little business transactions of your own which you're engaged in. Well, what is it to be? Will you accept my offer or not? You get nothing by refusing, and gain a good deal by accepting.

You run this show to make money and not for pleasure I take it; and I'm ready to put a good deal more money in your pocket than you'd make in the general way, and not to interfere with your usual business either. I shouldn't have supposed it wants much thinking about."

"Wot d'yer call a good deal more money?" he asked shortly, but not without signs of coming to terms.

"Five, fifteen, or twenty pounds."

"An' who is it yer after? There's some of my pals as I wouldn't give no one the bulge on, and there's some as I don't care a crab's claw abawt."

"My man isn't one of your pals, I'm



"Wot a hinterest he do take in correspondence to be sure."

pretty sure, though I can't tell you his name—anyhow not for the present," I answered, "But who are the pals you won't go back on?"

"Is it George Ray?"

"No."

"'Appy 'Arry?"

"No."

"Alf Mason?"

"No."

"Bob the Skinner?"

"No."

"Fred Wright?"

"No."

"Give us yer twenty pun' then. I'm on. I don't care the price of 'arf a pint about none of the others."

"Not so fast, my friend; you've got to earn the money before you get it. And it'll depend on yourself whether it's ten, fifteen or twenty. Now listen to me. What I want you to do is to make an excuse for me to stay in your shop, so as to get a look at the people who come for letters. You must pretend to engage me as your assistant, and fix me up in a white apron, and so on. If anyone asks questions you can say I'm a young man who's come into a little money and wants to drop it in starting a hair-

dressing establishment, and I've come to you to help me do it. You can tell them that you don't let me cut any of your regular customers, but that I make myself useful by stropping the razors, lathering the 'shaves,' and practising haircutting on odd customers and schoolboys. I could do that much, I think, without betraying myself. The sooner we begin the better. Give me a white apron, if you've got one to spare, and I'll put it on straight off. Here's five pounds down to start with, and I'll give you another five for every week I'm here. Is it a bargain?"

"No, it ain't. Ten pun' down, and ten pun' a week's my figger, and no less. I ain't a-going to injure my business by taking hamitoors to learn the business on my customers out of charity. Them's my terms. Yer can take 'em or leave 'em, as yer like."

In the end we compounded the matter for ten pounds down and five pounds weekly, and having arrayed myself in a white apron and a canvas coat, braided red, which the Professor tossed me from a drawer, I assumed those badges of office—the shears, shaving-brush and comb—and took my place behind the second operating chair to await customers and developments.

(To be continued.)





SHE shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs.
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

WORDSWORTH.

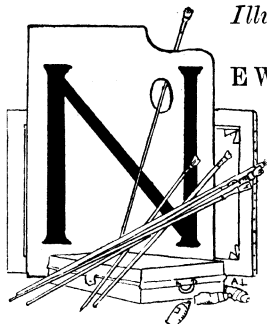


MR. T. C. GOTCH.

T. C. GOTCH AND HIS PICTURES.

BY LEWIS HIND.

Illustrated by BERNARD HIGHAM; *and from Photographs.*



NEWLYN, that country of corybantic long-shoremen and peaceable painters, is the home of Mr. T. C. Gotch from autumn to spring. His house is perched on high, like an eagle's eyrie, half way up the cliff that climbs from

Penzance to the crest of the hills. You will find him any day between ten and six in his quiet studio, down below in the meadows, or, after working hours, in that drawing-room of his with the wonderful view. Oh what a view! How it haunts one afterwards in shortening days, when early autumn fogs steal down the streets, and there is no sky but the poor parallel of gray that stretches motionless above the housetops. Oh that view! Mount's Bay below, St. Michael's sentinel upon the further shore, and away yonder beyond these waters, so tranquil, so polite that they might serve as ocean to a doll's fishing village, thunders the Atlantic.

But it is not everybody who can spare the time for a jaunt to the end of Cornwall, and although it has been my good fortune to spend long days at Newlyn, and many an hour in that eyrie hanging upon the cliff, it is not in this happy background I am thinking at this moment of Mr. Gotch. A more distracting and, shall I say, a less agreeable environment envelops him. First I see him in London in the early summer of 1891, and then in Paris, last spring in the Champ de Mars Salon, before Dagnan-Bouveret's great picture of "The Last Supper." Those are the two occasions when Mr. Gotch stands dramatically before me. They range themselves into his Disconsolate Year and his Notable Year, and their story may give heart to those who, like him, know nights of heaviness, but to whom morning has not yet brought any particular joy.

It was said of John Whitgift, a former Archbishop of Canterbury, that his motto

was *vincit qui patitur*, and he made it good. In 1891 Mr. Gotch was still enduring. He was industrious, sincere and capable; his teaching had been thorough and eclectic, but he had not yet quite found his *métier*. He saw life, and he painted what he observed all in that gray envelope of atmosphere which the Newlyn men and women have made famous at a dozen Academies. They study light direct, transfused and reflected; they paint the truth; they suggest atmosphere in their pictures, and they can draw with the best, but the Newlyn colony do not concern themselves particularly with colour. The pictures that Mr. Gotch painted prior to 1891 prove him to have been Newlynite to his finger tips.

His Academy contribution of 1890, "Twixt Life and Death," of which we give an illustration, is a typical example of that manner. Gray, sad, dramatic, obvious, it is a scene you may chance upon any stormy day at Newlyn, and one her adopted painters love to mirror. Mr. Gotch was to paint one more Newlyn subject, the "Sharing Fish" of 1891, and then heyho! for colour, allegory, and that fine decorative quality which culminated in the "Alleluia." But when I saw him in the month of May of his Disconsolate Year, he had not decided to winter in Florence, where he was to recapture that colour sense which his admiration for the practice and performance of the Newlyn men had unconsciously atrophied. He stood at the parting of the ways. Dissatisfied with the past, uncertain about the future, he looked sad and vexed, although he did not confess to it on that day in the late spring of his Disconsolate Year.

Here it may be well to say something about Mr. Gotch's life anterior to this period. Strange as it may seem, he began with literary leanings and longings. As a youth in business with his father at Kettering, letters was his aim. He never doubted his power to draw and paint, and in those long, long thoughts that fill the mind at twenty-one, he promised himself that he would live by art until he had

amassed enough money to devote his time without reproach to literature. Fond delusion ! He wrote at night in his bedroom by candlelight ; he also drew ; but it was his pictures, not his scribbings, that touched the fancy and won the approbation of his family. They were of good Nonconformist stock, his grandfather having been one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society. When they discovered that he honestly cared more for art and letters than for business, the

school off Oxford Street, where so many have learnt the pothooks and hangers of painting. There Mr. Gotch remained eighteen months learning and assimilating, after which he took the boat train to Antwerp and entered the Beaux Arts of that city. In Antwerp he remained six months. Verlat was painting professor ; but the young Englishman sighed for brighter colours, and directly he had made up his mind that he was out of sympathy



From a photo by]

"TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH."

By T. C. GOTCH.

[H. Dixon.

(Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1890 ; now in the possession of Mr. George McCulloch.)

family wisely gave the boy his head, and put their's together with the view of helping him all they could. A portfolio of early drawings were collected and despatched to Mr. E. M. Wimperis, who since those days has blossomed into a delightful and popular painter, and who now sits in the vice-presidential chair of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

Well, the drawings pleased Mr. Wimperis, and the youth from Kettering was advised to begin his studies at Heatherleys, the art

with the "black school" of painting taught at Antwerp he returned to London.

Many men have sought for the philosopher's stone ; others, mechanically inclined, have striven for mastery over perpetual motion ; others, again, feel themselves drawn to speculation and experiments relating to the secret of the old masters of painting. It has been remarked that the giants of the past merely mixed their colours with brains, time doing the rest. A Mr. Samuel Lawrence who flourished some twenty years ago rose to



From a photo by]

"THE CHILD ENTHRONED."

By T. C. GOTCH.

[H. Dixon.

(Exhibited in the Royal Academy 1894; now in the possession of Mr. G. McCulloch, by whose kind permission this picture is reproduced.)

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fame on the strength of his own pronouncement that he had discovered this secret of the old masters. To his studio Mr. Gotch went on his return from Antwerp, and with Mr. Lawrence he remained three months. When I leant my elbows on the table and said coaxingly to Mr. Gotch, "Tell me the secret," he replied, "Oh, it's far too technical to explain," whereupon I shunted from that siding of our conversation, and the painter, inclining his head in recognition of my restraint, proceeded to narrate his artistic adventures at the Slade school, where he remained two years under Legros.

About this time he came under the influence of Gogin, a man hardly known to Academy patrons, but one who had considerable influence upon contemporary art and artists. In these days every little painter knows all about values. The admirable schools of Paris have given the best of their teach-

ing to a procession of Englishmen who are now vigorously painting in every quarter of these islands—better sometimes even than their masters. We all know now that there is one light of the sky, another of the sea, another of the sand upon the shore, and another of the grass cliff that dips in humility to the water's edge. When we paint we set ourselves to make these values

true before we give a thought to the drawing of a wave, or the form of a cloud, or the modelling of that strayed sheep upon the cliff. But Gogin knew all about values a quarter of a century ago when we were still in the slough of academic convention. Strange! Better still, he taught, and Mr. Gotch profited by the teaching of M. Gogin, who, on this subject was a quarter of a century in advance of the general.

The painter of "Alleluia" had now reached the fourth year of studentship. What should follow? One word only, rises to the lips in answer to that question. Paris! Paris the gay, the bright, where the art of encouragement is still practised and the student's work always in some grave master's eye. Mr. Gotch sat at the feet of Jean Paul Laurens. He lived in one of those turnings decked with white houses off a wide road in the Montparnasse quarter, where the sun



From a photo by]

"DEATH, THE BRIDE."

By T. C. GOTCH.

(Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1893; now in the possession of the artist.)

[H. Dixon.]

is always shining, and students wear a perpetual smile just because it is Paris. Three years he remained in the city on the Seine. There, on a certain day, a piece of very good luck befell him. He met a fellow-student, who was also doing good work, and who has since done better, which has been oftentimes hung at the Royal Academy and elsewhere—a young English lady. They

married; they lived in a little flat high up in a white building overlooking a sequestered courtyard in the Quartier Latin, and, like the prince and princess in the fairy tale, they were happy ever afterwards. Mr. Gotch owes much to his wife's intelligent and sympathetic criticism and appreciation. She brought him luck too, for in 1882 a picture signed T. C. Gotch was hung upon the line at the Royal Academy. It was called "Phyllis," and speedily found a buyer.

plan, and it was not till 1887 that they finally settled at Newlyn, where they found the company of painters living in the old fishing village—Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Bramley, Mr. Chevallier Tayler, Mr. Percy Craft, Mr. Norman Garstin, Mr. Fred Hall, and others—much to their liking.

It was about this time, or perhaps a little later, that the Newlyn pictures began to be noticed at the Royal Academy. In Gallery XI the visitor suddenly found himself surrounded



From a photo by]

[H. Dizon.

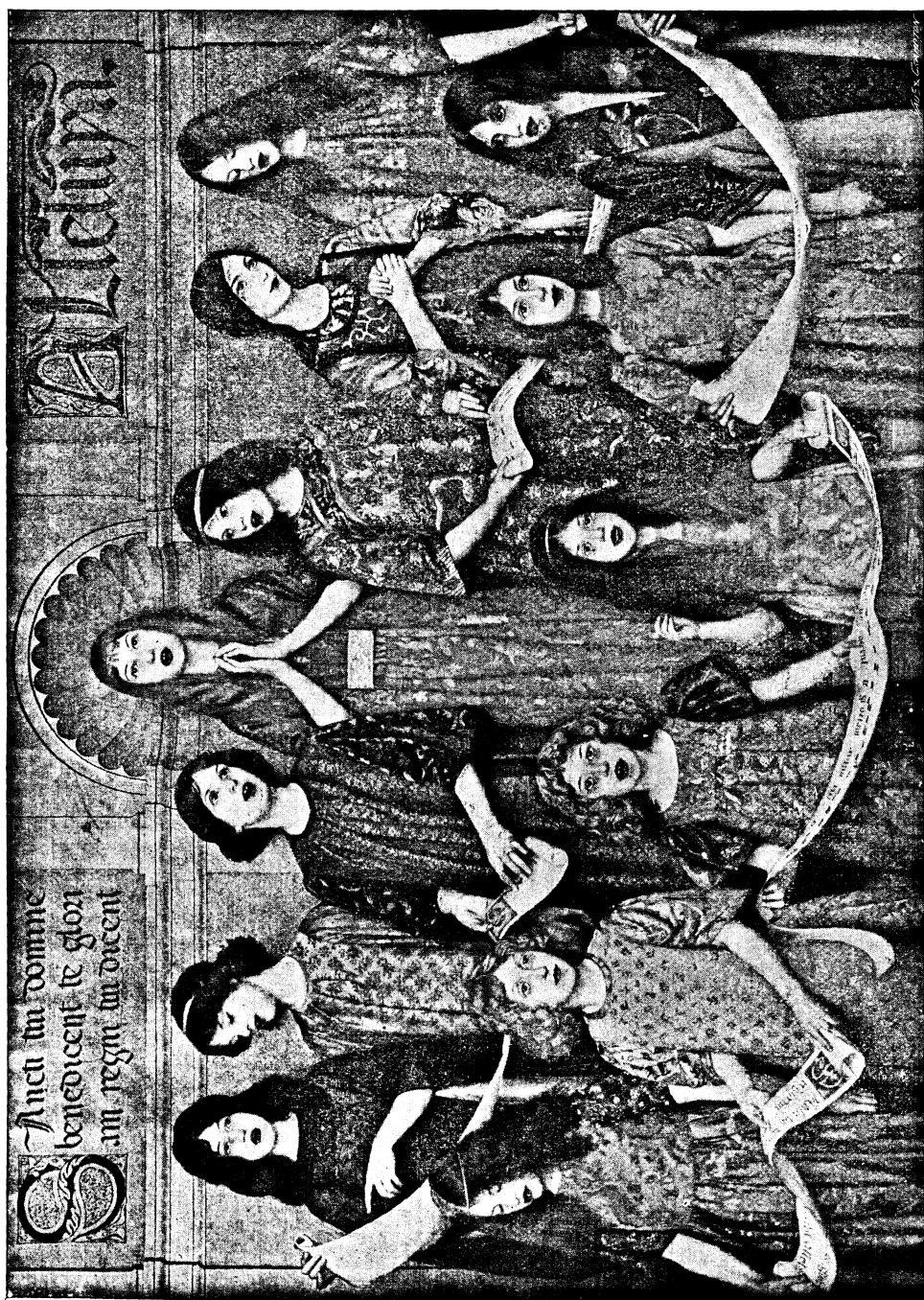
"A GOLDEN DREAM."

By T. C. GÖTCH.

(Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1893; now in the possession of the artist.)

Student days are now over. He stands upon the threshold of his career. The idea of a literary life has long been given up. His call is to paint, and he is eager to show of what he is capable. Seeking for a home with congenial surroundings, Mr. and Mrs. Gotch chanced upon Newlyn, which artists were just then beginning to frequent on account of its equable gray light and kindly climate, which permits them if they desire to work out of doors most of the year. But a compulsory voyage to Australia spoils this

by Cornish works which had this in common—they suggested the honest and refreshing light of day, as seen in the open air, and not the second-hand illumination of a London studio. For four years Mr. Gotch was content to produce Newlyn subjects, such as "Twixt Life and Death," exhibited in 1890, and "Sharing Fish" in 1891. It was just after the opening of the Royal Academy of that year that we first met. I have called it Mr. Gotch's Disconsolate Year, and really the phrase comes near to truth. The gray



"ALLELUIA!"—By T. C. Gorch.
(Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1896; purchased by the Chantrey Trustees.)

sorrowful subject-pictures he was painting at that time did not please him. Although he had a strong and consistent admiration for the work of his comrades at Newlyn, and the general aim and tendency of the school, he felt far from confident that his own temperament could ever find adequate expression within those lines. It was the crisis of his career. He did the pleasant thing and the wise thing. He went straight to Italy—to Florence, where he surrendered himself to the calm and radiant pictures of Botticelli and those frescoes of Benozzo Gozzolios in the Palazzo Riccardi at Florence.

Then his colour sense reasserted itself, and he produced "My Crown and Sceptre," which was hung upon the line in 1892. With this picture Mr. Gotch found his *métier*—the work that was nearest to him, that he could do best, and, as it happened, that best pleased and interested the public. He has forsaken the realism of modern life for the realism of allegory. "Here are my pictures," one can imagine him saying; "read into them what you like." Thus "A Golden Dream" may picture a real maiden plucking fruit in a Kentish orchard, or she may be a dream-child gathering phantom blossoms in fairyland. Read into it what you will, it is an agreeable fancy, beautiful in colour, which is unfortunately lost in the black and white reproduction. At the Academy of 1894 "The Child Enthroned" found many lovers. Small wonder when one comes face to face, as in these pages, with this serious child of the unclouted brow and the fair unadorned hair, clad in so glorious a robe, and with aureole about her head. You meet her again in "The Child in the World," standing alone and unafraid in the innermost, horriddest home of the Dragon, called the World, who is powerless against her innocence, as the lions

in the presence of Daniel. In "Death, the Bride," of 1893, Mr. Gotch struck a deeper note. Silent is this friend, yet she speaks. She comes gliding through the poppies, emblems of rest without tears, a film of gauze about her head, which she lifts aside to show her grave face, a whisper of invitation upon it, as if she would say, "I am a little serious, I know, and my clothes are not bright and beautiful like a bride's; but I am your friend nevertheless, and when you are ready for me you will find me ready for you. For if you are very lonely I am very patient."

These pictures were heralds of the important work "Alleluia," which Mr. Gotch exhibited this year, and which was purchased by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. As it adorns these pages, and as the meaning is plain, no description is necessary. It was painted at Newlyn, and occupied Mr. Gotch, working six and seven hours a day, for the best part of a year. Almost every eastern and western nation is represented in the rainbow robes which clothe the children. Thirteen in number, the face of each singer bearing the impress of her temperament, they vie one with another in a song of praise.

1896 has been Mr. Gotch's Notable Year. Early in May he learnt that "Alleluia" had been purchased for the nation. Towards the end of that month he went to Paris, to find "The Child Enthroned" well hung upon the line at the Champs Elysées Salon. The second morning of his sojourn there he was notified from London that this picture had been purchased for an English collection, and hardly had he returned from Paris when he read in a London evening paper that a gold medal of the second class had been awarded to the painter of "The Child Enthroned" by the Salon jury. A notable year indeed has 1896 been for Mr. Gotch.





Illustrated by STEPHEN REID.

AR away
in the
heart
of the
Never-
never

country stood a small stockaded hut, the central repairing station of the Overland Telegraph Line. It was manned by two Government servants who, while they did their duty, were not grateful to an all-powerful Providence for the state of life to which it had been pleased to call them.

Though news from the great world flashed continuously day and night through the station; though they could read on the tape the shifting politics of Europe, the upheaval of empires and dethronement of kings, they were not interested. Their cabbage crop behind the hut concerned them far more. The one was only a circumstance in the dull routine of business, the other meant staving off the scurvy.

Inside the stockade, constructed for protection against the blacks, they had laboriously manufactured an apology for a garden. Outside the desert winds threw banks of sand against the gate, and shrieked nightly for admittance.

The two rooms of the hut opened into one another; the first contained the instruments, and was used as a sitting-room; the second formed their bedroom. Each was more than sufficiently uncomfortable.

Both men worked year in year out without interest and without excitement, and only when they made the two-hundred-mile journey into comparative civilisation for rations did they see any strange faces.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning Omerod reeled off an instruction to the effect that he had received promotion and was to hold himself in readiness for a change. A man had started from the South to relieve him.

Replying his thanks, he sat down to consider his position. He had not met twenty

people in three years, and for the moment the magnitude of the prospect rather staggered him. It opened up unlimited possibilities, and almost unconsciously he began to pick up the threads of his life where he had dropped them years before. He was only thirty-three.

"Congratulations," said Goddard from the doorway. "I wish it was me. Fancy town, with girls and shop windows, policemen and 'buses after this!"

He wheeled his hand over the scorching plain with its mirages and dancing heat haze. As he spoke a sand-devil whistled towards them, to break with a sort of low moan about a hundred yards from the gate. The thermometer registered 118° in the shadow of the veranda, and the hot wind was like the breath of the desert.

"Wonder where they'll send me?" said Omerod, throwing the dust-cover over the instrument. "I should think I've done bush service enough to satisfy them."

"Probably somewhere in the suburbs, where you'll become a churchwarden, develop a corporation, and end by marrying the parson's daughter!"

"Thanks muchly. But to tell the truth, somehow, now it has come, I don't feel half as grateful as I should."

"Gad! let 'em try me, that's all. I'd lick their boots for the chance. Why man, just think what it means, even in small things. You'll have real potatoes every day instead of preserved, more cabbages and lettuces than you can eat, no scurvy, the thermometer never higher than 100°, live people to talk to, dances, theatres, and girls to flirt with. Oh, how I wish I had your luck! I know the sweetest little duck of a girl."

"I wonder who relieves me?"

"Goodness knows! Hope he's a decent fellow for my sake. Hark! Message going through. I'll reel off the state of Europe, and we'll see how it affects our present and future." It clicked out, and Goddard translated—

"Prince—influenza—serious."

Omerod shivered in his chair.

"I don't like these dreadful death telegrams."

"Bless you, the chap's not dead!" Goddard asserted authoritatively. "To-morrow he'll be all alive and kicking, just as if nothing had happened. What's wrong old man? You don't look right."

"I don't; I feel beastly. Somebody walking over my grave—you know the sensation. It's awfully cold in here."

"Cold! with the thermometer 19° past blood heat? You want physic, my boy. How long have you been feeling like this?"

"Off and on for the last two or three days. I have physicked, but it don't seem to make any difference. I think I'll lie down."

He passed into the bedroom. Goddard cast a wondering look across the plain, and then down at the shimmering water-hole in the creek bed.

"Old Ommy's not fit by any means; too much white about his gills for my liking. Hang that cipher, I wish I hadn't read it. Just like my thoughtlessness."

Omerod appeared in the veranda again and made for the water bag.

"Steady, old man; not too much of the *aqua pura*. It can't do you any good."

"What's that got to do with you?" snarled his comrade, pannikin in hand, "I'll drink as much as I please and thank you to mind your own business!"

"Humph!" said Goddard, returning to his study of the plain. "A bit touched in the temper. Well I suppose the old beggar feels bad and can't help it."

When they sat down to tea—the inevitable salt junk and preserved potatoes—Omerod found his appetite had left him, so he grumbled at the cooking and went back to bed, only to re-appear half an hour later, in a very excited state, for another raid on the water bag.

It was past sundown. Goddard was milking a goat by the gate and called out, "Feel any better, old man!"

"No, no, no! Why on earth do you bore me with your idiotic questions? Can't you see I'm bad—bad as you make 'em. Oh, this cursed country! Why ever don't they drown us when we're young, to stop our ever coming into it? I'm sorry, old man, I spoke roughly just now. You're a good little chap; but you're too blooming demonstrative!"

"Poor old Ommy, I'd give something to know what's the matter with him. If he's

not better in the morning I'll wire his symptoms through to headquarters."

On the morrow he was decidedly worse, with all the signs of fever. His face was flushed, he had lost his appetite, and he clamoured continuously for water.

Goddard was seriously alarmed and rapped through the symptoms to the Government medical man, twelve hundred miles away. The verdict, "Typhoid in a serious form," frightened him considerably, and the course of treatment prescribed did not tend to re-assure him.

They had never been provided with half the "absolutely necessities," and the supply of the other half had pretty well run out.

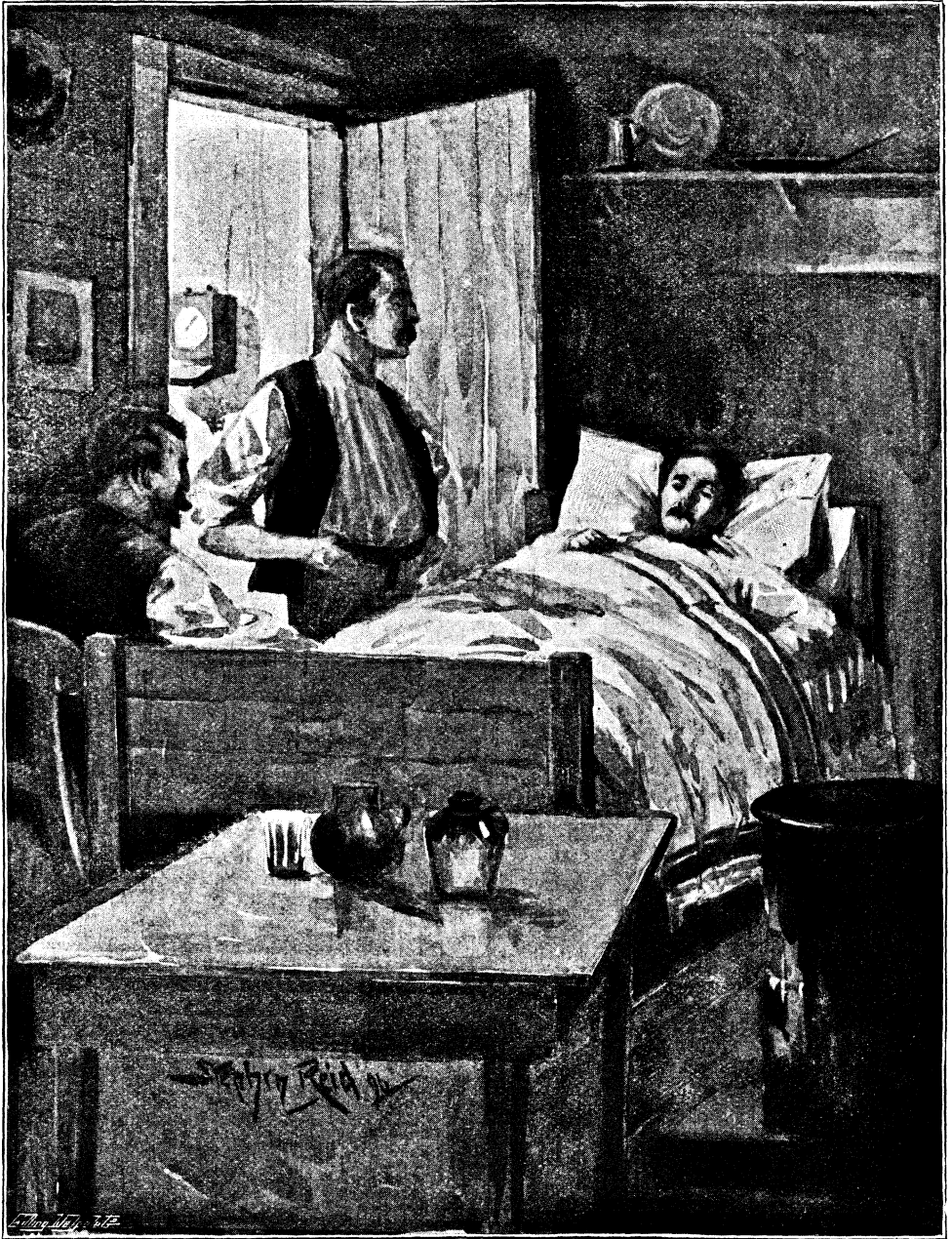
It was his first experience in nursing, and he didn't enjoy it. At any time, even with all the resources of medical science at one's beck and call, it is not nice to have the sole charge of a delirious man. But in the solitude of the desert, remote from help of any kind, it becomes the most horrible of all conceivable horrors.

Hour by hour, through scorching days and sweltering nights, Goddard watched by the sick man's bed; the closest supervision was necessary for the patient was often violent and always restless.

Every morning he despatched his bulletin to the doctor and took his instructions in return. When he wanted a change he slipped out and watered his cabbages, milked his goats and inspected their limited stock of poultry. All the time the news of Europe was flashing along on the wires overhead, heedless of the struggle between life and death below.

For three weeks Goddard pursed and did double duty. But the strain was beginning to tell on him. He could take no exercise, and he had almost forgotten what sleep meant. It was enough to drive a man mad. But the chief of his department wired a message through that gave him fresh strength.

He knew that he might expect the crisis about the twenty-first day and his anxiety was boundless. He carried out the doctor's directions with more than scrupulous exactness, anxiously noting every change, however faint, in the condition of his patient. The wires smoked with the number of his messages, imploring counsel and advice. The instrument was his one connecting link with the outside world and he clung to it with all the tenacity of despair, realising that if anything went wrong within his line of control this last saving link would be cut through, and



“How the wires sing to-night, don’t they?”

then—well, he never dared to think what would happen then.

The night was very very still; the brilliance of the stars lit up the waste of sand, and the surging of the wires above the hut sounded like the notes of an Æolian harp.

Goddard sat by his companion's bedside anxiously watching for the turn. Omerod had been delirious, off and on, all day.

As he sat looking down on his patient a new and unknown fear crept into Goddard's heart. He began to wonder what he would do if left alone in the silence of the night, in the illimitable solitude of the unknown, with a dead man unshrived. He tried to put it from him again and again, but it would not be dispelled. It was a simple fancy, born of an overtaxed brain, but it brought out a great sweat on the man's face. In the horror of the moment he fell upon his knees and prayed as he had never done in his life before. It was a curious and involved supplication to an uncertain deity, but it had the effect of somewhat relieving his overcharged mind.

The night's batch of news was galloping through to the Southern papers, so, to pull his thoughts together, he hitched on and read. His first message ran: "Prince—better—hope." It was a good omen and he returned to the adjoining room.

At the first glance he saw that the crisis was passed; the patient was slumbering like a little child. He could hardly control himself; a great wave of thankfulness engulfed him; he felt an enormous desire to shout his gratitude aloud. Creeping out into the silent hot night he pranced joyously beneath the winking stars.

In three weeks Omerod was convalescent, and his successor having arrived, he decided to travel south as soon as his strength would allow of it.

Goddard was unfeignedly glad to see his friend about once more, but somehow he was not enthusiastic. The nursing had been

too much for him, he said, but he would soon be himself again.

One morning he did not get up to breakfast, talked in a strange fashion, and by midday was in a raging fever. Greenall, the new arrival, took him in hand, while Omerod went about his work, praying for his deliverer's life. Again the verdict was fever.

Again the hut saw another bitter night and day fight, and again the wires brought the doctor's science to the bedside. Once more the crisis was safely passed. Then a telegram from his chief told the patient that he was promoted, and that Omerod and he were to journey down together.

That night he had a relapse, and about nine o'clock called Omerod to him.

"Omerod," he said faintly, stretching out his hand, "it's no use making bones about it—I'm done."

"No, no, old man, don't lose heart; you're better. Keep up your pluck; we'll go down together yet."

"I don't think so. Something tells me I hold a losing hand. It's an awful sell, isn't it? I thought of doing so much you know when I got below. Why, old pal, what are you snivelling about? How the wires sing to-night, don't they? And now I come to think of it there seems to be a regular tune in it."

Beating time with his wasted hands upon the rough blanket he chirped feebly—

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, sought through the world . . .

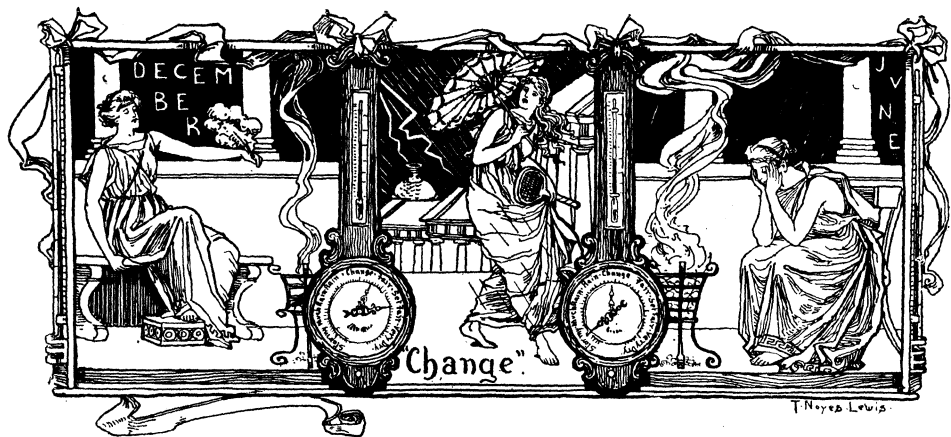
He stopped abruptly and half sat up.

"Ommy," he said, "I'm promoted. I'm going home—home—out of this—home!"

Greenall led Omerod out of the presence of the dead and then went to the instrument to despatch the sad news south.

The night batch blocked the wires. The message going through at the moment ran—

"Prince—relapse—dead."



HOW WEATHER FORECASTS ARE PREPARED.

BY GEORGE F. MILLIN.

Illustrated by T. NOYES LEWIS; and from Photographs.



THE weather forecasts that have become of late years familiar features of our daily papers emanate from an unpretentious establishment in Victoria Street, Westminster. It is a tolerably good-sized dwelling-house with a shop on the ground floor and a stone staircase running up to the doors of a number of light and pleasant rooms in which a staff of about forty persons are regularly engaged in the attempt to evolve something like order out of the chaos of our winds and general weather conditions. Nobody would suppose this to be the business on hand from a casual inspection of the place, without any previous information. In a weather office one might expect to find any number of scientific instruments, all sorts of facilities for observing winds and watching clouds and studying sunsets, and weather wisdom plainly written on every face. As a matter of fact there are very few instruments to be seen here, no facilities at all for watching clouds or sunsets, and though among the staff—which includes four or five ladies—there are some very shrewd and capable faces, the weather appears to be the last thing likely to be occupying their thoughts. There is indeed in one room a self-recording instrument connected with a wind-gauge on the roof, in another room there is a glass case full of meteorological appliances, to which something of the interest of a museum attaches, and in a third stands a large piece of mechanism called a harmonic analyser—

all covered up however, and at present not in use—designed by Lord Kelvin for some sort of mechanical theorising about curves. For all the rest that may be found inside the Meteorological Office, truth to tell, it is a dreary expanse of tabulated statistics, ships' logs, charts of ocean winds and barometrical readings and reports, which to the uninitiated look as dry as the desert of Sahara. When, under the courteous and instructive guidance of Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S., the secretary, one has spent an hour in dipping in to its accumulations and in strolling about the place, he begins to realise something of the complication and difficulty of practical meteorology and of the vast range of the subject.

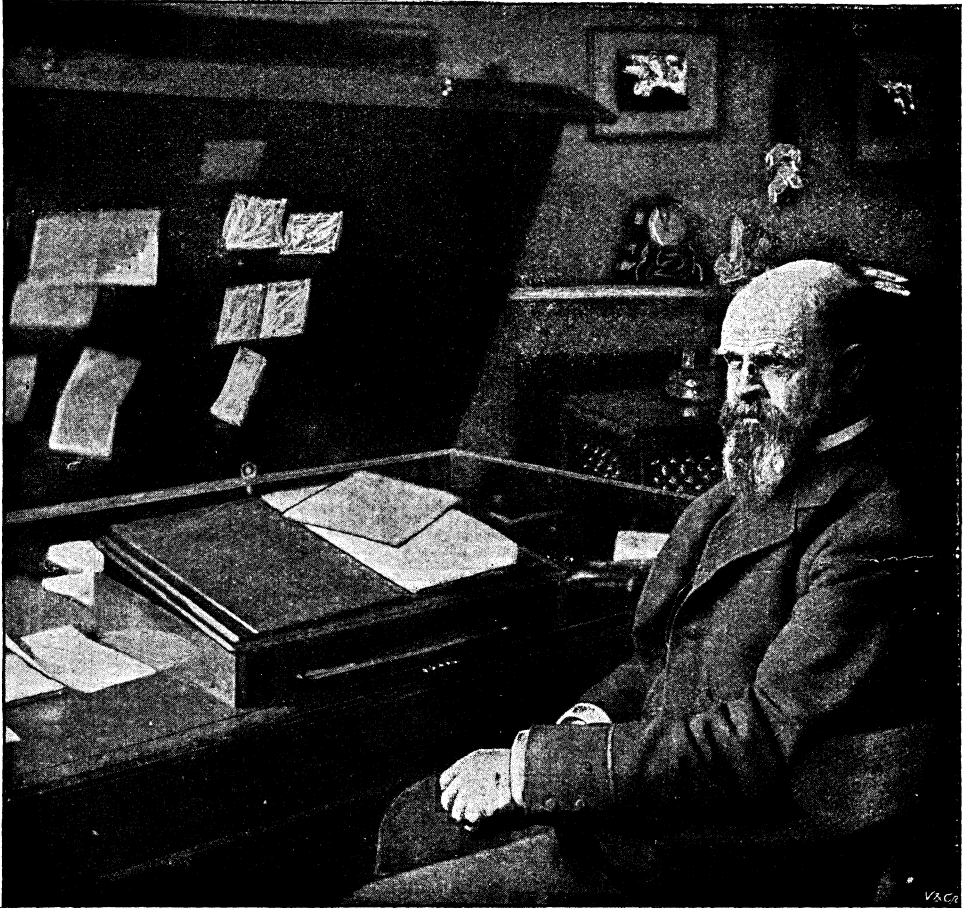
It is not in the Meteorological Office itself that much is to be found likely to interest the general reader, it is only when one comes to regard it as the centre of a very extensive system of scientific observation that one finds the interest of it.

The Meteorological Office as originally established in 1854 was a department of the Board of Trade, and was the outcome of a conference of most of the maritime powers, held in Brussels the year before. Captain Fitzroy—Admiral Fitzroy, as he afterwards became more generally known to the world—was placed at the head of it. The new department was intended entirely for marine meteorology, and the Royal Society—the leading scientific body in the kingdom—were called on to advise and assist. They recommended, not any attempt to predict

changes of weather, but merely the accumulation of evidence from which might be obtained some certain knowledge of the laws which as yet were only dimly and obscurely perceived to be in operation in the rush and turmoil of the winds.

It may be noticed by the way, as a very striking proof of the rudimentary condition

voyage they would return the instruments, together with a copy of the records made from them. From that day to this the office has been accumulating facts with regard to ocean meteorology all over the world, and this constitutes the first of the four departments into which the work of the Meteorological Office is divided.



From a photo by]

[Russell.

THE "CLERK OF THE WEATHER," MR. R. H. SCOTT (SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY), AT HIS DESK.

of the meteorological knowledge of those days, that at the first great International Exhibition, held in Hyde Park only three years previously, though a large number of barometers were exhibited they were one and all pronounced quite untrustworthy and worthless for any scientific purpose.

The first business of the Board of Trade was to provide good instruments, and to lend them to captains of vessels about to set out to sea on condition that at the end of their

Admiral Fitzroy however soon became deeply interested in the possibility of weather prediction, and public attention was forcibly directed to the subject by the havoc played by a terrific storm among our transports in the Black Sea, where we were then in the thick of the Crimean war. Nobody had till then taken much notice of weather prophets. "No man with a scientific reputation to lose," said Arago, "will venture on weather prediction."

But when the great storm of November 1854 burst over the Black Sea and sent the ships and men of the allies to the bottom, the director of the Imperial Observatory in Paris, M. le Verrier—who had a reputation of the first order—declared that such a storm might have been predicted. Scientific men were just beginning to perceive faint indications of the reign of law in the movements of the winds and the bursting of storms, and in the public distress at the loss of so many sailors and soldiers there was every disposition to take the fullest advantage of whatever science could do in the elucidation of the dread mystery in which all the movements of storms had thus far been shrouded. Admiral Fitzroy turned nearly the whole strength of his staff in this new direction, and the result was the establishment of the second department of the Meteorological Office, that with which this article has more particularly to do—weather telegraphy. The third deals exclusively with the phenomena of climate—that of the British Isles more particularly, though of late years observations from foreign parts have come within the range of the office to some extent. There is a fourth department, dealing with miscellaneous matters, such as experiments with instruments, the management of the library and the expenditure of the office.

The whole institution is now controlled by a council of six members, five of whom are nominated by the Royal Society and are appointed by the Treasury, the sixth member being the hydrographer to the Admiralty, who occupies his seat at the board by virtue of his office. The institution no longer has any connection with the Board of Trade. It occupies an entirely anomalous position among scientific bodies. It is not a Government office; its staff are not civil servants; yet the Treasury pays practically the whole cost of the establishment. The general public, who in various parts of the country get private weather forecasts, pay altogether about £600 a year, and the Treasury makes a grant of £15,300. Of this sum £1000 goes to the members of the council, who meet once a fortnight, £3000, roughly speaking, to expenses of ocean meteorology, nearly £4000 to land meteorology, and nearly £4000 more to weather forecasts.

The connection of the office with the meteorological world outside is established by a single Wheatstone instrument and a private wire linking it with the central

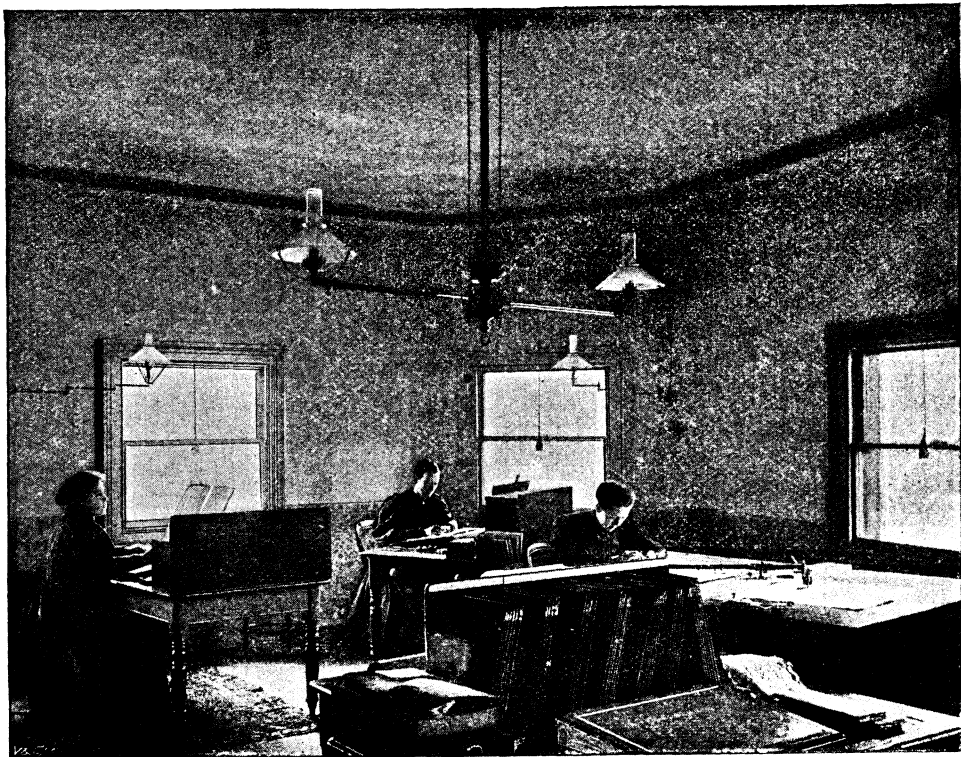
telegraph office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, through which it last year received information from about 250 districts in all parts of the British Isles. The Royal Meteorological Society supplies information in addition from some thirty of its own stations at carefully selected points, with its own officers in charge of them. From these and other trustworthy observers—persons in light-houses and observatories, coastguard stations and so on—there are received in Victoria Street sixty reports every morning, seventeen every afternoon, and twenty-nine every evening. It need hardly be said that the Central Telegraph Office requires to be paid for its services, and indeed last year over £1500 was paid to the Postmaster-General for his share in the business of weather telegraphy. It is important therefore to keep communications down to the smallest possible limits. The principal daily report—that transmitted at eight o'clock in the morning—is required to state what was the height of the barometer at six o'clock the previous evening, the force of the wind, the temperature and the general character of the weather. It should also state the height of the barometer, direction and force of wind, sea disturbance, weather, and temperature by dry and wet bulb at the actual time of transmission, and it must say also what have been the maximum and minimum thermometer readings and the total rainfall during the preceding twenty-four hours.

Of course if all these particulars were to be transmitted in the ordinary way of messages, the Postmaster-General's £1500 a year would soon run up to a good way towards the £15,000 received from the Treasury for the entire maintenance of the office, and a code of signals has therefore been carefully devised. The messages are supposed to be despatched at 8 a.m. They are however intercepted by the Intelligence Department of the Post Office, which extracts from them such information as may be required for its own wind and weather reports. They therefore reach Victoria Street about nine o'clock in the morning. If we stand by as they come clicking and rattling in by the Wheatstone we shall find that they are not very suggestive of weather. They come from all the stormy heights and breezy headlands around our coasts, from the Shetland Islands to Jersey, from Spurn Head to Valencia, and they might be expected to tell plainly of roaring seas and howling tempests, or of calm sunsets and moonlit skies. What they really do present

to the inquisitive onlooker, however, may be something like this: "97622 09549 96228 06253 50046 64485." That may be the whole message, or a few words may be added, such as "Gale began at 7 p.m., ended at 5 a.m. Sky still overcast." The numbers however constitute the main report, and in the morning they always consist of six groups, each of five figures.

The first group relates to the barometer and the direction of the wind at six o'clock the previous evening, and will be understood

reading of the wet-bulb: rainfall for the preceding twenty-four hours, the maximum and minimum temperature for the same period, and the condition of the sea at the time of despatch. Latterly the observers have been required to pay special attention to the character and movements of the clouds, and the study has afforded some valuable results. It has been found possible, for instance, to predict with certainty a southerly storm within twenty-four hours when the form of clouds known as "mare's tails" are



From a photo by]

[Russell.

THE HYDROGRAPHIC ROOM OF THE ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

to mean that the mercury stands at (2)9·76, and that the wind, as indicated by the 22, is W.S.W. Similarly, the second group refers to the force of the wind, the weather, and the temperature of the air. The 09 will be interpreted to mean that at the same hour the previous evening a strong gale was blowing. The figure 5 means that it was raining, and 49 was the temperature by the dry-bulb thermometer. The next two groups of figures give similar information for the time at which the message was despatched, and the two following groups, read in accordance with the code, give the

observed to be driving across the sky from the north-west, and the reason of it is now very well understood.

The officer who receives the reports by the Wheatstone calls out the groups of figures, and they are entered upon charts and maps by clerks. Numbers are obviously more liable to error in transmission than sentences would be, and it is not always easy to get thoroughly competent and painstaking observers. The misreading of a single barometer will sometimes be sufficient seriously to mislead the experts at headquarters and to bring discredit on the office.

Recently, for instance, they were led to predict a storm over the south-west district. The storm however did not keep the appointment, and on the evening of the day on which it seemed to be due the observer at an important station sent to say that he had made a mistake of a tenth of an inch in the height of his mercury. Such little mishaps not infrequently bring scathing and contemptuous comments upon the discredited prophets. "If you can't give better information you'd better shut up shop," writes one. "Where's your violent cyclone that was to burst on British coasts two days ago?" demands another. "A dead calm, of course." That, by the way, was decidedly rough on our meteorologists, for it was the Yankees who promised that

cyclone, as they were in the habit of doing for a long time. "Bah!" exclaimed another irate correspondent. "Call yourselves weather prophets? Why, you ain't in it with my old turkey-cock. If ever he screeches I knows what's coming; that's more than I can say for the weather office."

Every possible care is taken to ensure accuracy. The best of instruments are provided, and they are all properly tested at the Kew Observatory before they are issued, and inspectors are employed to visit the various

stations from which reports are received to see that the appliances are properly fixed and efficiently used. Something like £400 or £500 a year is spent in this work. Nevertheless three experts at headquarters are pretty steadily employed in the detection and correction of what appear to be errors of observation or transmission and the necessary correspondence entailed.

For the framing of the weather forecasts, the charts and maps, when all the reports have been received and duly entered upon them, are taken from the instrument room to another apartment, known as the discussion room, where there are five gentlemen engaged in various branches of the work of systematising and co-ordinating the information that is constantly reaching the office in its several de-

partments. The forecasting devolves upon each of them in turns, a week at a time. Their principal reliance is, of course, on the barometer readings. As they are received these readings are entered on blank maps which, by the time the sixty stations have been filled in, afford something like a graphic representation of the winds that have been moving about our corner of the world. Winds, it is now known, always move in circles, and where they are blowing in cyclonic storms, in the centre of the circle



the barometer is always low. The stronger the wind the lower will be the barometer in the midst of the hurly burly; or, to put it the other way, the lower the barometer stands in the centre of a storm the more violent will be the winds.

But though these depressions show how the winds are actually blowing at the time, they do not afford the means of predicting what the weather is going to be. They show what the winds are now, but not what they are likely to be to-morrow. These storm-centres however are not stationary. While the winds are whirling about the centres the centres themselves are on the move, just as a boy's whip-top may move along the pavement while it is spinning round its axis, or as a small whirlpool may move along a stream. From one map it would be quite impossible to arrive at any idea what changes were in progress or from what quarter to-morrow's winds would be likely to be blowing at any given part of the kingdom. Reference to two or three preceding maps however may show very clearly which way these depressions are going. At eight o'clock yesterday morning a storm centre, we will suppose, was hanging over the North of Scotland; last evening at six o'clock barometer readings showed that it lay over Glasgow; this morning it appears that the Isle of Man is in the centre of the disturbance. It is clearly moving down in the direction of the Bristol Channel and Cornwall, and an expert may tell with tolerable certainty how it is likely to affect the weather there and may make his forecast accordingly. There may however be more than one of these strong eddies of wind whirling about the Atlantic or North-Western Europe, and their influence may tend to fill up this depression before it reaches the extreme south-west, and the storm will thus die out. Or it may sheer off in another direction and leave the south-west without the predicted disturbance. Our Meteorological Office has connection with a sufficient number of continental observatories to be kept pretty well informed about the movements of atmospheric disturbances to the east of the British Isles, and they can make allowance for them. But unfortunately our great generator of storms is the Atlantic Ocean, and from the whole vast expanse of it between our shores and America our weather office can get no storm-warnings at all. The best our meteorologists can do is to study very carefully the movements of the barometer at

their extreme western stations, and from these movements endeavour to detect the approach of disturbances from the west. It was thought at one time that the Atlantic cables might have been utilised for giving warning of storms that seemed to be sweeping across from America, and that we might thus be able to avoid being taken altogether unawares. Results of protracted experiments were however very disappointing. Storms that blustered out with great violence from the American coasts, and seemed to be making straight for our own, would often die down long before they reached us, or they would be deflected in another direction. On the other hand our western shores were often swept by tempests that had not come from America, and of which therefore we got no warning. They must often have been generated out at sea. It has been found, in fact, that warnings from the other side of the ocean have little or no practical value.

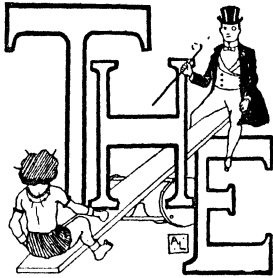
What is really wanted is a station out about 500 miles from our western shores, and it has seriously been proposed to moor a small vessel out at that distance in the Atlantic with telegraphic connection with Valencia, so that we might get tidings of approaching storms. After careful consideration however the idea has been pronounced wholly impracticable. To lay the cable would cost from £50,000 to £60,000, and to anchor a vessel in a thousand fathoms of water would be scarcely feasible. The managing director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, who was applied to to give an estimate for a cable, after giving the cost, added—

“You might moor a good-sized buoy to the end with a cage upon it to accommodate an observer. The cage should be of sheet-iron, and well padded with felt and blankets. You must have a tube for him to breathe through. He would have to guess at the state of the weather from the motion. Perhaps a gas arrangement might be fitted to enable him to read off his instruments, and the advantage would be that he would probably find himself landed on the Irish coast, on an average about once a fortnight, without any effort of his own. A sounding apparatus might be fitted by which he might fix his intermediate positions. It would be well,” added the waggish director, “to get the experience of some of the officers of the *Brisk*, which was moored off Scilly for six weeks in 70 fathoms of water. One of them on landing went to a lunatic asylum for some months.”

THE DISADVANTAGES OF CIVILISATION.

BY CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

Illustrated by WILL OWEN.



complacency with which the Press and the Public of this country, and not only of this country but of Europe generally, plume themselves on superior civilisation leads one to wonder what this civilisation

is, and what are its advantages.

Since those who possess it, or think they possess it, are so proud of it, since all the great Western nations are engaged at so vast an expenditure of time, treasure and lives in spreading it, surely it must be a flawless something that justifies pride, an immense advantage to those who propagate and to those who embrace it. And yet—and yet one hears that savages brought into contact with it are not improved thereby, that they lose more than they gain, and have reason to cry *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*.

On the surface, to be sure, it makes a fair show, yet to me it seems that while all its advantages, or nearly all, have their drawbacks, it has many drawbacks that offer no counterbalancing advantages.

We are indebted to it for cheap literature, with the admixture of good and bad therefrom resulting; for German bands and the Underground railway, both blessings not unmitigated. Thanks to the facilities it offers, we may learn by telegraph of the death of our best friend in India, or the loss of our entire fortune, as if the slowest of ill news did not already travel too fast. To it



we owe the religion of Getting-on-at-any-price, and its temple the Stock Exchange, which, if they add to the nation's wealth, frequently add to its dishonour. It enables simple people to invest the savings of a life-time—with the chance, however, of doing so in a society like the Liberator—and assists a public benefactor like Mr. Jabez Balfour in finding a retreat in Argentina.

Far be it from me to underrate these blessings, in so far as they are blessings; but having put so much to the credit side of the account we come to examine the debit, which to my mind looms larger.

The question obtrudes itself, is mankind better or happier because of civilisation, apart from ethics? Is it not the tendency of civilisation to increase luxury, to increase mere physical comforts rather than to elevate and spiritualise our nature? Its advantages are mostly in things material, its disadvantages in things moral, and we seem content that it should be so.

In which of the essentials is civilised man, unguided by principle, superior to his uncivilised brother? He is not less ferocious, less cruel. He is only more careful of his neck. Deeds are done every day in the name of civilisation that make one pause and wonder in what this much-vaunted civilisation consists, and what, except its affectations, distinguishes it from savagery. The old corrupt nature is there under all the veneer, untamed, barbarous, unregenerate. Civilisation has but added to its other vices the crowning one of hypocrisy, and hedged us round with forms and conventions that make life complicated, monotonous, and wearisome.

Civilisation, my brothers, is largely a fraud. To it we owe not only ennui, but the depressing forms of amusement we have invented to kill time. In civilisation we have "At homes," with songs and recitations; the suave and enlivening organ-grinder, who replies, "Me no speakee Inglis," when told to go away, and such gems of combined music and verse as "Sister Mary Jane's top note." To civilisation we owe the public-house—which is, I believe, considered an advantage by some people—

popular seaside resorts, problem plays and the professional philanthropist.

It has created for us an artificial environment and artificial wants. Things are good, bad or indifferent, not because they are so in themselves, but because in every place a certain set of people, whom nobody knows, have made a certain set of rules, which few know, that arbitrarily include this and exclude that.

Not to be conversant with the forms of the little *milieu* wherein one lives is unpardonable; but move just a few hundred miles from home and you find another set, just as arbitrary, and just as meaningless. In London you must not be seen in town in August under pain of forfeiting your self-respect. In Germany if you sit on a sofa without being asked, you proclaim yourself to be a bumptious person, ignorant of polite society.

Rules in themselves have their uses, so long as they are founded on common-sense. What I complain of is, that civilisation teaches us to set a higher value on the observance of a certain shibboleth than on personal worth. Our judgment of others is warped thereby, and things have come to

such a pass that St. Peter himself, if he appeared amongst us, would be treated with contempt if he drank his tea, as the simple fisherman probably would, from a saucer. Myself a product of civilisation, I humbly admit in many instances sharing the feeling, while I condemn and acknowledge its unworthiness.

We have in the progress of our civilisation lost our originality, become mere imitators

one of the other, and laid shackles on our limbs which we are now unable to loosen, or loosen only with an effort that drains our vital force, leaving us spent and exhausted.

A notable disadvantage of civilisation, besides the artificial needs it engenders and the artificial standards of right and wrong that it sets up, is the deceit that always follows in its train.

I do not claim that uncivilised man is, or ever was, truthful. Truth is a heroic virtue. David tells us "all men are liars," and the word is pretty comprehensive; but at anyrate we have to thank civilisation for the conventional lie.

The only plea that can possibly be urged for a lie is that it deceives. What are we to think of the lie that deceives no one, neither the utterer nor the hearer? In a ruder age the children of Gibeon came before Joshua and told him a tissue of falsehoods, but they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of hoodwinking him. Now when we write a line regretting that we are unable to accept someone's kind invitation, few of us have the courage to add "because of a subsequent engagement." Oh no, it is a "previous engagement," or "pressing business," or "indisposition."

The writer does not believe what he says, and neither do the host and hostess; but all of them apparently are satisfied, and the requirements of civilisation are fulfilled.

Again, in a primitive state, life was simplified after a delightful fashion. One's enemies were perfectly easy to recognise from one's friends. Happy age, when the people of one's own tribe, of one's own village, of one's own family, were all friends!

If any prowling stranger were discovered at suspicious hours looking over the fence, it was not only easy and natural, but laudable, to slay him on the spot with a battle-axe, chopper, flint arrowhead, or any other handy implement. There could be no doubt about it, he was an enemy, and if you did not kill him, he would most likely kill you.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. Our foes are of our own household, and one of the disadvantages of civilisation is, that you may for years cherish your enemy as your best friend, and never find out the truth until it is too late, until, like a thunderbolt, it is hurled at you. In civilisation we have the Judas kiss, the smile that conceals a heart full of bitterness, the welcome of feigned cordiality, we have hints, insinuations, we "damn with faint praise, and hesitate dislike."

Amongst those whom we, in our fancied superiority, style barbarians, men attain to distinction and chieftaincy through



physical strength, remarkable dexterity, or a persuasive tongue.

For such primitive qualities we have substituted wealth and influence as means to advancement. If a man of commanding genius, lacking these advantages, makes his way to the front, his case is so exceptional that it is quoted as a marvel. Moreover, the effort necessary to "arrive" takes from him most of his freshness and energy, and occupies years of his life that might have been better employed than in endeavouring to surmount purely artificial barriers and get a fair field for his natural gifts.

If civilisation were worth the fuss that is made about it, it would afford equal opportunity to equal talent; but this it notably fails to do. Some attain, with the most mediocre abilities, to posts from which fitter men are for ever debarred by the accident of poverty or obscurity.

It seems to me that the untutored savage who picks out the man who best can hurl a spear or advise his nation, has nothing to learn from our methods. It is a finer thing to be strong than to be rich, to be wise than to be well connected, and only civilised nations fail to recognise it.

Civilisation, by increasing our wants, increases our respect for that by which alone they can be supplied, and so we have to thank it for our worship of anything so extrinsic as money. Not content to sacrifice time, health, and reputation in its pursuit, we have made the want of it a crime for which life-long punishment is inflicted.

To those born unto poverty, civilisation practically says, "Because you are wretchedly poor, and come of poor people, you shall all your life be dirty and ignorant, and employed on labour that no one would undertake unless spurred to it by lack of food. There are great and grand and noble possibilities in the world and in man, but unless knowledge of high truths comes to you through religion, it never will through our present-day civilisation."

On the other hand we have so nicely regulated matters that a millionaire may do with impunity what in a beggar would be intolerable. Whisper that a man—any sort of man—is a Croesus, and every eye is turned on him, every door flies open before him. That he be vulgar, ill-mannered and ill-conditioned, matters nothing, if he only be rich enough. Lack of education and breeding is overlooked or smiled at as "originality." For this, of course, he must really be very rich. Some people one cannot bring oneself

to know if they possess less than a million of money; others are so intolerable that it takes at least two millions to launch them; but civilised society has its price.

If one benefited in any way by these rich people the position would be easy to understand, but for the most part the people who set such store by riches derive little advantage from the riches of others. They are not needy hangers-on, or at least not always. They are entertained to be sure, but then they do not lack entertainments elsewhere, and their dinner at home is as abundant and often as choice as that which their millionaire friend offers. Riches in themselves apparently are attractive to the civilised, and they like the rich even when these are of no use to them.

To civilisation we are indebted for the snob. In a simple society, where strength and valour alone make a man powerful and respected, the snob has no scope for development. There, to know grand people is no advantage, unless these people are at the same time willing and able to protect the sycophant, which they seldom are. In civilisation our snobs take infinite trouble to cultivate the acquaintance of people who are of no earthly use to them, and who frequently despise them while accepting their hospitality.

They are willing to flatter, cajole, entertain, to bear with snubs and slights, to push and to crawl—for what? That they may be able to talk of their grand acquaintances to a number of persons who do not care a button one way or another as to whom they know or don't know, and who at most express unflattering surprise as to how on earth the So-and-sos came to be acquainted with the Somebody-elses.

The savage sycophant is at least a practical man, with definite ends in view, and his abasement is rewarded by tangible results.

Are our poor-laws a credit to our civilisation? In our workhouses the honest, respectable man or woman who has fought for years to keep the wolf from the door, and has in the end been worsted by ill-health or accident, is meted out the very same measure of comfort and liberty as is accorded to the off-scourings of our streets, brought low by vice. Husband and wife are separated from each other and from their children. These same children, brought up in a decent if humble home, are driven to consort with others young in years but old in wickedness. Our attitude towards mere money and our treatment of the poor are contemptible.

We have little reason to be proud of a civilisation that considers the word "pauper" a term of reproach.

Our system of dress is another disadvantage of civilisation that men and women alike feel. Someone—no one knows who—declares that a certain style is "the fashion." Immediately public opinion compels one to adopt it, and so weakened is our mental fibre that we none of us have the moral courage to resist. Only "cranks," who love opposition for its own sake, swim against the stream. Most of us would sooner be uncomfortable than singular. I do not profess to be any better than my neighbours. Though there are seasons when common-sense tells me the appropriate costume would be a single linen garment girded round the waist, and certain others when I long to array myself in sheep-skins, nothing would induce me to carry my convictions into effect. I fear the small boy too much, and the opinion of the small boy is the opinion of civilisation in his particular country.

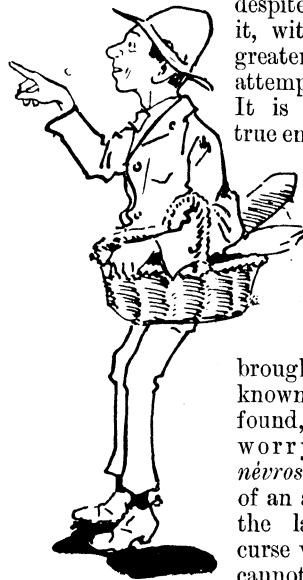
Let no clever person pounce upon me with the remark that uncivilised peoples too have their fashions, their etiquette, and adhere to them slavishly. To be sure they have, but why, I pray you, crow over them and call them savages if we have not improved on their ideas? I grant that we have a different set of conventions, but most of them are every whit as absurd.

An offensive product of civilisation is the superior person. We all nowadays know and suffer from the superior person, and so, as brothers and sisters in misfortune, need dwell no more on his or her unpleasant characteristics.



And this leads me to still another disadvantage of civilisation. It has made us self-conscious. Self-consciousness is the bane of our age. We are profoundly aware of ourselves and of our own existence. We are introspective, analytical. We are apparently so proud of having any feelings at all that we tend and cherish them over much. This artificiality shows in our literature, and above all in our poetry. A young person who writes is elated at having an emotion, not because that emotion is creditable in itself—it is frequently the very reverse—but because an emotion gives the opportunity of writing and publishing something which deeper-feeling, more decent and more reticent people would prefer keeping to themselves. Stoic endurance, dignified silence, we leave to the Red Indian.

This eagerness to be moved, and to tell the world we are moved, shows the rarity of real, spontaneous feeling—feeling that comes unasked, unsought, and forces its way out,



despite efforts to repress it, with a vigour the greater for that very attempt at repression. It is so easy to tell true emotion from false, heroics from heroism, if oneself be genuine. Truth in the soul is the touchstone of truth in literature.

Civilisation has brought us evils unknown out of it, profound, far-reaching; worry, brain-fag, *névrosité*, all products of an artificial life, and the last especially a curse whose magnitude cannot be exaggerated.

Why do we not cast aside some of the trammels wherewith we have bound ourselves? Why do we not have an organised effort to make life simpler, purer, with fewer wants and homelier joys. Contrast for a moment existence in Samoa, with existence in the East-End, ay, or even in the West-End of London. There are forests, mountains, bright lagoons, blue sky, and flower-decked people in their soft flowing robes. Amongst them there is no need for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Compare the life of this simple people with

that of our poor, starving in sight of extravagant and tasteless luxury. Picture an East-End street on a wet Saturday night, its slippery, shiny pavements, its hoarse,



shouting costers, the flare of naphtha lamps, the weary, eager-eyed, hollow-cheeked, dirty purchasers. We pretend that civilisation has given us baths, if so, it has not taught nine-tenths of our citizens to use

them. If London stands for civilisation, give me Samoa.

Should all that I have hitherto said have failed to carry conviction with it, I have another terrible indictment to make against civilisation. It is to it we owe the bore, one of the greatest afflictions that mortals are called on to endure.

The bore, male or female—and to the credit of my sex, be it said, the latter is less numerous than the former—whether of the egotistical, the pompous, or the ubiquitous type, whether silent and heavy, or talkative and frothy, whether interested in politics, religion or social questions, given merely to the irritating habit of announcing facts known to everyone, or to conveying an endless stream of dull narrative, is essentially a disadvantage of civilisation. The bore could not exist in a savage society. No rude, untutored tribe, with the elemental passions of our race strong within them, would endure the bore for a moment. They would rise as one man and exterminate him, for they have

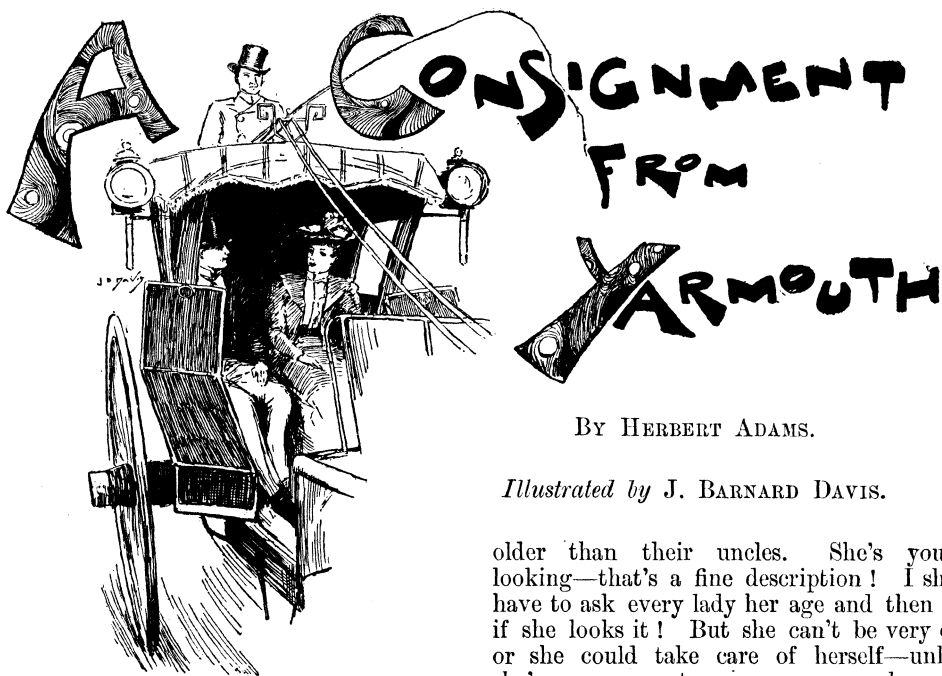
not been ground between the upper and the nether millstone of convention.

Uncivilised man has even devised a way for arresting, at least in one direction, the development of bores, who are an artificial product, evolved only in a suitable atmosphere. Working by the light of reason alone, a simple tribe of negroes, with few wants and fewer ambitions, has hit upon a plan our English Parliament might adopt with advantage to members, press reporters, and the progress of business. They decree that when a native council is being held, he who has anything worth saying may utter it during the space of time he can stand on one leg. When, through fatigue, the toe of the other foot touches the ground, the flood of oratory is abruptly arrested.



In this country we are compelled by civilisation to let people wander on as long as they feel inclined, and are permitted to relieve our pent-up feelings only by ironical cries of "hear, hear" and other ineffective protests. I have suffered too much myself from verbose speech-makers, writers, and lecturers to wish to inflict similar hardships on others. I feel as if I had already been standing too long on one foot, and can only hope my readers do not share the impression. At any rate their patience will be taxed no further, and having thanked them for their kind attention so far, I shall endeavour, by at once concluding this article, not to rank myself as a disadvantage of civilisation.





BY HERBERT ADAMS.

Illustrated by J. BARNARD DAVIS.

CLIFFORD," said Mr. Johnston just opening the office door far enough to insert his top-hatted head, "I've got to go now to Simpson & Price's and shall go straight

home after seeing them, so I want you to shut up sharp at five o'clock and run round to Liverpool Street to meet the 5.20 train from Yarmouth; my niece Miss Katie Johnston is coming up by it, and I should like you to take her across to Paddington and book her second class to Bath. You don't mind just seeing her and her luggage safe in the train do you? She is rather young looking, and she expects someone to meet her, so wait till the crowd clears off the platform and you can't miss her. There's plenty of money in petty cash. Good-night."

"Sir," cried Clifford, as the lengthy instructions finished, the head disappeared, and the door closed, "Sir, what is the lady like?" But Mr. Johnston was gone. The unfortunate clerk rushed to the door but his principal was out of sight.

"Well this is a lively look-out," he told himself as he resumed his seat at his desk; "I've got to cart some giddy schoolgirl across London and see her safely despatched to Bath! Great Scott! Perhaps it isn't a schoolgirl! His niece might be anything between five and fifty—nieces are sometimes

older than their uncles. She's young looking—that's a fine description! I shall have to ask every lady her age and then see if she looks it! But she can't be very old or she could take care of herself—unless she's some country woman never been in London before. I suppose I must go; but it's beastly mean of the boss to spring a thing like this on a fellow."

As he tried to finish the agreement he was drawing up that afternoon Ernest Clifford found it very hard to concentrate his attention on the whereases and the ever-recurring executors, administrators and assigns that seemed perplexing and superfluous even to his well-trained legal mind. He had been articled to Mr. Johnston, a solicitor with a very snug practice, and having passed his final, was staying for a few years before purchasing a junior partnership in the business. The office was small, and so was the office boy. If the latter had grown much he would have had to look out for a new situation. In the inner apartment Mr. Johnston interviewed his clients, and in the outer office, after allowing room for entry and exit, Clifford and the small boy found the remaining space rather over-populated.

It was a warm day early in August, and perhaps that accounted for the difficulty in really settling down to work. Had it been a more extensive staff the absence of the "boss" might have been sufficient cause for that same result.

"Now, James, it's just on five," said Clifford at last to his diminutive assistant; "you had better put the books away."

James, nothing loath, obeyed the welcome command and, combing his golden locks with



"I am to take you to Paddington."

his inky fingers, was soon ready to scamper homeward.

Running round the "fields" of the famous Inn of Lincoln, Clifford soon hailed a cab and in a few minutes was in the busy terminus of the Great Eastern railway. The 5.20 from Yarmouth had not arrived, and on his asking at which of the eighteen or twenty platforms it was due, it didn't cheer him much to be told by a philosophic porter, "Can't say, sir; shall know when it comes." To the lasting glory of the G.E.R. he it said that it did come eventually, and only twenty-five minutes late.

The train was fairly full of holiday-makers coming home from early trips, and the usual scramble for luggage and search for returning relatives ensued. Clifford anxiously regarded the animated crowd. He found that all the representatives of the gentler sex looked as though they might be young for their age! Fortunately they were mostly accompanied by parents, or brothers or sons. Presently as the crowd began to thin, parties triumphant at having at last secured all their belongings driving off in heavily-laden cabs, he noticed a little girl of about twelve looking round in an expectant and half-terful way as though searching for a promised guide. He promptly stepped up to her and said in his most courtly tones—

"Pardon me, but are you Miss Johnston?"

The little maiden seemed frightened at being thus addressed by a strange man, and looking round in terror saw the lady who was to meet her, and without answering the question rushed off to her. Clifford afterwards saw her pointing at him, and feeling that he was being regarded as a providentially foiled kidnapper, determined to wait till the platform was quite clear before trying again.

At length he perceived a young lady walking anxiously up and down the platform evidently looking for some one. She was decidedly pretty and looked about two or three and twenty. "It can't be her," he thought; "I haven't enough luck for that." But as there seemed to be no other isolated ladies about he felt fortified by a gleam of deduction that would have delighted the heart of a Sherlock Holmes and determined to ask her. He had seen her get out of the train with her small handbag, so he knew she was an arrival and not a belated searcher for other passengers like himself. He stepped up to her and said rather timidly—

"Excuse me, but are you Miss Johnston?"

"Yes, that is my name," said the girl, looking at him in some surprise out of a pair of roguish brown eyes.

"Oh, thank you!" he explained hastily and very gratefully. "Mr. Johnston asked me to meet you. He meant to come himself, but was unable to. I am to take you to Paddington?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Miss Johnston, smiling as she looked at him. "Have you been waiting long?"

"No, only a few minutes; but the train was a little late. Had we better go by the Underground railway to Paddington or take a cab?"

"I'm awfully fond of cabs if there is time, Mr. —?"

"Clifford" supplied the owner of that name, promptly adding, "There will be plenty of time if you prefer a cab; it certainly is much better than the smoky Underground."

Had Miss Katie Johnston proved to be the giddy schoolgirl or the unattractive spinster he had expected, it is not improbable that the speedier albeit smokier route would have seemed inevitable. As it was the hansom cab notion appeared excellent.

"How about your luggage, Miss Johnston?"

"Oh, it has all been sent on! They wouldn't trust me with that, you know," and again the dainty little dimple crept into her cheek and the eyes laughed merrily.

Clifford found his opinion of his employer ascending rapidly. To have noble ancestors is something to be proud of, but to possess such a niece—his vocabulary could not adequately finish the thought.

As they drove through the busy streets they found plenty to talk about. Clifford was conversing so brilliantly that he quite surprised himself, and Miss Johnston's eyes danced so roguishly and her dimples chased one another so gaily round her pretty lips that she must have been enjoying herself. They found they had many tastes in common. They both loved lawn tennis, and Miss Johnston told him how she had just won a ladies' tournament at Yarmouth. They discovered that in previous holidays they had often visited the same towns, though never at the same times, and they discussed their remembrances and experiences till, when the cab drew up in Paddington station, Clifford at any rate wished they could go the whole journey together.

"I had better see exactly when your train goes before I get the ticket," he said, and turning to one of the officials he inquired,

"Can you tell me when the next train to Bath starts?"

"Seven twenty-five, sir."

"Thank you."

"Why did you ask about the Bath train, Mr. Clifford?" asked Miss Johnston as though she wanted a joke explained.

"Why?—because you are going there."

"To Bath? No. I am going to Ilfracombe."

"Ilfracombe? I would have vowed your uncle said you were going to Bath."

"My uncle? I haven't one in the world!"

"Why—what——" began Clifford in bewilderment. "You are Miss Katie Johnston, aren't you?"

"Certainly not. My name is Edith Johnstone."

They looked at one another in silent dismay for some time, then—both struck with the humour of the situation—burst out laughing.

"Well I don't know what you will think of me," said Clifford at last; "but my principal, Mr. Edward Johnston, certainly told me to escort his niece, Miss Katie Johnston, from Liverpool Street to Paddington, and I was congratulating myself on—on——"

"Yes," interrupted Miss Johnstone—as it must now be written—blushing slightly as his looks expressed what he didn't say, "and my father said he would meet me as I passed through London, if he could; but I wasn't to wait above ten minutes as he might not be able to be there. He is coming down to Ilfracombe on Thursday next, you know, where my mother is already, and I've been visiting a friend at Yarmouth. I thought father had sent you instead."

"I suppose I ought not to speak to you any more, Miss Johnstone," said Clifford, with a sorrowful accent on the last syllable of the name that made them both laugh.

"I suppose not. But what about the lady you ought to have met?"

"I really don't think she can have been in the train at all. But I had better find out when your Ilfracombe train starts."

On inquiry he gleaned that the evening express left in ten minutes' time and was due to arrive at its destination about midnight.

"Then that must be the train I was meant to catch," declared Miss Johnstone. "My mother is to meet me at the other end."

"Happy mother!" said Clifford, and Miss Johnstone smiled again.

Having got her ticket—for which he was sorry that petty cash was hardly liable,

though he strenuously refused the proffered cab fare—Clifford secured her a comfortable corner seat, a bundle of illustrated papers, and some provisions for the journey from the refreshment-room. Miss Johnstone didn't like accepting these gifts from her guide, but he insisted in such a jolly way on making amends, as he called it, for his intrusion that she had to submit.

When the train moved slowly out Clifford raised his hat and said, "I sincerely hope, Miss Johnstone, that someday I shall meet you again and perhaps be introduced in a more orthodox fashion."

"I hope so too, Mr. Clifford. Good-bye."

When he was left alone Clifford began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. He returned to Liverpool Street as speedily as possible and made inquiries from the officials and porters, but no one had heard or seen anything of a young-looking lady who was apparently in search of a temporary caretaker and guardian; in fact some of them seemed to think the agitated Mr. Clifford was more in need of a custodian than fit to act as one.

"Anyway," he told himself at last, "finding there was no one here, she must have gone on alone; or, if she hadn't enough money, she will have gone to Mr. Johnston's house. But I don't think she can have come."

When he returned to his home his mind was divided between misgivings at missing the niece and satisfaction at escorting the daughter. During that afternoon he had made one great and momentous discovery. He had previously imagined that blue was the most bewitching colour for the eyes, he now knew that brown was.

Next morning he was very punctual at the office and waited rather apprehensively for Mr. Johnston's appearance. When that gentleman came he at once started—

"So you didn't meet my niece yesterday?"

"No, sir, I——" began Clifford apologetically.

"Well, I'm very sorry you had the trouble; but there was a telegram waiting for me when I got home saying she had caught a bad cold and wasn't going to travel for some days. Of course they should have sent it here. It was too late to let you know. Did you wait long?"

"Oh, no, sir; I waited till the crowd cleared away, and then spoke to two young ladies, but they were neither of them the right one——"

"So you went home? Well that's all right. Thanks very much," and Mr. Johnston

went into his private office while Clifford did as wild a dance of joy outside as the limited space permitted.

Later in the day Mr. Johnston called him in and said, "Let me see, Mr. Clifford, you are going for your holiday to-morrow—to Whitby, isn't it?"

"No, sir; I don't think I shall go to Whitby this year."

"Oh—changed your mind. Where is it to be then?"

"I am—er going to—er Ilfracombe, sir," said Clifford, stammering quite unnecessarily.

"Really? It's a nice place, but rather warm, isn't it? I hope you'll have a good time."

Ernest Clifford lived alone with his father, having lost his mother almost before he knew her. The father always went to Switzerland in the autumn, so the son usually went alone on his summer holiday. He promptly secured a room in one of the many boarding-houses at Ilfracombe and was soon in possession of it. He roamed round the town searching for a coincidence. Every street he patrolled he hoped to see some runaway horse come tearing towards him bearing a fair and frightened burden who would faint in his arms as he stopped the flying steed, and then with returning consciousness would gaze into his eyes with the roguish brown orbs he remembered so well. Alas! for the penalty of living in real life and not in romance.

Ilfracombe is not like one of those villages or townlets where you see everyone in the place within half an hour of your arrival. Clifford eagerly scanned the various visitors' lists and found there were three Johnstons, one Johnston, and two entries that read Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone and family, London.

He patiently paraded in all the most popular promenades, he visited all the tennis clubs to which he could gain admission, and attended all the concerts in the evenings, but neither plan nor chance seemed to favour him, and he feared the lady he sought must already have left the town. Just as he was losing hope, on the evening of the third day after his arrival he happened to be strolling along by the sea front, when whom should he meet, walking arm-in-arm with a friend—a gentleman friend—but Miss Edith herself.

Poor Clifford felt quite embarrassed at this sudden success of his diligent search. He flushed as he looked at her, and Miss Johnstone in turn blushed very prettily as she smilingly bowed to him.

The gentleman friend startled him. It was a development that had never occurred, even in his sanest moments, to disturb his happy hopes and thoughts.

"Fool that I am!" he told himself with an earnestness that he might have resented in a most well-meaning friend. "Who but a fool would imagine that such a girl would not have any number of admirers—even if she were not already engaged—which seems to be the case? I'd better go back to London to-morrow and not play the giddy ox any longer."

Whatever may be the peculiarities of the eccentric quadruped to which he referred, it is certain that Clifford did *not* return to London on the morrow. On the contrary he spent the whole of the next evening loitering around the spot where he had met her the night before, in the hope that she would again pass that way. He endeavoured to repress his restlessness, and tried to feel cynical at the expense of his own folly. But after waiting about twenty minutes his heart gave a great thrill of joy—his patience was rewarded. It was Miss Johnstone—and alone!

"Good evening, Mr. Clifford."

"Good evening, Miss Johnstone."

"With an accent on the 'stone,' Mr. Clifford?" asked Miss Johnstone, smiling gaily, and adding, "I had no idea you were coming down here."

"Nor had I," confessed Clifford, "until—I found I was. I might have been going to Bath, you see," he added in rather lame explanation.

"I told my father yesterday I had seen my temporary guardian down here, and he said he would like to meet the gentleman who so admirably represented him. Did you find out what became of the lady you ought to have met?"

"Yes; she was detained in Yarmouth by a merciful Providence and a very bad cold, and hasn't come up to London yet."

"But that was rather hard lines on you."

"Do you think so? I did at first, but my opinion has undergone a healthy change. If I had not gone to the station I should not have met —"

"No, you wouldn't," interrupted Miss Johnstone. "But why didn't you speak to me yesterday when I was with Jack?"

Clifford thought the latter part of the question answered the former, but he said, with some amount of truth, "Well, I was so surprised at seeing you, Miss Johnstone, that you were passed before I could do so."

"Was the shock so very terrible?"

"Yes, it was like overfeeding a starving man—*embarras de riches*."

"Thank you," laughed Miss Johnstone. "Then when will you call on us—if you can stand another dose? We are at the 'The Lymes,' and my people will all be in to-morrow afternoon, if you can come then."

The next day the timid young man duly appeared at "The Lymes," and was introduced to Edith's father and mother. As they talked together in the shade of the verandah he found that Mr. Johnstone knew his father quite well, and had met him in Switzerland as well as in London.

"Why, bless me!" cried Mr. Johnstone, "we arranged to climb the Matterhorn together. It's true we neither of us did it, but we always regarded one another as comrades from that time."

Everything was going on most satisfactorily, when Clifford was disgusted to see the young man who had been referred to as Jack enter.

Miss Johnstone sprang to meet him with a welcoming smile.

"Let me introduce my brother Jack, Mr. Clifford."

Her brother—oh, joy! He could have kissed that brother, and he could have

kissed the sister too, for the matter of that, but he did neither.

After that he became a regular member of their party. The days seemed to fly by, and the end of his fortnight came appallingly near. He wrote a very appealing letter to Mr. Johnstone, and got a three days' extension. But even three extra days can't be made to contain more than twenty-four

hours each, and at last he was walking slowly home from a picnic with Miss Johnstone, saying good-bye, for on the morrow he was to return to London.

"We shall be back in town sometime in September, I expect. You will be sure and call on us then, won't you?"

Clifford assured her that he would, and they walked on together silently for some minutes. Presently Miss Johnstone said, as much to herself as to him, "It was a singular coincidence that Johnston and Johnstone."

Then Clifford determined to make a plunge. He said softly—

"I don't want to make such a mistake again. Do you mind if I never call you Miss Johnstone any more?"

"What do you wish to call me?"

asked Edith with a rosy blush.

"I want to call you wife. May I?"

What the answer was was never clearly heard, but a certain advertisement, commencing Clifford—Johnstone, in the *Times* of six months later, seems to suggest that neither Edith nor her father can have raised any very serious objections.



"I want to call you wife. May I?"



V&L

From a photo by]

EXTERIOR OF NEWNHAM.

[Stearn, Cambridge.

NEWNHAM—AND AFTER.

BY CHRISTABEL OSBORN.



THE women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have recently been brought prominently before the notice of the public through the discussion on the granting of degrees, and the vexed question of the value to women of a university education, its nature and its results, has been considered again and again. The powerful fascination which college life exercises over many girls is undeniable. They look forward to it with the greatest eagerness; they look back to it with the keenest pleasure. As an old Newnham student, if I had to make out a case for the existence of the college I could hardly find a stronger argument than the dreamlike happiness of the two, three or four years that are spent there. I have known students belonging to every year from the first foundation of the college to the latest "fresher," and have never met one who did not speak of college life with enthusiasm. Even if that were all, and if college life had no great and permanent results, the assurance of three years of happiness would be well worth having. But in what does this wonderful happiness consist? What is this magic glamour that surrounds life at Newnham, separating it from ordinary life in the work-a-day world?

The main object of the college is study, and study must certainly be named first among its charms. To a girl with the student nature, who has hitherto been confined within the somewhat narrow limits of a school curriculum, touching many subjects and seeing the full scope of none, the work for any honours course comes as a revelation. She is possessed with a desire for knowledge—for knowledge for its own sake, without a thought of any utilitarian considerations—and that absorbing desire she can now satisfy, with no check but the inevitable limitations of human brain and human strength. Lectures bring her into direct contact, mind to mind, with the best men who have written and thought on the chosen subjects, and open to her new fields of knowledge, or fill with light and order the chaotic mass of disjointed facts gathered from much unguided reading. This desire for knowledge is much assisted by the nature of a tripos, for there is certainly no examination more thoroughly inimical to cram, and no course of study in which so little reference is made to a candidate's needs and requirements. There are but few of the student class who can afterwards lead the student life. They enter professions, or are engaged at home in various occupations, and in many cases it is perhaps

as well, for the student life has its own peculiar drawbacks, like every other life that is concentrated on one single all-absorbing interest; but at least, during one brief period, a faint but still a real and living idea of the infinity and glory of knowledge is gained, and remains a priceless acquisition through the whole of life. There is no better way than a college course for obtaining a clear perception of one's own ignorance, and many a girl, fresh from the headship of a school or from honours in a local examination, admits: "When I left school I thought I knew something, but now —" Then follows an expressive blank.

The mental training of an honours course is invaluable, quite apart from the actual knowledge gained, no matter what profession or occupation is taken up subsequently. During those three years of quiet study the mind is lifted to a higher intellectual plane; thoroughness, accuracy, above all, the way to think, to read, to work are learnt.

It seems hard to exclude from all the advantages of Cambridge life and training the many girls whose intellectual powers are not equal to the highly specialised study required for a tripos, and who would be merely entering on a disheartening effort to

do work for which they were unfitted; and Newnham, in a generous spirit, has endeavoured to some extent to meet the difficulty by opening her doors to students who can only reside for one or two years. The advisability of admitting women to the Pass examinations is a question on which opinion, even among university women, is much divided, and perhaps there is some reason

to doubt whether life is quite long enough to spend three years in acquiring the knowledge at present requisite to take the Ordinary.

But beside the intellectual training there is the college life, with all it implies; the influence of lecturers and students, the games, the societies, the friendships, with the long talks far into the night, and the proud privilege of belonging, even in an unrecognised manner, to the grand old university, with its great traditions and its inspiring record of noble



From a photo by

MRS. SIDGWICK.

[Elliott & Fry.]

names. Some of these advantages could, no doubt, be obtained elsewhere; and, in the same way, the widening influence which a college course has on the majority of girls must depend to a very large extent on the homes and surroundings from which they come. But few are so fortunately situated as to possess already many of the charms of Cambridge life. There are the games, where

girls can cultivate *esprit de corps*, courage, good temper, and all those qualities of eye, and hand, and mind, so much required in every good game, whether lawn tennis, hockey, or fives. There are the societies, which give a real training in speaking and in the proper way to conduct business. The keen debates in the Newnham Parliament at any rate teach the study of the newspapers, and lead even the most prejudiced party politician to read and endeavour to give a reason for the faith that is in her. Crude and elementary as are often the opinions expressed by the honourable members, yet they learn from each other, and at least they take a real interest in the stirring questions of the hour; they do not sit with their eyes on their books and let them pass by. Later on they may often look back with a smile to their narrow enthusiasms and limited views, but it is the stage through which every eager mind must pass to better things.

But perhaps the greatest and most lasting joy of college life lies in the friendships formed there. College life has disproved the charge—if indeed it was ever true—that women are incapable of friendship. In the monotony and loneliness of many a woman's after work—and how lonely and how monotonous that can be few but the workers themselves are aware—amid uncongenial surroundings and narrowing influences, these college friendships remain the greatest source of happiness, while a wealth of common memories and associations makes a happy freemasonry between every Newnham student.

Even women, sometimes, hardly realise how much they owe to the pioneers of higher education at Cambridge. How much is due to a woman like the late Miss Clough, at once the untiring, patient, courageous leader in a great cause, and the most gentle, lovable and womanly character, so that to have known her and worked under her must always be felt as a high privilege and honour, while future students will look back with loving pride to the first principal of Newnham College.

It is to Miss Clough and her fellow-workers that, to a great extent, we owe the fact that knowledge is not now considered absolutely detrimental to a woman, and that the feeling which led to the special production of young ladies' manuals in different subjects, suited to the weakness of the feminine intellect, has become a thing of the past, while a capacity to walk a couple of miles without fatigue is not thought an undeniable proof of want of refinement.

The movement that resulted in the foundation of Newnham College is now more than a quarter of a century old. Lectures to women were started in Cambridge mainly through the efforts of Professor Sidgwick, and girls began to come up from different parts of the country to take advantage of them; and in October 1871 Miss Clough opened a house in Regent Street, looking over Parker's Piece, with five students. The facilities for work enjoyed by those pioneers of the college were few indeed compared to what they are now. Hardly any lectures were open to them; there was no laboratory for the science students; and most of the work had to be done by the help of private coaching. There were no gardens, no games, no societies; an occasional hour in the town gymnasium was all the athletic amusement possible. But by the end of the first year the house in Regent Street had become too small for the growing number of students and a move was made to a quaint, old-fashioned place, not far from St. John's College, known as Merton Hall. Creepers twined round all the windows, whence wandering spiders came to disturb the studios, and in the short May nights the nightingales charmed away sleep with their melody. In the delightful old garden tea parties were held and mild games of cricket were played; societies and dances began to be organised, and the debating society, which still prospers, came into existence. The students, too, could proudly declare that they inhabited the old school of Pythagoras, where the monks of Ely came to lecture before the foundation of the University of Cambridge. But again they became too numerous for the building, and a colony was established elsewhere, known as Sandford, and finally, for a year, the whole body took up their quarters at a house in Bateman Street, until such time as that part of Newnham, now known as the Old Hall, was ready for their habitation. In that year the first two students successfully underwent the ordeal of a tripos examination, both taking up moral science, while in the following year both the mathematical and classical tripos were mastered by a single student. Soon the Old Hall was full to overflowing, and temporary arrangements had to be made until a second hall, Sidgwick Hall, could be built and opened. The year 1881 was an important one for women's education. On February 24 the senate passed the memorable *graces* formally opening the Honour and Previous examinations to women and granting them a duly signed



From a photo by]

[H. & R. Stiles.

MISS JANE HARRISON.

and sealed certificate. Old students still recall with enthusiasm on Commemoration Day that exciting time, when the friends of the women's college came up from all parts of the country to vote and carried the graces by the triumphant majority of 398 to 32. Since that time Newnham has continued to increase steadily. Clough Hall was built; the road which ran through the centre of the college grounds, separating Old Hall from the other two halls, was taken away and the whole of the gardens united, and finally the Pfeiffer building was added, where Mrs. Sidgwick, the present principal, now resides with her husband, Professor Sidgwick, one of the oldest friends and greatest benefactors of the college. Newnham can well pride itself on its gardens, which rival in beauty those of the older colleges, though their appearance has not been improved by the establishment, in a prominent position, of the new observatory. It is rather an obtrusive object, and lovers of the beautiful can only hope that, like the laboratory, it will soon be half concealed by trees. That dear resort of the science students, with its fine atmosphere of mixed chemicals, has been recently enlarged to almost double its former size, and has become one of the best laboratories in Cambridge, after the university one.

Among her early students Newnham is

proud to reckon Miss Jane Harrison, who recently received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. To a question as to the value of a university training for women Miss Harrison replied, "Though my work in archaeology is outside the work I did at Cambridge, yet the education I received there was a necessary preliminary. The training was invaluable, chiefly because it brought me into contact with first-rate men and to an understanding of their attitude and opinions. I think it indispensable for all women taking up a liberal profession."

Miss Harrison is of opinion that a Cambridge course is more valuable than working for a London degree, "because," she remarked, "the system by which knowledge is acquired by personal contact is far more valuable than the actual knowledge. Then, too, so little notice is taken of the examination at Cambridge that a first-rate literary training can be gained. In the stress of home life and the discomfort of lodgings it is not possible for girls to do the work without excessive strain. With regard to the value of college life, apart from its intellectual side," she continued, "I cannot imagine any ordinary girl not benefiting by it, though there may be exceptional cases.



From a photo by]

MISS STAWELL.

[Bullingham.

My closest friends were made at Newnham. Women, too, are often rather defective in good-fellowship and sociality, but they gain these qualities at college; they learn to enjoy the society of other women without being hindered from enjoying the society of men."

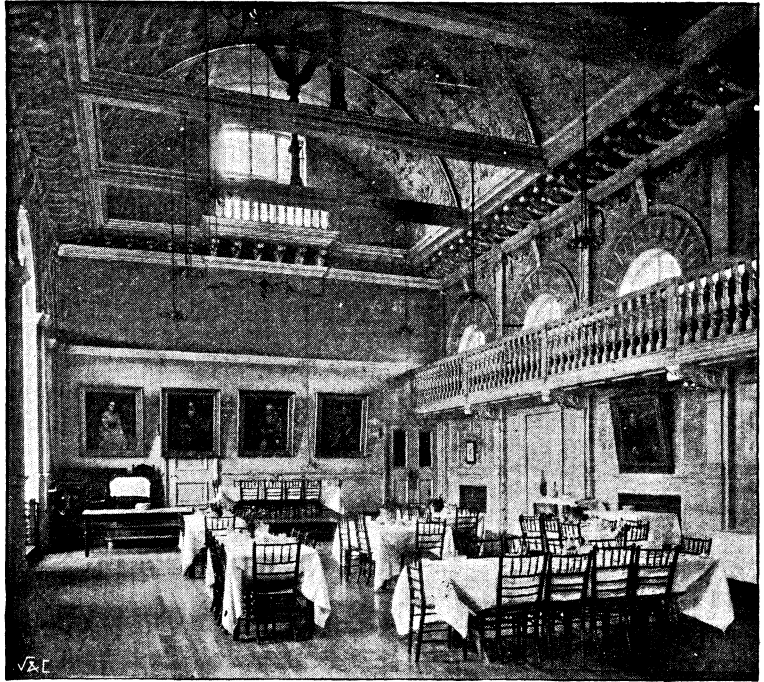
The charge that college girls get discontented with home life Miss Harrison does not think justified, except where they come from sordid, narrow homes, "but then all who rise to better things must suffer, and at any rate they gain congenial friends."

Miss Harrison's opinion is closely echoed by another classical student of a later date, Miss F. M. Stawell, the first Newnham student to gain a place in the first division first class of the classical tripos. Her views are specially interesting from her previous experience as a student of Trinity College, Melbourne University. She too speaks strongly of the advantages gained through education by personal contact, and believes that what might be considered drawbacks in some ways to a Cambridge course—its excessive specialisation, rigidity and concentration on pure theory, and the severity of letting the student alone as much as possible—are often positive advantages to a woman.

"They help to give her what she usually lacks—self-reliance and the faculty of independent work, precision and close accuracy of thought. The influence of the life is more difficult to define, though it is often the most important part. It is an excellent thing for young women as for young men to have a sort of half-way house between home and the world. The semi-independence of collegiate life is just what is wanted—freedom to manage the details of one's life and decide on the smaller points

without the responsibility in larger matters. Then there is the invaluable charm of finding comrades, and the influence on life and character of the women who are or have been at the head of the college.

"There is the charm, too, of Cambridge itself," said Miss Stawell, "which always seems to me to look like what it is, secluded, detached from the world, if you like, and with the dangers that that implies, but still full of strenuous thought and some great lives, and splendid traditions from the past and promise of work and knowledge in the future."



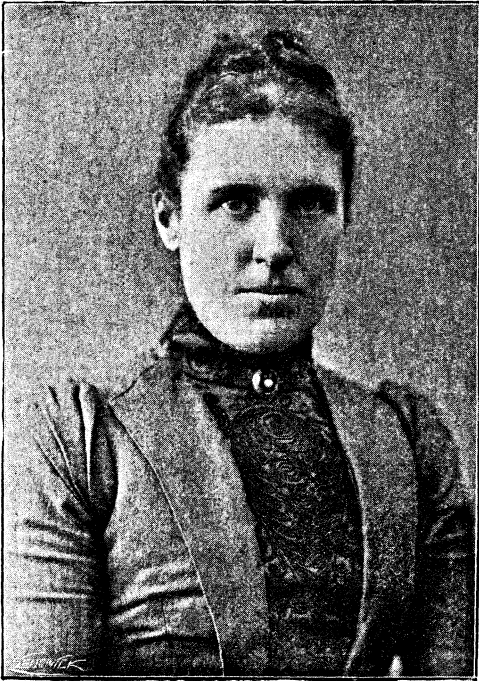
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From a photo by]

[Stearn, Cambridge.

DINING HALL OF NEWNHAM.

But if the fascination of college life can be easily explained, there is another question to be answered: What becomes of all the highly educated girls who leave Newnham every year? Is their training of much assistance to them in the occupations they take up? As might be expected, the majority of past students who are earning their own living have entered some branch of the teaching profession. Out of 667 students leaving the college between 1871 and 1893, 374 took up teaching. The staff of Newnham College itself is very largely composed of past students. Miss Helen Gladstone, vice-principal of Sidgwick Hall, was a student, and Miss M. G. Rickett, vice-principal



From a photo by]

[H. H. Cameron.

MISS KATHARINE STEPHEN.
(Vice-principal of Clough Hall.)

of the Old Hall, was Newnham's first wrangler. Miss Stephen however, the vice-principal of Clough Hall, is not connected with the college by the same tie. Newnham students are working in high schools, both as head and assistant-mistresses, in elementary schools and in training colleges in all parts of the world. A charge of want of originality in their choice of professions is often brought against them on the strength of such figures as I have given. But it must be remembered that there is no occupation in which a Cambridge course is of more immediate value than in teaching. Parents are generally apt to regard their daughters' education from a utilitarian standpoint, and to treat a university course purely as an investment, which would be thrown away in any profession where it did not bring in any direct pecuniary returns. It is easy also to forget how extremely limited still is the number of professions open to educated women, and that teaching is the easiest of all to take up. Such an explanation as this is only too common; "I would rather not have

taken up teaching, but it was absolutely necessary that I should earn my living at once."

The great mass of men who leave the universities are absorbed by the Church, the Bar, the Civil Service and the schools; but the two first of these professions are entirely closed to women, while only the lowest branches of the Civil Service are open to them, under such restrictions as to age which would probably prevent the entrance of any university women should they desire it.

Some few Newnham students are engaged in medical work; one indeed holds the important post of senior medical physician to the Khama Hospital, Bombay. But though a natural science course is a useful preliminary to the study of medicine it is seldom taken up at Cambridge. There it is impossible for women to pursue at the same time their medical work, so that it considerably lengthens an already long and costly period of preparation.

Of the other students leaving during the period mentioned, 230 are living at home, of whom 108 are married. These figures suggest the question whether a university training is a help or hindrance in family life. If there is one point on which the advocates of ignorance in women have been more sure than any other it is that learning and house-keeping do not go together. But Newnham could supply plenty of instances to the contrary. A student now teaching successfully in a school of her own remarked, when questioned on the subject, "The important gain



From a photo by]

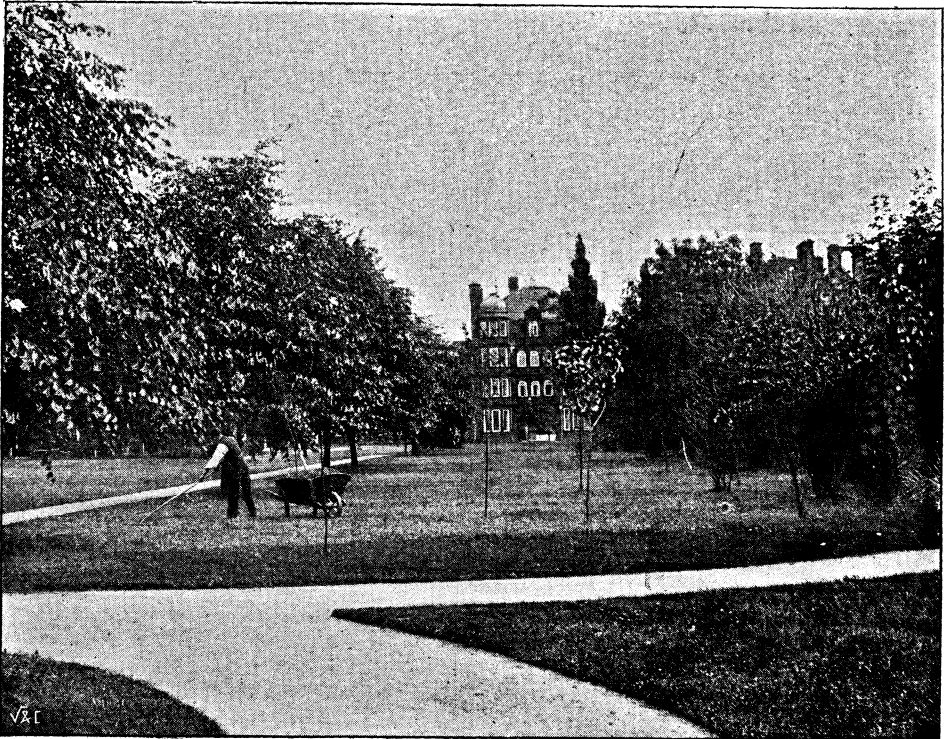
[Lord, Cambridge.

MISS RICKETT.
(Vice-principal of Old Hall.)

in general mental training tells in every sort of work. The life and work and all the surrounding influences have a widening, broadening, deepening effect on the character; they make a better, more competent, more developed woman, not necessarily than some other woman who has not been to college, but than the same woman would have been without this training. I believe this tells in every walk of life, in every occupation, even in scrubbing a room; it should make women better wives, better

particularly in science and history, has been carried on by several past Newnham students; but it has not been of a popular character. Papers read before scientific societies, or published in scientific magazines, are seldom noticed or understood except by specialists.

Comparatively few students have taken up literature in any form, though among those few is numbered Amy Levy, whose brief life was hardly long enough for the full development of her unusual powers. Two or three



From a photo by]

THE GARDEN OF NEWNHAM.

[Stearn, Cambridge.

mothers, better housekeepers, and, from what I have seen, I believe it is so."

A similar answer was given by another old student, who is happily married.

"Girls gain at college the habit of work; they can read, and are not likely to be bored by a quiet home life. I have tried hard to think of a drawback," she added in answer to an entreaty to hear the other side, "but I can't suggest any."

Some consideration is also due to the oft-reiterated question, "When did woman ever yet invent?" Without recalling the many obstacles which still debar women from doing constructive work, original research, more

students are following the thorny path of journalism—a profession in which a university training is often considered rather a drawback than otherwise. It is possible that the thoroughness of Cambridge study gives a distaste for the superficiality, combined with an affectation of omniscience, that characterises some journals. A more important point is that the indefinable quality known as journalistic instinct is developed rather by the study of life than the study of books. Moreover, academic training leads, perhaps, to an over-valuing of all knowledge that is enshrined between leather covers, and to a neglect of that deeper knowledge and wider

culture gained from contact with men and women in every class of life. But these drawbacks are not inevitable, and a trained judgment and disciplined habits of thought must be of great value in all serious journalism. It is very difficult for most girls to obtain that wide knowledge of life so desirable in a journalist; but compared with ordinary home life, college is a better preparation, for it does bring girls into contact with a great variety of people of differing opinions, tastes and characters. Another objection urged against a college training is that it unfits women for the usual journalistic work assigned them; but this is rather an indictment against journalism than against university life. An absorption in changes of fashion, in society gossip, in small personal details about people and things, in an eternal light side, to the exclusion of all serious treatment of important subjects, must as arduous be harder for a highly educated, thoughtful woman than for one who is the reverse. And not only does this kind of journalistic work generally pay the best, but it is often the only kind accessible to a woman. As a Newnham journalist somewhat bitterly remarked: "A college career is a hindrance, because the work that needs specialist training is regarded as the monopoly of men. What is the good of a classical education which leads to polish and refinement of thought and style, when what is wanted is sensational, sometimes even vulgar, description? But if women had a fair share of the higher journalism a college training would

be a help, and in this respect if more educated women enter the profession who are fit to do the best work, and have money enough to enable them to refuse to do the inferior, matters would right themselves."

Another old student, a journalist and a lecturer, and a prominent member of the advanced Socialist party, considers too that college life provides a useful platform for all those who have to climb the steep incline of professional life. They start higher up, and in her own experience she has always found it a great advantage. The only drawback is that it is as yet but a class privilege.

That this drawback exists at present is undeniable, though it has still been possible for girls from elementary schools to make their way to Newnham by means of scholarships; at the same time there are few places where social distinctions are less regarded than at college, or where the possession of a grandfather is of less account. The spirit is democratic,



From a photo by]

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.
(*Vice-principal of Stidgwick Hall.*)

[Window & Grove.

although it may be that in after life university women have not altogether escaped the error sometimes charged against university men, of thinking themselves the "cream of the universe," and regarding with disdain all culture that does not bear the university stamp. The strongest proof of the value of a three years' course at Newnham must necessarily be the testimony of those who have taken it, and when that testimony is practically unanimous in its favour it is hard to believe that the value is imaginary, or that the same advantages could easily be obtained in some other way.



THE EXCEPTION.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

Illustrated by F. EWAN.



HE plate on the door at the top of the staircase told that inside was the office of L. Grieg and M. Brakespear; and went on to say that they were stenographers, and that typewriting was done on the premises. The plate was dull and the staircase was dark and narrow, and it did not look as if many people surged up it to demand the services of the gifted persons inside. Perhaps that was the reason that the girl in black who was climbing it on the afternoon in question did not exhibit any symptoms of haste; but toiled up wearily, one hand on the banister and the other holding a notebook. She dived into her pocket at the top, brought up a latchkey, and opened the door.

The June sun streamed in at the curtainless window. The room was very small, and it was filled with office furniture and litter. A typewriter stood on a table near the door, and some thirty or forty sheets of type-written matter were strewn about on the high desk behind it. Everything was more or less dusty; though the mantelshelf, which held a gum-bottle, an American clock, and an assortment of letters, showed signs of having received a perfunctory flicking at no very distant date. The big writing-table by the window too had two dustless spaces, one each side of the blotting-pad, as though some worker had wiped the dirt off with squared elbows. There was ink upon most things in the room, and the place might have been an asylum for decrepit pens. The only things that relieved the sordid aspect were a couple of red roses in a tumbler—drooping, poor things, in that stuffy atmosphere—and the face of a girl who was

clicking off a letter on the typewriter. The clear cut features and wistful gray eyes were almost beautiful, though certain lines about the mouth took the freshness from the face, and there were ominous blue shadows under the eyes. The brown hair was taken back from the forehead with unnecessary severity, and a thin figure did not show to the best advantage in a mannish shirt and skirt. For the rest the girl was ill corseted, and ill shod. She looked up as the other entered.

"Well, did you take Snuffy's letters?"

The girl in black laid her notebook upon a table and dropped into a chair before she answered. She too was thin, and looked badly nourished, but there was a defiant squareness about mouth and chin that counterbalanced the weary eyes and pallid face. She was not a woman that men would turn to look at in the street, and her frank dowdiness avowed knowledge of the fact. Yet her face too was not without some suggestion of good looks, though they had been almost effaced by a long course of irregular feeding, hard work and poverty. She rubbed an ink spot absently into her gloves as she answered.

"Yes—four. And he kept me waiting three-quarters of an hour before he came in to give them. Lilla, of all our respected clients I do think I hate Snuffy most. He is so bearish, so stingy, and so unclean. Have you noticed his finger nails?"

"My dear girl, I never look at the beast. . . . But as a matter of fact I much prefer Snuffy to Mr. Simcon. His unctuous politeness, and his way of leaning over one while he dictates, with the general flavour of hair-oil and rings there is about the man, make me feel quite sick. He emphasised a remark

yesterday by laying that fat bejewelled forefinger caressingly on my hand. When I whipped it away he rolled his eyes in a languishing manner and smiled a nine-inch smile."

"Ah!" The girl in black looked thoughtful. "If you like I will take all Mr. Simeon's work in the future. We can arrange somehow."

"It really does not matter. It's all part of the discipline of life, I suppose. They're mostly like that, or screws like Snuffy. And one must make a living."

"Must one? I don't think so. That's only our egotistical way of looking at things. Now, a little charcoal and some brown paper pasted over the chimney would be much less expensive, and would rid the world of a pair of superfluous women."

The other girl was fixing a sheet of paper in the typewriter. She stopped suddenly, wheeled round, and gave her friend a long, critical glance.

"You've had no lunch."

"I admit the soft impeachment. To tell the truth I didn't feel like eating."

"Therefore you come back at three p.m. and make morbid remarks. . . . I've just to finish this specification for Mr. Axworthy, and in the meanwhile you might get the tea. By-the-bye, I wish you wouldn't keep the methylated spirit in the ink-bottle."

"I always had a soul above detail. Yes—I think a cup of tea would do me good."

She opened a cupboard, rummaged in it, and set out a spirit lamp and the teapot. For some minutes the typewriter clicked on to a running accompaniment of rattling tea-cups and the song of the little tin kettle on the lamp. The girl in black made the tea, set out a biscuit-tin upon the table, and sat down again to wait. Her eyes stared out of the window at the cloudless sky and the panorama of chimneys and attic windows below. Some dirty sparrows on a neighbouring roof scolded and chattered, and up from below came the roar of the city streets.

"There." The girl at the typewriter pulled out the last sheet with a rattle and tossed it down upon the others. "Thank goodness, that's done. And now, my dear Mildred, for tea."

They pulled their chairs towards the table and the girl in black poured out the tea. The other looked round her inquiringly.

"Milk?"

"No, there isn't any to-day. I could *not* climb up and down those stairs again. I'm sorry, Lilla; but life is full of disappointments."

"Oh, it doesn't matter." She sipped the tea, and her eyes too sought the blue outside. "Himmel, what a perfect day this would be in the country! Can't you imagine it? June—roses grow in June I believe—real ones I mean, not things you buy out of a basket for a penny. They grow on dear old walls, and in straggling flower-beds, and you smell them when you look out of your window in the morning. You go out after breakfast in a large hat and a pair of old gloves, and snip them off and stick them in China bowls. The curate comes in while you are doing it and admires them, and talks about the Sunday school. You are plump and placid, and you take an interest in the Sunday school—and the curate. I am beginning to think that I must have dreamt all that."

"I have had dreams too, but they are misty now. They were not altogether pleasant. In fact their general tone was one of fleeing before butchers, and tendering scornful grocers peace-offerings on account. Likewise of turning the last summer's dress, so as to look tidy to go to church. Now I don't go to church, and I haven't the time to turn my dresses. The weeks come and the weeks go, and I spend them—here." She looked round the room. "Lilla, what do you suppose we shall do when we are old?"

"Die, of course!"

"Oh, no; people never die when they want to. They go on living and living, and then agonise out at some very inconvenient time. You can't die to order—unless ——"

"Don't —— Yes, I suppose that is so. It must be, or I should have died two years ago."

"You mean ——"

"I mean when Alec's letters stopped, and father died, and everything went wrong all at once. I have an idea I prayed to die then, and being young and foolish really expected a little private pestilence to be furnished on my behalf."

The girl in black replenished her friend's tea-cup and drained the pot into her own. Then she said—

"Your experience is wider than mine. You have had the privilege of loving and being loved. Now that never came to me, for I was born to this life like a thousand other girls around us. We go straight from school to office, and if we have romances, they are connected with a pasty-faced youth behind a counter, or worse—far worse than that—with one of Mr. Simeon's kind. Personally, I never was in love, and I don't know the

feeling. Moreover, I know hundreds who have had no more of love than I, though they are not honest enough to say so. Yours is a genuine case; and in the state of life unto which we have been called it is certainly an exception."

"I thought love was the rule in life."

"Not for the superfluous woman. She is better without what is foisted upon her for the article. She has so little chance of the real. Ah, Lilla, I envy you your generous heart, my dear, and your brave lover! It must be something to feel that there are nobler passions in life than hunger and jealousy and hate."

"That is an extravagant way of putting it; but it is something—no, it is everything. It is the one thing that is pure and unselfish; the one thing that we give away freely, and are glad when it costs us much. Mildred, I have it in my heart to-day to be glad—in spite of these two years of hopelessness, in spite of the ache that never leaves me, and the sick longing for sight and touch—to be glad that I loved my boy. When his letters stopped and they said the ship was lost, I thought I knew all the bitterness of life. But there is worse than that, because all I have suffered has been tempered by the thought that we loved each other. And alive or dead, we love each other still."

"I do not profess to understand it," said the girl in black. "I can only gauge it by the depths of my few friendships with my own sex. They have been sincere enough, and indeed they have in some measure salted my life, but not to that extent—no."

Lilla put her tea-cup down, rose, bent over the other girl, and kissed her softly on the forehead.

"Excuse demonstration—I know you hate it—but that particular form of lunacy seemed to fit in better just then than common-places. . . . And now let us get back to our work."

The girl in black had flushed, and she did not move for a minute or two. The other gathered the tea things together and began to tuck biscuit-tin and kettle away in their dusty corners.

"Heigh-ho!" she said. "We both have to fight. Let us thank God we can see the humour of it. To me, now, there is something very quaint in your tea-making. I did not like to say so at the time; but on another occasion it might be as well to remember that the sugar goes into the cups and not into the teapot."

"I was thinking too hard of things in

general I suppose—a trick of mine. And indeed I know it, for I have forgotten to tell you that there is a letter for you on the mantelpiece. It came in just as I was starting out to Snuffy's."

Lilla turned to the mantelpiece, and the girl in black opened her notebook and ran a pencil up and down the lines of short-hand, reading it to herself in an undertone. An exclamation made her look up. Her friend had turned round to her and was standing with her head thrown back, very quiet and pale, and with a glory that was not that of the evening sun shining in her face.

"It is a miracle," she said, "a God-given miracle!"

"What is it, Lilla?"

"And I thought that happiness had shut its doors on me! When hope was gone—and—there was only heaven a long way away—too far to see—and now it is here, *here*, in my hand!"

"Lilla, you look like a sleepwalker. Tell me what it is."

"Only this, Mildred." She thrust the letter into her hands. "Only a story that one sees in books and never hopes to find. Shipwrecked, but not drowned; washed ashore in a lonely island, living through scurvy and loneliness and horror, and now back again in a homeward-bound ship, and soon to be in England. Oh, my love, my love!"

The girl in black read the letter through and stared long at her companion. Lilla had sunk into a chair, and the kindly tears had come and were running down her face.

"If there is anyone to thank, I thank Him now Lilla, for your sake. It is most beautiful—and most strange. The man who wrote that letter is a lover for whom it is worth waiting years—or a lifetime. And for you—you are worth a dozen shipwrecks."

"Oh, how wonderful this happiness is!" said Lilla through her tears. "That it should come to me and change the current of existence on the instant! How could one die of joy? I am alive now, and I have been half dead for so long that I do not know the world about me. Why, this very life is different to what I thought it—how many minutes ago?"

The girl in black turned quickly away and looked out at the chimney-pots. The noise of the streets surged up plainly to her ear, and the little room felt hot and stifling.

"No" she said softly, "this life has not altered, and it will not alter. You are The Exception."



TWILIGHT CALM.

Oh, pleasant eventide !
Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun :
The bees and birds, their happy labours done,
Seek their close nests and bide.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon ;
The grasshoppers are still ; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home :
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.

Remote, each single star
Comes out, till there they are
All shining brightly : how the dews fall damp !
While close at hand the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done
As much as if the sun
Day-giving had arisen in the East :
For night has come ; and the great calm has ceased,
The quiet sands have run.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.





HER SOGER BOY.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Illustrated by HAROLD COPPING.



IN Lismahee workhouse there is a special ward to which are assigned most of those local unfortunates whose wits God has taken from them, leaving them mere life and harmless strength and the blank innocence of second childhood; and it was there, one day, that I first saw old Debbie Chance. A little wizened body she was, with gray hair hanging in loose ringlets upon her shoulders, large gray eyes, a smooth high forehead, and a face almost ethereal in its blank delicacy. One's eye fixed her at once, in the long bare room, as she sat bolt upright in her bed supping thin gruel from a blue and white basin; she looked such a simple old child; she was so clean and neat, so harmlessly fragile in face and figure as her spoon, poised delicately between finger and thumb, made a dainty curve from bowl to mouth, that one could not forbear pausing at her bed-foot the better to have pleasure in the sight of her. To nothing could I compare her but a withered flower; her old beauty attracted me strangely, and I was just about to step to her side when suddenly her spoon clattered into the basin, her forefinger shot out towards me, and her eyes met mine with a quick, tense stare of witless terror. Like the beady eyes of a snake hers now were; before them and the steady insistence of her levelled finger I stepped hurriedly back and clutched the arm of my friend the Doctor. Almost did I expect her to spring at me; and I was turning to go when sharply (with

a noise like the bursting of a toy balloon) she clicked her tongue against her palate and her finger shot straight for me again. I moved a step, the finger followed me; another step, and her tongue clicked again as her finger darted; another step, and the spoon was once more carrying its little mouthfuls of gruel, and Debbie was herself again, and I found myself breathing.

"Routed," said the Doctor with a laugh as we passed from the ward. "Raked fore and aft."

"Yes," said I, "you're right, Doctor. Mercy! how my heart turned over—just as though I had been standing before a levelled gun. But—but does the old lady always give visitors such a reception?"

"Only inquisitive visitors."

"Ah! And why does she do it, Doctor?"

"God knows, my son; I don't."

"It's her madness of course—some delusion or other of her mind?"

"Mind!" said the Doctor, and laughed again. "My dear fellow, she has none—not so much as a six weeks' baby. She's an empty house—an empty house."

"But wait, Doctor," I persisted, "she can't be quite empty. *What* prompted her to see me, to shoot her finger at me, to pop her tongue in that strange fashion? Surely she had some reason?"

"She has no reason," said the Doctor. "What you saw her do is as purely mechanical an action as the handling her porridge spoon. Both for her may mean something or mean nothing; for we that

particular one means simply that she is a harmless lunatic."

"And there's no story—no event of her life which might explain——"

"Ah! now you touch bottom," said the Doctor; "now you're talking, my boy. Yes there is a story, and no bad one either. But look here, it is Board day, and I'm due with my report; so if you're very anxious for information about old Debbie just step down the lawn to the pump-house, there you'll find Solomon Gray, and if he can't satisfy you no man can. Away now; I'll give you half an hour."

William Gray was an ancient and a pauper, very withered, very bald, a relic of old decency. In the long ago William had been a man of parts and shrewdness, a kind of hillside Solomon in fact (hence his nickname); now wisdom had justified herself and Solomon, his old back doubled, his old head bobbing and his throat venting dismal groans, was taking his weekly turn at the wheel of the workhouse pump and (so it seemed to me) knowingly allowing his fellow-ancient at the opposite handle to do more than his rightful share.

However that was his affair, not mine; so I sidled into the pump-house and facing Solomon gave him the time of day. Once or twice he looked at me between his arms as his hands went up, once or twice he groaned exceedingly; then "Aisy, Thomas," he called, and as the pump stopped, "Good mornin' to you, sir. It's good weather."

"It is, Mr. Gray," I answered.

"Well, dear, be thanked," he said and heavily sighed, "for the chance to stretch me back. A nice kind o' work they give one these parts in his ould age."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Gray. By the way, I've just come to speak a while with you. Dr. Sharp——"

"Ay," said he, "but tell me now ha' ye a pipe o' tabaccy wi' ye?"

"No," said I, "I'm afraid I haven't; but——" and I pulled out a cigar, "if this will serve you you're welcome to it."

"It's baccy, isn't it?" he asked, and taking the cigar in his withered claw vigorously sniffed at it. "Ay, it'll do," said he, and bringing forth his black clay pipe and an old knife, began to whittle my havanna into his fist.

"It's about old Deborah Chance I've come to ask you, Mr. Gray," I went on when the pipe was filled and patiently Solomon was striving to strike a match on its bowl. "Do you know her; rather, did you know her

before she came to her present pitiable state? And if you did, can you tell me why she lost her mind, and how, and——?"

"And wherefore?" interrupted Solomon, as sitting down on the wheel-handle he doubled over his knees and fell to sucking at his pipe. "Yis, an' wherefore, as the Acts o' Parliament put it. Ay, I do know some-thin' of her—— But tell me," said he, and looked knowingly up at me (even as a sparrow cocks its eye to the sky), "suppose the master comes an' finds me confabbin' wi' ye, who'll stand atween us?"

"You mean, Mr. Gray," said I, "that you can't work an' talk together?"

"I do—I do so. What's your opinion, Thomas, there beyond?"

"I'm with ye, Solomon," croaked the other ancient; "mortal man couldn't do it."

"Very well then," said I, "very well; if you've anything to tell me I'll answer for your safety for fifteen minutes. Will that do?"

"It will maybe," said he, and blew a puff of smoke through the doorway, "an' if more's wanted sure I can chance it." For a little while he sat pondering; then fell a-mumbling. "Debbie Chance, Debbie Chance, what do I know o' Debbie Chance? Aw, yis; I know, I know. Poor ould Debbie! often my heart's ached for ye. Aw, yis; an' tell me, sir," he said, and cocked his eye at me again "what might ye be givin' for this story of mine, eh?"

Hurriedly I pulled out a shilling (how pitiful a reward—even for wisdom degraded and degenerate!), flashed it before his eyes; and even as I pocketed it again, Solomon straightened his back, passed his pipe to his brother ancient, and throwing ten years off his shoulders went on very much after this fashion—

"If you take across the country straight from the gate below there and follow your nose for about six miles, you'll come to a wee town called Knock—a weary bit o' a town, with just one street, and a couple o' shops, and a graveyard outside it, and a church, and a schoolhouse, and a forge; with the fields all round it, and the hills at the back, and the road to Clogheen running through it. That's how I mind it, anyway, afore I put on my uniform; and it was like that the time Debbie Chance first came to it, and when she left it, and they tell me that every stone in it is the same to this day.

"Well now, if you enter Knock by way o' the Lismahee Road, you'll find that where

it cuts the street there stands a public-house on the left-hand corner, and straight before you, t'other side o' the street, you'll see a wee thatched house with a square window in its front and a green door wi' one stone step leading up to it; and if you ax anyone to this day where Debbie Chance used to live they'll turn an' point straight at that very house. Yes; many's the time I've been in it myself (when I was younger—och, och! an' had an eye for good looks), many's the time an' often I've chatted with Debbie in her wee kitchen; an' often I've stood, since she met her mishap, looking down at that doorstep and thinking to myself what happened to her there years and years ago.

"Ay, it's wonderful how the years go, sirs, wonderful. Who'd think that it must be nigh forty years since Debbie first came to Knock in her widdy's weeds, an' rented that wee house an' set up her huckster's shop, and there set to workin' the skin off her bones strivin' to keep the breath in the bodies o' herself an' her son. Strivin'? 'Twas slavery she did, pure slavery; but no matter, like oneseif she's restin' now, she's restin' now.

"The first day I seen her, I mind me, I thought she was as handsome a woman as God ever made—yes, and so I think yet. Small she was, but ojus fine in the bone, 'mindin' you of a race-horse in its prime; and the hair of her was black as night, an' as thick an' wavy as hearse plumes; an' to nothin' in this world could ye compare the skin on her but an October apple; an' just as much the lady she was in her ignorant countrified way as if 'twas a coach an' four she drove to Clogheen market an' not an ass's cart. Sure the men raved about her—ay, I was taken that way myself for a while—an' at first the women hated her; but love or hate was all one to Debbie—a widdy woman she was, with her man dead in his grave an' his child to support, an' life hard for her, an' what one or another said about her mattered less nor the price o' a clay pipe in her window. Now, they might talk an' talk, but words never kept the bit from her mouth or made life the easier for her. 'Twas poverty, sirs, bitter poverty that lay upon her and crushed her down. Man, dear! but she must ha' known the hard times there behind her bit of a counter, strivin' to turn a shillin' into thirteencepence day in day out all the year long, servin' out her bits o' tobaccy, an' ounces o' tay, an' skeins o' wool, an' penn'orths o' sweets, an' fillin' up every odd minute by knittin' socks, an' workin' lace,

an' mendin' the clothes o' the boy; workin' an' workin' it seemed for ever an' ever, amen. When you rose in the mornin' Debbie was at it, when you went to bed her candle was still burnin'; go when you would there she sat behind her counter as clean as a new pin an' as bright, always wi' the ready word for you, an' always as cheerful as a lark. No man ever heard her complain, or ax for charity; an' man or woman never seen her idle.

"Well, sirs, time went on an' Debbie got oulder an' Jim, the son, grew up to be a fine, healthy, stirrin' chap. The life o' Knock he was, him an' his curls an' blue eyes, an' the darlint surely o' his mother's heart. You could see her watchin' him through the sweet bottles an' fal-lals in her windy when he was playin' in the street, struttin' up an' down wi' an ould tin can for a drum an' a little army o' childer fify an' shoutin' at his heels; you could see her sittin' on the doorstep o' evenin's teachin' him to read; an', come weal or woe, she always had him well dressed an' well shod, an' to her last penny she was ready to give him all the book learnin' he could get. The light o' her eye he was; yes, the light o' her eye an' the pride o' her heart; but about him she had one dread, that he was growin' too fond o' drums an' guns an' scarlet red. Ay, 'twas true; all he thought of was sojers, sojers. He'd go ten miles to see one; every youngster in Knock he'd have always fightin' an' stormin' forts, an' chargin' like blazes down the street, an' when Debbie 'd see him stridin' about wi' his imitation sword an' gun, she'd run an' catch him an' drag him in, an' fill his ears wi' the horrors o' war, an' read about it to him from books, an' quote the Bible to him, an' on her knees beg of him never, never to leave her an' go to be shot in foreign parts. Aw, the foolishness o' mothers! for all that only made him worse; an' in the end one day, when his girth was big enough, he slopes off, an' next time Debbie seen him 'twas in scarlet red.

"Then begins her real trouble—God help her! Woful she was changed—grown pale an' fidgety, an' eyes in her full o' dread. She seemed to be always prayin'; every day she'd go to the post office to see if the papers said anything about war; in church o' Sundays when the rector 'd say, 'From wars and runours of war,' Debbie 'd cry out, 'Good Lord, deliver us,' as if her heart was breakin'; an' now she had only one thing to live for—to see the day when Jim's time was up an' he was back to her safe an' sound. Aw, sirs, she must ha' suffered hard those days, suffered



“‘Aw, it’ll be great, mother,’ says Jim ; ‘sure I’m longin’ to see it all.’”

ojus wi' that dread upon her that there was no knowin' when war'd come an' a bullet for her darlin'.

"But no bullet came, aw no ; only one day home comes Jim in his regimentals an' tells her, wi' pride dancin' in his eyes, that his regiment was leavin' Clogheen an' was ordered abroad.

"'Abroad ?' says Debbie, an' gasps at the word. 'Abroad ?' says she.

"'Yes, abroad,' says Jim ; an' goes on to tell her all about it, about the goin' aboard a big ship, an' crossin' the Bay o' Biscay, an' passin' Gibraltar, an' goin' through the Red Sea, where King Pharaoh was drowned, an' on away round the world till they came to where the people wore no clothes, an' the sun burnt you like fire, an' there were tigers to eat you, an' elephants to carry you, an' big snakes crawlin' up the trees, an' all the wonders of the world. 'Aw, it'll be great, mother,' says Jim ; 'sure I'm longin' to see it all.'

"'Ay,' says Debbie, wi' a choke. 'Ay, Jim.'

"'An' maybe, mother,' says Jim, 'there'll be a chance o' fightin' out there wi' the darkies, an' then we'll slaughter them, an' I'll come back to ye wi' a medal on my breast, an' I'll be made a sergeant, an'——' But Debbie stops him and rises.

"'Jim,' says she, 'sure you couldn't do it ? Aw, you couldn't do it !'

"'What, mother ?' says he.

"'Sure you couldn't do it—you couldn't leave me here alone ! Aw ! I'll never see you again ; you'll be shot ! Aw, no, no, me son.' Then Jim laughs.

"'Ah, whisht, woman, dear,' says he ; 'whisht ! Sure it'll only be for a year or two. I'll be back in no time at all.'

"'You won't go !' cries Debbie, an' falls on her knees ; 'you mus'n't. I'll not let you. You're all I've got in the world. Ah, no, Jim. Stay here wi' me, an' I'll work night an' day for you ; I'll go wi' you wherever you like. Stay wi' me, Jim, me son.'

"'I can't, mother,' says he. 'I'm a sojer, mother, an' must do me duty. Go I must, an' go I will.'

"'You'll—you'll leave me, Jim ! You'll go to get shot, or poisoned, or stabbed in the back. 'You'll——'

"'Ach, whisht wi' ye, woman,' says Jim, 'wi' your nonsense. Am n't I a sojer ? D'ye see the uniform on me ? Would you have me not see the world, an' not have a turn wi' gun an' bayonet ? Ah, whisht ! Is it a coward you'd have me turn ?'

"Well, for a while longer Debbie keeps on beggin' an' prayin', an' cryin' her eyes out—aw, the poor foolish woman ; but, at last, seein' 'twas all no use, she rises from her knees, wipes her eyes, an' sits down before the fire. 'Well, Jim,' says she, 'God's will be done, an' God protect ye.'

"'Amen, mother,' says Jim, and lights his pipe. 'Amen,' then puts his elbows on his knees, an' just as if he was viewin' the whole round world in the fire, goes on with his boy's chatter about all he was goin' to do, an' see, an' bring back wi' him—shawls an' bonnets for the mother, an' monkeys, an' parrots, an' pictures o' foreign parts, an' all the rest ; and to all o' it Debbie gives only half an ear, for her eyes were busy wi' Jim's curls an' red coat, an' her heart was sore, an' all she could think o' was, 'He'll be shot, he'll be shot. How can I keep him ?'

"At last she leans forward and puts her hand on the lad's arm.

"'You'll stay wi' me this one night, Jim ?' says she. 'You'll let your ould mother see the sun rise on ye once more ?'

"'I will,' says Jim ; 'I have leave to stay, an' I will,' says he.

"'Thank God,' says Debbie, 'thank God !'—an' from that on she was cheerfuller an' gave full ear to the boy's ramblin' tongue.

"Well, the night passed ; an' betimes the next mornin' Jim wakes up, an' after a yawn or two tumbles out o' bed. He takes a look out o' the window at the mornin', then wheels about quick for his regimentals ; but lo an' behold ye ! not a dud o' them was to be seen, not a dud. 'Hang me ! what's this ?' says he, scratchin' his head. 'What's this ?' an' high an' low searches ; then, findin' nothin', calls out for the mother.

"'What is it, Jim, me son ?' says she from behind the door. 'What is it, me son ?'

"'Where's me regimentals ?' says he. 'I left them on the chair here last night an' now they're gone.'

"'Your regimentals ?' says she. 'Your beautiful red coat wi' the shinin' buttons, and your——'

"'Come, mother,' says Jim, 'no foolery. Where are they ?'

"'Ah, it's the hand o' God !' cries she (the poor foolish woman). 'Aw, Jim, me son, the Lord's sent some thief to——'

"'Thief !' roars Jim, an' swears accordin'.

"'Thief yourself ! Where's me uniform ?'

"'Aw, son Jim, son Jim,' cries Debbie, 'it's the Lord's doin' ! But, Jim,' calls she, 'there's the Sunday suit you used to wear in

the press by the bed, put it on, me son, an' come down, an' we'll search for the thief. We'll get the police, Jim.'

"So Jim, mighty mad an' swearin' powerful (as sojers will), for he guessed the turn o' things, jumps into his ould tweed suit, then dunderd into the kitchen an' catches Debbie by the arm as she comes to kiss him.

"Here,' says he, 'none o' your foolery. Get me my clothes.'

"I give ye me word, Jim——' Debbie begins; but Jim only shakes her.

"Get them for me,' says he, 'an' quick, or by the Lord I'll make ye!'

"An' at that Debbie goes down on her knees an' clasps her hands.

"Aw, son Jim,' said she, 'forgive me—forgive me; but I can't spare ye—I can't spare ye. I nursed ye, Jim, an' reared ye; you're all I've got——'

"Where's me uniform?' shouts he wi' an oath.

"I—I burnt it,' says Debbie; an' at the word Jim flung her from him.

"Burnt me uniform!' says he. 'Burnt the Queen's scarlet!' says he, and grips her arm.

Then a thought strikin' him he turns to the hearthstone, an' there was the ashes raked over the coals just as he'd seen Debbie leave it the night before.

"Ye ould liar, ye!' he shouts, and grips her again. 'It's disgrace me you'd do—ha' me arrested for a deserter—ha' me walk down the street in handcuffs. Where's me uniform?' he roars an' lifts his arm.

"No—no,' says Debbie, liftin' her hands.

'Aw, I can't spare ye, Jim. You'll be shot, you'll be shot!'

"Then Jim turns and lifts the tongs from the hearth.

"One more chance I'll give ye,' he said, 'an' only one. Find me me uniform before I count twenty, or before the Lord I'll brain ye!'

"Ah, sirs, to think o' what the army 'll do for a man! To think Jim Chance could be brought to speak to his mother like

that—his poor simple mother that would ha' given her heart's blood for him! Ah, sirs!

"Debbie cowers back; surely that wasn't Jim?

"Seven, eight, nine, ten——'

"Ah, Jim, meson; Jim, me son!'

"Fourteen, fifteen——'

"Your poor ould mother!'

"Nineteen——'

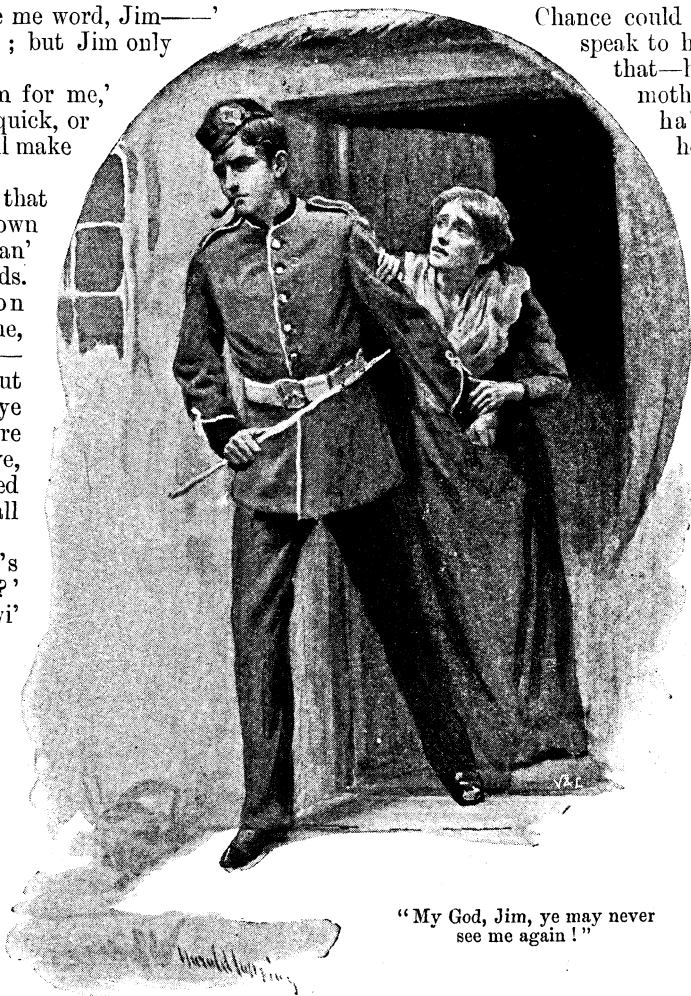
"The tongs were up; black murder was on Jim's face. Not from fear—for death would ha' come welcome to her just then—but in simple despair,

"My God, Jim, ye may never see me again!"

Debbie threw up her hands.

"No—no, Jim!' cries she; 'I'll tell ye, I'll tell ye.'

"So Debbie brings in the uniform from where she'd hid it in the turf-sack out in the garden; an' Jim washes himself an' buttons it on, an' after his breakfast lights his pipe an' prepares for the road. In the divil's own humour he was still, black an' angry; an' he stalks for the door as if to go wi'out



a word. But Debbie, all tremblin' an' pale, runs after him an' takes his arm.

"'Jim, Jim,' she says, 'is it go ye would wi'out forgivin' me, or sayin' good-bye?' He never turned, but Debbie clung hard to him.

"'Jim, Jim,' she calls; 'my God, Jim, ye may never see me again!'

"'I don't care,' said he, through his teeth, 'ye tried to disgrace me'; wi' that shakes his mother off an' swaggers off in his scarlet red down the street."

Solomon rose, pocketed his pipe, and spat on his hands.

"Come, Thomas," said he, "to work, me son, or they'll have no water for the porridge come the mornin'. Come on, I can see the master spraddlin' yonder in the porch."

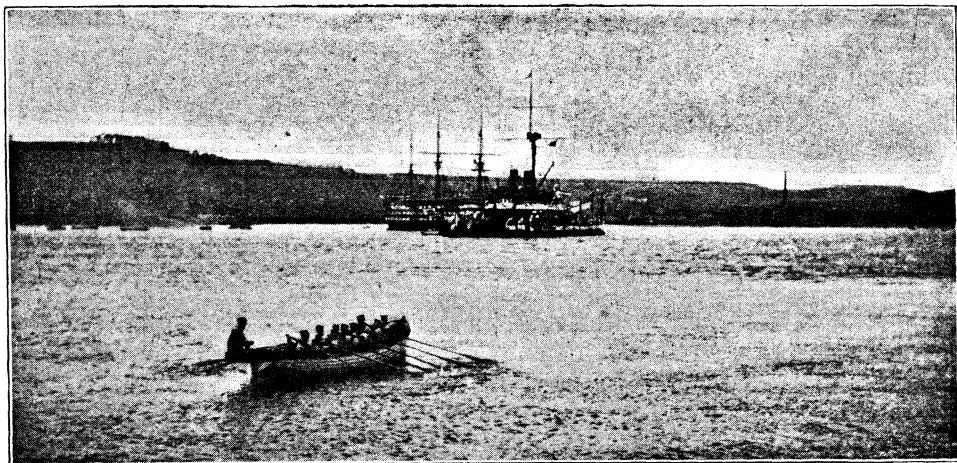
"Finish your story, first," said Thomas; "don't stop at the Glory be."

"Aw, yis," said Solomon, and gripped his handle, "aw, yis! That's easily done. Jim

swaggers off, as I tell ye—he told the whole story to the post-boy before he was half-way to Clogheen; an' down Debbie falls wi' her arms out an' her face on the doorstep; an' when we picked her up she was as limp as a rag an' as senseless. She lay ravin' in Clogheen Infirmary for weeks ('twas there Jim saw her before he went abroad, repentin' when 'twas too late); an' when her brain lost the fever she was—as ye can see her now above in the ward—as witless as a rabbit. But sometimes, they say, at sight o' a stranger she'll go like that (and Solomon popped his tongue and shot out his finger), an' then—— Well, who knows? But ye'll remember, sir, that just before she was struck her mind was full o' dread that Jim was goin' off to be shot. Aw, yis—aw, yis!"

I put my shilling into Solomon's palm, thanked him for his story, and hurried off to find the Doctor.





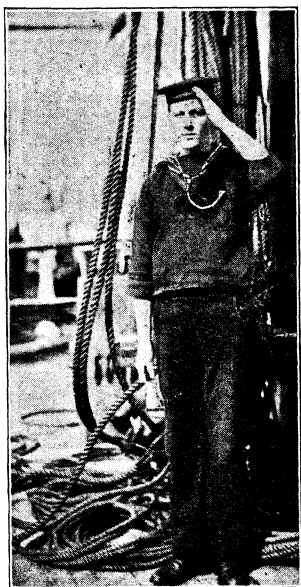
A ROWING PARTY.

HOW BLUE-JACKETS ARE TRAINED.

BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

Illustrated from Photographs by MESSRS. HEATH & Co., Plymouth.

THE days of the typical old salt are past. Our warships are no longer manned by the rough-and-ready Jack Tars with whom Captain Marryat has made us familiar, and whose yarns we loved to hear when we were boys. New times and methods have demanded new men.



A "FIRST-CLASS" BOY.

In the days when the press-gang did the king's bidding, and men were dragged from their homes to man our war-vessels, little training was required. Once at sea, men soon picked up the rudiments of seamanship,

and in the hour of action British pluck covered a multitude of deficiencies. We still call the seamen who navigate and fight our

ships sailors, and in our minds they are always associated with the great spreads of canvas which were carried by Nelson's flag-ship the *Victory*, and by all our warships down to the middle of this century. But as a matter of fact, after they leave the training-ship, blue-jackets in these days of steam seldom handle canvas or make or shorten sail. Every blue-jacket is now trained from boyhood to use the cutlass and rifle and lay a gun with precision.

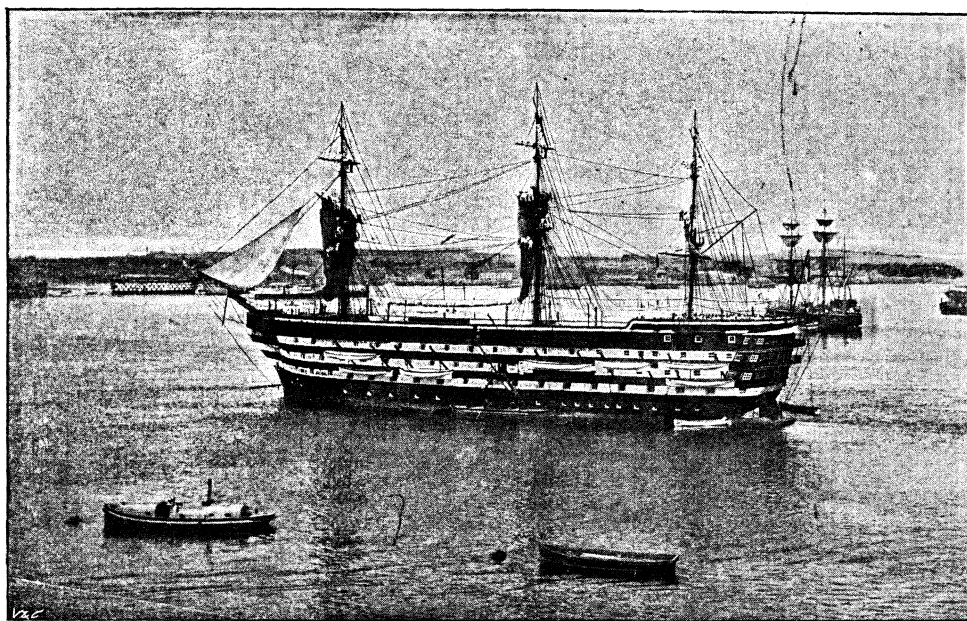
Whereas it used to take several years to build a wooden battleship, one of our modern leviathan vessels can be built in less than two years; but it takes twice as long to train efficient blue-jackets to man it. To man the comparatively few ships that then left the stocks was a matter of constant difficulty, and when war threatened recourse was had to force to get men on board. The strength of the fleet was then very elastic, and the number of men could be doubled or trebled in a short time by the aid of press-gangs. Hence, when the war with America became imminent and the navy had only 20,000 men available, orders were given to increase this number. In six years it had grown to over 110,000 men, untrained and undisciplined it is true, but ready to fight desperately for their lives and their country's honour. This is an illustration of the rapid recruiting of a century ago.

Now we are able to man the largest fleet the world has ever seen with men who volunteer for service, and the navy in this year of grace, when we are not at war with any of our neighbours, consists of about 60,000 seamen, thus disproving the statement that is sometimes heard that the British are no longer so eager for life on the sea as they were in the good old times. This is one of the many popular fallacies about the navy. They never die.

It must not be supposed that our navy stands at 60,000 men because more could not be obtained. Unlike the army, the navy has no need of recruiting officers. Continuous streams of boys daily present

specimens of aspiring sailors that the country can produce. Moreover, not only have the boys to show their physical fitness for sea-service, but they must satisfy an examiner in reading, writing and arithmetic. Every year, of the many thousand boys examined, about 4000 are taken on to one or other of the training-ships and commence the course which eventually results in their winning the proud distinction of A.B.

The *Impregnable*, the largest of our training-ships, is moored off Devonport in the Hamoaze, the broad estuary of the river Tamar, which divides the sister counties of Devon and Cornwall. This old three-decker, the largest and the last of the wooden walls



H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE."

themselves on the various training-ships seeking to join the navy. So great is the number of would-be sailors that of every ten boys who leave the shore in watermen's boats to be examined by the officers of the training-ships, nine are returned to their parents. The medical examination is of a most stringent character. A weak chest, a swollen joint, missing teeth, or any slight irregularity is sufficient to condemn a boy in the eyes of the examining surgeon. Hence the lads who undergo training in any of the ships, whether it be the *Impregnable* or the *Lion* at Devonport, the *Boscawen* at Portland, the *St. Vincent* at Portsmouth, or the *Caledonia* at Queensferry, are the finest

of England, is a conspicuous object and suggests comparisons between her huge bulk and the modern battleship *Devastation*, which is anchored close by and flies the flag of the admiral commanding the port. Constructed soon after the conclusion of the Crimean War, the *Impregnable* has only once been to sea. Before she was launched at Pembroke the Admiralty had made the momentous decision to fight England's future battles with ships of steel. Hence the *Howe*—for the *Impregnable* was named after this famous admiral when she left the slip at Pembroke (the name being subsequently changed)—was already out of date before she was completed for sea, and she was towed round to Devon-



NELSON'S BELL.

port there to serve her country as a naval nursery. Since then a thousand lads have left her side each year to man our war-vessels.

One of the most interesting objects on the *Impregnable* is the ship's bell. Nearly a hundred years ago it was taken from the Spanish ship *San Josef*, by Nelson, at the battle of St. Vincent. Until about three months ago it was used as the ship's bell. It is now cracked and unmelodious, and is preserved with care on one of the lower decks, where is hung a record of its history, which typifies the daring of Nelson in attacking ships larger and better armed than his own. This record states: "During this action the seventy-four ton ship *The Captain*, commanded by Commodore Horatio Nelson, ran alongside and boarded the *San Nicolas* (80 guns), and having captured her, the boarders, also under Nelson, proceeded to board and capture the *San Josef* (112 guns), which ship was lying across the bows of the *San Nicolas*." Naturally this bell is regarded with much veneration by blue-jackets of to-day.

Every morning one of the surgeons of the *Impregnable* is kept busy examining boys who wish to join the navy. It is a motley crowd of young life, ranging from fifteen years and three months to sixteen years and nine months—the two age limits—which seeks admission into the ship, many, it is to be feared, to have

cherished dreams dispelled. It is an error to suppose that our sailors are drawn from the gutter or even exclusively from the lower classes. Many of the lads come from the *Exmouth*, moored in the Thames, and from other non-service training-ships. Some of these boys have spent most of their young lives in workhouses, but they make good, hardy and well-disciplined seamen. Many other lads come from the homes of old seamen and small country tradesmen. Having satisfied the surgeon and chaplain as to their physical and mental fitness each boy signs a contract, endorsed by a parent or guardian, to serve in the navy for twelve years from the time that he reaches the age of eighteen years. When a boy has satisfied all these requirements he is taken to the *Circe*, the tender to the *Impregnable*, where he is bathed, and fitted out with a complete equipment of clothes, a combined prayer and hymn book, and what is known as a "ditty" box, in which he can lock away his letters and personal trifles. The boy is now ready to go on board the training-ship, where he is vaccinated and placed with other newly entered lads, known as novices, under the charge of a kindly petty-officer who, during the first week of his new life, acts in the capacity of father. Despite this very wise separation of the boys from their future companions, who would be likely to take advantage of their "greenness," many of them suffer keenly from home sickness and a general feeling of forlornness.



NOVICES MARKING THEIR KIT.



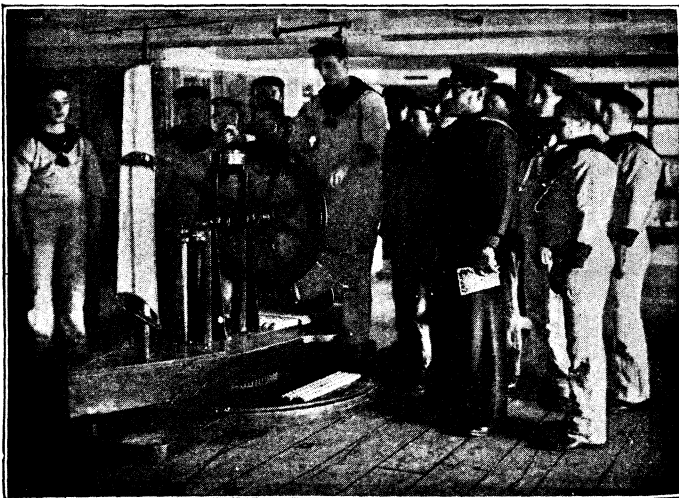
"JUST ENTERED."

The life of the boys is vigorous and thoroughly healthy. The instruction as at present carried on is the result of long experience, and the aim is to enable the lads to acquire as much general, educational, and seamanlike knowledge as can be assimilated in about fifteen months—the length of time occupied in transforming a novice into a first-class boy ready for sea service. But to the newly entered lad the life on this old wooden ship is full of strange surprises. He begins his training, not by learning how to handle a sail, wield a cutlass or lay a gun, but by being taught how to hold a needle, and to put his clothes away neatly. His first duty is to mark his kit and to pack his clothes and other belongings into the long capacious bag which serves as his portmanteau in his future travels over the seas.

Having mastered the initial lesson that tidiness and method in the little things of life are of paramount importance even to a sailor, the neophyte begins

his course of sea training. This includes swimming. To many boys this is a great trial, for even their desire to go down to the sea in ships does not always overcome their landlubberly dislike of more water than can be conveniently contained in a wash-hand basin. The regulation requiring that every sailor shall be able to swim is of comparatively recent date. Strange as it may seem, to this day there are many men in the Royal Navy, and many more in the merchant service, who, though they spend their lives on the sea, cannot swim. Hundreds of sailors have been drowned through this inability. This fact has led to great attention being devoted to this subject on all training-ships. Now, before any boy can go to sea he must be able to swim at least forty yards with a duck suit or other light clothing on, and, in addition, he must know how to ply an oar with ease, strength and precision. In these ways and by gymnastics a boy's chest broadens and his body is strengthened and toughened to endure all the hard work and variations of climate that he will have to undergo. This instruction is carried on daily, winter and summer, concurrently with the boy's general education and his seamanship classes.

The novice who has chosen a sea life because he hates lessons is at once disappointed, for he has not been long on board the training-ship before the schoolmaster and his assistants claim him for two hours a day. Every boy who enters a training-ship is supposed to have had an average education, but usually there has been two years' interval before he joins the navy in which to forget a great deal that he learned. Therefore when



LEARNING TO STEER.

he commences his training he has to return to the desk for at least seven months, and wonderful progress some of the lads make in this period. Thousands of our sailors of to-day have learnt as much as a sixth or seventh standard schoolboy.

Many of the brighter boys, fired with a desire to eventually rise to the rank of warrant officer, with pay ranging from £100 to £150 a year, continue their studies in odd leisure moments long after the usual seven months' compulsory schooling is finished. They soar into astronomy, trigonometry, logarithms, algebraic problems and navigation,

and many of their examination-papers would make a public school-boy gasp. For instance, in a recent examination of a large class—not of advanced boys—the following question was asked: "A prize was valued at £12,000; the flag-officer received thirty shares, and the officers and men altogether 1470 shares, a first-class petty officer was allotted six shares: what amount did he receive?"

Here again is a question in navigation put to and answered by an advanced class: "On March 19, in longitude 33° east, the observed meridian altitude of the sun's L.L. was $49^{\circ} 20' 30''$ (zenith N.); the height of the eye was 21 feet and the index error $+ 3' 40''$: find the latitude." While a lad is carrying on these studies much of his time is claimed by the various instructors—petty officers of good character who preside over the seamanship classes.

To a landsman much that the boys have to learn seems out of date in these days when steam has so completely superseded sails that in our modern ships there are not even the

ornamental spreads of canvas which were borne by vessels until quite recently. Although this change has taken place on our men-of-war, boys have still to learn all that was the necessary equipment of sailors in the old days—the making of bends and hitches, the management of sails, knotting and splicing, and the making of mats, such as are used after a collision to temporarily stop the inrush of water through a hole in the ship's side, the mat being placed outside. These classes are carried on during the best part of every day on several of the five decks of this old "three-decker." One knot

of boys will be learning the points of the compass, or the elements of the Morse and semaphore systems of signalling, while in the centre of another class an instructor will be pointing out the yards, spars, sails and ropes on an exact model of a sailing-brig, or another class will have foregathered round one boy who, mounted on a rotating-



LEARNING HOW TO ANCHOR AND GET UNDER WAY.

model, is learning how to steer by compass and by wind. At another part of the ship a cluster of lads is seen learning how to anchor and to get under way. These are only a few of the twelve classes in seamanlike knowledge through which each boy has to pass. Meanwhile on the upper deck another section of the boys is doing physical drill with arms, lustily singing "The ship I love," or "Two little girls in blue," or are practising on the horizontal bar or the horse.

This represents the more serious element in the life of a boy on a training-ship. He has plenty of leisure. At midsummer and Christmas he is able to visit his relatives for a fortnight or three weeks, while boys



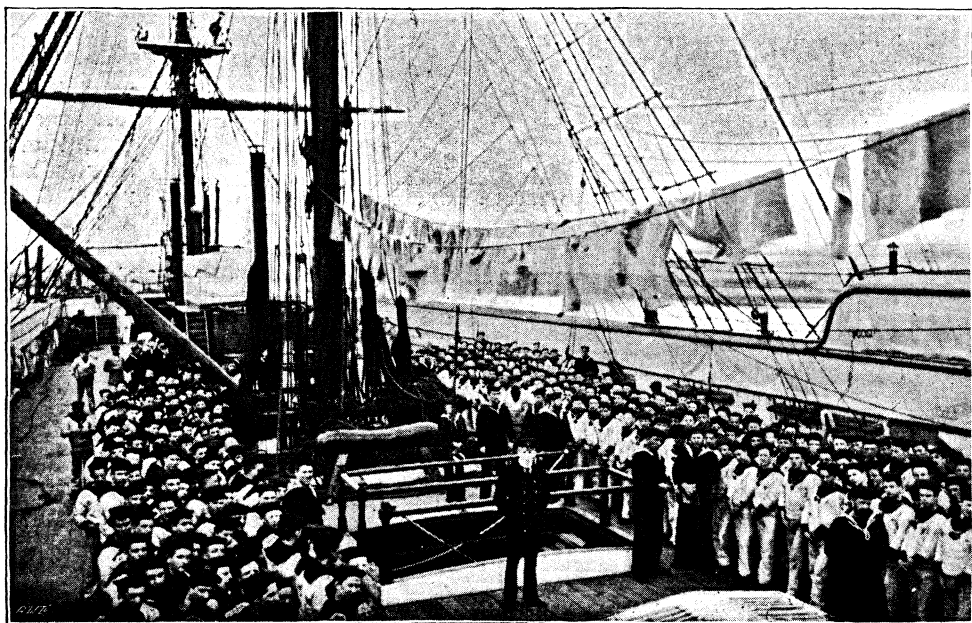
ON THE SICK LIST.

with friends within easy distance are allowed to spend occasional afternoons and weekends with them. There is a field within a few hundred yards of the training-ship, and here boys can play cricket, football and other games. The dull evenings are beguiled by magic-lantern entertainments and concerts, when the lads themselves sing and recite, while a good library, bagatelle and draughts fill up other odd half-hours. In this way the boys' lives pass very pleasantly, never lacking in interest and even excitement.

After about nine months the young seaman

is able to handle a gun, pull an oar, and swim, and, having passed through the necessary classes in seamanship, becomes a first-class boy, and his drills become more intricate. He spends a part of each day on the gunnery ship *Cambridge*, where he goes through further gun drills. Having learned all that is required of him on the training-ship he leaves for a six weeks' or two months' cruise in one of the sailing-brigs, four of which, the *Nautilus*, *Pilot*, *Liberty* and *Sea Lark*, are continually passing in and out of Plymouth Sound. On a fine breezy day they present a pleasing picture, and their well-bellied sails fill many old seamen with longings for the days before the advent of steam,

when sailors were sailors in fact as well as in name. A cruise on one of these sailing-ships does wonders for a boy. All the seamanlike knowledge he has acquired when on the training-ship is put to a test, and he gains his first experience of life at sea. Though he has plenty of work on board, drilling, handling the sails and becoming generally familiar with the conditions in which seamen pass their lives, he thoroughly enjoys his time on the brigs. Each morning, as a rule, two or three of these vessels leave their moorings under Plymouth's famous

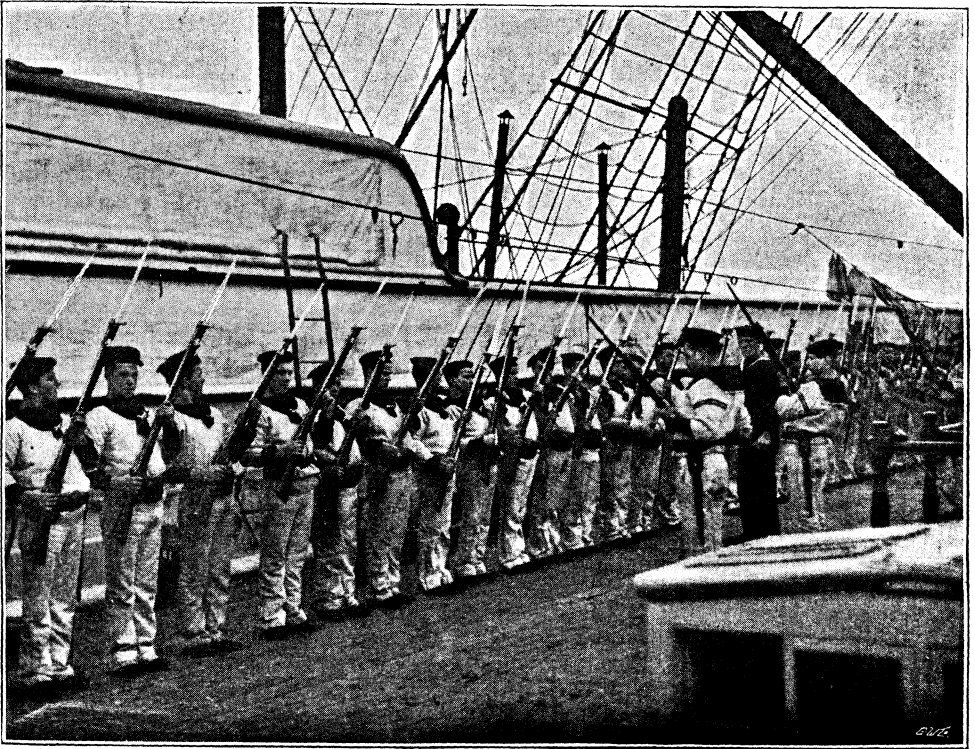


WAITING FOR DINNER.

Hoe and cruise along the Devon or Cornish coast, returning to the Sound before night-fall. Sometimes more extended cruises are made, but the end in view is primarily to fix in each boy's mind all the knowledge in seamanship which he has acquired on the training-ship. For this purpose short cruises are quite sufficient.

All too soon this playing at sailors comes to an end and the boy returns to the training-ship, where he has a complete kit for sea provided for him. Presently he receives orders to enter on the last stage of his pre-

full of fresh interest, and he is borne back to England, where further instruction in gunnery awaits him. At the age of eighteen years he becomes an ordinary seaman and a unit, though an insignificant one, of the ship's company of some battleship or cruiser. His life in the Queen's navy begins in real earnest. It is not until he has seen about six months' sea service, and has shown himself thoroughly acquainted with a seaman's duties, that he is rated an able seaman. Even after he has gone through all this preparation his training is



BOYS DRILLING WITH ARMS.

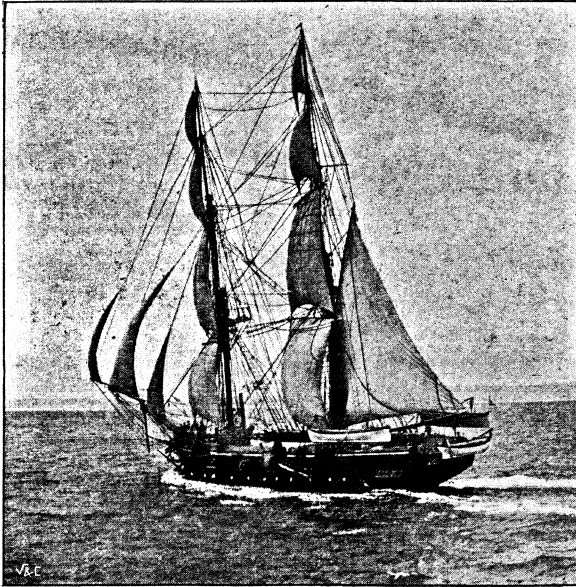
paration. He is drafted to a sea-going warship or to one of the harbour or coast-guard ships, or he may be fortunate enough to join the training squadron, which, under the command of a commodore, goes for extended cruises lasting for several months. This squadron consists of four small cruisers, and as each carries from twelve to sixteen guns, the young sailor not only gains further knowledge of seamanship but his gunnery training is carried forward, and cruising from one foreign port to another he acquires a practical acquaintance with the world. His life during these six months is

not complete. He must be an expert gunner and torpedo man. He will take a long gunnery course at Whale Island, Portsmouth, on the *Cambridge* at Devonport, or at the Sheerness School of Gunnery. He will also go through a course of torpedo instruction on the *Defiance* or *Vernon*, the torpedo-school ships stationed at Devonport or Portsmouth. It is impossible to give an accurate idea of the technical knowledge which a thoroughly competent seaman has to store away. The complexity of the work—with heavy guns of various makes and calibre, with turrets and barbettes, and with torpedoes and all the

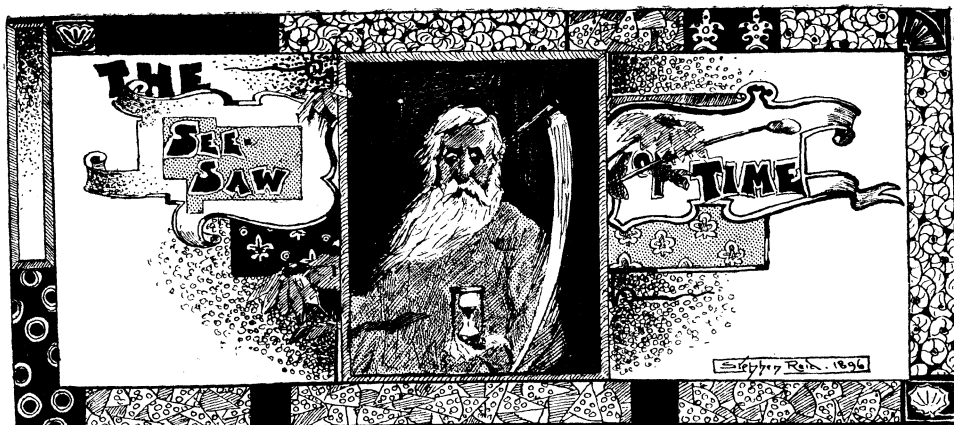
intricate arrangements of such vessels as the battleship *Magnificent*, or boxes of delicate machinery such as our torpedo-boat destroyers—only those can understand who are practically acquainted with one of our modern engines of war.

There are no seamen in the world to compare with British blue-jackets. The reason is not far to seek. During the most important periods of their lives these well-built, broad-chested, muscular men live active healthy existences, with every opportunity for develop-

ment. They are traditionally known as jolly tars, but they are more than that. They are masters of something of the sciences of seamanship, of gunnery and of navigation, and if to these they can add sobriety and ready and implicit obedience to orders, they have the talisman with which to become warrant-officers. But though we admire our blue-jackets as highly trained sailors and fighting men, it is Jack's large heart, honest face and good-fellowship which wins him a welcome at every port.



A TRAINING BRIG IN FULL SAIL.



It is twenty-three years ago last Easter since Arthur Shrewsbury made his début for the Notts Colts against the County Eleven at Trent Bridge. He was then a boy of sixteen, but he was batsman enough to make 35—top score on his side—against the bowling of such trundling giants as Jimmy



From a photo by

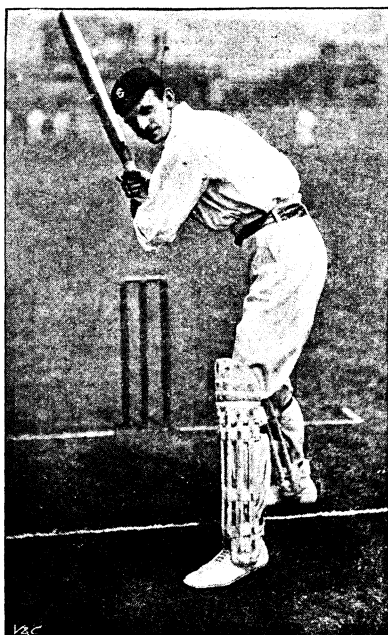
[Hawkins.]

ARTHUR SHREWSBURY.

(The oldest county professional cricketer.)

Shaw, Martin McIntyre, Fred Morley, and Alfred Shaw. Next year he assisted the County against the Colts, and since then, with the exception of one or two seasons when illness kept him out of the field, his name has been in the front of first-class batsmen. His best year, 1887, saw him with a batting average that has never been equalled. Here are the figures:—Innings, 21; runs, 1653; highest score, 267; average, 78.15. Shrewsbury was born at New Lenton on April 11, 1856.

F. C. HOLLAND, the youngest professional playing first-class cricket, resembles the oldest in one particular at least, that he neither smokes nor takes intoxicants. He was born in Battersea, February 10, 1876. He first played in the Colts match at the Oval in 1892, and gave so good an account of himself that he was immediately taken in hand by the Oval authorities. His first appearance in county cricket was against Essex in 1894, when he made a splendid start with a stylish innings of 76. This he followed up at the beginning of last season, with scores of 123, 62, and 171 in his three first innings of the season, and from this point he was recognised as a regular member of the Surrey eleven. Last season he had an average of over 33 runs per innings.



From a photo by

[Thiele.]

F. C. HOLLAND.

(The youngest county professional cricketer.)



TEA AND TATTLE.



Drawn by J. Thirle.



IT was her first journey alone in the United States. Cut adrift from New York friends, fairly launched on an independent expedition, she felt a little timidity and a great deal of curiosity.

The long car was so different from an English railway compartment. Not more different than the people—a fair sample of the ordinary material that goes to make up the daily burden of a fast train between New York and the New England cities.

She was too busy watching a typical Connecticut farmer and his old wife to be aware that, in her turn, she had attracted attention.

Perhaps Robert Winsted had no absorbing personal interests just then. He let his idle eyes and thoughts rest on the English girl. He could watch her without fear of detection, since she occupied a seat more forward across the aisle.

How entirely unlike a pretty New Yorker who sat just in front of her!

Winsted knew less of English girls than many of his contemporaries at college. His people had never been victims to the mania for foreign travel. In his home circle he met only the typical society of a manufacturing town.

By the time the train had reached Norwalk his interest was sufficient to create a decided wish for an incident that might be a definite basis for something more satisfactory than a view of her profile and the knot of brown hair that showed beneath a travelling hat.

Fortune favours the brave—sometimes. The car was hot. Dorothy made a vain attempt to open the window.

Winsted's voice said, "Allow me," his long arm reached over and reduced the obstinate window spring to obedience.

Dorothy blushed her thanks so prettily that he was determined not to give up his chance advantage.

"I'm afraid you have an uncomfortable place there. This centre register is nearest the supply pipe."

She looked down at the square of iron-work from which the dry hot air was issuing in strong puffs. "Oh, I didn't know!" They both smiled as she looked up again and met his eyes.

"There's a seat on the other side I think you'd find cooler, if you'll allow me to move your things across?" He thought how sweet and fresh her face was; the broad English accent was a charming novelty too.

How is love born? In a glance, under the eyes of a careless crowd, regardless of the limitations of time and occasion. In that moment Robert Winsted met his fate, and realised the fact with the clearness of an eminently practical and logical mind.

"But won't it trouble you?" she asked.

"Not in the least." Winsted smiled again in the elation of this first success.

As he rearranged her things in the opposite rack, Dorothy studied her new acquaintance. He looked like a gentleman. Her natural impulses were all against the rather rigid etiquette that her elders prescribed as correct. She took the offered seat.

Winsted stood a moment irresolute. He did not want to force himself on her, but the acquaintance should not fall through if he could help it.

Perhaps Dorothy understood. "This was

your seat?" she asked. "I mustn't take it all."

"Oh, I can go into the smoker if I'm in your way."

"Not at all. There's plenty of room."

Winsted improved his opportunities so well that within a few minutes Dorothy

bag and wraps, hoping sincerely no one had come to meet her, a hope quickly put an end to. Already two ladies were making friendly signals from the platform; worse than that, he did not know either. There was nothing to do but deliver up his charge for the present and take the earliest chance of



Sydney Cowell

"Her eyes met his."

forgot she had never been properly introduced. She listened with the faith of a neophyte to his explanations of American ways. He talked well. Dorothy's frank gray eyes, full of simple confidence, were an inspiration. If those same eyes were sometimes timidly downcast before the admiration plainly to be read in his, it but gave the better opportunity to learn the charm of the rose tints of her cheek, the subtly-rounded lines of her face.

A very little diplomacy elicited the name of the lady she was to be with in New Haven.

But now the flat shores of New Haven harbour were unkindly near. There was just time to ask permission to call, and exchange cards, before the train ran into the dingy bustle of the dépôt.

Winsted gathered up his companion's hand-

renewing the acquaintance on a properly conventional footing.

He watched Dorothy as she went across the waiting-room talking fast to her friends. They got into a carriage and drove off.

Winsted turned away, unreasonably sore; she had apparently already forgotten his existence.

He looked at her card. "Miss Dorothy Chichester," and underneath, the address of Mrs. Ingalls, 450 Prospect Street. It must be one of the houses last built, up the hill.

Netty Ingalls and Dorothy Chichester came gaily along the street, laughing as the gusty wind rushed in from the bay and caught them unawares.

The curious contrasts of a New England manufacturing town made everything a delightful novelty to Dorothy, fresh from the decorous monotony of an English cathedral city. Even Water Street, with its dingy frame houses and gaunt factories, was interesting. Hideously utilitarian as it was, the sparkling waters of the harbour, under the ruddy sunset sky, redeemed it from absolute ugliness.

Inside the deep archway of a great foundry the black shadows were chequered with intense light from the molten metal as it streamed into the moulds. The girls stopped to make way for four men, who marched heavily out, bearing a huge casting. It was all new to Dorothy, even to the grimy denim overalls and the Irish brogue that seemed typical points of the workmen.

A fifth man came out of the darkness. Her eyes met his. Through the foundry dust and the disguise of workman's clothes she recognised her friend of the railway journey.

His face flushed deep with annoyance; a whole series of traditions regarding English class distinctions flitted through his mind. He took off his cap stiffly.

Netty's eyes were turned to the harbour where a steamer was working its way up the channel.

Dorothy stared blankly. Then he wasn't a gentleman at all! His embarrassment betrayed it. Just a common workman out for a holiday, and now mortified to be found out. She felt as if all her blood had rushed to her face. She looked straight at him with the vacant gaze society directs at objects that are to be taken as invisible, seized Netty's hand and hurried her on.

Robert Winsted stood looking after them in a white rage. "The cut direct," he muttered, and went back to his work in no gentle humour, anathematising the prejudices, the exclusiveness, the snobbishness, of the whole English nation, and the cold-hearted shallowness of Dorothy Chichester in particular. What fiendish luck that he had been absolutely unable to get to Prospect Street last evening!

Only a few minutes ago he had been

planning to quit work a little before the whistle blew, to order some flowers to take with him to-night. In the face of that stony stare he couldn't even attempt to explain the matter. Newcomers in the place, the Ingalls only knew the college clique, of which they naturally formed part, and unluckily his own people were not in that, so there was scant chance of a meeting on equal terms.

Dorothy went home very little more at ease than Winsted himself. This was the result of breaking through her mother's rule of never speaking to strangers. Yet he didn't seem like a common man. Dorothy stamped her foot in anger at the thought that she couldn't even detect the difference between a workman and a gentleman, and so laid herself open to the accusation of dropping an acquaintance for conventional reasons.

The balance veered the other way. After all, he did act like a gentleman, and she, in her surprise, had insulted him. What did it matter whether a man wrote figures in a banking office or made moulds in a foundry?

As a matter of fact, Robert Winsted had never made a mould in his life, but Dorothy didn't know that.

The encounter spoiled Dorothy's pleasure for a day or two, even when the sting of it had grown blunt. She gave a good deal of thought to Winsted, and, in fact, wove a pretty little romance of the position into which he had been forced by undeserved misfortune.

Whenever in walks or drives they met a hurrying crowd of men going home from work, Dorothy's eyes were disappointed not to detect the one figure she might have known in the heavy-footed throng.

Once more she met him face to face outside St. Paul's rectory. She was alone; without knowing it, she smiled and half stopped. This time it was Winsted who walked on unseeing, and went the rest of his homeward way cursing the pride that had hardened his heart—no, not his heart, that was soft and sore enough, only his manner.

Pride did not prevent Robert Winsted finding out all he could of the movements of Miss Chichester and her friends. It was ten days now since that memorable journey, and to-night he surprised his sister by offering to go with her to the Art Club's reception.

There was a crowd as usual. Some of Florence's friends carried her off and left

her brother to his own devices. At last he saw the one face he wanted in a far corner.

Dorothy, flushed with excitement and success, was prettier than ever. They were coming towards him. Winsted drew back behind some tall palms; her white dress almost touched him. As she passed he heard her gay answer to her escort's vapid remarks, and again the full English tone satisfied his mind as no other voice did. She did not see him. It was not now in drawing-rooms Dorothy looked for her fellow-traveller.

A very few days' experience in America had taught her that, though class distinctions were not on the same lines as in England, yet they existed as surely, if not as sharply, in Connecticut as in the English shires.

Now that he had let the moment pass, Winsted raged at himself for again missing his chance. The fact of his being a guest in that house was a sufficient guarantee of social solvency.

Yes, there she was still, listening to Fred Ingersoll's gush. Suppose he should march over and speak? The temptation to oust Mr. Ingersoll was a strong one. But if she remembered their last unlucky meeting? He had refused to know her then. He could expect nothing better than the cut direct again. It was no good trying to straighten out a muddle in a crowd like this.

The Y.M.C.A. building was ablaze with lights. In the corridors, on the stairs, were gay groups in evening dress, the pervading strains of a string band filled up the pauses in a general hum of voices. A great light in the religious world had come to grace the opening of a hall newly added to the building. The speaker had roused his audience to enthusiasm and now was undergoing the penalties of popularity in the repeated hand-shaking of a reception not the less long because it was informal.

Robert Winsted was bored to death with the heat and the speeches. He hardly expected to see any of the Ingalls' party. There was a german to-night which would take in most of the college set. He stood a moment at the door of the big hall, looking at the crowd that surged about the platform.

Two ladies came out and crossed into the comparative emptiness of the lobby. They were followed by a portly committee-man talking to a girl. She turned her head. From under the furry hood of her cloak Winsted saw Dorothy Chichester's face. At

the same moment Mr. Upham caught sight of Winsted.

"The very man I wanted," he said, stopping short. "Excuse me, Miss Chichester, while I ask Winsted something. Have you met my friend Winsted, Miss Chichester?"

Dorothy murmured something indistinct.

"Mighty fine show we've given 'em to-night. I tell you the Y.M.C.A.'s a live concern in this town. You young fellows don't know what a soft snap you've got. When I was young things was different. All the best people in town, and all the pretty girls, like Miss Chichester here."

Robert stood miserably embarrassed. To be a member of the Y.M.C.A. might charitably be accepted as a proof of piety, but was in no wise evidence of social distinction, neither was Mr. Upham's friendship. Everybody knew Jim Upham and his loud prosperity. He didn't pretend to be more than a self-made man. Society and he had no point of contact, except when his generosity happened to be directed to the fashionable charity of the moment. To assume that he was on familiar terms with Jim Upham's pompous vulgarity would only lower him still more in Miss Chichester's eyes.

He said coldly, "You wanted to speak to me, sir?"

"Oh, yes, about that ——" He broke off abruptly. "There's Jenkins. I must see him first. Take care of Miss Chichester a minute, there's a good fellow," and Mr. Upham darted across the lobby to intercept the unconscious Jenkins.

There was an awkward pause. In a sort of dumb fascination Robert sought vainly for words. He could think of nothing, do nothing, but watch the border of fur round her hood and cloak as her breath fluttered it.

At last he said stiffly, "Perhaps you would prefer to join your friends? I am sorry that Mr. Upham's engagements have inadvertently left you to my care. I had no desire to force my society on you, Miss Chichester."

Dorothy flushed with annoyance. She had seen Mr. Upham disappear with calmness. Here was the chance she wanted to put herself right, to acknowledge the little act of snobbishness of which she had been heartily ashamed ever since, and now her good intentions were repulsed unuttered. She remembered with uncomfortable clearness their meeting by the church, and the coldness with which he had ignored her friendly inclinations. He was not worth an



"As she passed he heard her gay answer to her escort's vapid remarks."

apology. She certainly wouldn't humble herself to an equal, why should she be so quixotic because a common workman happened to look like a gentleman?

Her voice was both proud and cold as she said, "Thank you, if you will be kind enough," and, very erect, she went slowly across towards the doorway through which Mrs. Ingalls and her friend had disappeared.

Winsted moved at her side, conscious that he had very distinctly said the wrong thing, yet utterly unable to think of a way to amend his error.

Dorothy looked at the various groups who stood chattering in the large parlour they had entered. Neither of her friends was to be seen. She stopped. Winsted saw her annoyance and said, in a voice pride and embarrassment made forbiddingly formal, "Possibly your friends are in there." He looked over to a smaller doorway at the far end of the room. It was a corner room, almost deserted. Evidently Mrs. Ingalls was not there, no one but two elderly women enjoying a quiet talk.

Dorothy could have cried or laughed. It seemed so ridiculous, yet so mortifying, to be left to this impossible stranger, who would gladly be released from his charge, instead of running a wild-goose chase after Mrs. Ingalls in this rambling place, apparently constructed to afford unusual opportunities for missing people.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Winsted. Thank you, I'll sit down here and wait. Mrs. Ingalls will be sure to find me."

There was an uncompromising amount of dignity in Dorothy's tone as she sat down; but although he had made a mess of it, Robert Winsted had an obstinate intention not to take his dismissal without a protest. Perhaps the very sharpness of the contrast touched the Dorothy of the journey with such an ideal light as to throw a ray of doubt on the reality of this distant young lady.

"At least you must allow me to find Mrs. Ingalls for you. She may have returned to the hall by another door."

"There is no need, indeed."

"But you must allow me to insist on that, at least."

Dorothy happened to look up and meet his eyes. No amount of inexperience or annoyance could read their message as unfriendly. Dorothy refused to define more in detail; she stood up, saying, a little less freezingly, "If you will take me

back to the hall, then, perhaps that will be better."

People were going home; the parlours began to look bare and forlorn. A demon of stupidity had invaded Winsted's brain. The only words that came to him it was entirely impossible to say now. He could only look.

Perhaps Dorothy saw the look, demurely as her eyes were bent on the ground. She would not mind his stiffness; she wanted to ease her conscience.

"Mr. Winsted, I am afraid I was very rude the other day."

He made a gesture of dissent.

"Oh, but I was. I didn't expect to see you, you know; and for the moment——" She broke off, her excuse sounded like a lie, even to herself. "I did recognise you, and I wouldn't see you. I've been ashamed of it ever since. We are not likely to meet again, I suppose, so I'm glad to have the chance to apologise."

Winsted's heart was beating in an altogether confusing manner. What a darling she was, anyway! If he did not say it with his lips, perhaps his eyes were as effectual a means of expression, for the colour began to deepen in Dorothy's pink cheeks.

At last he found words to say, "Indeed it is I who have to ask pardon, if you'll forgive me, Miss Chichester."

At that moment Mrs. Ingalls pounced on them.

"You poor child! I've been hunting for you everywhere. That tiresome Mr. Upham, always running off and poking into other people's business."

She looked at Winsted, his face was vaguely familiar, and began a word of thanks, but stopped, as another voice said, rather loudly, "So you've found the wandering sheep. Why, was it you, Robert, who had replaced our respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. Upham? I hope you didn't let Miss Chichester regret the change." She turned to Mrs. Ingalls.

"What, haven't you ever met Mr. Winsted?"

Robert's pleasure at the sound of Mrs. Spaulding's voice reached an intensity not often evoked by a stout elderly lady, remarkable for nothing more attractive than a commanding manner and an assured social position.

"How's your mother's cold, Robert?" she asked, as they all walked across the lobby. "She wasn't well enough to be up yesterday, and I told her so."

There was a delay while Mrs. Ingalls' carriage was brought to the door. Mrs. Spaulding went on, "Now can you remember to tell your sister not to fail me to-morrow about the Associated Charities concert?"

"I'll be sure to tell her." Having duly given her evidence as to his respectability, Winsted wished Mrs. Spaulding would let him have a word with Dorothy, but no.

"Why do you never come and see me now? Is it that abominable mill? I suppose cutting yourself off from civilised society isn't a necessary part of learning the business?"

Robert said something indistinct in excuse,

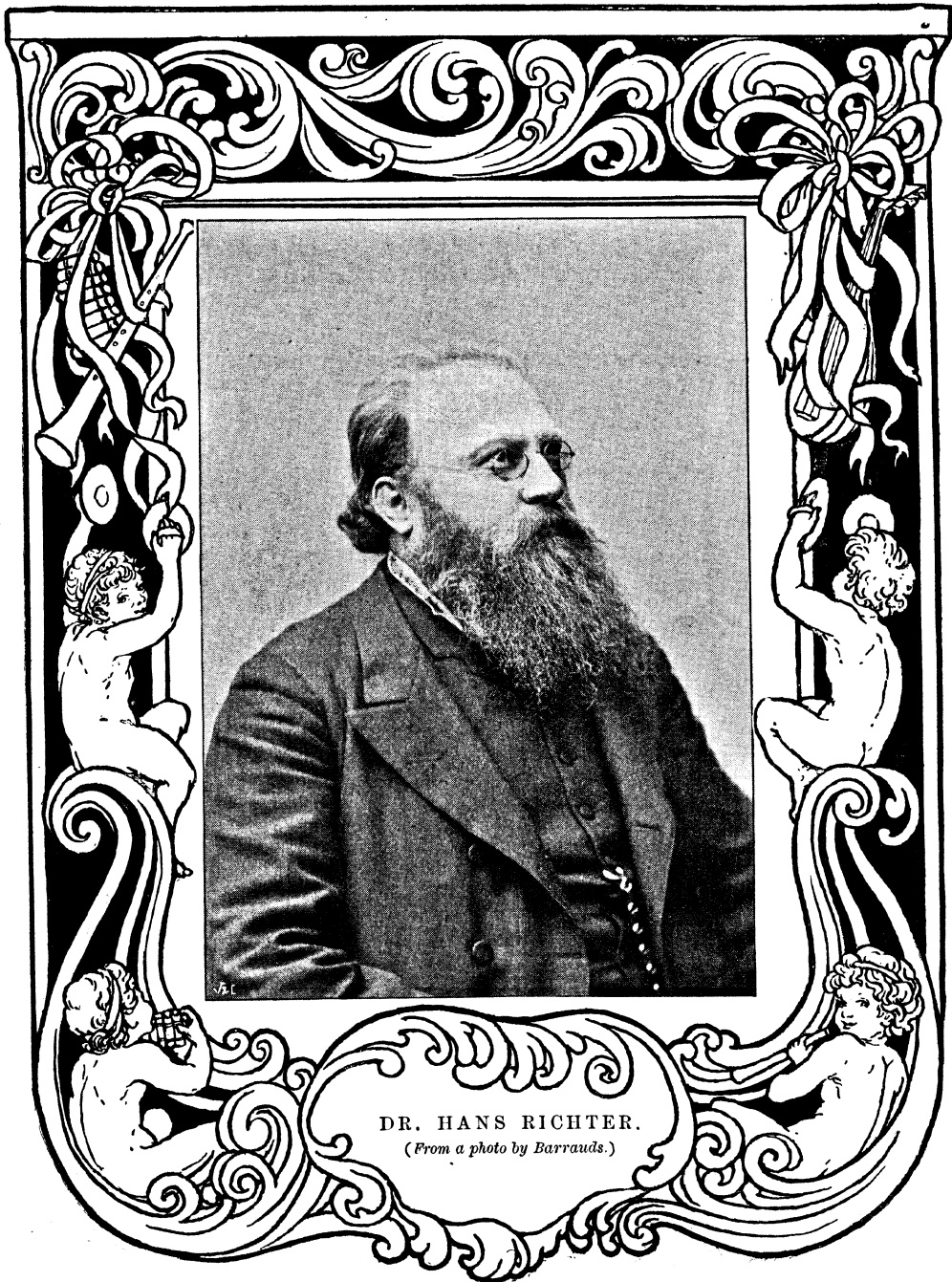
and at last she went down the steps to her carriage.

Mrs. Ingalls' man was waiting, too; there was no time for explanations. Winsted put Mrs. Ingalls and Dorothy in, and, as he held Dorothy's hand a moment, asked, "May I come and see you?"

Mrs. Ingalls heard the question, softly as it was spoken. Dorothy said nothing; he had to be content with the older lady's cordial assurance that they would be very glad to see him any time.

Despite Dorothy's silence, Robert Winsted walked home through the icy streets in a ridiculously happy frame of mind.






MOMENTS WITH MODERN MUSICIANS:

A CHAT WITH DR. HANS RICHTER.

By F. KLICKMANN.

“ H, please do not ask me my views on Beethoven. I am so afraid you will,” said Dr. Hans Richter to me in a tone of beseechment one afternoon this summer. “It is a most interesting topic, of course, but sometimes—one gets just a little tired of it.”

“Then Beethoven shall be ignored. It is yourself I want to discuss, not the great composer.”

Our environment on this occasion suggested but little that was musical, a grand piano being the only feature that in any way appealed to the artistic sense, if one excepts a large bowl of mignonette and heliotrope that stood on the table. For the rest, the room was one of those typical drawing-rooms that can be secured during the London season in the fashionable quarter of the town.

Yet the personality of the man soon worked a transformation, and instead of gazing over an orthodox London window-box, full of geraniums and daisies, into a London street teeming with hansom cabs like recurring decimals, one was speedily transferred to Vienna, with its unending opera season and its superb concerts; or to Bayreuth, where the faithful worship unmolested at the shrine of the “Master”; and yet again would the scene change, and Brussels, Paris, Lucerne or Munich would supply a moment's halting place in that most circuitous journey which we took across and about Europe—and all in the space of an hour.

To describe the famous conductor is scarcely necessary. One has seen him so often, perhaps strolling leisurely down Regent Street regarding the whole world with an air of complacency, or better still, standing before his able bodyguard, the gentlemen of the orchestra, at those magnificent concerts at St. James's Hall that are always associated with his name.

The Richter Concerts were started in 1879. The first season consisted of only three concerts, and public opinion hung in

the balance as to the merits of numbers one and two, but the third concert won every-one over to the side of the new venture, and since that date the “Richters” are one of the most important features of the London season. On these evenings the audience consists of something more than the ordinary concert goer, and visitors to London have often enjoyed singling out from the gay crowd in the stalls such musicians as August Manns, Dr. Hubert Parry, Edward Lloyd, Georg Henschel, Miss Fanny Davies, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and many other well-known faces. The late Lord Leighton was one of the most regular attendants at these concerts, and the late Lord Tennyson was at one time another familiar figure. Mr. Balfour and Mr. John Morley, sitting side by side, are by no means the only politicians who snatch an hour or two from political cares to enjoy some of the finest performances of Beethoven and Wagner that are to be heard through the length and breadth of our small island.

Dr. Richter's whole life has been passed in a musical atmosphere, and it was pleasant to get him to speak of his early years.

“Both my parents were very musical,” he said. “My father was the Kapellmeister at the cathedral in Raab, my native city, and my mother was a fine singer. After my father's death in 1854—that was when I was eleven—I went into the Imperial Chapel at Vienna as a—what do you say in English?—a sing-boy.”

“We call them choristers.”

“Ah, yes, that is the word. While I was singing in the chapel I was being educated at the Gymnasium—that is a large public school. I also worked hard at my music, and as time went on I played in various orchestras in Vienna—a different instrument in each. My wish always was to become a conductor, and to this end I was anxious to make myself practically acquainted with every instrument in the orchestra.”

In this he has certainly succeeded, for not only can Dr. Richter play every orchestral instrument, but he is one of the finest performers anywhere on wind instruments.

"When did you first meet Wagner?" I asked.

"In 1866. It happened in this way. Wagner wanted someone to come to Lucerne, where he was then living, to correct the proofs and make a fair copy of the score of 'Die Meistersinger.' He wrote to Vienna, and after a stiff examination at the hands of Esser and Lachner, they decided to send me."

"Had you ever seen Wagner at that time?"

"Yes, I had seen him conducting, and had worshipped him at a distance, you know; but I had never spoken to him, though I had always longed to do so."

"Were you disillusioned when you went to stay with him?"

"Not at all. I was just fascinated with him. He was a wonderful man. I cannot understand anyone meeting him and not being impressed by him."

"Yet his enemies say he was irritable."

"They did their best to make him so," replied the Doctor, with just a shade of fierceness on his usually placid face. "How could a man write such music as he wrote without being highly strung and more than sensitive? And how could a man with such nerves find the world anything but jarring at times? I tell you he was a most lovable man, no matter what people may say."

"You did not remain long at Lucerne?"

"No, when 'Die Meistersinger' was finished I went to Munich to prepare a performance of it in that town. By the way, did you know that I have sung in opera? It was at the sixth performance that was ever given of 'Die Meistersinger.' I was not announced beforehand. But at the last moment the vocalist who was to have taken Kothner's part was ill, so to save the performance I sang in his place. I did not set the house on fire," said the musician, laughing to himself at the remembrance of it, "but I did not upset them. That was the main thing."

"Was that your first appearance on the operatic stage?"

"My first and my last—you may call it my solo appearance."

"Having had such practical experience in the matter, will you tell me whether you consider Wagner's music detrimental to the voice?"

"Certainly not. It is not more trying to sing than Mozart. Of course it is difficult music, and it takes a musician to render it as it should be sung, but it is all nonsense to imagine that it is unsingable. C is C whether Wagner or Mozart use it."

Speaking of the difficulty of Wagner's music naturally led us to talk of singers, and Dr. Richter emphatically pronounced in favour of English vocalists.

"You have some remarkably fine singers in England," he said. "They produce their voices as a rule more naturally than do Germans, who are inclined to force the tone. Look at Edward Lloyd; what could you desire better than his voice? I was so sorry he did not sing when he was in Vienna. He would have made an immense impression there. English singers are much appreciated on the Continent, and their popularity will increase as time goes on. Madame Albani and Ben Davies, for instance, are great favourites."

"Do English composers obtain much of a hearing out of their own country?"

"Decidedly yes. I often give their works in Vienna. Cowen's music is always well received. I introduced his Scandinavian Symphony on the Continent, and other composers—Mackenzie, for example—are often in our programmes. I believe that in the future English musicians will occupy a prominent position on the Continent. You have no lack of good men here, and your audiences are splendid. I reckon my English audiences the most enthusiastic I ever have. They are quite my friends. I brought some members of my Vienna orchestra over here to the Birmingham Festival, and they were simply astounded at the enthusiasm of the people. We do not have that in Germany or Austria."

"But you have more music than we do?"

"That is true. In Vienna we have opera every night all the year round, to say nothing of the large number of concerts. Sunday is always a very hard day with me. There is high mass in the cathedral at eleven, a concert at half-past twelve, and a grand opera at half-past eight. If one has to conduct all three performances it is very tiring."

"Do you ever take a holiday?" something prompted me to inquire.

"Not very often. When I am away from Vienna I am still at work. Last night I conducted a concert in Brussels; I have now come to London for my concerts here, and when these are over I shall go straight to Bayreuth to rehearse the performances there. I am hoping that Madame Wagner will set me free by August, then I can take three weeks' rest before beginning the work for the autumn. I am very fond of work," the Doctor added, "and conducting is especially

congenial to me. But sometimes I get overdone, and feel I should like a really long holiday."

I was not surprised to hear this ; a more ardent worker does not exist among the conductors of Europe. And Dr. Richter's life has always been one long round of doing. He conducted the first performance of "Lohengrin" in French, and assisted Wagner in bringing out "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried," "Rheingold," and "Götterdämmerung." In Budapest he practically made the music, and certainly Vienna owes him a large debt of gratitude for the work he has done there. He is also Madame Wagner's right hand in preparing the festival performances at Bayreuth.

The history of the ever-popular orchestral work, Wagner's Siegfried Idyl, is well known, but it gained a new interest when the Doctor told it in his own way.

"In 1871 Wagner composed the Idyl as a surprise for Madame Wagner's birthday, which was on Christmas Day. I rehearsed it in Lucerne, keeping the matter a profound secret. On her birthday morning the musicians who were to perform it came over, some from Zurich and some from

Lucerne, to the house at Tribschen, on the borders of Lake Lucerne, where Wagner and his family were then living. We stood on the steps in front of the house and performed it. Wagner conducted, and I played the trumpet. The children were as delighted as Madame Wagner, and they always spoke of it as the 'Treppen music' (stair-music), though it was actually named after Wagner's son, and the drama of the same name."

If Wagner appreciated the labours of his colleague Hans Richter, he in turn can never speak too highly of Mr. Theodor Frantzen, his aide-de-camp, who trains the Richter Choir. Some of the pleasantest events in connection with Dr. Richter's visits to London are the occasions on which he attends and personally conducts these rehearsals. Unlike the other large London choirs, the services of the Richter

Choir are required so seldom that they soon get out of working order, and need a superhuman amount of energy to pull them together again. This energy Mr. Frantzen possesses to a surprising degree. For weeks before the arrival of the great Hungarian conductor Mr. Frantzen is drilling his forces in the dingy hall in Store Street, where, with a persistency that becomes almost aggravat-



From a photo by

MADAME RICHTER.

DR. RICHTER.

[Elliott & Fry.]

MR. THEODOR FRANTZEN.

ing at times, he has a passage sung again, again, again, and yet once more, till there is not a fault left. Mr. Frantzen's office as choir-trainer is no sinecure; yet he displays marked patience, especially when he is preparing such music as the Graal scene from "Parsifal," where the chorus is divided into five soprano, two alto, two tenor and two bass parts, each of which seems to be gifted with a distinct determination to go wrong.

But at length the work is pulled into shape. It is announced that the Doctor will attend the next rehearsal. That night every member turns up in good time; the visitors' gallery is packed; a feeling of unrest pervades the hall, though the rehearsal begins as usual, and Mr. Frantzen goes over again and again, in his favourite manner, any passages that show a tendency to unsteadiness. Presently the fortunate row of basses who are nearest the door catch a glimpse of the long looked-for figure coming down the corridor, and like electricity the news flies. It matters not what they may be singing, down go the books, and before the musician is barely in the hall applause is at its wildest. Hans Richter makes his way to the platform with many bows and the happiest of smiles. The greeting of the two conductors is hearty. On the Doctor's part one can see the most cordial friendship for his assistant, while on Mr. Frantzen's side there is unbounded loyalty and admiration for his chief. The meeting of these tried warriors is always a pleasant study. The same may be said for the Doctor's dress. On such occasions he is usually attired *à l'anglaise*, but with a difference. A pale gray alpaca suit, a white waistcoat adorned with a red check and larger red buttons, collar and cuffs of blue linen, and a light straw sailor hat, these are the colours most affected by the Doctor.

After a little speech to the choir in his

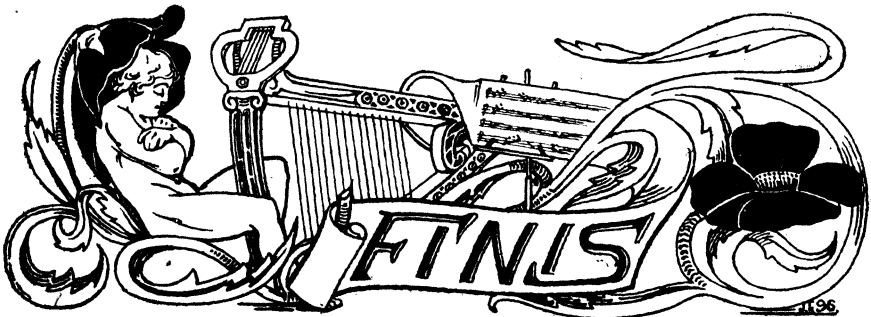
inimitable foreign-English he takes the bâton in hand. I need hardly say that he never once refers to the score; his prodigious memory has for years been a thing of wonder. He conducts very easily, more as though he were idly toying with his weapon, than directing and controlling a large body of human beings. He sings a great deal himself, and looks the essence of geniality—till he hears a false note. Then down comes the bâton with a smart crack, his left hand is raised, and everything is instantaneously at a standstill. His careless appearance is most misleading to those who do not know him. Nothing ever escapes either the eyes or the ears of Hans Richter.

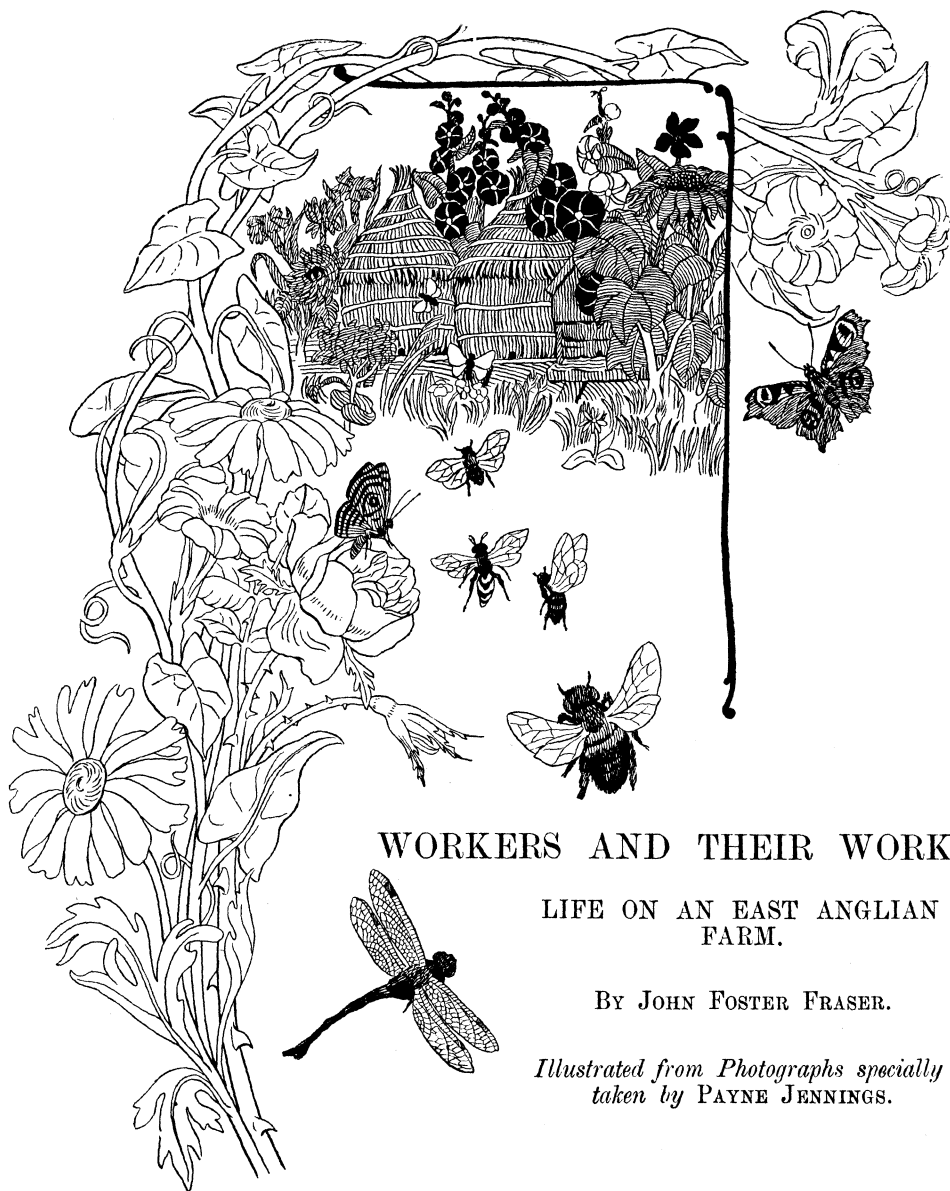
His directions to the choir are always concise and clearly understandable, though often he gives them in an original manner. One of his very effective methods of obtaining a sudden *diminuendo* is to hold up his hand and exclaim, in a ghostly tone, "Wanish!" and immediately the sound does vanish.

A text he continually preaches upon is what he calls "entoosum." Over and over again I have heard him remark that we do not need more music but more enthusiasm; that, however, one soon gets if one has much to do with him; his own is most infectious.

"I like English people very much," the Doctor said to me at parting; "they are so kind and appreciative. It is always good to come here."

I think we in turn can heartily assure him that we are more than glad to welcome him. It will make a sad blank in the artistic world of England when Hans Richter decides to visit us no more; but we hope that is a very far distant event, for not only should we be sorry to miss the music he brings with him, but an equal regret would it be to lose the pleasant glimpses of the courteous kind-hearted man who has made firm friends wherever he goes in this a foreign land.





WORKERS AND THEIR WORK :

LIFE ON AN EAST ANGLIAN
FARM.

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

*Illustrated from Photographs specially
taken by PAYNE JENNINGS.*

THE farm at which I lived was in Suffolk and seven miles from a station. It was an out-of-the-way corner of the world with no letters reaching us unless we went to another farm over a mile distant, where they were left by the postman. A London daily paper rarely travelled to that solitude, but once a week we scanned the local sheet and found that a rent dinner was of more importance than a national crisis, that the announcement of a change of ministry was pushed into a corner after a long report of a sale of sheep. Farmers have their own little

world, and they know little and care little about the world beyond.

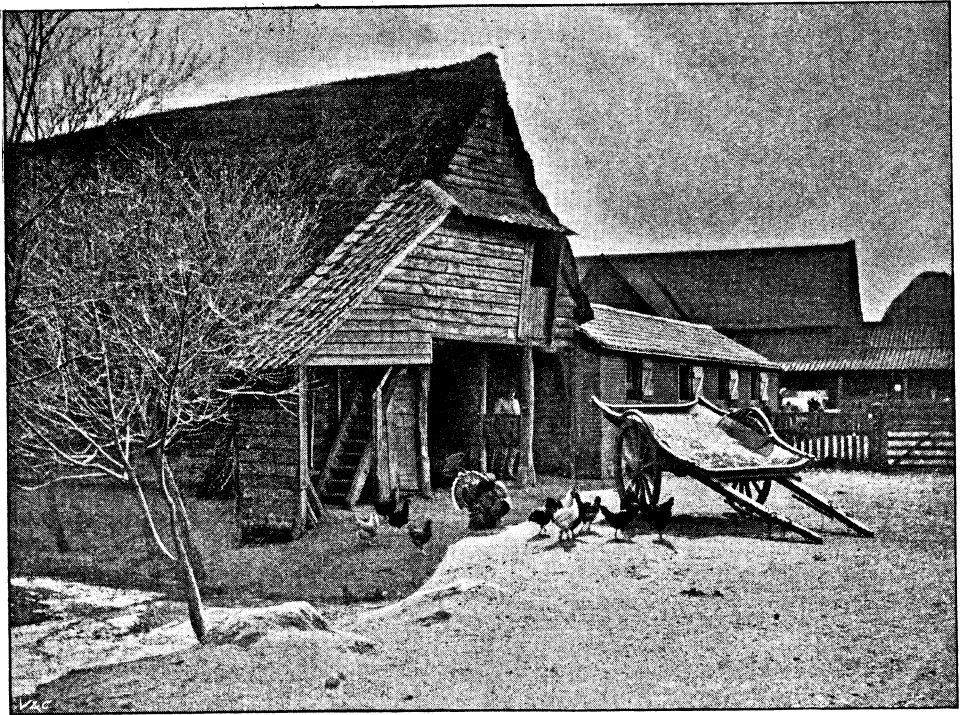
"There's no farming now ; it's only grubbing," said a big, bluff, red-cheeked and stiff-jointed old man to me one evening when we leaned over the gate of the stock-yard and talked of these sad times for agriculture. Land all over the country, and more especially in the Eastern counties, has depreciated in value, and with a melancholy shrug you are told it is not worth the cultivation ; that corn costs more to grow than it will sell in the market, that cattle do not

pay for their food, and that every year the farmer has a balance on the wrong side of his account.

The East Anglian farmer is the most conservative man I know. He has no faith in newfangled notions. He jogs along as his father did, working the heavy clay lands year in and year out, wishing for rain to help on his root crops; then cursing the rain when it comes because it is likely to spoil his hay. And yet he is a type which those of us who live in towns would be glad to have more of—honest, a little rude in speech, warm-hearted, and optimistic—save

as the trees have their leaves tinged with russet and then with gold, a deep October sadness spreads over the land; the heavy rains come and the roads are miry and in places almost impassable; the fields lie desolate and the cattle stand shivering under the thin branched trees. It is a time repellant to the townsman, unless like me he loves the country best when the gay colours have been laid aside and the sombre drab of late autumn wraps the world as in a cloak.

But this is a busy time for the farmer's men. No sooner have they cleared away the crops than they must sow for the coming



IN THE FARMYARD.

respecting the coming season, with regard to which he entertains an abiding pessimism—kind to his labourers, although he does pay them only eleven shillings a week (to which, however, harvesting money and allotments make an additional income), and possessing a strong belief in the virtues of his thick home-brewed ale, in fat bacon and broad beans.

The farmer's year begins at Michaelmas. The wheat and the barley have then been garnered; it has been sold or stacked with the hope of better prices being gained later on. The brightness of summer has gone, and

year; the land has to be ploughed, and from the early morning, when the mists rise from the soil, till the late afternoon when they sink again, the ploughman's "Gee up" and "Whoa, there" are heard as he calls to his horses, and they slowly trudge from field-side to field-side turning the furrows and sowing the wheat.

The ploughman's great pride is his ability to plough each furrow straight. A good man will not deviate an inch in his course. In former days, before cricket was so much in vogue, ploughing contests were the favourite pastime with the young farmers.

But the farmer, unless he farms in a very small way, does not plough now. With all his old-fashioned notions about agriculture, and his open contempt for any man who dubs himself a scientific farmer, his ideas about his own personal position have changed.

I met one or two old farmers who take an active part in the working of their land, but the younger generation prefer to ride on horseback giving their directions, to cut a dash at the "ordinary" on market-day in the neighbouring town, and take an interest in horse-racing. "There's some of them," said the old man I have already quoted, "who only farm about two hundred acres and must keep a hunter. Of course they fail; but I don't see that bad prices has much to do with it in their case. I don't say that there's much to be got out of farming, but there's too much extravagance—a great deal too much." And this was from a wealthy man, according to the reports of his neighbours, but whose hands were horny, who received me with his shirt tucked up, a dusty and battered old straw hat on his head, and wearing corduroy trousers and heavy ironshod boots.

Corn cannot be grown year after year on the same land. It exhausts certain constituents of the soil to such an extent as to forbid two consecutive crops of the same nature. Twenty and thirty years ago, when even the farmers themselves admitted they were doing well, pasture land was broken up for corn-growing purposes, and if the soil was particularly good a crop might be grown several years in succession. But since prices have gone down so much, and when, according to one very precise and calculating farmer, it costs £7 to grow an acre of corn for which only £4 or £5 can be obtained in the market, the tendency is to put down land to pasture for stock-rearing purposes. I found that men throughout East Anglia were going back to the old methods of a four-course shift as the best and cheapest way of dealing with their land. That is, on one quarter of their land they grow wheat, on another quarter barley, a third quarter is clean fallow—land that is being turned over and given a rest—and the fourth is pasture or roots or clover. Where wheat and barley are grown this year roots and clover will be grown next. So on one farm there will be growing corn, to produce a lump sum of money after harvest, and

there will be cattle reared in the pastures and fed in the winter with the roots and clover. Thus, as much as possible, a farm is made self-supporting.

During the long gray winter months life is dreary and monotonous. The hands turn out and repair the hedges where they have been damaged by cattle or where they grow thin. The ditches, which have become choked with weeds and old leaves, are cleaned and the drainage of the land is looked after, though of recent years it must be said that little has been done in this direction. When the weather is frosty, then the corn gathered a few months before is threshed. No longer can you hear the swing and the thud of the flail beating the corn from its shell on the hard floor or see the chaff driven with a hand-fan. The



"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

whirr and the buzz of the threshing machine have taken the place of the more poetic method. Some of the small farmers make their horses provide the motive power. Many others are showing an inclination towards the breeding of pigs, though every farmer I came across told me that if there was one thing that paid less than another it was pig-breeding. A sow has two litters of from five to fifteen each year. All the food-rubbish of the farmyard is thrown into their trough. But pork is very cheap, and the reason a farmer breeds pigs he will tell you is in the hope of it becoming dearer; but the arrival of that time is generally a long way ahead.

There is much to be done about a farmyard during the dreary months of winter. The land on which it is intended to sow mangolds

in April, to be pulled in the following October, has to be ploughed and manured; the cows and sheep to be cared for, and to be fed, by cutting up and preparing the food.

Only a few hands are kept on at the farm in the winter. The farmer cannot find work for all his labourers, and they have to shift as best they know. True, they do not pay much for their cottages, maybe a shilling or eighteenpence a week rent, but how a family of eight or ten exist on an average wage of nine shillings is a problem it is not my duty in these pages to investigate. Yet they belong to provident societies, and many of them rear a pig. Allotments are fairly popular in the district, and the labourers, if they do not make much money out of them, manage to grow all the vegetables required for their homes, whilst the pig is their staple meat supply. The East Anglian labourer, as far as I could make out, has but one ambition, and that is to grow finer peas than are grown in his neighbour's garden. He cares nothing for books, and could hardly spell through them had he an opportunity to read, which he has not.

The sort of Christmas one becomes acquainted with through the agency of coloured illustrations, the snow and the rollickings, the ghost stories and the love-making, exist now but in a rather diluted condition. More often than not Christmastide

is a green time, if it does not happen to rain, just as though it were an ordinary April day. As many of the farms in East Anglia are far from any station, and the people are not yet affected by what must be called—though it be a vile word—modernity, there is a good old-time flavour about the junketings. The rooms are decorated with paper roses and festoons; everybody has a hand in the making of the plum-pudding; for several days folks seem to live on cake and ale, there is singing and dancing—somewhat elementary maybe—and the cares of business are not allowed to interfere with the mirth, which is free and unconfined. There is a rustic, warm-blooded, generous hospitality abroad, so that you are even melted into permitting the importuning labourer to drink your health manytimes over.

But with the New Year the flood of rejoicings is on the ebb and the farmstead settles down to its customary life. As the days lengthen the work in the fields becomes greater. The spring oats have then to be sown. The spring oats do not however afford so good a crop as the winter oats. In spring also is sown clover and other food for sheep and horses over the same ground as the growing wheat. But all through the winter the clover will be growing and be ready for reaping next spring. There are two kinds of clover, white and red. Of the white clover there is only one crop; of the red



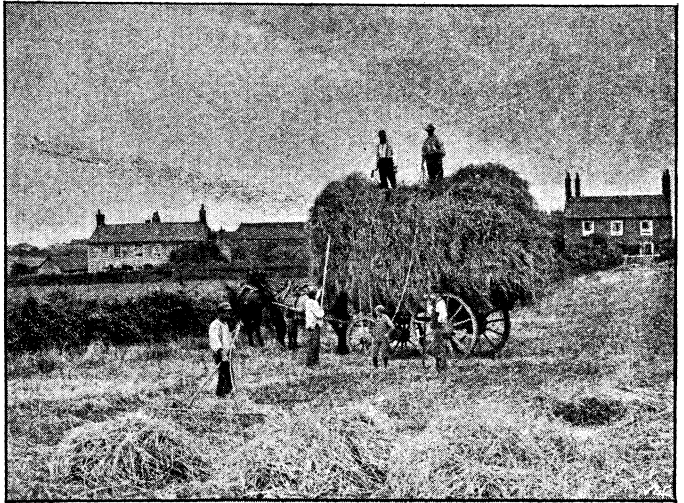
FARMER'S CHILDREN FISHING.

clover there is a crop in June and another in September, the September crop generally being used for seed. A clover crop is, as a rule, sown after the field has produced barley; then comes wheat, and then beans, mangolds, turnips, or clean fallows, and so back again to barley. The ground is not tired out by this process, and the farmer saves in the manuring. These and other plans he follows to lessen expense. For instance, he turns his cows first into a grazing meadow; after they have eaten all they can the horses are given a turn, for they can get hold of grass much closer than the cows can; when the horses have eaten the ground pretty trim the turn of the sheep comes. As long as there is an eighth of an inch of grass the farmer knows that the sheep will be able to eat it. A field can be almost eaten bare by this means.

As spring advances additional hands are taken on at the farm. The hoe has to be used among the young cornshoots, and the root-crops have to be singled and cleaned. Weeds grow almost as rapidly in a wheat-field as they do in the most modest of back gardens, and they have to be ruthlessly cut down or they gain the upper hand. When time and funds permit the farm buildings are refurbished in the spring; roofs are repaired and fresh coats of tar make the out-houses bright. Gradually Nature awakens from her sleep, and the barren trees and hedges begin to sprout buds of green. After a warm rain they burst, and the country is robed in beauty. Every day the bright leaves on the hedges accumulate until the twigs are covered and there is a bank of rich foliage. The call of the cuckoo is heard from a clump of trees not far off, and already there is the twittering of birds as they build their nests.

At this time the farmer is very anxious about his hay harvest. He wants plenty of fine weather, and he is happy when, by the middle of June, his meadows are knee deep with rich herbage. Then some morning, when the sun rides in a clear sky and the hedges are entwined with honeysuckle and wild rose, there will be heard the clatter of the mowing machine as it sweeps round the

outer edge of the meadow cutting down the long sweet-smelling grass. The next morning from a dozen to twenty men and women—the women chiefly in milkmaid cotton bonnets—come down to make the hay. Haymaking, to do it properly, is not the holiday occupation it seems; it tires the muscles of the arms, and to the beginner there is soon an aching pain in the back. But tiring as it is there is a delight in the labour of haymaking, the delight of working in the genial rays of the sun, of breathing the balmy air and scenting the aroma of the drying grass; the delight of working with your shirt loose at the throat and your arms bare, tossing and turning the hay through the long hot hours of the day; the delight of the midday meals under the shadow of the



IN THE HAYMAKING SEASON.

adjoining hedge, and drinking the strong home-brewed ale from the farm, and then towards evening, before the sun sinks low and shadows dance long over the bundles of hay, the joy of loading it on the carts and stacking it in the yard for use when there is no buzz of summer insects, but the world looks cold and bare.

All the time the farmer is rejoicing in his fortune at having such a spell of good weather to get in his hay, he is probably also grumbling that the continued drought will be playing mischief with his corn crops, and he sighs for a steady downpour. When I remonstrated with a farmer for this unreasonable attitude, he smiled and said, "Yes, you are right. I would like the sun to be strong in this meadow, but I would

like it to be raining a couple of fields away." Sometimes rain will come on while the fresh mown grass is lying on the ground, and the farmer can only stand by helpless, unable to put forth a hand to avert the virtue of his

time is ruinous. Farmers recall with a shudder of dismay the wretched harvest of 1879, which was the worst within the memory of living man. It was all the more acutely felt because it followed on a series of

most prosperous years, which had induced farmers to put their all in corn-growing, and not rely on cattle-rearing, roots or dairy produce.

At harvest time the labourers are not as a rule paid so much a week, but so much for their services during harvest. It is reckoned that one man is required for every twelve to eighteen acres to be cleared, according to the machinery employed. Every company

of men has a "lord" or foreman. Thirty years ago each labourer was paid £4 or £5 for the harvest, but as times improved the prices went up to £7, £8, and even £9 a man. But of late years these figures have dropped. One plan sometimes pursued is for the farmer to hire his men for five weeks, from five in the morning till seven at night, at £6 or £7 for the whole period, and a "harvest home" if all goes well.

The reaping comes when all the country side has ripened into beauty, when the vivid greens of spring and the gorgeous colourings of summer have given place to the soft variegated tones of early autumn. When the garnering of the corn begins the first

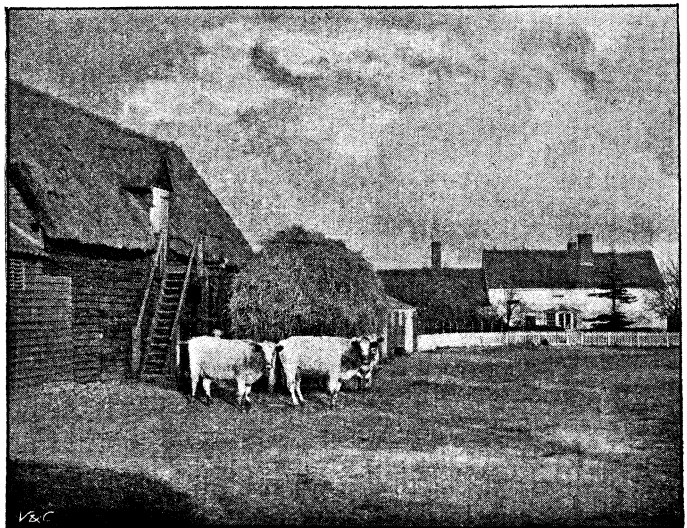


TAKING IN THE HAY.

hay being washed out by the continuous wet. An afternoon's rain in a district where the hay harvest is in full swing means the loss of many thousands of pounds.

The farms in Suffolk are on heavy clay, eminently suitable for corn-growing if there is not too much wet. When the land is what is called loose then it can do with plenty of rain. What heavy land wants is fine weather with light showers. If the weather is too fine the corn is scorched; there is not much straw and the kernel is small. East Anglian farmers, in face of the bad times, do not spend much money in having their corn crops hoed.

Fields of waving golden corn make admirable pictures no doubt, but they are hardly what the farmer wants. It is generally admitted, I think, that wheat that can be cut green produces more flour, and the straw is better for feeding purposes, than when it has been well scorched. The proper time to start the reaping of wheat is when you can squeeze the kernel and no moisture comes from it. Harvest time is of course the most important of all. A tradesman is always turning over his capital in the course of twelve months, but a farmer sinks his capital in the land one autumn and he has no chance of a return till the following autumn. A season of wet at harvest



A CORNER OF THE FARM.

operation is to cut the winter oats. They are tied in sheaves and left standing in the fields in picturesque array to dry. Then are they carted to the homestead, stacked, and a substantial roof of thatch prepared to keep off the rain and the snow when the dark days of winter come along. Many cottagers make their own beer, in preparation for harvest, and every morning the bronzed sons of the field as they trudge to their work carry their dinner in a handkerchief under one arm whilst under the other is a bottle filled with home-brewed. The reaping of the corn, the building of the sheaves, and then the gleaning of the fields by the women and the children of the village, present delightful pictures of English rural life. The outlook for the farmer is hopeless enough, and the future of the labourer is black, but for the time, at any rate, they have the joy of healthful vigour, which the workers in the factory and the city never fully realise. The wives and the little ones always appreciate the delights of gleaning. It is surprising what a bunch of wheat they will gather in the course of a day. If the farmer is kindly disposed he will give permission for it to be run through his machines. It is then taken to the miller to be ground into flour, or it may be used for the fattening of the pigs. Good wages, good health and good weather make harvest the happiest time in the round of the year.

Should the harvest be early it is all over by the second week in September; but be the weather bad the last sheaf is not stacked till the dull gray days of November. A wise farmer will tell off one of his men to plough the land as soon as it is harvested. This greatly improves the soil and makes it at least worth an extra pound per acre.

When the ground is clear of the corn and the labour of the year is over, when the young clover is peeping over the short stalks of straw and the big autumn moon casts a silver halo over the world, then comes the feast of the year—the harvest home. This is a supper given by the farmer to his men in celebration of a prosperous harvest. It generally takes place in one of the barns, which is decorated with bunting, and lamps

are hung from the rafters. The tables are on settles, and every man has as much roast beef and beer as he wants. The mirth is boisterous; everybody is in the heartiest and the wildest of spirits, hoarse laughter is only interrupted by shouting for more beef and more ale; the servant wenches from the farm, who do the waiting, are chaffed by the young swains from the village, whilst at the head of the table sits the beaming farmer with a huge knife in one hand and a huge fork in the other, slicing off morsels of a pound weight from a great round of beef. Then when the tables have been cleared away there is singing; the young fellows sing music-hall ditties they have picked up at a fair, and the old men sing the half-forgotten ballads of fifty years ago. There



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HARVEST.

is generally somebody who can play the cornet, vigorously but not always tunefully, and before the evening is far advanced there is dancing. The East Anglian labourer dances with the delirious enthusiasm of a dervish. If he cannot dance with a woman then he dances with a man, and if he cannot secure either then he dances by himself. There is no rhythm in the dance. It is a wild shuffling and twisting into all sorts of postures of the feet, a shaking of the body and a twirling of the arms. As the dancing follows after a particularly heavy supper, with an unusual consumption of liquor, it is hot work. So jackets are thrown aside, shirt sleeves are rolled up and vests loosened; streams of perspiration run down the brick-tinted cheeks, but eyes sparkle with delight, and in simple ecstasy a man will often give

a yell like a war whoop, seize somebody round the neck and insist that he too should join in the fun. The moment the dance ceases he gulps down a mug of beer and is ready to start again. "If only Londoners could see this," said a farmer to me one night as I stood watching the labourers dance, "they would be pretty well astonished. Some of those men have never been on a train, and only rarely seen one. Few of them have been twenty miles from here all their lives. You get an idea to-night of how rural England enjoyed itself a century ago."

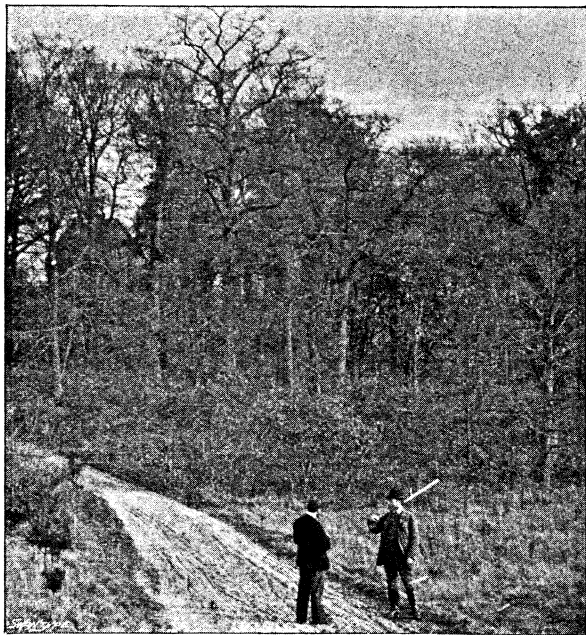
And I confess that the sight of these hard working men, toiling from the day they can

in the front of which is a group of farmers and merchants sampling small bags of corn. When a farmer sells his corn the buyer retains the sample. During the week the corn is carted, and if all be right then the money is paid on the following market day. It is very rarely the buyer is dissatisfied, for sharp practice is not a fault of the farmer. But still there are black sheep among farmers just as among other people, and I have heard of instances of a man putting good corn at the bottom and the top of the sack and inferior in the middle. The reason good corn is put at the bottom is because the corn is transferred from the farmer's to

the miller's sacks, and what is at the bottom of one comes to the top of the other. On the other hand the merchant may try to be too clever. Perhaps between one market day when he buys the corn and the next when he ought to pay for it the current price has gone down. Then he will cavil and say the wheat or the barley or the oats are not up to sample, and unless the price is brought down he will refuse to have them. The farmer is entirely in the hands of the merchant and has to give way to him. It is a constant grievance of the farmers that they are practically at the mercy of the merchants.

And now let me say something about the animals on a farm. The horses, the cows and the sheep all require a great amount of attention. The horsekeeper gets a couple of shillings more than the labourer. Looking after the horses is important work. The keeper must be in the stables between four and five every morning baiting the horses so

that they will be ready for work at six o'clock. It is seven or eight at night before the man can get home to his cottage or to the village ale-house to have his customary pint. Though the farmer who is fond of "cutting a dash" has a hunter, the ordinary farmer, who dearly loves a bit of hunting also, generally goes to the meet astride the same animal as he rides about the farm and uses in his gig for driving to market. But good sound cart-horses are what are wanted on a farm, and a three-year-old will fetch from £25 to £45. If the cart-horse is very good it is sent to London as a dray-horse and £50 is readily obtained for it. Shire horses, with long-haired legs, go principally



A CHAT WITH THE GAMEKEEPER.

walk till the day they are buried in a pauper's grave, but now for a few hours as happy as the happiest men in all the land, was one of the strangest I have ever beheld.

The custom during harvest is to stack the corn and then sell it at suitable times in the course of the coming year. But if there is a prospect of a good market it is thrashed right away and put in sacks. The farmer takes a sample sometimes direct to the miller and sometimes to the merchant. The merchant is met on market day in the neighbouring town. The farmer drives in his gig, often accompanied by his wife. While the wife goes off to do some shopping the husband walks over to the principal hostelry,

to the London market. These shire horses are not much used however on the heavy lands for the very reason of the long-haired legs. As I have said the land is heavy and the clay, getting clogged with the hair, makes the foot of the horse soon double its size. To remove the clay is difficult, and therefore farmers avoid the difficulty by sticking to Suffolks with their clean legs.

Several agriculturalists told me that had they the capital to work upon they would take up stock-rearing as better paying than corn-growing. But they keep to corn-growing because the return, though late enough, is quicker than with stock. Dairying is not on a large scale in the Eastern counties, and where there is butter-making it is generally on old-fashioned lines. The richest milk is given by Alderney and Jersey cows, but the quantity is small; so what a good dairy-mistress will attend to is to have a few Alderneys and Jerseys in the herd to enrich the bulk of the milk. Each cow calves once a year, and before the birth of the calf a decreasing quantity of milk is taken from the mother. If, after the calf is born, the milk is required for dairy purposes, then only the skimmed milk is given to the young ones along with oatmeal. A good cow will yield about two gallons of milk twice a day. The produce is nearly all sent to big towns, except when kept for butter-making. It is therefore far more difficult to obtain new milk in the country than in the centre of London. During the whole of the winter the cows are either chained up in their stalls or kept in the cowyard, and fed on swedes, straw, corn, and oil-cake. They have to be well and regularly fed for there is a danger, when they

are badly fed, of the butter being strong and tasting of turnips. When really rich milk is wanted oil-cake is added to the ordinary food. Where dairying is carried on to any extent brewers' grains are given to the cows. Indeed, in very large dairies the cattle are stall-fed all the year round, but these cows do not live so long as the others. As soon as they show signs of exhaustion they are sent off to the butcher.

Roughly speaking it may be said that a quart of cream will make a pound of butter. This depends, of course, on the quality of the cream. On most of the farms in East Anglia butter is made once or twice a week. Butter is always the best when made from fresh cream, but there is not enough cream to churn every day, so it has to stand for a few days and consequently loses somewhat in quality. A butter-maker is something like a poet, she has to be born a butter-maker. Some women are successful without training, but with others all the training in the world would not turn them into good butter-makers. Most townsfolk have a fancy for what is known as buttercup butter. The butter receives its colouring, not from the buttercup, but from a weed the cow eats; and although this butter looks very nice it does not keep long. The way the farmer disposes of his butter is novel. He sends it all to the shopkeeper in the village or market-town from which the farm groceries are purchased. One receives butter and gives groceries in return. No money passes, until at the end of the year a balance is struck.

There is plenty of sheep-breeding in the Eastern counties, where the most popular breed is a cross between what are known as white-faced and black-faced. The great

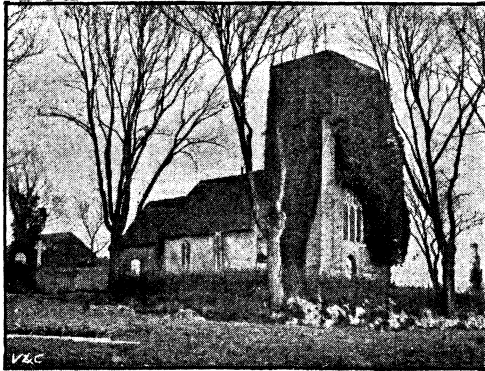


MILKING TIME.

desire of the sheep-breeder is to secure a speedy return for his outlay, and he does all he can to get mutton into the market. The old-fashioned style was to keep sheep for a couple of years before selling them to the butcher ; but now one year is considered long enough. Lambs begin to fall in the Eastern counties immediately after Christmas, and in ten weeks or three months they are in the butchers' shops. The great evil of the lambing season is the wet. Sheep can endure plenty of dry cold weather, but wet induces disease. A farmer does well if from a hundred ewes he gets a hundred and fifty lambs. Sometimes the mother dies, and then the lamb has to be put with another ewe which has lost its lamb. The ewe will have nothing to do with the strange lamb, so deception has to be practised. The skin from the body of the dead lamb is wrapped round the body of the live one. The ewe, which recognises its child by the smell of the coat, then takes to the little one. In a couple of days the skin can be removed and the sheep will continue to be quite friendly and motherly to her foster-child.

I have only dealt so far with the most important incidents in farm life. There is the poultry-yard, the hatching of chickens, and the despatch of eggs to the town. Ducks' eggs are frequently placed under a hen, and when the ducklings are able to waddle about they put their mother into a flutter of excitement on jumping into the pond. Attached to most farmsteads is a fruit garden and orchard, and in summer-time it is the occupation of the daughters of the household to pluck the fruit and convert it into preserves or store the apples for the winter.

Life on a farm has indeed its many disadvantages. Your farm may be in a lonely part of the country and your next door neighbour a couple of miles away. You are shut off, as it were, from the world ; and in winter all is dreary and barren and desolate ; but with the summer comes the reawakening of happiness and the joy of living. And though the farmer has the constant worry of making both ends meet he has the satisfaction of knowing—if it be any satisfaction—that he is not the only man who is afflicted with the same worry.



A VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE PLOUGH?

ABOVE · YON · SOMBRE · SWELL · OF · LAND ·
THOU · SEEST · THE · DAWN'S · GRAVE · ORANGE · HUE ·,
WITH · ONE · PALE · STREAK · LIKE · YELLOW · SAND ·,
AND · OVER · THAT · A · VEIN · OF · BLUE ·.

THE · AIR · IS · COLD · ABOVE · THE · WOODS ·;
ALL · SILENT · IS · THE · EARTH · AND · SKY ·,
EXCEPT · WITH · HIS · OWN · LONELY · MOODS ·
THE · BLACKBIRD · HOLDS · A · COLLOQUY ·.

OVER · THE · BROAD · HILL · CREEPS · A · BEAM ·,
LIKE · HOPE · THAT · GILDS · A · GOOD · MANS · BROW ·;
AND · NOW · ASCENDS · THE · NOSTRIL · STEAM ·
OF · STALWART · HORSES · COME · TO · PLOUGH ·.

YE · RIGID · PLOUGHMAN ·! · BEAR · IN · MIND ·
YOUR · LABOR · IS · FOR · FUTURE · HOURS ·.
ADVANCE ·! · SPARE · NOT ·! · NOR · LOOK · BEHIND ·!
PLOUGH · DEEP · AND · STRAIGHT · WITH · ALL · YOUR · POWERS ·.

R. H. HORNE.



ANTHONY FOX.

IN HAWKERS' COURT.

By H. F. GETHEN.

Illustrated by SYDNEY ADAMSON.



WHEN Joey Robins was little over twenty he decided to bring home a wife, and with doubts and fears his mother consented, for the girl was a feckless young creature living in Hawkers' Court, where the domestic arts of needlework and cooking were held of very small account.

The wedding took place one Sunday morning, and many of the inhabitants of the Court went to look on, and they scandalised the discreet beadle by their rowdy behaviour in the porch. They considered flowers and rice the chief essentials of the ceremony, and when Joey and his bride emerged from the church a presentation took place of a nosegay very much like a cauliflower, and a very large vegetable too. As they turned to descend the steps a shower of rice overtook them, stinging painfully on necks and ears; another and another handful followed until the couple fairly started off to run, and by sheer speed they distanced their pursuers and took refuge breathlessly in Hawkers' Court.

Meantime the church steps presented a spectacle well-nigh distracting to the stately beadle.

"Deliver us from such as them," he ejaculated, and he repeated the words more than once as he brushed up the grains. "There's three pounds if there's one; I'm certain sure of it. Oh, drat all the costers down that Court!" He said these words rapidly and surreptitiously, then again aloud, "From such as them deliver us!" as safer words in a solemn beadle's mouth.

Joey's mother, Mrs. Robins, thought of her own wedding day midst sweeter surroundings than these, for she'd been married down in the country on a lovely morning in May. But she brushed off the rice from her new daughter's fine hat, and smoothed down the pretty woollen gown—her own gift, of which the girl was inordinately proud. The two actions were typical of Mrs. Robins, for she brushed aside small annoyances and smoothed down every difficulty she could, making their rough lives more endurable.

Her grandchildren were a great joy to Mrs. Robins, and her favourite was a second little Joey, who "took after his father," she said. But, alas! there came one bitter winter when work was very scarce, and the strikes had so far only made the wages lower. "Even the weather is agen us," said hollow-cheeked men to each other, whilst the hungry-eyed women kept indoors.

And then Mrs. Robins fell ill, and her son and his wife had no work, and the children grew pinched and poor looking, though they fared better than most.

"'Tis the soup kitchens and free breakfasts at the schools as saves them from sickening like me," said the poor grandmother, who lay fading away.

"You'd be far better in the infirmary," quoth the parish doctor one day. "Go there at once my good woman, and you'll have a chance even yet."

He was a kindly man, and a wise one, and he'd known the poor woman for years, and noticed her patient endurance when the wolf was not far from the door.

"Yes, I'll go there now, doctor," she said meekly, "but not for the chance as I'll have. I'm past wishin' for aught for myself, sir; but 'twill be easier for Joe and his missis and the children. Why, my grandson Joey will get the bite and sup as I costs 'em."

So the parish ambulance came and took her away, but the children made loud lamentation, and little Joey cried himself to sleep, and wanted grannie in his dreams.

When visiting day arrived they all went up to the infirmary to see her, and even small Joey was comforted by the dear old lady's look of content. She had a snowy cap on her head with its little goffered frill resting on her silvery hair, and on her shoulders there rested a thick warm crimson shawl. Her daughter-in-law touched it gently.

"Why, mother, how smart you do look!" and poor Mrs. Robins smiled back in return.

"I thought it was different to this, and I was main fearful to come. Folks talk so much of the poorhouse, and counts it somehow a disgrace. But there, we all of us

says more than we means, and I'm comfortable, yes I am, Joey ; I'm warm, and I have plenty to eat ; doctor says I may pull through yet, and come back to plague ye again."

But the "plenty to eat," and the warmth, and the doctor himself, were too late. Mrs. Robins had lived a hard life, and the cruel pressure of the winter had proved to be more of a strain than she could bear, but she was quiet and contented, and the nurses did their best to pull her through.

One day when she was feeling a little better she told nurse, who was sitting near her at work, about her life in Hawkers' Court, and how she disliked it at first ; and about little Joey (the father she meant, not the child), and of his innocent, successful appeal to those "poor savages" to take care of his mother."

"And they've done it. You would never believe it, my dear, but the roughest and rudest among 'em took care of my Joey and me. They are very good hearted at bottom, and they'd have kept me to die there amongst 'em, willing and cheerful they would. But 'tis the Lord's will as I'll die in the workhouse ; and I'll go off as quiet as a lamb, and thanking you all for your trouble, when my time comes. But I ain't

to be buried as a pauper, not by the parish you must know. I couldn't die peaceful if there was that shame to be faced. 'Tis the hawkers, them as lives or starves in the old Court, as has promised to bury me decent. I'm to have a plain varnished coffin, with my name put plain upon the lid ; it's bespoke, nurse, already bespoke, and the neigh-

bours will follow when *my* time comes."

"Don't fret yourself, dear heart," said the nurse—a kindly and motherly creature. "You must try to live and do us credit, you know. I won't forget what you've told me. . . . I think I should like to see your Court ; they must be rare kind neighbours down there."

"That they are," rejoined the failing woman ; "but they're low, indeed they're very low. You'll not take offence, please, will you, if they seem to speak a little bit rough ?"



"Why, mother, how smart you do look !"

Although care and skill could not save Mrs. Robins, yet they patched her up for awhile, and she taught many lessons of patience as she lay there content in her bed. Suffering was no new experience to one who had lived in Hawkers' Court. In the infirmary her sorrows were, she felt, lightened by care, kindness and skill.

"It's fine to have everything done for

you," she would say in her wistful voice. "I've been doin' for others just always, and I never looked forward to this. It's for all the world like as if we was ladies, for each has everything she wants for herself. Yet actually some of 'em grumbles! Well to be sure! I suppose at heaven's gates there'll be grumbling if Peter's a bit slow with the keys."

After a few weeks of peace and quiet Mrs. Robins fell asleep, and the "Coort" rose nobly to the occasion; they shut up all their houses and went in a great procession to fetch their old favourite away. Seeing that great stream of people, many wondered, for it was indeed a curious sight, all so wretched, and so poor and ragged looking, yet quiet and subdued. Joe and his wife and children—little Joey foremost with the rest—had a shabby hired fly to take them to the distant burial ground. All the others followed as they best could—on their feet when other methods failed—but every kind of truck and cart was requisitioned, and the people, most of them, had at least a scrap of crape about them. And so they passed on, quite unconscious of the pathos of their poverty.

Next day at dusk the infirmary ward was suddenly invaded by the porter, who called in somewhat hasty accents for the nurse; she came at once.

"What is it Simonds? Is there anything the matter?"

In response the man put his hand behind him and pulled forward a little tearful, muddy, foot-sore urchin.

"Nurse, d'you know this boy? He says you've got his grannie, and he wants her."

And looking closely at the tiny figure, nurse made answer: "Why, it's poor old Mrs. Robins' boy! How did he come all that weary way? He's but a baby to be out alone."

But little lonely Joey wailed his answer.

"I wants my grannie! They put the

big box in the ugly pit-hole, but I wants grannie. Where's my grannie? There's lots of grannies here," he went on sobbing, "and they've got red shawls too. But where's *my* grannie?"

The doctor came in at the moment and stood within the room; the firelight fell on the small wretched figure, his rain of tears and pretty wistful face, and by him knelt the nurse, her arm around him, holding his cold hands towards the kindly blaze. The solemn porter looked annoyed and puzzled at this departure from all printed rules. The patients, aye, the patients! The tears were falling down many a deeply-furrowed cheek.

Then the doctor, stepping forward with that keen bright eye which noted all things, said: "What's all this about, boy? What's your name?"

"Please, sir, I'm Joey, and I've walked up from the Coort to look for grannie."

"How far is that, I wonder. Simonds, what d'you say?"

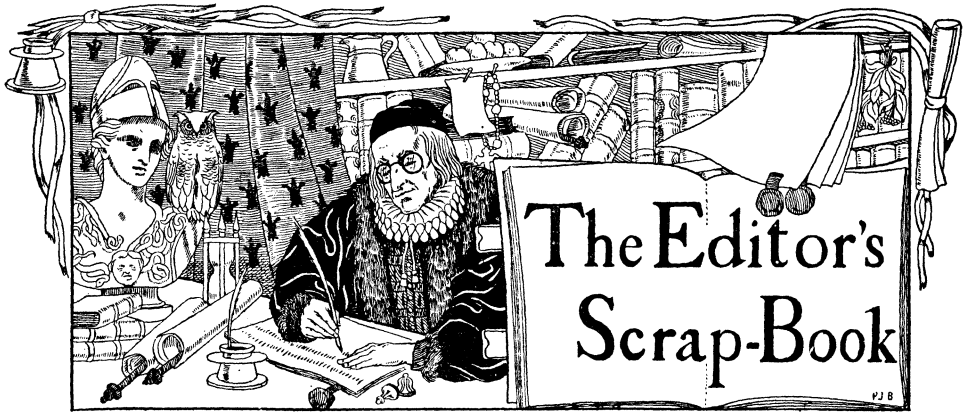
"Why, sir, 'tis three mile sure and sartin," said the wondering porter; "and he's a baby to be out alone."

Then the doctor, still as brisk and quick as ever: "Nurse, I admit this patient for one night. He is heart sick, his feet are sore and bleeding; there's no malingering here."

So Joey found a resting-place, and many "grannies" claimed him lovingly; and every Sunday afternoon henceforward his father brought him up "to call on grannie's nurse," and the story of his wanderings was told to each new inmate of that large infirmary ward.

And big Joe's wife—the little Joey's mother—would proudly tell her children of her own grand wedding, when she had a fine new gown and a real bouquet, and half the "Coort" looked on.

"But grannie's funeral beat all that," she added. "'Twas the biggest followin' as ever left the Coort. The houses was left all empty—not a creature stayed behind."



SEPTEMBER 1, 1896.



HE shape and size has less to do with the popularity of books, I think, than the type in which they are set. To a printer, for this reason, the works of Thomas Carlyle appear as unread proofs, with their strange distribution of capital letters and colons. I have a theory that our memory of the contents of a book depends on our recollection of the identical pages with their noteworthy sentences. You connect a certain phrase with the page on which you saw it—a page possibly suffering from “the thumb-mark of appreciation,” or torn by a hasty reader. In the case of poems which you have committed to memory, the imprint on the mind of the exact position of each verse does materially assist remembrance. One can more easily recall passages in such books as Mr. Morley’s “Life of Richard Cobden,” and Green’s “History of the English People,” because of the excellent side-headings—they are finger-posts along the road of learning.



How curious are the pencilled remarks one finds in volumes. Lately I saw in a Mudie’s Library book several emphatic sentences written on the margin of Mrs. Gaskell’s “Life of Charlotte Brontë.” In one letter Miss Brontë had said, “It seems that even a ‘lone woman’ can be happy, as well as cherished wives and proud mothers.” The reader, perhaps a “lone woman” herself, cordially approved (with indelible purple lead) of this sentiment. Almost the next novel at which I glanced was “Molly Bawn.” Against the tenderest passages a cynic had taken the trouble to inscribe the word “bosh.” What stories certain books could tell concerning their readers—of the impatient man who tore its leaves open with his thumb, of the painstaking spinster who cut them with loving regard, of the thoughtless “taster” who paid scant attention to the contents, of the schoolboy who used the book as a missile! Perhaps it is a good thing that our shelves are silent—the voices of books would so often condemn us

I AM much afraid that children are not sufficiently acquainted with the charming poetry of the late Eugene Field, one sample of whose work has already appeared in this “Scrap-Book.” How many, I wonder, know the following delightful poem, which I cull from one of Field’s volumes:—

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?

’Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town:
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you’ve got to the tree, you would have a hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below;
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest,
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marsh-mallows, gum-drops, and peppermint canes,

With striplings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I’ll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.



DR. ELISHA KANE, on returning from his great Arctic exploration, was invited to a banquet where an after-dinner speaker talked for an hour. “Doctor, what did you think of the speaker?” asked a friend. “It was like an Arctic sunset,” answered the explorer. “What do you mean by that?” “Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation.”

DELAYED IN TRANSMISSION.

By Mabel Quiller Couch.

JOHN CARTER stood at his own door with a coil of rope in his hand and an expression of fear on his face. His wife was within, scrubbing; she had cleaned her doorstep and was just scrubbing the last square yard of her kitchen. A shadow across the broad patch of sunshine which fell on the floor made her look up. When she saw her husband standing there with muddy boots on her clean doorstep, her ire was roused and quickly found voice.

"Why, John," she cried in an injured, argumentative tone, "what be doing standing there like a great buffle-head right 'pon my clean step? Take and get off, quick. Whyever couldn't 'ee 'ave stood outside and called in to me what you wanted, or 'ave took off your boots and com'd in in your stockinged feet, same as I've got to myself at the risk of catching cold"—with more asperity—"rather than dirty up the place so soon as ever I've got it cleaned?"

John stepped back and looked down with fear and sorrow at the havoc he had caused. On the fair blue stone were two large muddy footmarks and the trail of a dirty rope. He had hurried up from the pond where he had gone to water his horses, and the end of the wet rope had trailed all the way through the white dust. His wife saw the mark too, and the first mutterings of the storm passed without a single break into the second stage, growing rapidly more pronounced.

"Of course your own great feet-marks wasn't enough, but you must *try* 'ow you can make more work for me. I dunno"—her wrath working to a higher and still higher pitch—"I dunno, I really don't, what you men thinks women-folk is made for, unless 'tis to clean up after 'ee and cook your vittals for 'ee, and mind your 'ouse, and save your money, and look after 'ee same as if you was poor 'elpless babes. It passes me it do, it passes my understanding altogether. Here am I a-working and a-slaving from five in the morning till late at night, all to keep you and your place respectable, and no sooner have I got it all tidy and begin to

think I can 'ave five minutes rest than in you comes, as regular as if you done it on purpose, a-trapesin' all over the stones I've been down on my 'ands and knees scrubbing my life out over. 'Tisn't no manner of use telling me you didn't know; it's my belief 'tis done on purpose—'tis done to aggeravate me"—shrilly. "Don't you put me down for a fool, John Carter. I can see, I can see same as other people can, and can come and tell me of it, 'tis done to aggeravate me to try to make me lose my temper that you may go away and talk about it. But you won't get what you wants, John Carter, I can tell you; and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. I haven't scrubbed your 'ouse through and through for the last twenty years without learning something, and 'twould be very 'ard if I 'adn't got the length of your foot by this time. Do 'ee think I didn't know that so soon as ever I'd got the place looking a bit hereafter 'you would come a-tramplin' it over with all the dirt you could find. What did you want to come here for?"

John raised his head for the first time to speak.

"You didn't want nothing, I knows that as well as you; if you'd a-wanted anything I wouldn't 'ave minded. I'm not one to keep their place for ornament and never allow anybody to walk over it after 'tis clean, as some people does; but I do 'old that it shouldn't be made dirty wilful, just for aggeravation, and I shouldn't call myself a man if I 'ad to stoop to such ways. If I let the place go and didn't keep it clean I know who'd be the first to run and tell the neighbours that 'is wife never did nothing, but left her place like a pig-sty. Don't stand there like a great gawk"—stamping her foot at him—"you

can't undo what you've done. If you'd got the sense for it I'd make 'ee go down upon your 'ands and knees and clean it, same as I've got to ten minutes after I've done it once; but you 'aven't a-got the sense, that's were 'tis. If you was a child you'd be slapped, and if you was a woman you could take and clean it; but just 'cause you'm a *man*— Oh, my goodness!"—with awful scorn. "Then when you've stood there



and worried me past all endurance you'll go and tell folks as 'ow I lost my temper. Just as if you never lost yours! And you been standing there going on at me for ten minutes and more by the clock."

A change in her voice denoted that tears were near at hand. Once more her husband opened his mouth to speak, and once again had to shut it for want of an opportunity.

"And you calling yourself a *man*, too, and standing there all this time. Just as though you hadn't nothing better to do than bully a woman! I won't!"—with sudden determination, flinging soap, brush and floorcloth, one after the other, from her—"No, I won't stand it no longer, I'm blest if I do! I'll leave 'ee, John Carter, and go 'way 'ome to feyther! I won't stay here to be becalmed no longer! And when folks asks what's become of me you can tell 'em what lies you please. I know you won't tell 'em the truth and say as you drove me to it. So"—hysterically—"good-bye, John Carter. You can wash your kitchen yourself, and you can get your meals yourself, and you can look after the children yourself. So good-bye, and I 'opes you'll get on. I should like to see my poor little Johnnie once more just to say good-bye, if"—with boundless sarcasm—"you've no *objections*. I don't ask to be 'lowed to 'ave 'im altogether, if you will kindly let me see him once more. Would you mind telling me *where* and *when* I can see him?"

For the first time she paused for an answer and John was able to speak.

"That's what I've been waiting to tell 'ee," he said slowly. "Johnnie's in the pond!"

"I REMEMBER," writes a distinguished officer whose name is honourably remembered amid the disasters of Majuba Hill, "a forgotten episode in the career of the hero of the *Condor*. When first we met we were both considerably younger and inclined to mischief. We got into a rather amusing scrape in the early seventies at a ball given at Lahore in honour of a visit of the Duke of Edinburgh. Lord Charles Beresford got bored, and suggested that we should enliven proceedings. We therefore climbed on to the canopy erected over the *daïs* on which the royal duke sat in state. We then danced about on the cloth with the result that dust, spiders, centipedes, scorpions, and other fearful things were showered on the royal head. Proceedings were enlivened instantaneously. If I remember rightly, we were put under arrest by Sir Dighton Probyn, and afterwards got off with a wiggling."

"My friend," said the solemn man, "have you ever done aught to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other, humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow-beings."

"Ah," continued the solemn man, with a pleased air, "you distribute tracts?"

"No; I clean carpets."

THIS question was put to Mr. John Morley's opponent in the Montrose contest. Mr. Wilson was advocating a more masterful military policy, when, in a dry matter-of-fact, thirteen-to-the-dozen sort of voice, came this question from the middle of the audience: "Is Maister Wilson in favour o' spendin' thirty-six million a year on the army an' navy, an' only twal' million a year on eddication—that is tae say, twal' million for pittin' brains in, an thirty-six for blawin' them oot?"

As the mite the widow offered
Brought a blessing sweet and rare,
And the treasures of Dives
Were not worth a pauper's prayer—
So I smile when men mark "failure"
O'er the life of any man;
For the acme of all greatness
Is to do the best we can.

THE pitiless pirate scanned the distant horizon with one of his eagle eyes.

"Ha!"

It was a short word, but there must have been a motive for it.

"A sail! a sail!"

Turning to his first mate he commanded him to run up the regulation flag. That person replied that there wasn't one, as the only flag they ever had was shot away in the last affair.

Was the pirate chief flurried?

Nay. For the bold buccaneer to rush down into his cabin, bring up his Röntgen camera, and by means of the X-rays, to take an instantaneous photograph of the mate's skull and of a couple of cross-bones from his twisted leg, was but the work of a moment, and in a wink the sable pennant was flying from the foretopsail of the saucy plank-walker. From that instant, as is usual in such cases, all was excitement.

SIGNOR CRISPI and Cardinal Hohenlohe are close friends. When the Italian premier was visiting the cardinal one day he took up the latter's red hat, examined it and finally put it on. "What a fine cardinal you would have made if you had been a priest," said Hohenlohe, with just a shade of patronage. "Cardinal," answered Crispi, "I should have been pope!"

FITZ: What does R. S. V. P. stand for?

MAC: Well, to judge by the conduct of some society people, I should say it means, "Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up and Proceed home!"

"MORAL courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."

"Then," said Willie, "if a boy has sweets and eats 'em all himself, and ain't afraid of the other boys callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"

"Would you like a sonata before dinner?" said the musical hostess to the gentleman of bibulous tendencies.

"Well, I don't mind," said he. "I had two on my way here, but I believe I can stand another."



"At last!" exclaimed the struggling young author, throwing himself heavily in a chair. "At last!" he repeated, "I have written something that will not die—something that will bear my name down the ages to remote posterity!"

"I am glad to hear it, Roger," said his patient wife.

"Yes," he rejoined bitterly. "A copy of my last book has been placed in the corner-stone of the new town hall!"

TOMMY (inquiringly): Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?

MAMMA: Mercy, no! That's glue.

TOMMY (nonchalantly): That's why I can't get my hat off.



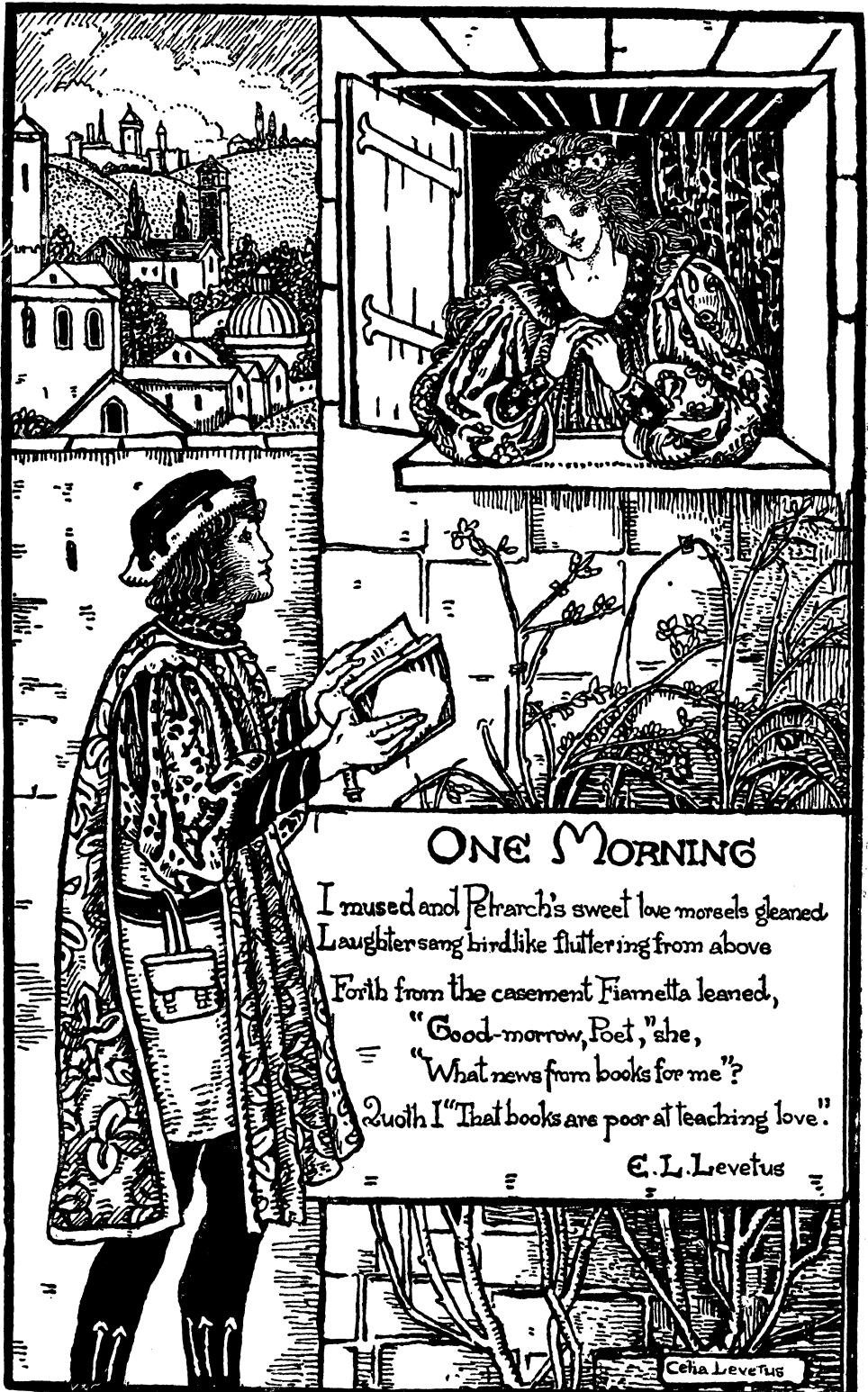
It was a diamond-broker, and he was trying to get into the social swim. At last he received cards for a certain imposing function, but unfortunately, about the same time, was forced to assume the leading rôle in a police-court case. "You 'ave now done it," exclaimed his friends. "You will get a leedle note to say der dance has been postponed, and you vill not be told when der day is." "Nod so," exclaimed he; "I have der invitation to Somerset House taken to get it stamped. It is now a gondract."



From a photo by]

"GOOD-NIGHT!"

[Hana.



ONE MORNING

I mused and Petrarch's sweet love morsels gleaned
Laughtersang birdlike fluttering from above

Forth from the casement Fiametta leaned,

"Good-morrow, Poet," she,

"What news from books for me?"

Quoth I "That books are poor at teaching love."

E. L. Levetus

Celia Levetus

"PROFESSOR HOFFMANN" AND CONJURING.

BY GEORGE KNIGHT.



TWENTY years ago a certain volume bearing the seductive title "Modern Magic" was published. Notwithstanding that its price was three half-crowns, and that it appealed to a comparatively limited public, its first edition of two thousand copies was sold out within seven weeks, much to the surprise of its modest author—an unknown though clever amateur conjurer practising at the Chancery Bar. Since that time "Professor Hoffmann" has been an acknowledged authority upon conjuring, and "Modern Magic" has run through no less than nine editions. *In propria persona* Professor Hoffmann is Mr. Angelo Lewis, and Mr. Angelo Lewis is a thriving journalist and *littérateur*, who resides in a charming little villa at Highgate.

"I haven't done any conjuring myself for over ten years," he tells me. "The strain upon an amateur's nerves is too great to be healthy for a man who does much brain-work in other ways. The professional, constantly repeating a fixed programme, soon finds the work comparatively easy. 'Custom doth make it in him a property of easiness,' as Hamlet says of the gravedigger; but the occasional performances of the amateur 'take it out of him' terribly, especially if he aspires to produce *novelties*, and I was always rather ambitious in that way."

The Professor's eyes gleam humorously behind his glasses.

"A new trick," he explains, "may be very good in itself—indeed many of the best tricks are invented by amateurs—but it is the professional who brings it to actual perfection.

The amateur, as I say, hasn't enough chances of practice—I don't mean rehearsal, but public performance. I have myself invented many tricks, though nothing very big or sensational, and when I was in the habit of giving conjuring performances—for charitable and such like objects—I think I generally managed to please my audiences, thanks to a certain facility in devising effective 'patter.' But I was always better as a writer

than as a performer. What I might have been as a professional of course I can't say. Even as an amateur I had at one time a good deal over a hundred pounds' worth of apparatus.

"How did I acquire my knowledge of magic? Well, it really began with the casual purchase of a simple trick in my boyhood. Later on, and purely out of my interest in the subject, I studied French and German handbooks (in the intervals practising at the Chancery Bar, to which I was called in 1861), and learnt a great deal from them. Early in the seventies there was announced a new series of *Every Boy's Magazine*, and, thinking to turn my

hobby to account, I wrote and offered to do a few articles on conjuring. I was asked to call. The publishers were impressed by the extent to which I had studied the subject, and suggested that I should undertake something more important—something which they could republish in book form after it had run as a serial. Ultimately I agreed to turn out a book of four hundred pages. We settled upon the title 'Modern Magic,' and then I remarked that I should want the book produced anonymously—I didn't expect that it would do a practising barrister any good



MR. ANGELO LEWIS ("PROFESSOR HOFFMANN").

to pose as the author of a work on conjuring. But Mr. Edmund Routledge urged that such a course would be prejudicial to the book, and I consented to a *nom de plume*. 'While you are about it,' Mr. Routledge observed, 'be a Professor.' I hit upon 'Hoffmann' as a name of uncertain nationality, and left the public to imagine, if they chose, that some distinguished German or American wizard was giving away the secrets of his craft. What the success of the book was you know already.

"By-the-bye, to hark back to my acquisition of information upon the subject of conjuring. When I started to write 'Modern Magic' I took a course of lessons from Professor Robert Hellis, an admirable drawing-room performer, whose success in another walk of life has since caused him to withdraw from the profession of wizard. By the time I had had half a dozen lessons he found that my book-knowledge was in its way the equivalent of his practical skill, so he proposed that thenceforward we should teach each other, which we accordingly did to our mutual satisfaction. Subsequently I studied card-conjuring under that extraordinary man M. Charlier, whose portrait I have endeavoured to draw—under the name of Ledoyen—in my story, 'Conjurer Dick,' and to whom my friend Bertram has devoted a large part of a chapter in his book, 'Isn't it Wonderful?' The rest of my knowledge, such as it is, comes of personal observation and friendly tips from the fraternity. For many years I never lost a chance of seeing a new conjurer, and often went over and over again in order fully to fathom his tricks.

"How does one find out a trick? By seeing it several times. Upon the second or third visit you perceive that some trifling incident, apparently unimportant, is repeated each time the trick is shown. The inference is clear that the movement in question, instead of being an accident, is really of the essence of the trick. Knowing this, and applying the general principles of conjuring, one is able almost invariably to see 'how it is done.'

"My knowledge of conjurers in general? I know most of the leading professionals, Maskelyne, Hartz, Bertram, Devant, Morritt, Stuart, Strode, Corelli, and many others. Know all their secrets? Scarcely that; but they tell me a good deal. I am happy to say that, although I do write books on conjuring, they are not afraid of me. They all know that anything told to me goes no further without special permission.

Of course many things are given me expressly for publication.

"Have the fraternity resented the exposure of their tricks? As a rule, not at all. The rank and file gained from it more than they lost. Previously there was no English text-book, and they had to buy their instruction very dearly. As for the higher class of performers, they rose to the occasion, took the tricks which I had described as a basis, and set to work to invent something better. With regard to the dealers, they were not too pleased at first; the immediate effect of the publication of 'Modern Magic' being to lower their prices. Of course they could not get as much for the secret of a trick which was no longer a secret; but on the other hand, for one customer they got in the old days they now have five or six. They push my books to the utmost. Hamleys in particular deal in them largely; so did Bland in his lifetime.

"As regards other books: in 1890 I published a sequel to 'Modern Magic,' a volume called 'More Magic.' But prior to its appearance, and since that of 'Modern Magic,' I had done a good deal of similar work. I translated all of Robert Houdin's works, with the exception of his 'Confidences,' which had already been done, and I had written one or two other books on conjuring.

"Yes, I am quite a practical literary man. I served my apprenticeship on the *Saturday Review*, under Douglas Cook's editorship, and have contributed to the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Chambers's Journal*, and many other publications. In 1885 I took the prize of a hundred pounds offered by the *Youth's Companion* for the best short story (three columns) for boys. Then in my legal capacity I am the author of a couple of manuals on Indian Law. Besides all this, I have written on Cycling, on Puzzles, and on Home Gymnastics, and I have edited 'The Book of Card and Table Games,' the more important items being written by experts in the particular subjects. Just now I am editing another big volume, 'Every Boy's Book of Sport and Pastime,' put together on the same principle."

"To come back to conjuring, Mr. Lewis, what kind of an audience is most difficult to deceive?"

"All adult audiences are more or less easy to carry off their feet. The worst of all possible auditors is the small boy. He has no imagination, and he is all eyes and ears. The imagination of his elders is what

undoes them. Here is an instance. There is a very simple trick in which the conjurer, placing a pack of cards in a man's inside breast-pocket, commands him to take out quickly some particular card, and he does so. The explanation is that almost inevitably the card taken is the top card, that coming quickest to hand. A friend of mine once performed this trick, telling his subject jocosely that he would feel the card push itself into his fingers. So much was the subject impressed by the success of the trick that he confided solemnly to a neighbouring auditor that 'those cards were jumping about in my pocket.' Pure imagination, of course; but individuals, and audiences too, not seldom help a performer in this fashion."

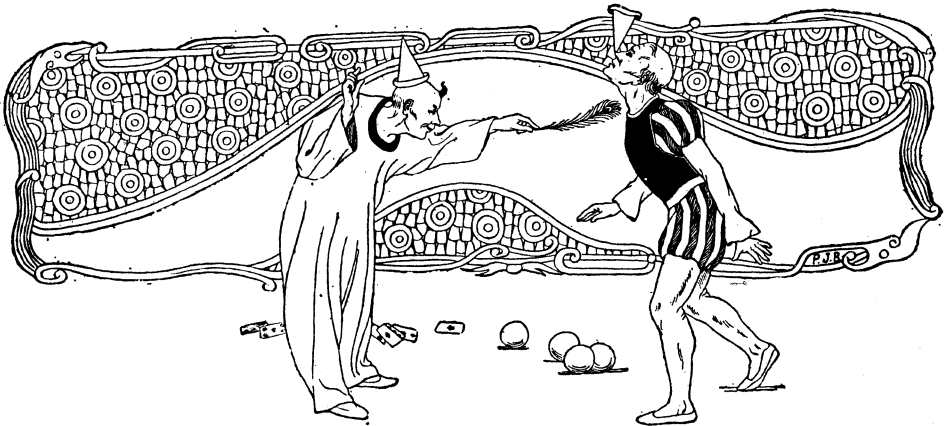
"A species of self-hypnotism?"

"Yes, using the word in a very lax signification. But then there has always hung about the conjurer's art a something quasi-supernatural. True, it is fast dying away; but I remember my mother—dear old soul!—remarking at the close of a magical performance which I had been giving: 'Well, I *hope* it's all right.'"

"And now do you mind telling me, for my own information, something of how it is all really done. May I ask you some more questions?"

"Certainly," returned the Professor; "but the answers must be strictly *entre nous*."

I am now thinking of abandoning journalism for magic. It's so easy—when you know how it's done.



1870



LOVE'S IRE.

Love at my heart and anger at mine eyes,
The sudden floodtide breaks ;
But see how soon the fickle anger dies,
How the sore sorrow wakes !

Like a vexed autumn wind that wildly sweeps
The woodland, smiting, tearing,—
How soon its desolate repentance weeps,
Remorseful and despairing.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.



Special attention is directed to the story by Dr. Conan Doyle, entitled "THE THREE CORRESPONDENTS," which, appearing in this issue, gives additional interest to the following article.

DR. CONAN DOYLE AND HIS STORIES:

I.—A PEN PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

BY ARCHIBALD CROMWELL.

Illustrated by H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT and ARTHUR COOKE.



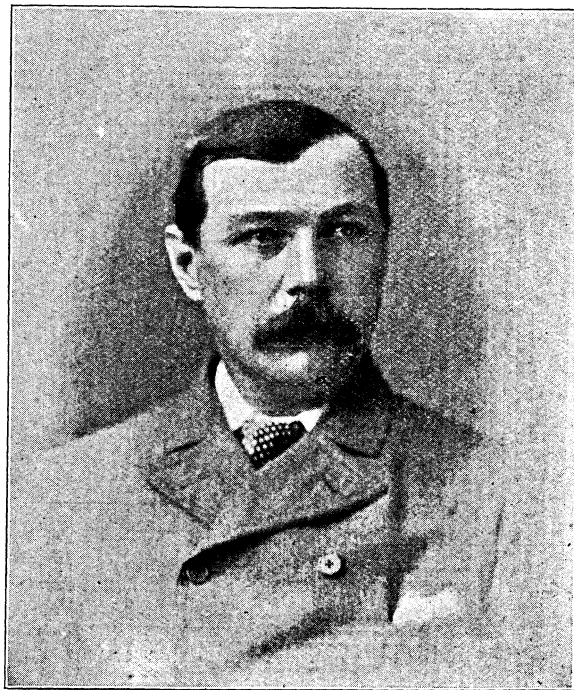
HE creator of "Sherlock Holmes" was born in Edinburgh thirty-seven years ago. His grandfather was John Doyle, whose celebrated caricatures were signed

"HB," a signature chosen because it contains the artist's initials, I. D., superscribed. Conan Doyle was educated at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and subsequently in Germany. In 1876 he began the study of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. He came to Southsea, and had a considerable practice. When the supposed cure for consumption was being exploited on the Continent, Dr. Doyle made a careful and exhaustive inquiry into it, writing an exceedingly able treatise as a result. Ever since he was a school-boy his pen had been busy, and at the age of nineteen his story "The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley" was printed in *Chambers's Journal*. As a relief to his more serious work, Dr. Doyle wrote various short stories at Southsea, some of which have been republished under the title of "The Captain of the 'Polestar.'"

The thrilling story "A Study in Scarlet" is specially familiar to our readers as it was presented with the Christmas number of the *WINDSOR MAGAZINE* in 1895. Next the volume "Micah Clarke" attracted extraordinary attention, and lifted its author into the front rank at once. Following this

"The Sign of Four" was published, and then "The White Company."

The success which came so swiftly caused Dr. Doyle to devote himself solely to literature, a decision at which he arrived only after serious consideration. His medical experience has been of the utmost value to him, and perhaps his skill as an oculist served to intensify that extraordinary perception which is the characteristic of Sherlock Holmes. At all events there has been a good deal



From a photo by]

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE

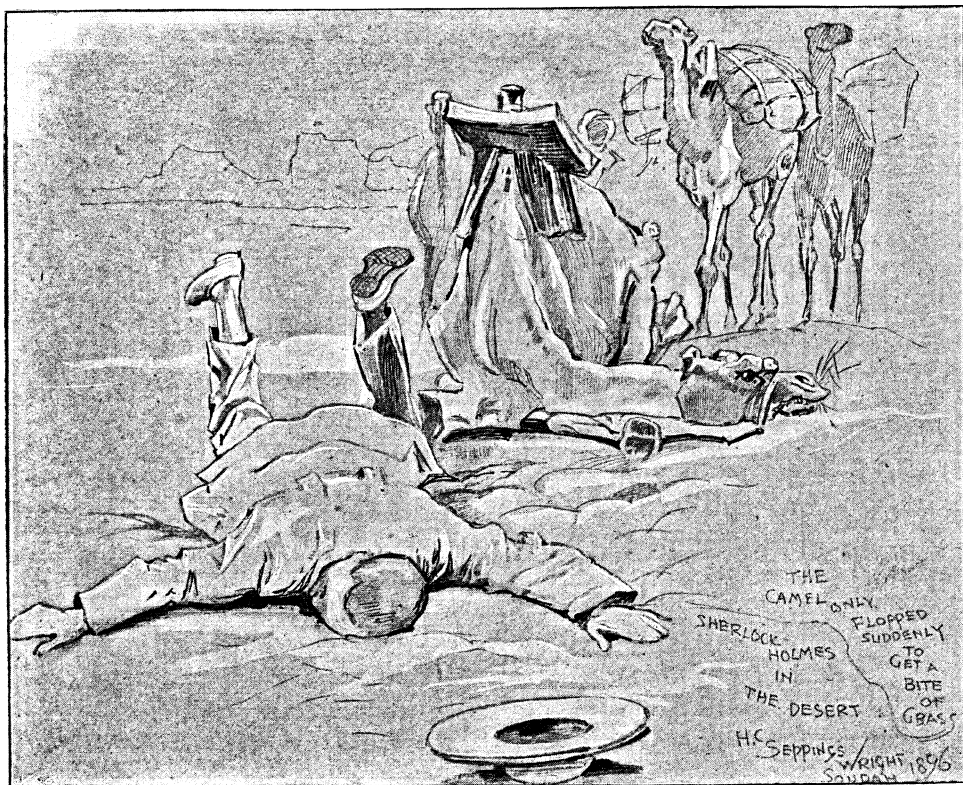
Elliott & Fry.

of doctor's life portrayed by Dr. Doyle in his books. "The Stark-Munro Letters," which first appeared serially in the *Idler*, strike one as an excuse for airing many whimsical ideas which had occurred to the author in his own career. Another volume, "Round the Red Lamp," deals with a doctor's experiences.

Of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," one needs to say little, for the fame which the great detective has attained is world wide. Dr. Doyle published in 1893 "The Refugees," a story which easily succeeds in thrilling all readers.

Sir Henry Irving produced Dr. Doyle's one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," first at Bristol, where it was received with extreme favour, and subsequently in London. Dr. Doyle's realisation of the octogenarian

of history" for the *Westminster Gazette*. The story which is printed in this issue is one result of his adventures in the desert. The illustrations of Dr. Doyle on and off a camel are also reminiscent of his Egyptian campaign. His letters from the land of the sphinx were pleasantly informative, and suggest that were he to follow in the footsteps of William Howard Russell and Archibald Forbes the world would gain a brilliant "special." After the burning heat of the desert, which bronzed Dr. Doyle till



DR. CONAN DOYLE PARTS COMPANY WITH HIS CAMEL.
(Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News" by kind permission.)

Corporal Gregory Brewster is a masterpiece which might well satisfy the British public, especially when Irving sustained the rôle of the garrulous corporal. It is very possible that Dr. Doyle will enhance his reputation as a dramatist by some other plays, for his work lends itself well to stage representation.

After being successively a doctor, a novelist, and a playwright, Dr. Doyle must needs yearn for yet another experience, that of a special correspondent. Accordingly he went out to Egypt to act as a "scene-painter

his countenance resembled the hue of a fashionable brown shoe, came a chance of enjoying the cool breezes of the heights of Hindhead, where a fine house is rapidly rising as a residence for Dr. Doyle. It is to be hoped that this Alpine air, which did so much good to the late Professor Tyndall and has enabled Mr. Grant Allen to endure an English winter, may prove beneficial to the health of Mrs. Conan Doyle. And if this be the case the Engadine will lose what Haslemere gains, the presence of Dr. Doyle and his charming wife.

II.—AN APPRECIATION OF DR. DOYLE'S WORK.

BY HUGH S. MACLAUCHLAN.

THE permanent place of Dr. A. Conan Doyle in British fiction is as yet an undetermined quantity. The best of his years, that are still to come, must settle the point. A critical foot-rule may be applied to declining forces in letters with something like finality, but not to forces that are in process of expansion. That is the happy state of the author of "The White Company." He is an expanding force in the region of romances.

The way was not clear to him from the first. Destiny played its usual tricks, leading him on through medical class-rooms and hospitals, then by the way of a doctor's work afloat in a whaler and on a steamship on the West African Coast, to private practice as a physician in Southsea.

It seems but yesterday that his big manly form was as familiar in Southsea streets as that of any naval officer from the dockyard. He was a story-teller then, and for years before it. A story of his had been published in *Chambers's Journal* when he was a youth of nineteen, and six years later he had scaled the pages of the *Cornhill* with his weird "Habakkuk Jephson's Statement," a tale that formed the foundation of his steadfast friendship with Mr. James Payn. All the same, he was an amateur then, and for some years after, and he would merrily dismiss the notion that he could ever abandon his profession for the chances of literature.

Perhaps he was not so convinced of it as he seemed. The manuscript of "Micah Clarke" was growing in the small hours, and Decimus Saxon and Sir Gervas Jerome were waiting to take their places beside Dugald Dalgety among immortal soldiers of fortune, as void of conscience as of fear.

The reception of Micah commenced the work of undermining his author's resolve to stick to his profession. The sudden, unprecedented delight of readers in the creation of Sherlock Holmes completed it. Continued practice as a physician was impossible for a writer so convincing and so versatile. He threw physic to the dogs—the prescription of it at least; he kept the training. The risk, if there was any risk, soon vanished. Publishers, who in the early days dallied with his manuscripts, now pleaded for them.

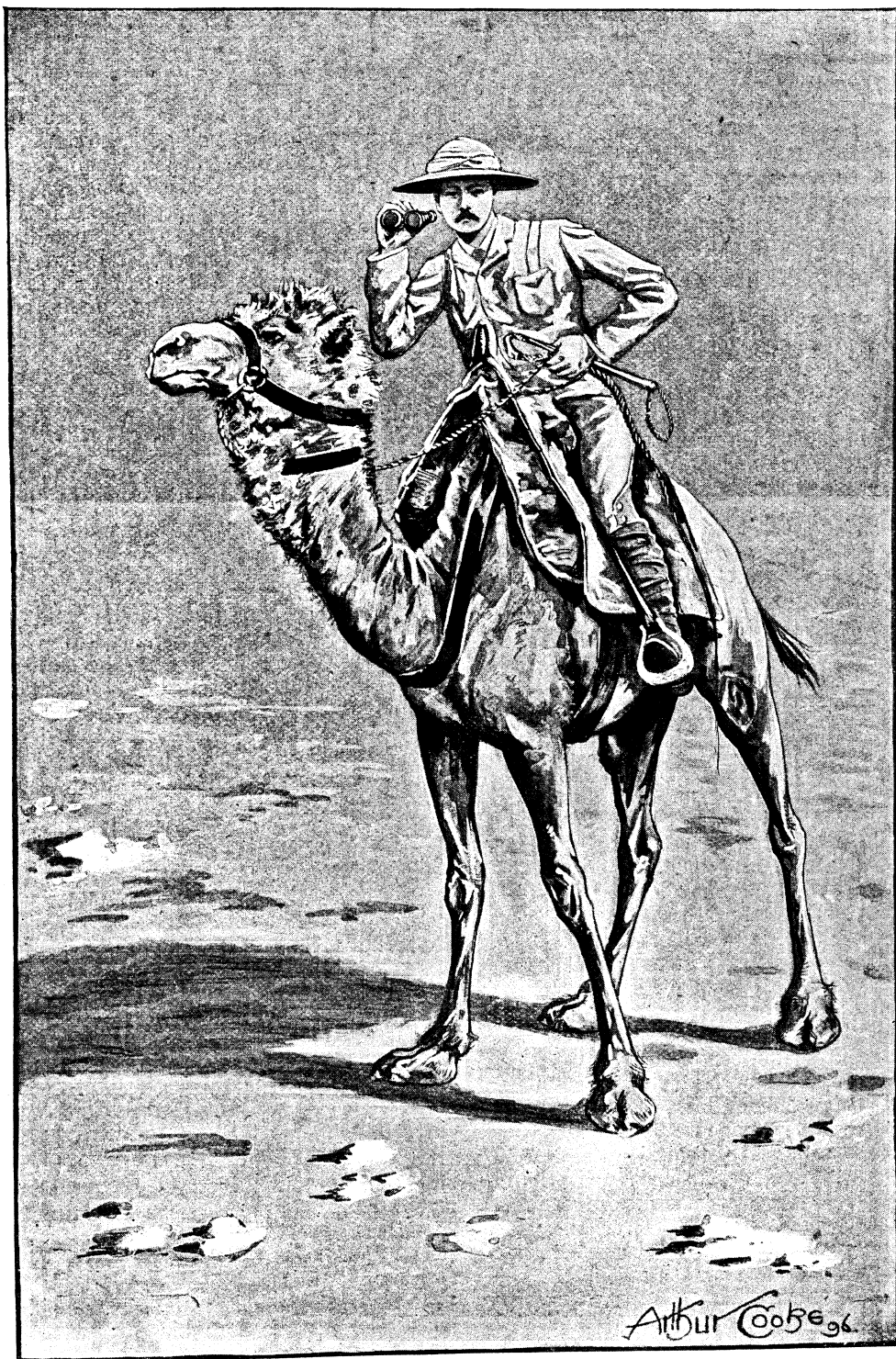
The few years that have passed since then have seen great achievements, and one of

the greatest of them is in process of disclosure. There should be others before the sun is made of his place in letters, and his influence on character and taste. He had to pick his steps across a profession to his real life-work, but the adventure and research of his early years were an equipment of experience which, with his keen eye, memory, and marvellous gift of fusing facts, helped him to firm footing with almost dangerous rapidity.

Well under middle age, and a man of magnificent constitution and wholesome habits, he should have the best of his life and work before him. What Dr. Conan Doyle has done may have to be told in after years. The present-day critic must be content to examine what he aims at doing.

A big company of readers who were captivated by the first of the historical romances live in a state of perpetual revolt against one popular estimate of Dr. Conan Doyle as a writer of detective stories. They grudge him an even momentary descent to a lower plane. There may be a little injustice in this view. Conclusions are oddly reached, and out of one's very loyalty to an author's reputation may spring an unfair disparagement of a portion of his work. This curious state of mind is illustrated in those who have taken Sir Nigil Loring to their hearts and wander through the centuries that have been called back for their benefit in "The White Company" and "The Refugees." They don't do justice to Sherlock Holmes. The man whose creative work is best in any department of fiction has done a great thing, and this is the case with Dr. Conan Doyle and his detective. Even in his retirement from that class of story Dr. Doyle remains supreme. Surely it is no slight matter to have given birth to a character of such world-wide celebrity as the quick-witted master of the art of deduction, who seems to have permanently enriched the vocabulary of simile in half a dozen languages. This is a scientific age, and it may be that Sherlock Holmes will take his place beside Sam Weller as a standard illustration, to be drawn upon unrestrained by writers of leading articles and comic opera librettists, and within narrower limits by preachers and after-dinner speakers.

Dr. Doyle was at the Pyramids a few months ago, and a strange story has been whispered in this country of an announcement that was made to him by his hotel keeper. He was informed—so the story goes—that Sherlock Holmes had been translated into Arabic and issued to the local



DR. CONAN DOYLE IN EGYPT.

police as a text-book. The Nile valley has its humorists, unconscious or otherwise. The ingenious construction of these detective stories, their surprises, so logical even in their wildest forms, the never-failing scientific touch, the countless evidences that they are tapping an almost unique store of curious knowledge, the survey of motive they disclose, at once wide and minute—all these things contribute to place the Sherlock Holmes series on a distinct level of art without sacrificing one atom of the brisk movement and appetising sensation that gripped the million. This may consistently be urged without holding that Dr. Doyle was guilty of culpable homicide in tumbling his detective over the cliff, and steadfastly rejecting every inducement to reanimate him.

Much of Dr. Doyle's success in the detective story may be traced to his medical training. Constructive skill is his by nature, and a rare gift of narrative, but the scientific aspect is the most fascinating aspect of crime, and the hardest to be disclosed by investigators. It is here that the years in the medical school of Edinburgh have told their tale. This scientific touch must in some degree colour all his work. The grim and powerful pictures of what falls into a doctor's life, told "Round the Red Lamp," are the direct outcome of it, and it shows itself in some of his earlier minor efforts, among them "The Physiologist's Wife," one of the most perfect of his short stories.

The much-debated "Stark Munro Letters," which probably contain more of the actual man who wrote them than anything he has done, are as much the outpourings of a scientific observer as of an eager prober into the faiths that inspire human action and the forms that limit it. The transitory stage in the author's progress is the one in which the profession was paramount. There was a wider field for him to cover, a greater range of centuries and peoples, and conditions of life and battle. "Micah Clarke" had given brilliant proof of his capacity to paint history in strong and true colours on large canvases. The conviction that historical romance was his destiny was superbly confirmed by "The White Company," and with "The Refugees" and "The Great Shadow" became an acknowledged fact. Garrulous Brigadier Gerard has helped to strengthen the base of this grateful expectation, and although "Rodney Stone" is only midway in his career at the time of writing, the romance, with its dashing, boisterous

movement and masterful grasp, vies in fascination with any one of its predecessors.

The clamping of steeds, the clang of armour, the hum of arrows, the clash of cutlasses, the roll of drums, the rattle of musketry alternately assail the ears of readers in these moving tales. There is little time in them for repose or reflection once the author's narrative is fairly under way. His is the direct method. Broad effects splash his books as if he had seized his ill-armed sectaries in the Moumouthe rising, or his incomparably drawn archers in the Spanish war, and spurred them headlong through his pages. They must be poor pulses that do not beat more quickly under the excitement of these breathless, life and death passages. Parry and thrust, rough jests to lighten peril, the broken bivouac, cut-throat courtesies that would force smiles in a torture-chamber, polished rapiers, wits and manners—these things dazzle us like a winter sun on ice. So strong are the effects that a reader may fail to detect how much they owe to the careful treatment of detail.

Dr. Conan Doyle is not one of those writers who grudge labour on their work; he leaves nothing to chance. A hundred and fifty volumes dealing with the period he had chosen was the sum of his reading before he wrote a line of "The White Company." No imagination, no creative power, however brilliant, if unaided by patient research, could have pictured the English archer as Dr. Doyle has given him to literature. The delineation of the abbey life at Beaulieu is not only picturesque but accurate. Instances might be multiplied of the author's high sense of duty as a teacher as well as an entertainer. A score of vivid, truthful touches declare it in the drawing of that early English day in the New Forest when the young priest of "The White Company" broke through monastic restraints at the call of a fuller life. The fresh presentment of the French Court in the early chapters of "The Refugees" tells the same story, and so do the Georgian echoes in "Rodney Stone" of Corinthian England during the wars with France. Nothing slipshod mars the movement or the scene. These are romances of action with the distinction of honesty and thoroughness in every line.

A similar thoroughness marks the characterisation. Passing personages who appear and go in a chapter are shaped with infinite care, as if their presence in the tale were more than migratory. No better example of

this could be found than the Canadian priest in "The Refugees," who lives his life of brave suffering in two pages and goes out of sight, but never out of memory.

Throughout the Doyle romances there is evidenced a passionate fondness for the sturdy qualities that make the successful man of action. Manliness and big-hearted vision are the distinctions of the author himself; he looks behind creeds and over the heads of parties to the back of things. Affectations and insincerities are as foreign to him as they were to Reuben Clarke of Havant or to his son Micah, who was eminently a man of his own making. He is not impatient with weakness, like men of less sympathetic sight, but he revels in honest, outspoken strength. This catholicity of admiration leads him to form a juster estimate of the conventicle spirit than Sir Walter Scott could do, although by nature inclining to the king's men.

Above all things, he is at heart a soldier, with a preference for a good cause, but in any case he must have the shock of arms. His soldiers of fortune are among the choicest possessions of modern fiction. Who is there who would not revel in the delicate savagery of Sir Nihil Loring, that most docile of husbands and keenest of jousting, whose invitations to slaughter were clothed in such quaint courtesies? Never was bloodthirstiness so affable as his. What grotesque is there in battle books to surpass Decimus Saxon? From the moment of his appearance on the scene, fished out of the Solent with his letters to the faithful, this lean, hardy, fighting man, who has not a scrap of character to his scraggy back, but who can give points in generalship to all the king's officers, not to speak of Monmouth's rabble, keeps eyes focused on him as if he would not have slit a throat for a new pair of jackboots.

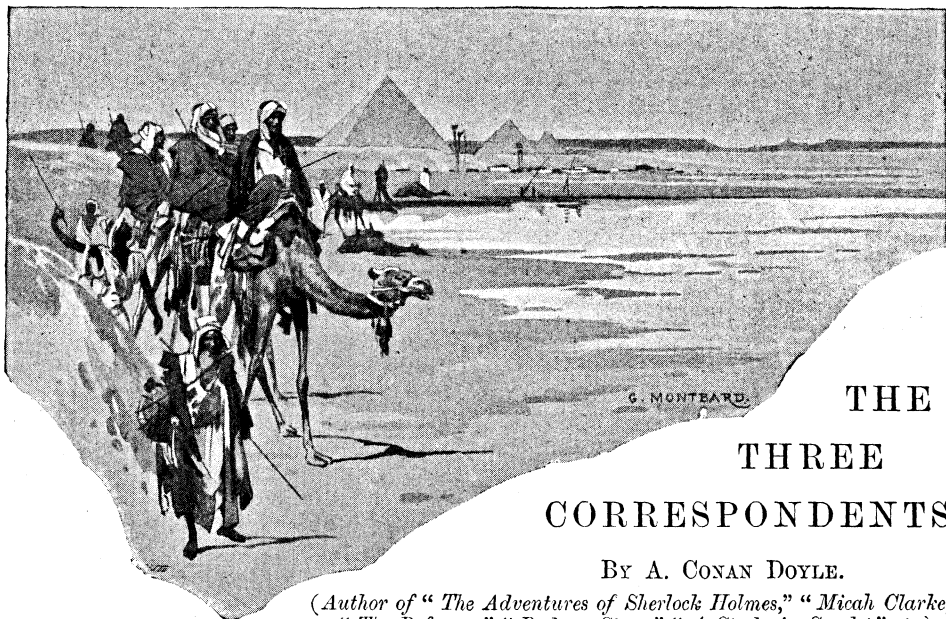
Dr. Doyle peoples his pages with these delicious creations, so humorously developed and so original in design. It does not follow that the man who can picture soldiers can draw battles, but the gifts are concurrent in the author of "The White Company." Perhaps his finest battle-piece is the description of Waterloo in "The Great Shadow," but Sedgemoor also is presented with splendid power in "Micah Clarke," and there is never a bit of fighting on sea or land that does not call out his clearest and most forcible quality of descriptive writing. The emotions he most effectively deals with are those that are expressed in violent dramatic action.

What a war correspondent he may make, some day when there is real war!

Just at this time it is useful to reflect on one debt of gratitude the reader of fiction owes to Dr. Conan Doyle—that for his wholesomeness. Everything about him is healthy and good-tempered. There are no distortions in his mind to make us shudder, not an atom of cynicism or disbelief in ultimate good. His bloodshed is the result of honest, downright fighting, with no unhealthy horrors to make the sacrifice of life in adventure hideous. His men die so gamely that even their corpses seem companionable. Courage and honour are allied in Sir Nihil Loring, and his best enthusiasms are always for the right.

This inclination to enthusiasm has kept Dr. Doyle a boy in heart. Whatever he has done in life has been done enthusiastically. No cricketer ever centred his energies more completely than he on the winning of a match. In practice, he decided to become an eye specialist, and even when his reputation in letters was growing fast he would not listen to suggestions that would divorce him from an oculist's work. There was no object so wonderful, so fascinating as the human eye. He was drawn by it to Vienna as a student, and to London as a practitioner, holding at arm's length, while he could, the temptations to lure him into fiction as a settled thing. And now it is only the object that has changed; the enthusiasm is still there, the joy in action and honest motive that tells of a sound soul.

No suspicion of decadence taints his estimate of the world. Crime and vice, when he treats of them, are human nature's excrescences, not its component parts. There is no dwarfing of manliness to make the juice of his romances bitter to the taste. His influence is above all things a healthy one, a stimulant to action, an antidote to lethargy and despair. Nor is there any leaven of careless thinking to reduce the value of this fine influence. Dr. Conan Doyle is a student and a scholar as well as a creative writer, with a high sense of responsibility to guard him against any pitfall of unconscientious work. He is master of the periods he recreates, and fills in his inimitable backgrounds with the touch of intimate knowledge. An intense national pride in the past he pictures, and a firm belief that his country is worthy of its traditions, inspires and colours all he does. Novelist, teacher, and patriotic Briton, Dr. Conan Doyle is a name of whom English letters may well be proud.



THE THREE CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Author of "*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*," "*Micala Clarke*," "*The Refugees*," "*Rodney Stone*," "*A Study in Scarlet*," etc.)

Illustrated by G. MONTBARD and WARWICK GOBLE.



HERE was only the one little feathery clump of dôm palms in all that great wilderness of black rocks and orange sand. It stood high on the bank, and below it the brown Nile swirled swiftly towards the Ambigole cataract, fitting a little frill of foam round each of the boulders which studded its surface. Above, out of a naked blue sky, the sun was beating down upon the sand, and up again from the sand under the brims of the pith hats of the horsemen with the scorching glare of a blast-furnace. It had risen so high that the shadows of the horses were no larger than themselves.

"Whew!" cried Mortimer, mopping his forehead, "you'd pay five shillings for this at the hummums."

"Precisely," said Scott. "But you are not asked to ride twenty miles in a Turkish bath with a field-glass and a revolver, and a water-bottle and a whole Christmas-treeful of things dangling from you. The hot-house at Kew is excellent as a conservatory, but not adapted for exhibitions upon the horizontal bar. I vote for a camp in the palm-grove and a halt until evening."

Mortimer rose on his stirrups and looked hard to the southward. Everywhere were the same black burned rocks and deep orange sand. At one spot only an inter-

mittent line appeared to have been cut through the rugged spurs which ran down to the river. It was the bed of the old railway, long destroyed by the Arabs, but now in process of reconstruction by the advancing Egyptians. There was no other sign of man's handiwork in all that desolate scene.

"It's palm trees or nothing," said Scott.

"Well I suppose we must; and yet I grudge every hour until we catch the force up. What *would* our editors say if we were late for the action."

"My dear chap, an old bird like you doesn't need to be told that no sane modern general would ever attack until the Press is up."

"You don't mean that?" said young Anerley. "I thought we were looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance."

"Newspaper correspondents and travelling gentlemen, and all that tribe of useless drones"—being an extract from Lord Wolseley's '*Soldier's Pocket-Book*,'—cried Scott. "We know all about *that*, Anerley"—and he winked behind his blue spectacles. "If there was going to be a battle we should very soon have an escort of cavalry to hurry us up. I've been in fifteen, and I never saw one where they had not arranged for a reporter's table."

"That's very well; but the enemy may be less considerate," said Mortimer.

"They are not strong enough to force a battle."

"A skirmish then?"

"Much more likely to be a raid upon the rear. In that case we are just where we should be."

"So we are! What a score over Reuter's man up with the advance! Well we'll out-span and have our tiffin under the palms."

There were three of them, and they stood for three great London dailies. Reuter's was thirty miles ahead; two evening pennies upon camels were twenty miles behind. And among them they represented the eyes and ears of the public—the great silent millions and millions who had paid for everything and who waited so patiently to know the result of their outlay.

They were remarkable men these body-servants of the Press; two of them already veterans in camps, the other setting out upon his first campaign, and full of deference for his famous comrades.

This first one, who had just dismounted from his bay polo-pony, was Mortimer, of the *Intelligence*—tall, straight and hawk-faced, with kharki tunic and riding-breeches, drab putties, a scarlet cummerbund, and a skin tanned to the red of a Scotch fir by sun and wind, and mottled by the mosquito and the sand-fly. The other—small, quick, mercurial, with blue-black curling beard and hair, a fly-switch for ever flicking in his left hand—was Scott, of the *Courier*, who had come through more dangers and brought off more brilliant *coups* than any man in the profession, save the eminent Chandler, now no longer in a condition to take the field. They were a singular contrast, Mortimer and Scott, and it was in their differences that the secret of their close friendship lay. Each dovetailed into the other. The strength of each was in the other's weakness. Together they formed a perfect unit. Mortimer was Saxon—slow, conscientious and deliberate; Scott was Celtic—quick, happy-go-lucky, and brilliant. Mortimer was the more solid, Scott the more attractive. Mortimer was the deeper thinker, Scott the brighter talker. By a curious coincidence, though each had seen much of warfare, their campaigns had never coincided. Together they covered all recent military history. Scott had done Plevna, the Shipka, the Zulus, Egypt, Suakim; Mortimer had seen the Boer War, the Chilian, the Bulgaria and Servian, the Gordon relief, the Indian frontier, Brazilian rebellion, and Madagascar. This intimate

personal knowledge gave a peculiar flavour to their talk. There was none of the second-hand surmise and conjecture which form so much of our conversation; it was all concrete and final. The speaker had been there, had seen it, and there was an end of it.

In spite of their friendship there was the keenest professional rivalry between the two men. Either would have sacrificed himself to help his companion, but either would also have sacrificed his companion to help his paper. Never did a jockey yearn for a winning mount as keenly as each of them longed to have a full column in a morning edition whilst every other daily was blank. They were perfectly frank about the matter. Each professed himself ready to steal a march on his neighbour, and each recognised that the other's duty to his employer was far higher than any personal consideration.

The third man was Anerley, of the *Gazette*—young, inexperienced, and rather simple-looking. He had a droop of the lip which some of his more intimate friends regarded as a libel upon his character, and his eyes were so slow and so sleepy that they suggested an affectation. A leaning toward soldiering had sent him twice to autumn manœuvres, and a touch of colour in his descriptions had induced the proprietors of the *Gazette* to give him a trial as a war-special. There was a pleasing diffidence about his bearing which recommended him to his experienced companions, and if they had a smile sometimes at his guileless ways, it was soothing to them to have a comrade from whom nothing was to be feared. From the day that they left the telegraph wire behind them at Sarras, the man who was mounted upon a fifteen-guinea thirteen-four Syrian was delivered over into the hands of the owners of the two fastest polo-ponies that ever shot down the Ghezireh ground.

The three had dismounted and led their beasts under the welcome shade. In the brassy yellow glare every branch above threw so black and solid a shadow that the men involuntarily raised their feet to step over them.

"The palm makes an excellent hat-rack," said Scott, slinging his revolver and his water-bottle over the little upward-pointing pegs which bristle from the trunk. "As a shade-tree, however, it isn't an unqualified success. Curious that in the universal adaption of means to ends something a little less flimsy could not have been devised for the tropics."

"Like the banyan in India."

"Or the fine hardwood trees in Ashantee, where a whole regiment could picnic under the shade."

"The teak tree isn't bad in Burmah either. By Jove, the bacey has all come loose in the saddle bag! That long-cut mixture smokes rather hot for this climate. How about the baggles, Anerley?"

"They'll be here in five minutes."

Down the winding path which curved among the rocks the little train of baggage-camels was daintily picking its way. They came mincing and undulating along, turning their heads slowly from side to side with the air of a self-conscious woman. In front rode the three Berberee body-servants upon donkeys, and behind walked the Arab camel boys. They had been travelling for nine long hours, ever since the first rising of the moon, at the weary camel drag of two and a half miles an hour, but now they brightened, both beasts and men, at the sight of the grove and the riderless horses. In a few minutes the loads were unstrapped, the animals tethered, a fire lighted, fresh water carried up from the river, and each camel provided with his own little heap of tibbin laid in the centre of the tablecloth, without which no well-bred Arabian will condescend to feed. The dazzling light without, the subdued half-tones within, the green palm-fronds outlined against the deep blue sky, the flitting silent-footed Arab servants, the crackling of sticks, the reek of a lighting fire, the placid supercilious heads of the camels, they all come back in their dreams to those who have known them.

Scott was breaking eggs into a pan and rolling out a love-song in his rich deep voice. Anerley, with his head and two arms buried in a deal packing-case, was working his way through strata of tinned soups, bully beef, potted chicken and sardines to reach the jams which lay beneath. The conscientious Mortimer, with his notebook upon his knee, was jotting down what the railway engineer had told him at the line-end the day before. Suddenly he raised his eyes and saw the man himself on his chestnut pony, dipping and rising over the broken ground.

"Hullo, here's Merryweather!"

"A pretty lather his pony is in! He's had her at that hand gallop for hours by the look of her. Hullo, Merryweather, hullo!"

The engineer, a small compact man with a pointed red beard, had made as though he

would ride past their camp without word or halt. Now he swerved, and easing his pony down to a canter, he headed her towards them.

"For God's sake, a drink!" he croaked. "My tongue is stuck to the roof of my mouth."

Mortimer ran with the water-bottle, Scott with the whisky flask, and Anerley with the tin pannikin. The engineer drank until his breath failed him.

"Well, I must be off," said he striking the drops from his red moustache.

"Any news?"

"A hitch in the railway construction. I must see the General. It's the devil not having a telegraph."

"Anything we can report?" Out came three notebooks.

"I'll tell you after I've seen the General."

"Any dervishes?"

"The usual shaves. Hud-up, Jinny! Good-bye."

With a soft thudding upon the sand and a clatter among the stones the weary pony was off upon her journey once more.

"Nothing serious, I suppose?" said Mortimer staring after him.

"Deuced serious" cried Scott. "The ham and eggs are burned! No—it's all right—saved, and done to a turn! Pull the box up, Anerley. Come on Mortimer, stow that notebook! The fork is mightier than the pen just at present. What's the matter with you, Anerley?"

"I was wondering whether what we have just seen was worth a telegram."

"Well, it's for the proprietors to say if it's worth it. Sordid money considerations are not for us. We must wire about something just to justify our kharki coats and our putties."

"But what is there to say?"

Mortimer's long austere face broke into a smile over the youngster's innocence.

"It's not quite usual in our profession to give each other tips," said he. "However, as my telegram is written, I've no objection to your reading it. You may be sure that I would not show it to you if it were of the slightest importance."

Anerley took up the slip of paper and read—

"Merryweather obstacles stop journey confer General stop nature difficulties later stop rumours dervishes."

"This is very condensed," said Anerley with wrinkled brows.

"Condensed!" cried Scott. "Why, it's

sinnfully garrulous. If my old man got a wire like that his language would crack the lamp shades. I'd cut out half this; for example I'd have out 'journey,' and 'nature,' and 'rumours.' But my old man would make a ten-line paragraph of it for all that."

"How?"

"Well, I'll do it myself just to show you. Lend me that stylo." He scribbled for a minute in his notebook. "It works out somewhat on these lines—

"‘Mr. Charles H. Merryweather, the eminent railway engineer, who is at present engaged in superintending the construction of the line from Sarras to the front, has met with considerable obstacles to the rapid completion of his important task’—of course the old man knows who Merryweather is, and what he is about, so the word ‘obstacles’ would suggest all that to him. ‘He has to-day been compelled to make a journey of forty miles to the front in order to confer with the General upon the steps which are necessary in order to facilitate the work. Further particulars of the exact nature of the difficulties met with will be made public at a later date. All is quiet upon the line of communications, though the usual persistent rumours of the presence of dervishes in the Eastern desert continue to circulate.—*Our own Correspondent.*’

"How's that?" cried Scott triumphantly, and his white teeth gleamed suddenly through his black beard. "That's the sort of flap-doodle for the dear old public."

"Will it interest them?"

"Oh, everything interests them. They want to know all about it; and they like to think that there is a man who is getting a hundred a month simply in order to tell it to them."

"It's very kind of you to teach me all this."

"Well, it is a little unconventional, for after all we are here to score over each other if we can. There are no more eggs, and you must take it out in jam. Of course, as Mortimer says, such a telegram as this is of no importance one way or another except to prove to the office that we *are* in the Soudan and not at Monte Carlo. But when it comes to serious work it must be every man for himself."

"Is that quite necessary?"

"Why, of course it is."

"I should have thought if three men were to combine and to share their news, they would do better than if they were each to act for themselves; and they would have a much pleasanter time of it."

The two older men sat with their bread and jam in their hands, and an expression of genuine disgust upon their faces.

"We are not here to have a pleasant time," said Mortimer, with a flash through his glasses. "We are here to do our best for our papers. How can they score over each other if we do not do the same. If we all combine we might as well amalgamate with Reuter at once."

"Why, it would take away the whole glory of the profession," cried Scott. "At present the smartest man gets his stuff first on the wires. What inducement is there to be smart if we all share and share alike."

"And at present the man with the best equipment has the best chance," remarked Mortimer, glancing across at the shot-silk polo-ponies and the cheap little Syrian gray. "That is the fair reward of foresight and enterprise. Every man for himself, and let the best man win."

"That's the way to find who the best man is. Look at Chandler. He would never have got his chance if he had not played always off his own bat. You've heard how he pretended to break his leg, sent his fellow-correspondent off for the doctor, and so got a fair start for the telegraph office."

"Do you mean to say that was legitimate?"

"Everything is legitimate. It's your wits against my wits."

"I should call it dishonourable."

"You may call it what you like. Chandler's paper got the battle and the other's didn't. It made Chandler's name."

"Or take Westlake," said Mortimer, cramming the tobacco into his pipe. "Hi, Abdul, you may have the dishes! Westlake brought his stuff down by pretending to be the Government courier, and using the relays of Government horses. Westlake's paper sold half a million."

"Is that legitimate also?" asked Anerley thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Well, it looks a little like horse-stealing and lying."

"Well, I think I should do a little horse-stealing and lying if I could have a column to myself in a London daily. What do you say, Scott?"

"Anything short of manslaughter."

"And I'm not sure that I'd trust you there."

"Well, I don't think I should be guilty of newspaper-man-slaughter. That I regard as

a distinct breach of professional etiquette. But if any outsider comes between a highly-charged correspondent and an electric wire he does it at his peril. My dear Anerley, I tell you frankly that if you are going to handicap yourself with scruples you may just as well be in Fleet Street as in the Soudan. Our life is irregular. Our work has never been systematised. No doubt it will be some day, but the time is not yet. Do what you can and how you can, and be first on the wires; that's my advice to you; and also that when next you come upon a campaign you bring with you the best horse that money can buy. Mortimer may beat me or I may beat Mortimer; but at least we know that between us we have the fastest ponies in the country. We have neglected no chance."

"I am not so certain of that," said Mortimer slowly. "You are aware, of course, that though a horse beats a camel on twenty miles, a camel beats a horse on thirty."

"What, one of those camels?" cried Anerley in astonishment.

The two seniors burst out laughing.

"No, no, the real high-bred trotter—the kind of beast the dervishes ride when they make their lightning raids."

"Faster than a galloping horse?"

"Well, it tires a horse down. It goes the same gait all the way, and it wants neither halt nor drink, and it takes rough ground much better than a horse. They used to have long-distance races at Halfa, and the camel always won at thirty."

"Still, we need not reproach ourselves, Scott, for we are not very likely to have to carry a thirty-mile message. They will have the field telegraph next week."

"Quite so. But at the present moment—"

"I know, my dear chap; but there is no motion of urgency before the house. Load baggages at five o'clock; so you have just three hours clear. Any sign of the evening pennies?"

Mortimer swept the northern horizon with his binoculars.

"Not in sight yet."

"They are quite capable of travelling during the heat of the day. Just the sort of thing evening pennies *would* do. Take care of your match, Anerley. These palm groves go up like a powder magazine if you set them alight. Bye-bye." The two men crawled under their mosquito nets and sank instantly into the easy sleep of those whose lives are spent in the open.

Young Anerley stood with his back against

a palm tree and his briar between his lips thinking over the advice which he had received. After all they were the heads of the profession, these men, and it was not for him, the newcomer, to reform their methods. If they served their papers in this fashion, then he must do the same. They had at least been frank and generous in teaching him the rules of the game. If it was good enough for them it was good enough for him.

It was a broiling afternoon, and those thin frills of foam round the black glistening necks of the Nile boulders looked delightfully cool and alluring. But it would not be safe to bathe for some hours to come. The air shimmered and vibrated over the baking stretch of sand and rock. There was not a breath of wind, and the droning and piping of the insects inclined one for sleep. Somewhere above a hoopoe was calling. Anerley knocked out his ashes and was turning towards his couch when his eye caught something moving in the desert to the south.

It was a horseman riding towards them as swiftly as the broken ground would permit. A messenger from the army thought Anerley; and then as he watched, the sun suddenly struck the man on the side of the head, and his chin flamed into gold. There could not be two horsemen with beards of such a colour. It was Merryweather, the engineer, and he was returning. What on earth was he returning for! He had been so keen to see the General, and yet he was coming back with his mission unaccomplished. Was it that his pony was hopelessly foundered? It seemed to be moving well. Anerley picked up Mortimer's binoculars, and a foam-spattered horse and a weary koorbash-cracking man came cantering up the centre of the field. But there was nothing in his appearance to explain the mystery of his return.

Then as he watched them they dipped down into a hollow and disappeared. He could see that it was one of those narrow khors which led to the river, and he waited, glass in hand, for their immediate reappearance. But minute passed after minute and there was no sign of them. That narrow gully appeared to have swallowed them up. And then with a curious gulp and start he saw a little gray cloud wreath itself slowly from among the rocks and drift in a long hazy shred over the desert. In an instant he had torn Scott and Mortimer from their slumbers.

"Get up, you chaps!" he cried. "I

believe Merryweather has been shot by dervishes."

"And Reuter not here!" cried the two veterans exultantly clutching at their note-



"His eye caught something moving in the desert to the south."

books. "Merryweather shot! Where? When? How?"

In a few words Anerley explained what he had seen.

"You heard nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, a shot loses itself very easily among rocks. By George, look at the buzzards!"

Two large brown birds were soaring in the deep blue heaven. As Scott spoke they circled down and dropped into the little khor.

"That's good enough," said Mortimer with his nose between the leaves of his book. "'Merryweather headed dervishes stop returned stop shot mutilated stop raid communications.' How's that?"

"You think he was headed off?"

"Why else should he return?"

"In that case, if they were out in front of him and others cut him off, there must be several small raiding parties."

"I should judge so."

"How about the 'mutilated'?"

"I've fought against Arabs before."

"Where are you off to?"

"Sarras."

"I think I'll race you in," said Scott.

Anerley stared in astonishment at the absolutely impersonal way in which these men regarded the situation. In their zeal for news it had apparently never struck them that they, their camp and their servants, were all in the lion's mouth. But even as they talked there came the harsh importunate rat-tat-tat of an irregular volley from among the rocks, and the high keening whistle of bullets over their heads. A palm spray fluttered down amongst them. At the same instant the six frightened servants came running wildly in for protection.

It was the cool-headed Mortimer who organised the defence, for Scott's Celtic soul was so aflame at all this "copy" in hand and more to come that he was too exuberantly boisterous for a commander. The other, with his spectacles and his stern face, soon had the servants in hand.

"*Tali henna! Egri!* What the deuce are you frightened about? Put the camels between the palm trunks. That's right. Now get the knee-tethers on them. *Quies!* Did you never hear bullets before? Now put the donkeys here. Not much—you don't get my polo-pony to make a zareba with. Picket the ponies between the grove and the river out of danger's way. These fellows seem to fire even higher than they did in '85."

"That's got home anyhow," said Scott as they heard a soft splashing thud like a stone in a mud-bank.

"Who's hit then?"

"The brown camel that's chewing the cud."

As he spoke the creature, its jaw still working, laid its long neck along the ground and closed its large dark eyes.

"That shot cost me fifteen pounds," said Mortimer ruefully. "How many of them do you make?"

"Four, I think."

"Only four Bezingers at any rate; there may be some spearmen."



"The creature laid its long neck along the ground and closed its large dark eyes."

for behind these camels you are as safe as if you were sitting in the back room of the Authors' Club."

"As safe, but hardly as comfortable," said Scott. "A long glass of hock and seltzer would be exceedingly acceptable. But oh, Mortimer, what a chance! Think of the General's feelings when he hears that the first action of the war has been fought by the Press column. Think of Reuter, who has been stewing at the front for a week! Think of the evening pennies just too late for the fun! By George, that slug brushed a mosquito off me!"

"And one of the donkeys is hit."

"This is sinful. It will end in our having to carry our own kits to Khartoum."

"Never mind, my boy, it all goes to

"I think not; it is a little raiding party of riflemen. By the way, Anerley, you've never been under fire before, have you?"

"Never," said the young pressman, who was conscious of a curious feeling of nervous elation.

"Love and poverty and war, they are all experiences necessary to make a complete life. Pass over those cartridges. This is a very mild baptism that you are undergoing,

make copy. I can see the headlines—'Raid on Communications': 'Murder of British Engineer': 'Press Column Attacked.' Won't it be ripping?"

"I wonder what the next line will be," said Anerley.

"Our Special Wounded," cried Scott, rolling over on to his back. "No harm done," he added, gathering himself up again; "only a chip off my knee. This is getting sultry. I confess that the idea of that back room at the Authors' Club begins to grow upon me."

"I have some diachylon."

"Afterwards will do. We're having 'a jappy day with Fuzzy on the rush.' I wish he *would* rush."

"They're coming nearer."

"This is an excellent revolver of mine if it didn't throw so devilish high. I always aim at a man's toes if I want to stimulate his digestion. O Lord, there's our kettle gone!"

With a boom like a dinner gong a Remington bullet had passed through the kettle and a cloud of steam hissed up from the fire. A wild shout came from the rocks above.

"The idiots think that they have blown us up. They'll rush us now as sure as fate; then it will be our turn to lead. Got your revolver, Anerley?"

"I have this double-barrelled fowling-piece."

"Sensible man! It's the best weapon in the world at this sort of rough-and-tumble work. What cartridges?"

"Swan-shot."

"That will do all right. I carry this big bore double-barrelled pistol loaded with slugs. You might as well try to stop one of these fellows with a peashooter as with a service revolver."

"There are ways and means," said Scott. "The Geneva Convention does not hold south of the first cataract. It's easy to make a bullet mushroom by a little manipulation of the tip of it. When I was in the broken square at Tamai——"

"Wait a bit," cried Mortimer, adjusting his glasses. "I think they are coming now."

"The time," said Scott, snapping up his watch, "being exactly seventeen minutes past four."

Anerley had been lying behind a camel staring with an interest which bordered upon fascination at the rocks opposite. Here was a little woolly puff of smoke, and there was another one, but never once had they caught

a glimpse of the attackers. To him there was something weird and awesome in these unseen persistent men who, minute by minute, were drawing closer to them. He had heard them cry out when the kettle was broken, and once immediately afterwards an enormously strong voice had roared something which had set Scott shrugging his shoulders.

"They've got to take us first," said he, and Anerley thought his nerve might be better if he did not ask for a translation.

The firing had begun at a distance of some hundred yards, which put it out of the question for them, with their lighter weapons, to make any reply to it. Had their antagonists continued to keep that range the defenders must either have made a hopeless sally or tried to shelter themselves behind their zareba as best they might on the chance that the sound might bring up help. But luckily for them the African had never taken kindly to the rifle, and his primitive instinct to close with his enemy is always too strong for his sense of strategy. They were drawing in therefore, and now for the first time Anerley caught sight of a face looking at them from over a rock. It was a huge, virile, strong-jawed head of a pure negro type, with silver trinkets gleaming in the ears. The man raised a great arm from behind the rock and shook his Remington at them.

"Shall I fire?" asked Anerley.

"No, no, it is too far; your shot would scatter all over the place."

"It's a picturesque ruffian," said Scott. "Couldn't you kodak him, Mortimer? There's another!"

A fine-featured brown Arab, with a black pointed beard, was peeping from behind another boulder. He wore the green turban which proclaimed him hadji, and his face showed the keen nervous exaltation of the religious fanatic.

"They seem a piebald crowd," said Scott.

"That last is one of the real fighting Baggara," remarked Mortimer. "He's a dangerous man."

"He looks pretty vicious. There's another negro!"

"Two more! Dingas by the look of them. Just the same chaps we get our own black battalions from. As long as they get a fight they don't mind who it's for. But if the idiots had only sense enough to understand they would know that the Arab is their hereditary enemy and we their hereditary friends. Look at the silly juggins gnashing

his teeth at the very men who put down the slave trade!"

"Couldn't you explain?"

"I'll explain with this pistol when he comes a little nearer. Now sit tight, Anerley. They're off!"

They were indeed. It was the brown man with the green turban who headed the rush. Close at his heels was the negro with the silver earrings—a giant of a man, and the other two were only a little behind. As they sprang over the rocks one after the other it took Anerley back to the school

black arms, the frenzied faces, the quick pitter-patter of the rushing feet. The law-abiding Briton is so imbued with the idea of the sanctity of the human life that it was



"Anerley caught sight of their faces looking over a rock."

sports when he held the tape for the hurdle race. It was magnificent, the wild spirit and abandon of it, the flutter of the chequered galabees, the gleam of steel, the wave of

hard for the young pressman to realise that these men had every intention of killing him, and that he was at perfect liberty to do as much for them. He lay staring as if this were a show and he a spectator.

"Now, Anerley, now! Take the Arab!" cried somebody.

He put up the gun and saw the brown fierce face at the other end of the barrel. He tugged at the trigger, but the face grew larger and fiercer with every stride. Again and again he tugged. A revolver shot rang out at his elbow, then another one, and he saw a red spot spring out on the Arab's brown breast. But he was still coming on.

"Shoot, you ass, shoot!" screamed Scott.

Again he strained unavailingly at the trigger. There were two more pistol shots, and the big negro had fallen and risen and fallen again.

"Cock it, you fool!" shouted a furious voice, and at the same instant, with a rush and flutter, the Arab bounded over the prostrate camel and came down with his

bare feet upon Anerley's chest. In a dream he seemed to be struggling frantically with someone upon the ground, then he was conscious of a tremendous explosion in his very face, and so ended for him the first action of the war.

* * * * *

"Good-bye, old chap. You'll be all right. Give yourself time." It was Mortimer's voice, and he became dimly conscious of a long spectacled face and of a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Sorry to leave you. We'll be lucky now if we are in time for the morning editions." Scott was tightening his girth as he spoke.

"We'll put in our wire that you have been hurt, so your people will know why they don't hear from you. If Reuter or the evening pennies come up don't give the thing away. Abbas will look after you, and we'll be back to-morrow afternoon. Bye-bye!"

Anerley heard it all, though he did not feel energy enough to answer. Then as he watched two sleek brown ponies with their yellow-clad riders dwindling among the rocks, his memory cleared suddenly, and he realised that the first great journalistic chance of his life was slipping away from him. It was a small fight, but it was the first of the war, and the great public at home was all athirst for news. They would have it in the *Courier*; they would have it in the *Intelligence*, and not a word in the *Gazette*. The thought brought him to his feet, though he had to throw his arm round the stem of the palm tree to steady his swimming head.

There was the big black man lying where he had fallen, his huge chest pocked with bullet marks, every wound rosetted with its circle of flies. The Arab was stretched out within a few yards of him with two hands clasped over the dreadful thing which had been his head. Across him was lying Anerley's fowling-piece, one barrel discharged, the other at half cock.

"Scott effendi shoot him your gun," said a voice. It was Abbas, his English-speaking body-servant.

Anerley groaned at the disgrace of it. He had lost his head so completely that he had forgotten to cock his gun; and yet he knew that it was not fear but interest which had so absorbed him. He put his hand up to his head and felt that a wet handkerchief was bound round his forehead.

"Where are the two other dervishes?"

"They ran away. One got shot in arm."

"What's happened to me?"

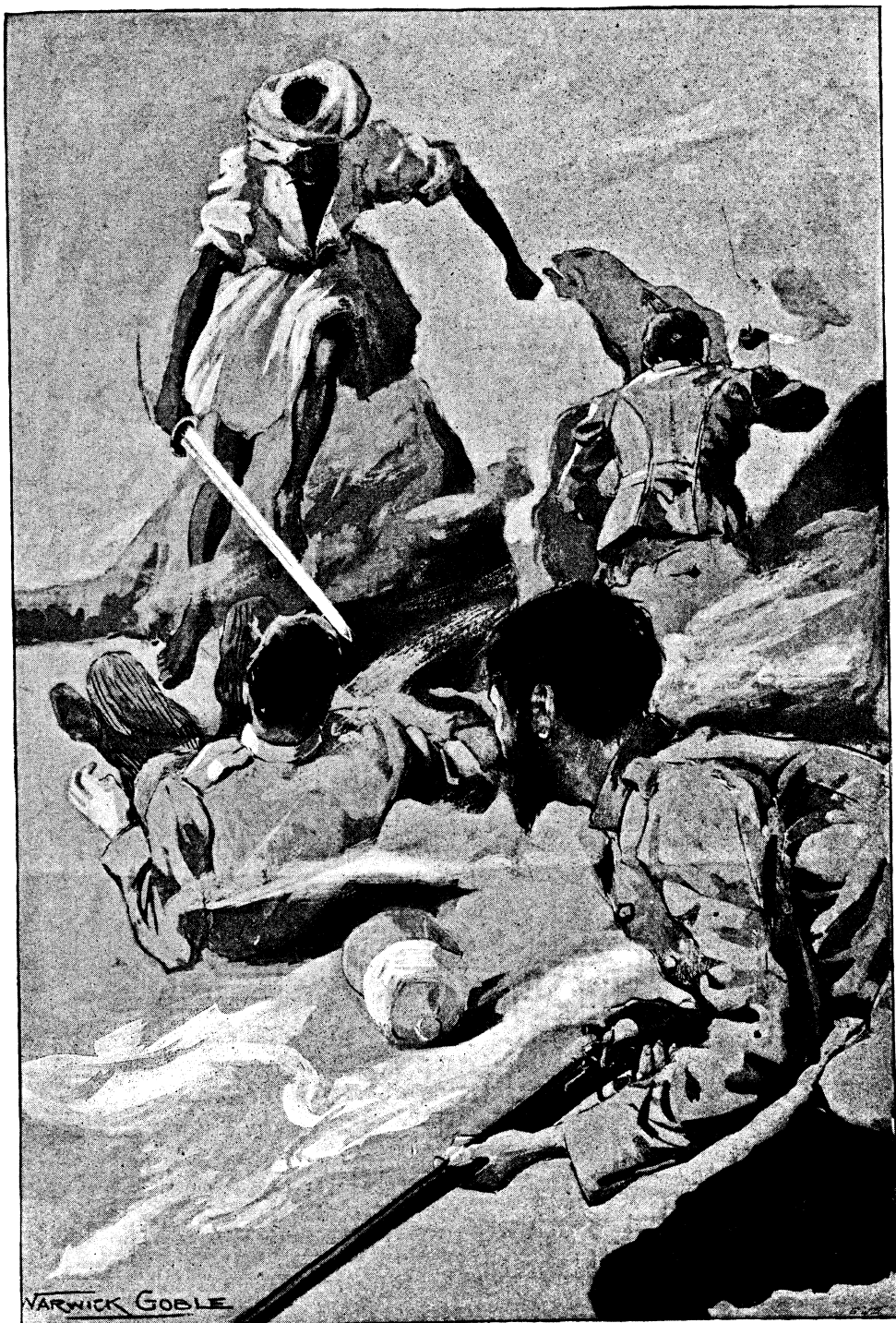
"Effendi got cut on head. Effendi catch bad man by arms and Scott effendi shoot him. Face burn very bad."

Anerley became conscious suddenly that there was a pringling about his skin and an overpowering smell of burned hair under his nostrils. He put his hand to his moustache. It was gone. His eyebrows too? He could not find them. His head no doubt was very near to the dervish's when they were rolling upon the ground together, and this was the effect of the explosion of his own gun. Well, he would have time to grow some more hair before he saw Fleet Street again. But the cut perhaps was a more serious matter. Was it enough to prevent him from getting to the telegraph office at Sarras? The only way was to try and see.

But there was only that poor little Syrian gray of his. There it stood in the evening sunshine with a sunk head and a bent knee, as if its morning's work was still heavy upon it. What hope was there of being able to do thirty-five miles of heavy going upon that? It would be a strain upon the splendid ponies of his companions—and they were the swiftest and most enduring in the country. The most enduring? There was one creature more enduring, and that was a real trotting camel. If he had had one he might have got to the wires first after all, for Mortimer had said that over thirty miles they have the better of any horse. Yes, if he had only had a real trotting camel! And then like a flash came Mortimer's words, "It is the kind of beast that the dervishes ride when they make their lightning raids."

The beasts the dervishes ride! What had these dead dervishes ridden? In an instant he was clambering up the rocks, with Abbas protesting at his heels. Had the two fugitives carried away all the camels, or had they been content to save themselves. The brass gleam from a litter of empty Remington cases caught his eye and showed where the enemy had been crouching. And then he could have shouted for joy, for there, in the hollow, some little distance off, rose the high graceful white neck and the elegant head of such a camel as he had never set eyes upon before—a swan-like, beautiful creature, as far from the rough clumsy baggles as the cart-horse is from the racer.

The beast was kneeling under the shelter of the rocks with its waterskin and bag of doora slung over its shoulders, and its forelegs tethered Arab fashion with a rope round



"With a rush and flutter the Arab bounded over the prostrate camel."

the knees. Anerley threw his leg over the front pommel while Abbas slipped off the cord. Forward flew Anerley towards the creature's neck, then violently backwards, clawing madly at anything which might save him, and then with a jerk which nearly snapped his loins, he was thrown forward again. But the camel was on its legs now, and the young pressman was safely seated upon one of the fliers of the desert. It was as gentle as it was swift, and it stood oscillating its long neck and gazing round with its large brown eyes, whilst Anerley coiled his legs round the peg and grasped the curved camel-stick which Abbas had handed up to him. There were two bridle-cords, one from the nostril and one from the neck, but he remembered that Scott had said that it was the servant's and not the house-bell which had to be pulled, so he kept his grasp upon the lower. Then he touched the long vibrating neck with his stick, and in an instant Abbas' farewells seemed to come from far behind him, and the black rocks and yellow sand were dancing past on either side.

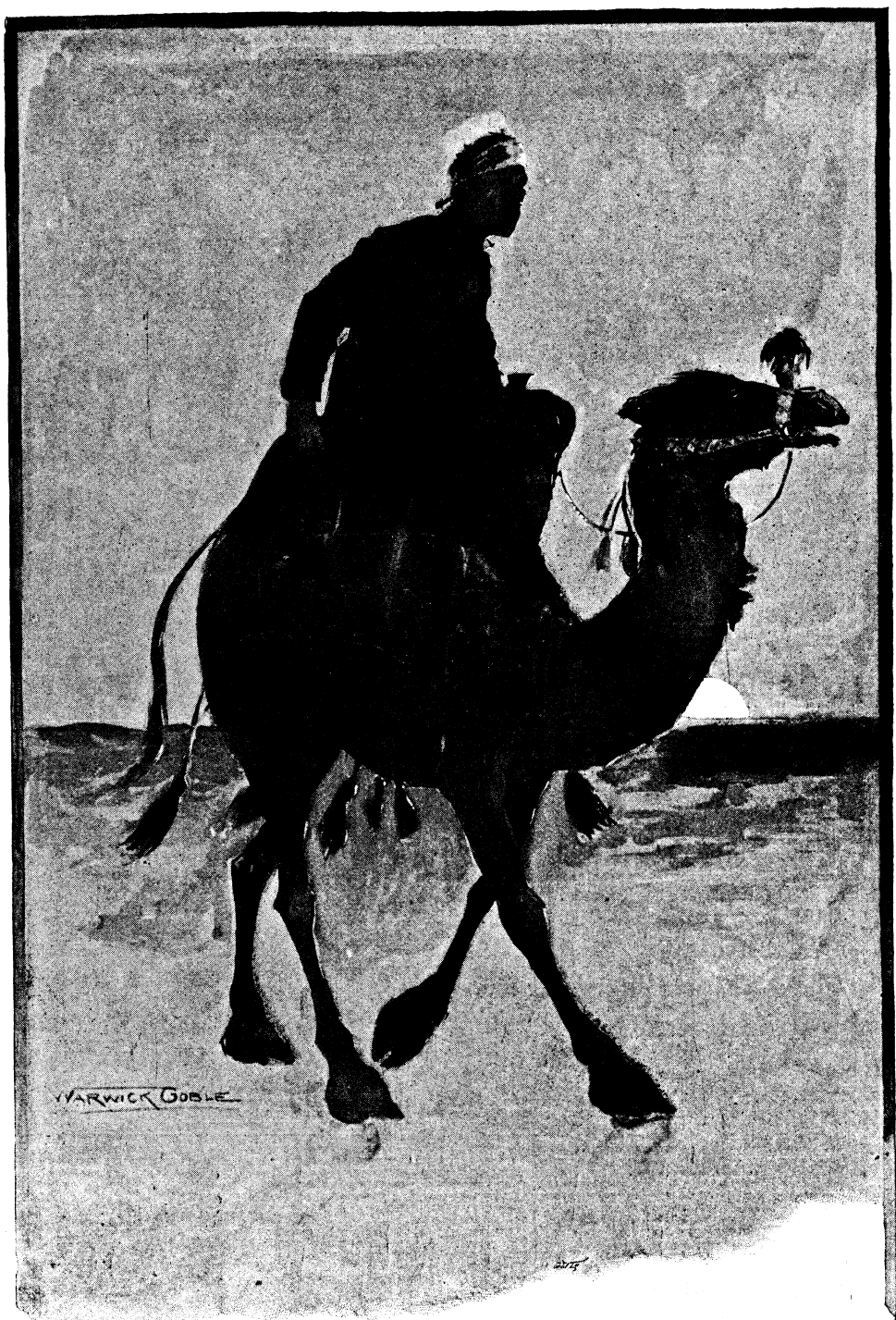
It was his first experience of a trotting camel, and at first the motion, although irregular and abrupt, was not unpleasant. Having no stirrup or fixed point of any kind he could not rise to it, but he gripped as tightly as he could with his knee, and he tried to sway backwards and forwards as he had seen the Arabs do. It was a large, very concave Makloofa saddle, and he was conscious that he was bouncing about on it with as little power of adhesion as a billiard-ball upon a tea-tray. He gripped the two sides with his hands to hold himself steady. The creature had got into its long, swinging, stealthy trot, its sponge-like feet making no sound upon the hard sand. Anerley leaned back with his two hands gripping hard behind him, and he whooped the creature on.

The sun had already sunk behind the line of black volcanic peaks, which look like huge slag-heaps at the mouth of a mine. The western sky had taken that lovely light-green and pale-pink tint which makes evening beautiful upon the Nile, and the old brown river itself, swirling down amongst the black rocks, caught some shimmer of the colours above. The glare, the heat, and the piping of the insects had all ceased together. In spite of his aching head Anerley could have cried out for pure physical joy as the swift creature beneath him flew along with him through that cool invigorating air, with

the virile north wind soothing his pringling face.

He had looked at his watch, and now he made a swift calculation of times and distances. It was past six when he had left the camp. Over broken ground it was impossible that he could hope to do more than seven miles an hour—less on bad parts, more on the smooth. His recollection of the track was that there were few smooth and many bad. He would be lucky then if he reached Sarras anywhere from twelve to one. Then the messages took a good two hours to go through, for they had to be transcribed at Cairo. At the best he could only hope to have told his story in Fleet Street at two or three in the morning. It was possible that he might manage it, but the chances seemed enormously against him. About three the morning edition would be made up, and his chance gone for ever. The one thing clear was that only the first man at the wires would have any chance at all, and Anerley meant to be first if hard riding could do it. So he tapped away at the bird-like neck, and the creature's long loose limbs went faster and faster at every tap. Where the rocky spurs ran down to the river, horses would have to go round, while camels might get across, so that Anerley felt that he was always gaining upon his companions.

But there was a price to be paid for the feeling. He had heard of men who had burst when on camel journeys, and he knew that the Arabs swathe their bodies tightly in broad cloth bandages when they prepare for a long march. It had seemed unnecessary and ridiculous when he first began to speed over the level track, but now, when he got on the rocky paths, he understood what it meant. Never for an instant was he at the same angle. Backwards, forwards he swung, with a tingling jar at the end of each sway, until he ached from his neck to his knee. It caught him across the shoulders, it caught him down the spine, it gripped him over the loins, it marked the lower line of his ribs with one heavy dull throb. He clutched here and there with his hand to try and ease the strain upon his muscles. He drew up his knees, altered his seat and set his teeth with a grim determination to go through with it should it kill him. His head was splitting, his flayed face smarting, and every joint in his body aching as if it were dislocated. But he forgot all that when, with the rising of the morn, he heard the clinking of horses' hoofs down upon the track by the river, and



"Unseen by them he had already got well abreast of his companions."

knew that, unseen by them, he had already got well abreast of his companions. But he was hardly half-way and the time already eleven.

All day the needles had been ticking away without intermission in the little corrugated iron hut which served as a telegraph station at Sarras. With its bare walls and its packing-case seats it was none the less for the moment one of the vital spots upon the earth's surface, and the crisp, importunate ticking might have come from the world-old clock of Destiny. Many august people had been at the other end of those wires and had communed with the moist-faced military clerk. A French Premier had demanded a pledge and an English marquis had passed on the request to the General in command, with a question as to how it would affect the situation. Cipher telegrams had nearly driven the clerk out of his wits, for of all crazy occupations the taking of a cipher message, when you are without the key to the cipher, is the worst. Much high diplomacy had been going on all day in the innermost chambers of European chancelleries, and the results of it had been whispered into this little corrugated iron hut. About two in the morning an enormous despatch had come at last to an end, and the weary operator had opened the door and was lighting his pipe in the cool fresh air when he saw a camel plump down in the dust and a man, who seemed to be in the last stage of drunkenness, come rolling towards him.

"What's the time?" he cried, in a voice which appeared to be the only sober thing about him.

It was on the clerk's lips to say that it was time that the questioner was in his bed,

but it is not safe upon a campaign to be ironical at the expense of kharki-clad men. He contented himself therefore with the bald statement that it was after two.

But no retort that he could have devised could have had a more crushing effect. The voice turned drunken also, and the man caught at the door-post to uphold him.

"Two o'clock! I'm done after all!" said he. His head was tied up in a bloody handkerchief, his face was crimson, and he stood with his legs crooked as if the pith had all gone out of his back. The clerk began to realise that something out of the ordinary was in the wind.

"How long does it take to get a wire to London?"

"About two hours."

"And it's two now. I could not get it there before four."

"Before three."

"Four."

"No, three."

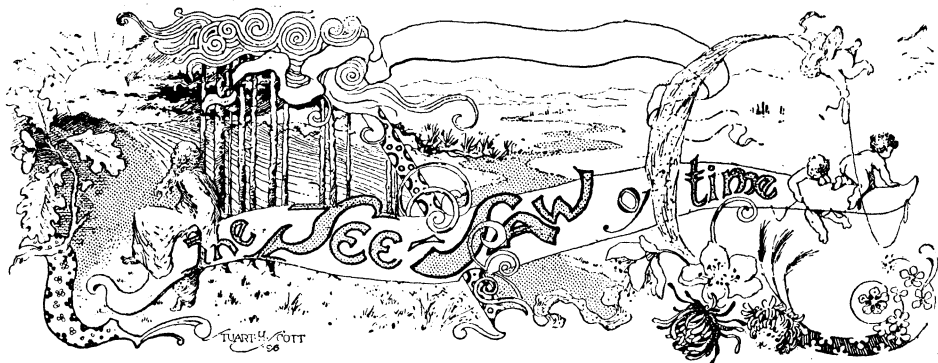
"But you said two hours."

"Yes, but there's more than an hour's difference in longitude."

"By heaven, I'll do it yet!" cried Anerley, and staggering to a packing case he began the dictation of his famous despatch.

And so it came about that the *Gazette* had a long column, with headlines like an epitaph, when the sheets of the *Intelligence* and the *Courier* were as blank as the faces of their editors. And so too it happened that when two weary men, upon two foundered horses, arrived about four in the morning at the Sarras post office they looked at each other in silence and departed noiselessly with the conviction that there are some situations with which the English language is not capable of dealing.





WILLIAM DOUGLAS MACLEAN COMPTON, fourth Marquis of Northampton, is in his seventy-eighth year. He was formerly in the royal navy, and attained the rank of admiral. Second son of the second marquis, he succeeded his brother in the marquise



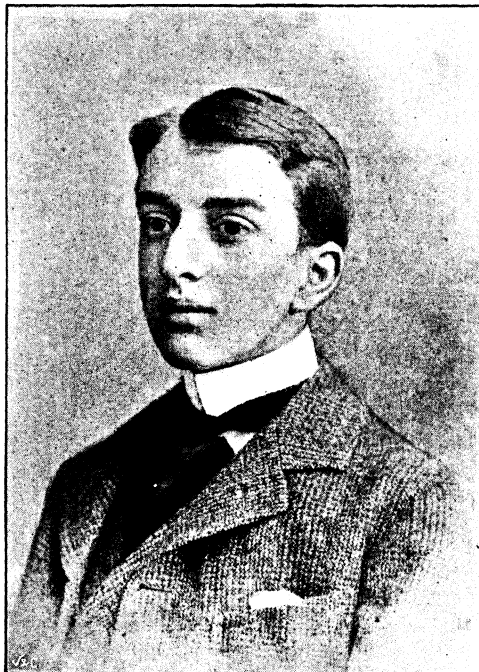
From a photo by]

[Lafayette, Dublin.

THE OLDEST BRITISH MARQUIS:
THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON, K.G.
(AGED 77.)

in 1877. He married a daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Elliot. The marquis has acted in a very liberal way to religious denominations on his large estates. His heir is Earl Compton, M.P., who has engaged in much philanthropic work in London, notably in connection with the Ragged School Union, of which he is president.

GEOFFREY THOMAS TAYLOUR, fourth Marquis of Headfort, is the youngest holder of a British marquise. He is eighteen years of age, and succeeded to the title in 1894. He will, on the attainment of his majority in three years' time, sit in the House of Lords under the title of Lord Kenlis. The marquise of Headfort was created in 1800. Lord Headfort is the only son of the third Marquis by his second wife, who was the widow of Captain E. Wilson-Patten. He is at present being educated at Eton. Lord Headfort's heir presumptive is his cousin, Mr. Edward Henry H. Taylour.



From a photo by]

[Edwards.

THE YOUNGEST BRITISH MARQUIS:
THE MARQUIS OF HEADFORT.
(AGED 18.)



THE STEERSMAN.

THE fore shrouds bar the moonlit scud,
The port rail laps the sea—
Aloft all taut, where the wind clouds skim,
Aloft to the cutwater snug and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore,
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

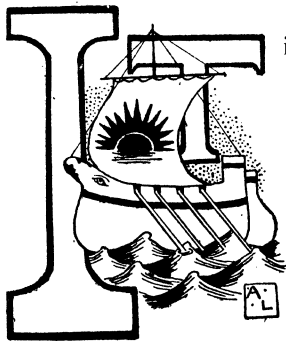
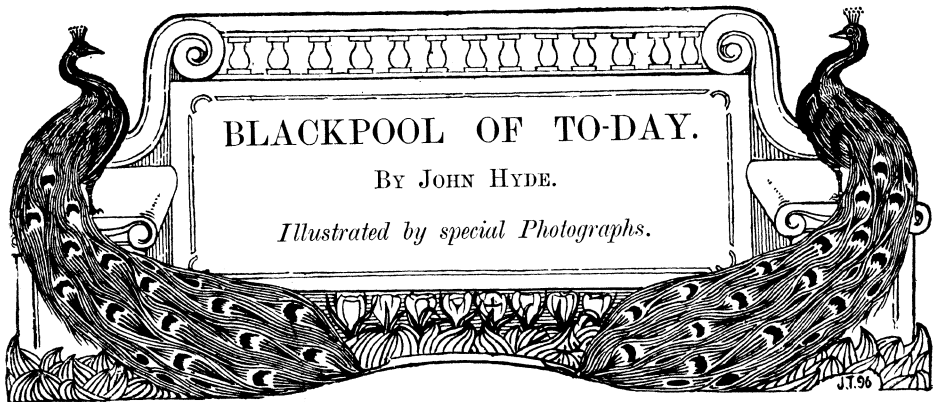
II.

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash alee—
Wallow and dip, and the uptossed screw
Sends heart-throbs quivering through and
through—
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore—
Sou'-East by South and a bone in her mouth,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

III.

The helmsman's arms are brown and hard
And pricked in his forearms be
A ship, an anchor, a love-knot true,
A heart of red and an arrow of blue,
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore—
The ship to her chart, but Jack to his heart—
And my heart lies snug ashore."

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.



is safe to say of Blackpool that no other English watering-place, and probably no other English town can show such a record of progress and prosperity, achieved within a very brief period.

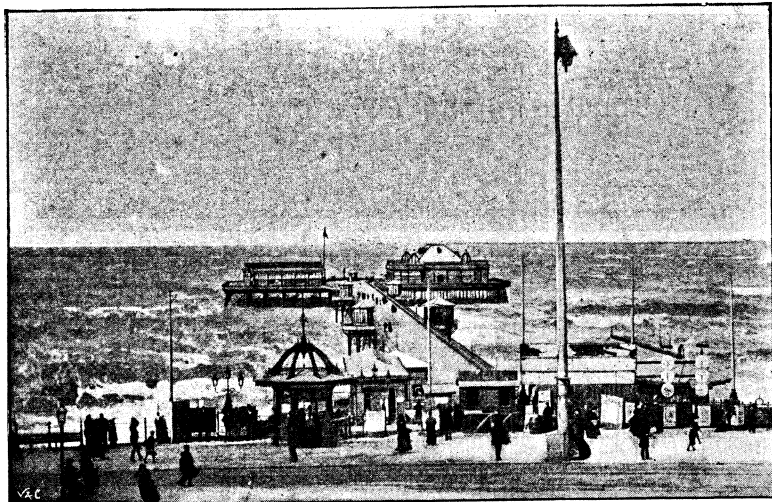
"Progress," the appropriate motto of the town, is visible everywhere, and the first thing that strikes the visitor on entering Blackpool is the unmistakable air of abounding prosperity worn alike by borough and burghers. Everywhere are handsome public buildings, handsome shops, and wide, well laid-out streets thronged with busy, bustling citizens and gay holiday-makers. If these holiday-makers were not gay it would be a wonder, for the busy, bustling Blackpool citizen has but one care—that his visitors shall thoroughly enjoy themselves. Both entertainer and entertained succeed to their heart's content. Blackpool caters for the million, and the million, having found the entertainment good, comes in its millions.

In 1801 Blackpool could boast a population of only 473. Even in 1831 the number was not above 1000; but in 1846, when railway communication was established with Lancashire and Yorkshire, the place began to progress by leaps and bounds. It is the last twenty years however that have seen the truly surprising development of this great seaside resort; and indeed the nearer one comes to the present time, one finds that the record of every succeeding year is crowded with an ever-lengthening list

of improvements, extensions and additions, each and all of these making for the growth, popularity and prosperity of the place. At the last census the population was estimated at 23,846; to-day it is estimated at over 35,000. More wonderful still perhaps is the extraordinary increase in the rateable value of the borough during the last twenty years. In 1876 the figures stood at £76,837; at the present moment the estimate is £260,252 in round numbers.

Dry these numerical facts may be, but they are the most practical and satisfactory means of setting forth the progress of the borough. The outward and visible achievement of this progressive people, as it exists to-day in all its varied attractiveness, cannot be described by mere numerical references, so the writer gladly passes to a detailed description of this great watering-place of the North.

Blackpool, lying as it does on the western verge of what is known as the Fylde district of Lancashire, possesses one of the finest sea-fronts in the kingdom. At the present time the length of that splendid parade is a good two and three-quarter miles, but very soon, on the completion of a great extension northward, the entire range of the promenade will be quite three miles and a half. On that handsome sea-commanding terrace the visitor may enjoy the sunshine and the invigorating breezes that blow across the Irish Sea. But if he would taste the invigorating and health-giving air of Blackpool at its best, if he would feel its energising and electric influence to full perfection, he must go out upon one or other of the piers. In piers Blackpool is very rich, possessing no less than three—the North, the Central or South Pier, and the Victoria Pier. The North Pier is considered the most



From a photo by]

THE NORTH PIER.

[Poulton.

aristocratic. There morning, noon and evening congregates the best-dressed and gayest throng of Blackpool visitors, "glad to know the brine salt on their cheek and the large air again," charmed too with the music of the excellent orchestra which is in constant attendance. The North Pier pavilion is also famous for its classical concerts, for which all the best London talent is engaged. As the visitor strolls seaward along the pier from Talbot Square he should, when three-quarters of the way along, turn and look back towards the sea-front. Then he will enjoy a capital view of Blackpool from end to end of the parade, a view bounded on the south by the distant downs, that afford so excellent a golf links, and on the north by the handsome terraces of Claremont Park, beyond which rise the

bluffs that modern engineering skill and Blackpool enterprise are shearing down to extend still further a frontage already splendid. To right and left of the visitor lie the tawny stretches of sand, thronged with bathers and paddlers, that form one of Blackpool's chief attractions. There is provided every sort of minstrelsy, and all seaside pleasures — donkey, pony, and even camel riding may be indulged in. A

little way to the southward the sands are again spanned by the graceful framework of the Central Pier, which is equally rich in attraction. The chief feature of the Central Pier however is its spacious platform for dancing, open to the sky but screened from the weather by a framework of wood and glass. Away beyond this again is the Victoria Pier, a resort equally spacious and equally pleasant, frequented by visitors who prefer quieter delights. The special feature of the Victoria Pier is its splendid concert pavilion. From each of the piers a striking prospect of Blackpool may be enjoyed, but the great feature of the view is always the structure of which Blackpool confesses herself proudest—the gigantic tower built on the Eiffel principle, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1891 by Sir Matthew



From a photo by]

THE CENTRAL PIER, BLACKPOOL.

[Thompson, Blackpool.

White-Ridley, M.P. for the Blackpool Division and Home Secretary.

Everything that ingenuity and enterprise can do has been done to make the huge establishment known as "The Tower" a success, and those in charge may congratulate themselves on the attainment of their desire. The Tower itself is but one portion of this huge compendium of attractions.

Around the base of the iron structure stands a handsome brick and terra-cotta block, fronting the sea. This block alone contains so many wonders for the sightseer that before one has well exhausted them the Tower itself, great as it is, seems to have fallen into a secondary place. Under the roof of the Tower building one has at command a seemingly endless variety of amusements. Beneath the four great limbs of the Tower proper is a large and thoroughly equipped circus, with a remarkable arrangement by which the arena sinks down disclosing in a moment a miniature sea for the aquatic displays that nightly conclude the entertainment. In the surrounding buildings one finds a beautiful aquarium in grotto form, a complete zoo, with its large carnivora, its monkey-house and aviary, and a grand pavilion, considered one of the finest ball-

rooms in the country. Passing upwards one emerges upon the roof-gardens, where tropical plants and exquisite flowers charm the eye and lead it down delightful vistas of colour. Mention must be made too of the seal pond, the bear cage, and the marine promenades, which closely adjoin the roof-gardens.

But of course after all the sight of the

Tower is the Tower. From the Elevator Hall, picturesquely fashioned to represent an old English village, one enters the lift and is swiftly borne aloft to the height of 510 feet. For smooth and pleasant running these elevators are unrivalled. Perfect safety too is ensured by a special check-action which is tested daily. The ascent occupies under one minute. Once on the airy platform of the Tower the visitor enjoys a remarkable panorama of sea and land, and well he



From a photo by]

THE TOWER, BLACKPOOL.

[Poulton.]

may, for he is standing on the loftiest building in the kingdom. Sunset is perhaps the most enjoyable time on the Tower. Right in the eye of the setting sun, if the month is mid-July, the Isle of Man can be descried on the dim sea-line, northward lies Barrow and the Cumberland hills, southward the Welsh mountains, and eastward, north-west and south-west, the eye

rooms over the level green land of the Fylde, with its many towns and villages, all prosperous in their degree, but none so great or flourishing as the town that lies mapped out at our feet so far below.

The descent from the Tower is as swift and pleasant as the ascent had been, and the visitor, his appetite sharpened by the keen air of the upper regions, will no doubt be ready to patronise the excellent restaurant attached to the establishment. He may count on the best of entertainment, for at Blackpool they do nothing by halves. One great point to be noticed about the Tower is that sixpence is the "open sesame" to everything.

When the visitor has had his fill of the Tower he will, if he is wise, turn to the

ture, reflecting infinite credit on the architects, Messrs. Mangnall and Littlewoods, of Manchester. The dimensions of the ball-room will be 190 feet by 110 feet, the height 65 feet, and the span of the arched roof 80 feet. Around the hall runs a promenade, having perfect circulation, and enriched with Doulton panelling symbolical of the sea. The ceiling is panelled with exquisite plaster-work, also of symbolical design, suggesting Youth, Beauty, Pleasure, the Graces, and the Arts. The Oriental Lounge, close at hand, will contain everything suggestive of Eastern luxury, brilliant colour, and luxurious settees; in fact it will be an ideal sitting-out resort. Just adjoining the Lounge is a splendid café, where the attendant maids are dressed in picturesque oriental costume, and

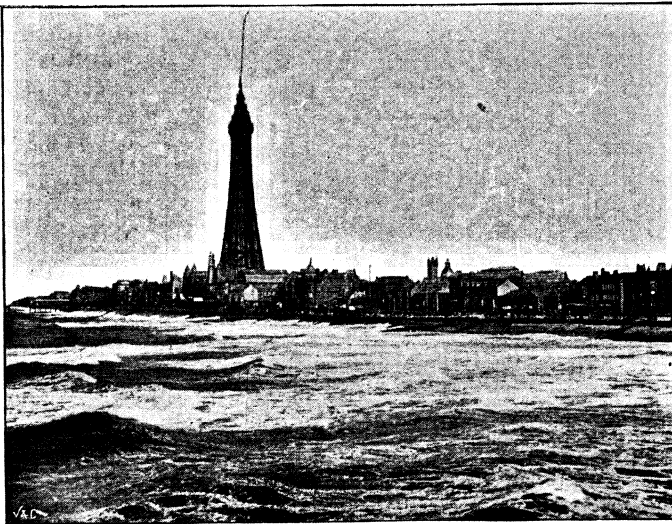
from this enchanted palace it is but a step to the Florentine Gardens, which are illuminated at night with millions of multicoloured lights.

The three theatres in the town are the Grand, which is one of the finest in the kingdom, and is visited by all the leading companies, the Royal, and the Prince of Wales, which are likewise popular resorts. The Empire Theatre of Varieties ministers to the growing taste for clever performances by music-hall artistes.

Another pleasure-resort which has done good service for Blackpool is the Royal Palace Gardens. Distance from the more recent centre of amusement has to some extent robbed these gardens

of their old popularity, but the concern is still valuable to the company by whom it is owned. This will be seen when it is stated that the gardens were last July disposed of at a sum which gave the original shareholders exactly cent. per cent. on their money. The reason of this success is of course the tremendous value of land in Blackpool. In some instances it is selling at £20 the square yard. The Prince of Wales' Baths are used for aquatic shows, always appreciated in this district.

The mere mention of these endless attractions must suggest to everyone how admirably Blackpool is suited, not only for a summer, but for a winter resort. So many amusements can be had under cover in places where the temperature is always delightfully



From a photo by]

[Poulton.

A SEA VIEW OF THE TOWER.

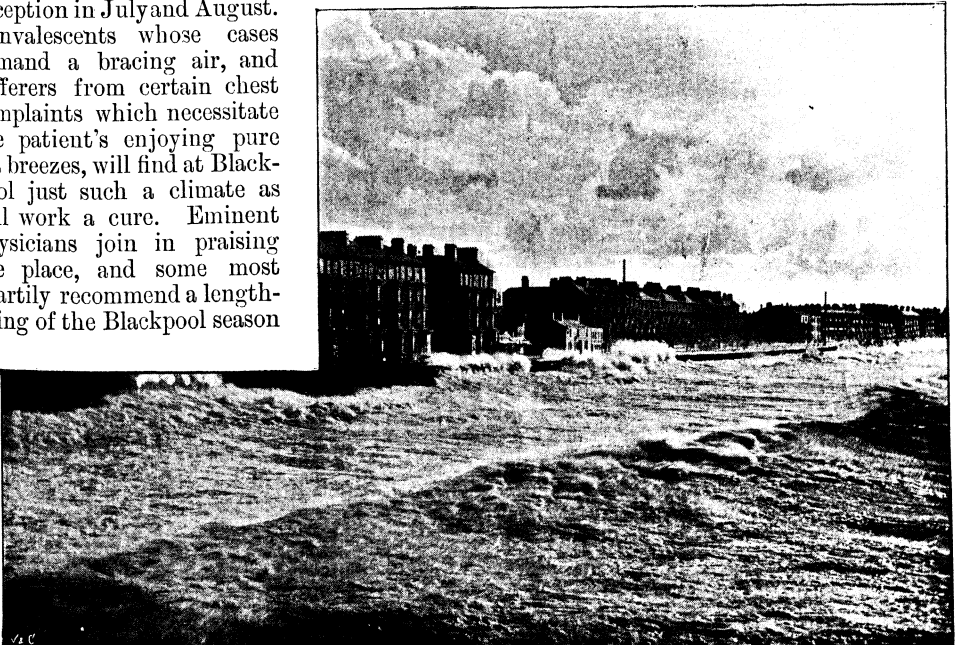
Winter Gardens, where again the modest sixpence will open the door to an unlimited range of entertainments. The buildings of the Winter Gardens cover six acres, the block consisting of one vast square with a street on each of the four sides. Within are: the Grand Pavilion; Her Majesty's Opera House, seated for 2500 persons; the Floral Hall, the Fernery and Palm House, picture galleries, and extensive billiard and refreshment rooms. New additions are in rapid progress, and by the time this article is in print will have been opened the gigantic Wheel, the new Italian Gardens, the Oriental Lounge, and last and greatest, the new ball-room. The two last call for special mention, for the ball-room is a triumph of architec-

equable, that even were the weather unpropitious a pleasant time is a foregone conclusion. It is not to be supposed however that even in winter the climate of Blackpool is forbidding. Far from it. All the year round crisp bright weather is the rule, and fog in its worst sense is absolutely unknown, the only approach to such a thing being rare visits from gray sea-mist, which may obscure the view but is at any rate not poisonous, as smoke-charged fogs most certainly are.

How healthy a place Blackpool is may be gathered from the report of the medical officer for the borough. Dr. Jasper Anderson certifies that the death-rate is exceptionally low. This he attributes in great measure to the health-giving and invigorating westerly sea-breezes, which in 1895 prevailed during 197 days, on 94 of which the wind was due west. Other causes of course there are for Blackpool's admirable climate. The effect of proximity to the sea is that the climate is cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Fine dry warm weather prevails in the months of March, April, May and June, and meteorological returns prove that Blackpool occupies a very high position, in comparison with other health-resorts, for dryness of atmosphere, clearness of sky, the amount of direct sunshine, and uniformity of temperature. Sunless days indeed are the exception in July and August. Convalescents whose cases demand a bracing air, and sufferers from certain chest complaints which necessitate the patient's enjoying pure sea breezes, will find at Blackpool just such a climate as will work a cure. Eminent physicians join in praising the place, and some most heartily recommend a lengthening of the Blackpool season

on account of the early spring and late autumn temperatures, which are much higher than would be expected from the comparative coolness of the place during summer months. The natural advantages of the locality are enhanced by the vigilant care and unceasing attention of the sanitary authorities, who spare no effort to promote perfect hygiene and to keep the town free from infectious disease. The water supply is most excellent, and the milk supply, as an eminent medical man has testified, is "placed above suspicion by the constant investigation to which it is subjected." Nor must the sea-water baths be omitted as one of the important factors in the health of the town. Sea-water also is supplied by an enterprising company through the mains for private use.

In this connection it is interesting to mention the admirable Blackpool hospital, a model of its kind, which reflects the greatest credit on the town and on all concerned with it. Were it nothing else this admirable institution would be a lasting monument to the liberality of the great watering-place, for the hospital was founded with the proceeds of a bazaar, which in one week's time realised the handsome sum of £5700. It stands on the road to Marton, the route of a favourite drive. Driving is a very popular amusement with Blackpool visitors ;



From a photo by]

THE SEA FRONT ON A BREEZY DAY.

[Thompson, Blackpool.

and well it may, for in this too every facility is offered by that enterprising town. Not only are there electric tramcars running for miles along the sea-front, but countless open landaus are ready for a modest sum to take the holiday-maker whithersoever he will. A favourite drive is to Singleton; another, as already mentioned, is to Marton, where those who are interested in social questions will be delighted to visit one of the handsomest, best equipped and best organised working men's clubs in the kingdom.

While upon the subject of Blackpool's public institutions, it is appropriate to mention the flourishing public library. The library contains over twenty thousand volumes, and has an excellent provision whereby not only townspeople but visitors may benefit by it. Householders may become responsible for their lodgers, and so visitors for even a brief period may take advantage of the library, just as if they were regular residents. Another centre of light is the centre of light *par excellence*—the Corporation electric light station, where the huge dynamos produce the daily and nightly supply of electricity for the borough. Large as the plant is, within a year the Corporation expect to see the great, airy, cheerful looking machine-house exactly doubled to cope with the ever-growing needs of the place. These works, it is interesting to remember, were opened on October 13, 1893, by Lord Kelvin.

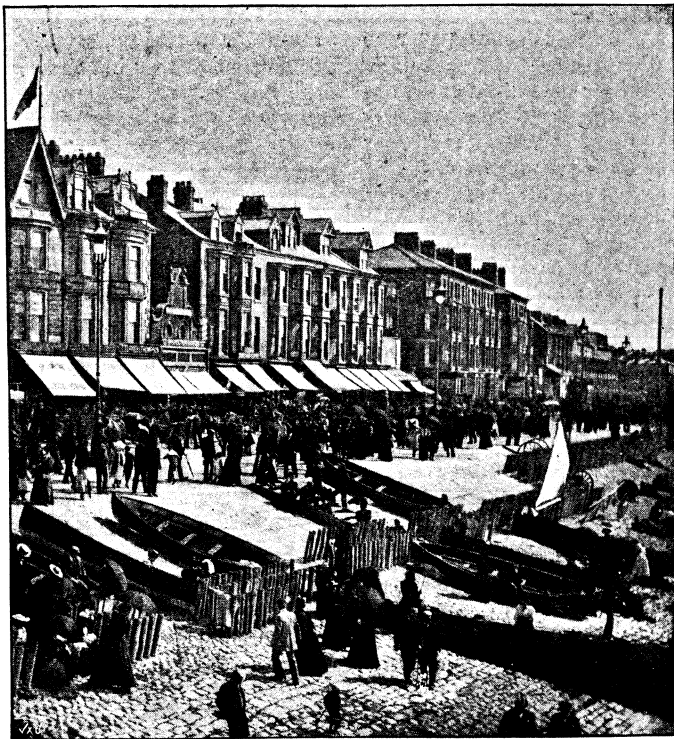
It is an endless work adequately to catalogue all Blackpool's thousand-and-one attractions. One however must not be for-

gotten—the wonderful facility afforded for pleasure sailing. Of all the many splendid steamers none eclipses the most recent—the *Greyhound* and the *Queen of the North*. The principal sea routes that radiate from Blackpool as centre are ten in number, and all the trips can be made within a single day. Frequent short runs are made to Lytham and Southport, and every day there are more extended pleasure-sailings to Liverpool, a distance of thirty miles; to Llandudno, forty miles; to Beaumaris, sixty miles, and to Holy-

head, seventy miles. These are the trips to south and south-west. In a northerly and north-westerly direction the shortest run is to Fleetwood, fifteen miles, while the more extended trips are to Glasson Dock, eighteen miles; to Morecambe, twenty miles; to Barrow, for Furness Abbey, nineteen miles, and to the Isle of Man, sixty miles. In connection with the Barrow trip there is an excellent train

arrangement by which tourists can proceed from Barrow to Windermere, to the head of which lake they can at once take steamer, so that Blackpool is within easy reach of the chief beauties of Lake district. For comfort, elegance and splendid equipment generally, the steamers that ply between Blackpool and the places above mentioned are certainly without rival on our coasts.

In addition to the long steam cruises, small sailing and rowing boats, all under the charge of a certificated seaman, constantly ply in shore for the delectation of visitors. Boating accidents are happily unknown, thanks to the precautions of the authorities,



From a photo by]

A BUSY DAY ON THE SOUTH BEACH.

[Thompson, Blackpool.

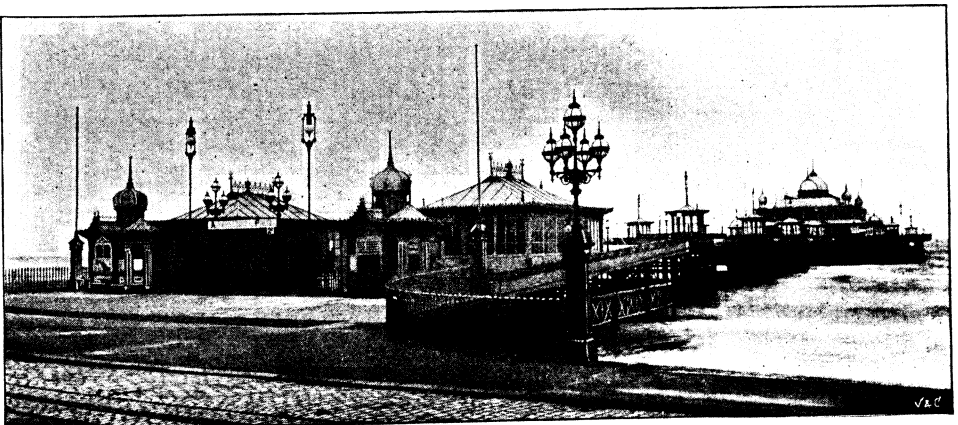
who permit no one to put to sea without the authorised sailing-master.

As great stars have their satellites which revolve at a respectful distance about the greater luminary, so Blackpool, the chief of the Fylde watering-places, "the northern metropolis of pleasure," as it has been called, possesses its galaxy of smaller pleasure-resorts. About these a word will not be out of place, for they are all so close at hand, and so easily accessible by rail, that little trips from Blackpool can easily be arranged. Although the great centre is complete in itself, yet there are many holiday-makers who find pleasure in choosing some central spot as headquarters from which they can explore a large and interesting district. This relation Blackpool bears to Fairhaven, Fleetwood, Lytham and St. Anne's-on-the-Sea. The attractions of the first named and the two last are of a quieter order, and these places will be chiefly sought after by those who wish for a brief return to nature and quiet beauty. Fleetwood again is rather gayer and more up-to-date, that is, its attractions are more of the Blackpool order than the others.

Lytham is one of the historic towns of the Fylde, and has been known since the Conquest. Those whose inclinations are antiquarian will be sure to run from Blackpool to visit the numerous towns and villages of the Fylde, where a flavour of the olden time still lingers pleasantly. Poulton, the former metropolis of the Fylde, is still very interesting, for in its quaint market-place are still to be seen several old relics: the market-cross—which by the way really bears a cross, a somewhat unusual appendage to such crosses as remain; and more curious still,

the stocks and whipping-post. These stocks are in far better preservation than the equally famous instrument at Moncken-Hadley.

Lytham, situated at the mouth of the Ribble, has been a seaside resort for upwards of two hundred years. It is eminently a quiet place, less so perhaps than St. Anne's or Fairhaven, but compared with the hurrying life of Blackpool it is quiet indeed. The railway station of Lytham is a sight in itself, and indeed resembles a well-kept conservatory or palm-house rather than a bustling centre for the arrival and departure of prosaic matter-of-fact railway trains. In the station and its surrounding plantations, shrubs and flowers are displayed in endless profusion, and everything that careful gardening and attention can do is done to make the place attractive. The railway officials spare no trouble to make their establishment the prettiest in the district. May and June are the best months for pretty continental-looking Lytham. St. Anne's and Fairhaven are rising resorts well worth a visit. Fleetwood again, which lies north of Blackpool, is another example of rapid growth. Seventy years ago there was nothing of Fleetwood; all was bare sand hill and rabbit warren. To-day its docks are a sight in themselves, and its railway station is in summer a perfect floral hall. Apart from its large commercial enterprise, Fleetwood, following the fashion of the Fylde, is rising into repute as a watering-place. Within walking distance of the town is the now famous Rossall school, which has been called "the Winchester of the North." Perhaps Rossall resents this name as bitterly as the Blackpudlians resent the title frequently bestowed on their borough,



From a photo by]

VICTORIA PIER.

[Thompson, Blackpool.

the "Brighton of the North." One has a suspicion that they would consider it more just if Brighton were called the Blackpool of the South.

That Blackpool is proud of its enterprise is not to be wondered at. One has only to visit the town, bearing in mind its exceedingly recent growth, to be convinced that it must have been created by no little sagacity and longheadedness. Everywhere are evidences of the fearless investment of huge capital, but so judiciously and with such foresight is this gone about that, so far from involving the town in burdens, every fresh undertaking goes only to advance the wealth

which Mr. T. Sergenson, manager of the Grand Theatre, is chairman. The committee's orders are carried out with unique ability by the genial Inspector Noden, the man to show you Blackpool, if you are so fortunate as to enjoy his acquaintance. That excellent official, by the way, is responsible for an epigram which is believed to contain the secret of Blackpool's success. "We cater for quantity," he once remarked to an interviewer, "and we give them quality."

This briefly is the policy of the borough, but of course there are other planks in its platform. In the great work of attracting visitors the authorities observe three leading



From a photo by]

A STORM ON THE SOUTH BEACH.

[Thompson, Blackpool.]

and well-being of the community. This was strikingly borne out by what was shown and told to the WINDSOR MAGAZINE representative, who, under the kind and courteous guidance of the deputy town-clerk, saw the endless resources and attractions of the town. One strikingly excellent piece of policy is the right secured by Act of Parliament to spend a certain fixed percentage of the rates on advertising the town. A glance at the notice boards of any railway station in the three kingdoms will show how ably and efficiently this is done. This important department of the borough organisation is under control of a committee, of

principles: they strive to keep the town perfectly clean and sanitary; to keep the visitors free from obstruction on the streets; and to let holidayers have as much of their own way as possible. The last principle, so far from making Blackpool a scene of misrule, seems rather to promote the order and good-humour of the vast crowds that flock thither in summer, and which will shortly, it is hoped, be flocking thither all the year round, when Blackpool's exceptional winter attractions become, as they are sure to do, better and better known. Very often a single Saturday afternoon will bring 50,000 visitors to the place, and at the height of



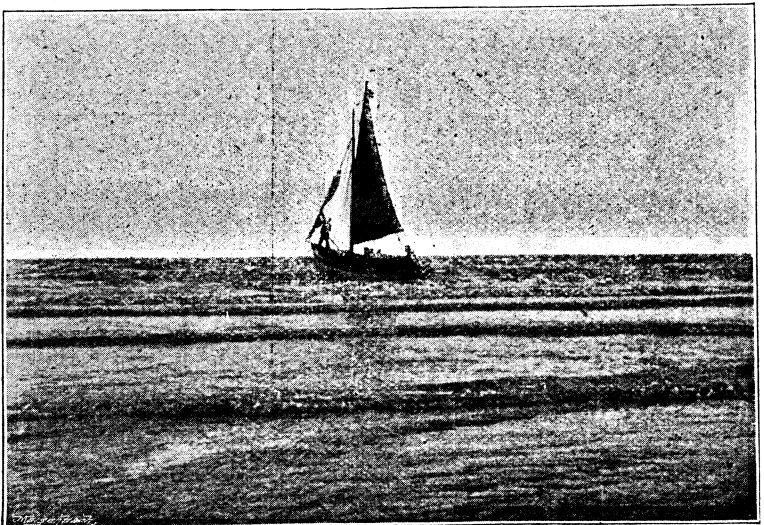
From a photo by]

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NORTH PIER.

[Thompson, Blackpool.

the season the population verges on 150,000. Yet the streets, thronged as they cannot fail to be, are always bright and orderly. Signs of excess are entirely absent, and even after an exceptionally crowded week-end the police-court roll is found to be no heavier than the usual light average. Blackpool for many years past, has not been a year out of Parliament, so assiduous have the authorities been to promote private Bills for the good of the borough and for the comfort and convenience of visitors. One of the most recent regulations was for the prohibition of betting in the streets, and the measure has been most effective in clearing away what was a decided barrier to proper enjoyment. Toutting of every sort, for hotels, lodging-houses, and all entertainments, has also been put down by the strong hand of the law. The extension of the town goes on apace. Last year over 500 new houses were added, and it is calculated that at present houses are being built and occupied at the rate of two a day. The greatest demand upon the resources of the town is made

at Easter. This is a very popular season, and indeed, on the testimony of one well qualified to judge, it is asserted that each succeeding Easter is better than another. The time is no doubt within measurable distance when Blackpool will have extended as far as Fleetwood on the north and Lytham on the south. In the latter direction indeed there are houses on the sea-front for a great part of the way. The northern extension is already begun, for the Blackpool and Fleetwood Tramways Company are at work on an electric tramway to extend north from the borough boundary so as to connect with the tramway from Fleetwood. By this line



From a photo by]

A SAILING-BOAT OFF BLACKPOOL.

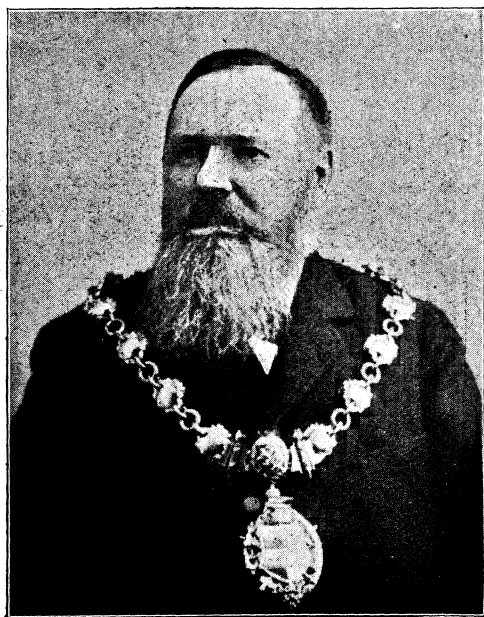
[R. Banks.



From a photo by]

[Gregson, Blackpool.

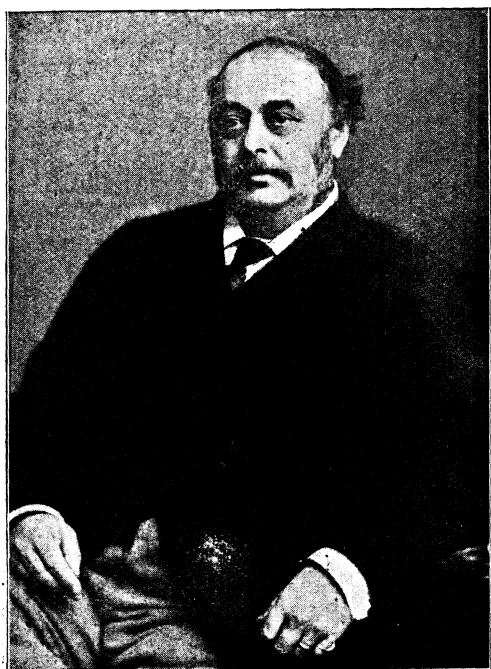
ALDERMAN W. H. COCKER.
(*Six times Mayor of Blackpool.*)



From a photo by]

[Gregson, Blackpool.

ALDERMAN JAMES CARDWELL.
(*Mayor of Blackpool.*)



From a photo by]

[Russell.

SIR MATTHEW WHITE-RIDLEY, BART.
(*M.P. for Blackpool.*)



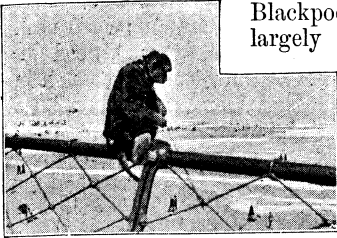
From a photo by]

[Wiggins, Blackpool.

THE LATE ALDERMAN F. PARKINSON.
(*Mayor of Blackpool, 1894-6; died February 15, 1896.*)

visitors will enjoy a delightful breezy drive by the sea along the cliff-heads for a good fourteen miles. The August Bank Holiday

is the time when Blackpool is most largely patronised.



From a photo by]

[R. Banks.

ON THE OUTLOOK.

It is usual on that day to have as many as 150,000 visitors in the town. On such an occasion the railway arrangements are very extensive, and as many as 150 special trains will reach Blackpool in the course of the day. At Talbot Road station and at the Central thirty-two trains can be put in position for simultaneous loading with passengers, and there is a growing demand for platform accommodation.

Ample provision has been made for the athletic tastes of the town in the fine grounds, which are always thronged on the occasion of any sports. For visitors to the neighbourhood many excellent hotels cater efficiently.

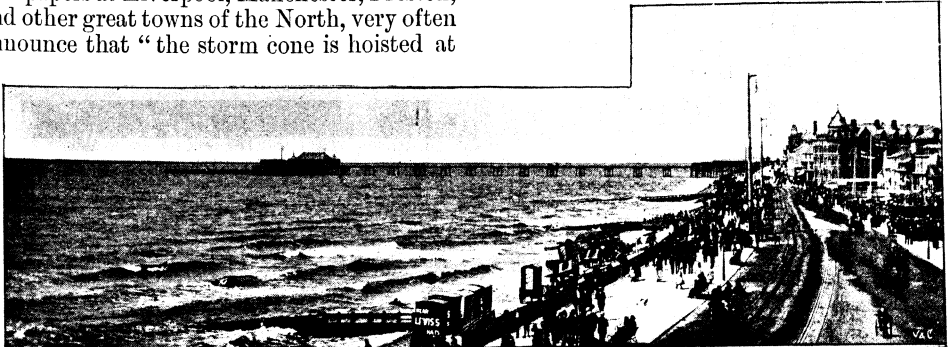
A novel feature among the Blackpool attractions is the organisation of railway excursions to the high tides, which at this point of the coast are very remarkable. The advertising committee of the borough publish a tide-table in their list of attractions, and the railway companies, taking the hint, now run excursion trains to the best tides. The storms too have a marvellous attraction for many who love the sea in its angrier moods, and not a few who live at a distance from Blackpool are in treaty with Mr. Noden to receive a telegram whenever a particularly magnificent storm is raging. The papers at Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, and other great towns of the North, very often announce that "the storm cone is hoisted at

Blackpool," a piece of news that is certain to bring an influx of visitors to the great watering-place of North-Western England.

Any account of Blackpool would be sadly incomplete without a mention of the man who has been the pioneer of the town's prosperity, Mr. William Henry Cocker. Mr. Cocker's distinguished services to the town led to his election in April 1876 as first mayor of Blackpool, an office to which he was re-elected during three successive years. Then again in the Jubilee year the choice of his fellow-citizens fell once more upon Mr. Cocker, who again was called upon to assume the chief magistracy of the borough he has done so much to advance. Another of Blackpool's honoured mayors is Mr. James Cardwell, who held office from 1892 to 1894. Mr. Cardwell enjoys the reputation of being one of the farthest sighted citizens of a far-sighted place. He has indeed, in everything he has undertaken, seen fifteen years ahead. In his mayoralty all the larger public buildings, including the Tower, were completed. He succeeded last February the late Mr. Frederick Henry Parkinson, who, like all Blackpool's mayors, adorned his office and laboured for the advancement of the town.

The Corporation is thoroughly alive to the importance of advance, and the construction of the new promenade is evidence of their wise enterprise. When this work is completed Blackpool will have one of the most stalwart defences against the sea, and in addition, charming terraces provided with picturesque shelters will make the promenade still more attractive. The huge crowds which gather on the sands owing to the narrowness of the present promenade have induced the municipal body to draw up an elaborate scheme for widening the promenade.

It scarcely requires a prophet to predict a



From a photo by]

THE PROMENADE.

[Poulton.

great future for Blackpool. The slightest exercise of observation and common-sense is sufficient to prove that if Blackpool has done great things in the past she will do yet greater things in the future, for the ability, the enterprise, and the capital are there, and what is more, the men are there who can use these to the best possible advantage. It is true, of course, that in natural beauties, except the beautiful sands and the wide prospect of ever-changing sea, Blackpool has not been so liberally endowed as other places, but what the place misses in natural attraction art supplies. It is safe to say that in no other watering-place is so much done for so great a variety of tastes and inclinations as at Blackpool, or at so small a cost to the

visitor. It is the number and the excellence of the amusements that have made the place what it is to-day. The "second season" will certainly soon be as popular as the season now in progress, for as a winter resort Blackpool, that can put 150,000 people under cover and can keep them amused, need fear no enemy, not even Shakspeare's great exceptions, "winter and rough weather." If you would drink in pure sea-breezes that string the nerves and brace the muscles, and at the same time enjoy the best of everything for eye, ear, and the humbler but yet necessary palate, and live in a continual round of pleasure or as quietly as you please, you cannot do better than try a holiday at Blackpool.



CAPTAIN SHANNON.*

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

(Author of "A Dead Man's Diary," "A Book of Strange Sins,"
"Sorrow and Song," "God and the Ant," etc.).

Illustrated by F. S. WILSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

"ARE THERE ANY LETTERS FOR HENRY
JEANES, PLEASE?"



WERE it not that they have no immediate connection with my story, I should like to describe here some of the curious and amusing experiences which befell me while I was acting as assistant to a barber and betting-agent. But in a narrative like the present it is perhaps best that I should confine myself to the incidents and adventures which have direct bearing upon my search for Captain Shannon.

That the Professor would betray me to his clients I did not think at all likely, as to do so would necessitate his admitting to them that he had been bribed to allow a spy, if not a detective, to enter his service under a disguise, and to have access to the correspondence of the establishment. At the same time I did not think it advisable—at all events for the present—to take him into my confidence by telling him who was the object of my search. Hence I had to pursue my investigations in a more or less indirect manner, inquiring first about one of the parties for whom letters came and then about another, and so getting an opportunity to refer to Jeanes without appearing to be more curious about him than about the others. In reply to my casual question as to who Jeanes was, the Professor replied with apparent indifference that the party in question was young and good looking, and that he did not suppose the correspondence which was being carried on meant any more than a foolish love affair.

Several days went by, and the letter for Jeanes still remained uncalled for, until one afternoon the Professor asked me, as he had asked me on previous occasions, if I would keep an eye to the shop while he ran over the way to get half-a-pint. I nodded

assent, and promising that he would not be long he disappeared down the stairs, only to return immediately afterwards for his pipe, which was lying on the mantelsheff. As he passed the rack he took the letters down and ran through them as if to see how many there were, and then giving me a look, which I took to mean that it would be no use my tampering with them in his absence, he again descended the stairs in search of the desired refreshment.

He had been gone about a quarter of an hour when a man, muffled up to the nose with a big "comforter," and with a soft hat pulled down so closely over his brows that little more of him was visible than a pair of blue spectacles, opened the door and, without coming in, stood coughing and panting like a consumptive on the mat outside. As he did not show any disposition to enter I inquired what he wanted, but shaking his head as if to indicate that he was unable to answer, he continued hacking and coughing with stooped head and bent shoulders for half a minute, and then in a hollow voice, which seemed strangely familiar to me, asked if there was a letter for Mr. Henry Jeanes.

As calmly as if his coming were a thing of the utmost indifference to me I reached for the packet of letters in order to select that which was addressed to Jeanes. To my dismay I found it gone, but repressing the exclamation of surprise which rose to my lips I turned to the waiting messenger and shook my head.

He mumbled something that sounded like "thank you," and then closing the door toiled painfully down stairs. Scarcely had he reached the first landing before I had made what is called in music-hall parlance a "lightning change."

Tearing off my canvas coat and white apron, and tossing them in a heap upon a chair, I shot into, rather than got into, my reefer jacket, and snatching at my hat was down the stairs and out in the street before my visitor was half-way to the first corner, which led to an unfrequented side street.

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The instant he had turned it I was after him like the wind, and looking warily round saw him making for a narrow lane that ran at right angles to the direction in which he was going. No sooner was he hidden by the corner than I was after him once again, but not so hurriedly as to forget to stop and peer cautiously round before exposing my own person to view. The sight which met my eyes put me, I must confess, fairly out of countenance, for there, just round the corner, with the crush hat pushed to the back of his head, the muffer thrown open and the blue spectacles in the hand which he pointed derisively at me, was none other than the Professor, literally rolling about with uncontrollable laughter.

"Oh, my poor korf! it is so bad I ain't able to speak!" he gasped between his convulsions of merriment. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, you 'ap'porth o' pigeon's milk, wot thought yer could get up early enough in the mornin' to take a rise out of old Tom Lawrance! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, you feedin'-bottle fool and mug as thought yer'd got the bulge on Downy Tom! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Come and laugh at him sonnies for the biggest fool and mammy's-milk Juggins and Johnny in all Stanby!"

CHAPTER XX.

HOW JAMES MULLEN AND MYSELF
ALMOST MET.

THE Professor was in such huge good humour at the success of his ruse that when we returned together to the haircutting establishment he was almost inclined to be genial, especially as I took the joke in good part, and frankly admitted that I had never been so "let through" before. So friendly was he, in fact, that he readily agreed to my proposal that I should go over the way and bring back a bottle of something to ease his cough; and after I had pledged "Downy Tom," and expressed the intention of getting up a little earlier in the morning the next time I meant trying to steal a march upon him, and "Downy Tom" had pledged me in what—in delicate allusion to recent events—he humorously termed pigeon's milk, but which was in reality the best Old Tom, we fell to discussing events almost confidentially.

"So it is Jeanes as yer after—as I always suspected, though you never harsked questions about him direct, but only as if by haccident and among the others," he said as

he lit his pipe. "It 'ud have saved a lot of trouble if yer'd told me so at fust."

"What do you mean by 'saved trouble'?" I asked.

"Why, if I'd 'ave knowed it was Jeanes for certain, I'd 'ave 'elped yer—for a consideration, of course. I only took yer into the shop because I meant to find out who yer *was* hafter. Jeanes ain't nothink to me; but there is some of my pals as I wouldn't have no 'arm come to, not for a pot o' money. And I knew if I 'ad yer there I could find out who it was yer wanted, and give 'im the tip if it was a pal. Why, I've been a-playin' with yer all this time—a-playin' hoff first one name and then another to see if it was your bloke. Then when I began to suspect it *was* Jeanes, I planned the little game I played yer ter-day—an' *didn't* yer tumble prettily! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" and off the Professor went again into a paroxysm of laughter at my expense.

It suited my purpose to humour him, so I joined good-humouredly in the laugh against myself; but as a matter of fact I had not been quite such a "pigeon" as the Professor supposed. Up to a certain point the scoring had been in my favour and not in his, for I had succeeded, not only in intercepting an important letter which had been sent to his care, but also in returning that letter—after I had made myself acquainted with its contents—to the place whence I took it, so that it might reach the hand of the person to whom it was addressed.

But I knew very well that, should the Professor's suspicions be once aroused—as must have been the case after he detected me in the act of examining the letters—I should not only never again be allowed to go within the reach of the rack where he kept them, but should in all probability be refused admission to his shop. Hence I had no choice but to adopt the somewhat daring course of openly offering him a bribe to take me into his service. If he really were Mullen's confederate he would already have had cause to suspect my motives; but if, on the other hand, Mullen and the Professor had no other connection than that the former was having his letters addressed to the latter's shop, it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the worthy Professor would, for a consideration, be prepared to tell me all he knew about the customer in question. That the object of the leading questions he had from time to time put to me was to discover whom I was in search of, I had been well aware, although I freely admit that I

had been, as I have said, "let through" in regard to the man who had called for Jeanes's letter.

When the Professor had had his laugh out I asked him quietly if he knew that the letter for Jeanes was gone.

"Do I know it's gone, yer silly fool?" he said. "Why, of course I do. Wasn't it me came and called yer for it just now when I had such a bad korf; and didn't yer say there wasn't any letter?"

"Yes, yes," I said, looking rather foolish; "of course I know that you came and asked for a letter, and that I told you there wasn't one, but I didn't know that you knew that the letter was really gone."

"Well considerin' as it was me took it when I came back to get my pipe, I ought ter know," he answered, and then, with a sudden change of manner, "Look 'ere, Watson, or whatever yer name is, I think us two can do a deal together. Yer want to get 'old of 'Enery Jeanes, don't yer?"

I nodded.

"Supposin' I knew where 'e was to be found at this very minute, wot 'ud yer give me for the hinfination?"

"Ten pounds," I answered.

He snorted.

"Can't be done under twenty, ready money. Give us yer twenty and I'll tell yer."

"No," I said. "Take me to where Jeanes is to be found, wherever it is, and I'll give you, not twenty, but fifty pounds, as soon as I'm sure it is the right man. I swear it, so help me God! and I won't go back on my word."

His eyes sparkled.

"Yer a gentleman, I b'lieve," he said, "and I'll trust yer. But yer must keep my name out of it. Now listen. When I went down the stairs to get that 'arf-pint I met Jeanes a-comin' up for 'is letters. I guessed it was 'im yer was after, and I wasn't going to 'ave no harrests nor rows in my shop. Besides, if yer wanted 'im bad, I guessed yer'd be willin' to drop money on it, and if there was any money to be dropped I didn't see why I shouldn't be the one to pick it up."

Here was news, indeed! If the Professor was to be believed—and, notwithstanding my recent experience, I failed to see what motive he could have for misleading me in this instance—the man I was in search of had been in the town, and in that very house, scarcely more than two hours ago! And I had been sitting there idly when every moment, every second was precious!

"Go on! go on!" I said excitedly. "Tell

me the rest as fast as you can. There's not a moment to spare. I'll see you don't lose by it."

He nodded and continued, but still in the same leisurely way.

"Well I harsked Jeanes to wait while I fetched the letter. That's wot I came back to get my pipe for. Yer remember I took the letters down and pretended to count 'em? Well I sneaked it then and gave it 'im. He gave me a sovereign, and said there wouldn't be any more letters comin' for 'im, and 'e shouldn't be calling at the shop no more. Then 'e harsked me wot time the next train left for London, and I told 'im in a quarter of an hour, and 'e said that wouldn't do as 'e 'adn't 'ad no lunch and was starvin' 'ungry. So I told 'im there wasn't another for two hours and a 'arf, and 'e said that would do capital, and where was the best place to get dinner. I told 'im the Railway Hotel, and 'e went there, 'cos I followed 'im to make sure. Then I whipped back and played that little game on yer just to make sure it *was* Jeanes yer wanted. And now I guess that fifty pounds is as good as mine. Jeanes 'll be at the hotel now, or if 'e's left there we can make sure of 'im at the station when 'e catches the London express. Wot d'yer want 'im for? Looks a 'armless, pleasant kind of bloke, and very pleasant spoken."

"What's he like?" I said.

"Youngish, fair, and big eyes like a gal's. Wore a blue serge suit and a white straw 'at."

"Clean shaven?" I asked.

"Yes, clean shaved; or any'ow, 'e'd no 'air on 'is face."

"That's the man," I said. "Well, come along, we'll be off to the hotel. Do you know anyone there, by-the-bye?"

"I knows the chief waiter. 'E often 'as five bob on a 'orse with me."

"All right. Then you'd better go in first and see your friend the waiter and find out where Jeanes is. If he heard anybody asking for him by name in the hall he might think something was wrong and make a bolt. Then you'd lose your fifty pounds—which would be a pity."

The Professor assented, and we started for the Railway Hotel, he walking in front as if without any connection with me, and I some twenty paces behind. When the swing doors closed upon his bulky figure I stopped as we had arranged and pretended to look into a shop window until he should rejoin me.

I had been nervous and excited when we



"From the neighbourhood of the General Post Office came a sudden blaze of light." (See page 416.)

set out, but now that the crisis had come, and I was so soon to stand face to face with Henry Jeanes, *alias* James Cross, *alias* James Mullen, *alias* Captain Shannon, I was as cool and collected as ever I was in my life.

The next moment the Professor came hurrying out, with a face on which dismay was plainly written.

"E's been there right enough," he said all in a burst, and with a horrible oath, his features working meanwhile with agitation, the genuineness of which there was no mistaking. "But instead of 'aving lunch, as 'e told me 'e should, 'e 'ad a glass of sherry and caught the 12.15 express to London, and 'e's more than got there by now, you bet!"

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW I STRUCK JAMES MULLEN'S TRACK.

WHETHER Jeanes, *alias* Mullen, had noticed any signs of curiosity in regard to his movements on the Professor's part, and had intentionally misinformed that worthy; whether his suspicions had been aroused by his discovering that he was being shadowed to the hotel; or whether his change of plans was entirely accidental, I had no means of knowing; but that my adversary in the game of chess I was playing had again called "check" just when I had hoped to come out with the triumphant "mate" was not to be denied. The only additional information I succeeded in eliciting from the Professor was that Jeanes had visited the shop some month or so ago and had arranged that any letters sent there for him should be kept till he came for them. He had left half a sovereign on account and had called four times, receiving three letters, including that which had been handed to him by the Professor.

As for that precious rascal, I need scarcely say that I placed no reliance whatever upon what he said, and had seriously considered whether the story of his giving Jeanes the letter on the stairs, and then shadowing his customer to the hotel might not be an entire fabrication. I did not for a moment believe that he knew who Jeanes really was, for had he done so he would, I felt sure, have lost no time in securing the reward by handing the fugitive over to the police. But I quite recognised the possibility of his being in Jeanes's pay, and had seriously asked myself whether the statement that Jeanes would not be having any more letters addressed to the shop, and would not be visiting Stanby again,

might not be a ruse to get me out of the way. But that the Professor's surprise and dismay when he found Jeanes gone from the hotel were genuine, no one who had witnessed them could have doubted, and as the circumstances generally tended to confirm his story, I was forced to the conclusion that he had, in this instance at all events, told the truth.

In that case I should be wasting time by remaining longer at Stanby, so after arranging with the Professor that if Jeanes called again, or if any other letters arrived for him, the word "News" should at once be telegraphed to an address which I gave, I packed my bag and caught the next train to town.

Mullen had called "check" at Stanby, it is true, but I was not without another move, by means of which I hoped eventually to "mate" him, and what that move was the reader who remembers the contents of the intercepted letters will readily surmise.

In one of those letters the person to whom it was addressed was told that the steam yacht, by means of which he was to escape would be lying just off the boat-builder's yard, where the little yacht was laid up." Anyone who did not know from whom the letter was, or under what circumstances it had been written, would not be any the wiser for this piece of information. But to one who knew, as I did, that the writer was the wife of Mr. Stanley Burgoyne, it would not be a difficult thing to ascertain the name of any small yacht of which that gentleman was the owner, and the place where it was likely to be laid up.

Whether Mullen intended to abandon or to carry out the plan he had formed for making his escape by the help of his sister I had no means of knowing. If he suspected that his letters had been intercepted he was tolerably sure to abandon the arrangement, or at all events to change the scene of operations. But if he was unaware of the fact that I had taken up the thread which poor Green had dropped, it was possible that he might assume his secret to be safe now Green was satisfactorily disposed of, and might carry out his original plan, in which event he would walk of his own accord into the trap which I was preparing for him. In any case I should be doing right in making inquiries about Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne and their yacht, and with this end in view I purchased a copy of the current *Yachting Register*.

Turning to the letter B in the list of owners, I found that Mr. Stanley Scott Burgoyne's club was the Royal London, and

that he had two boats, one a big steam yacht, called the *Fiona*, and the other a little five-tonner named the *Odd Trick*. It was no doubt in the former that Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne had gone to Norway, and by means of which Mullen was to fly the country, and it was probably to the latter that Mrs. Burgoyne had referred in her letter.

No one can be led to talk "shop" more readily than your enthusiastic yachtsman, and it did not require much diplomacy on my part to ascertain, by means of a visit to the Royal London Club House in Savile Row—in company with a member—that Mr. Burgoyne's littlecruiser was laid up at Gravesend, in charge of a man named Gunnell.

Him I accordingly visited, under the pretext of wanting to buy a yacht, and after some conversation I remarked casually—

"By-the-bye, I think you have my friend Mr. Stanley Burgoyne's five-tonner, the *Odd Trick*, laid up here, haven't you?"

"I did have, sir," was the reply, "but Mr. Burgoyne he telegraphed that I was to let his brother-in-law, Mr. Cross, have the boat out. That there's the telegram wot you see slipped in behind the olm'nack."

For the second time in the course of this curious enterprise the information I was in need of seemed to come in search of me instead of my having to go in search of it. I had felt when I started out to pursue my inquiries about Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne, by interviewing the waterman Gunnell, that it was quite possible I might learn something of importance, but I had not expected to strike the trail red hot, and so soon, for "Cross," as the reader may perhaps remember, was the name by which Mullen was known to his family. "Mullen" (his mother's name, and the only name to which he had actual right) had been used only in connection with the conspiracy.

Lest the man should see by my face how important was the information he had let drop, I stooped as if to flick a splash of mud from my trouser-leg before replying.

"Ah, yes," I said at length, straightening myself and bending forward indolently to look at the telegram, which I read aloud.

"To Gunnell, Gravesend.—Get *Odd Trick* ready and afloat. Mr. Cross will come for her.—BURGOYNE.

"Windsor Hotel, Scarborough."

"Of course," I went on, "I had quite forgotten Mr. Cross telling me, when I saw

him last, that he was going to ask his brother-in-law to lend him the *Odd Trick* for a cruise. Whom has he got on board?"

"No one, sir. Mr. Cross was sailing her himself; said he was only going as far as Sheerness, where he expected a friend to join him who would help him to handle her."

"He's a good sailor, isn't he?"

"No, sir, that's just what he isn't, and that's why I wanted him to let me go with him until his friend turned up. But bless you, sir, he got that huffy there wasn't no holdin' him. And him a very pleasant-mannered gentleman in the usual way, and free with his money too."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of another waterman with the key of the shed where a boat that was for sale was laid up. The craft in question was a pretty little cutter, named the *Pastime*, and I of course made a great pretence of inspecting her narrowly, and was careful to put the usual questions about her draught, breadth of beam, findings and the like, which would be expected from any intending purchaser.

"Isn't she rather like the *Odd Trick*?" I said casually, being desirous of getting a description of that vessel without appearing to be unduly inquisitive.

"Lor' bless you no, sir!" answered the honest Gunnell. "She's about the same *size* right enough, but the *Pastime* is cutter-rigged and the *Odd Trick's* a yawl. Besides, the *Pastime* is painted chocolate, and the *Odd Trick* is white picked out gold."

This was just the information I required, so after telling Gunnell that I would let him know my decision when I had seen another boat which was in the market, I slipped half-a-sovereign into his hand, as "conscience money," for taking up his time when I had no intention of becoming a purchaser, and bade him "Good-day, and thank you."

The result of my inquiries, though by no means unsatisfactory, had, I must confess, put me somewhat out of my reckoning. I had all along been of opinion that Mullen's hiding-place was on water, as the reader is aware, but I had not supposed he would be so rash as to trust himself on a vessel which, if his connection with the Burgoynes should reach the ears of the police, would be almost the first object of their inquiries. I could only account for his doing so by presuming that he was convinced that the secret of his relationship to Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne—being known only to them and to him—could not by any means come to light, and

that, taking one thing with another, he considered it safer to make use of Burgoyne's boat than to run the risk of purchasing or hiring what he wanted from a stranger. Or it might be that as no fresh outrages had occurred for some time the vigilance of the police had become somewhat relaxed, and that Mullen—knowing it to be so, and that the hue and cry had subsided—felt that his own precautions might be proportionately lessened.

Perhaps, too, the ease with which he had hitherto eluded pursuit had tended to make him careless, over-confident, and inclined to underrate the abilities of English detectives. But whatever his reason, the fact remained that if Gunnell's story was to be believed—and I saw no cause to doubt it—Mullen had contrived to get possession of the *Odd Trick* by means of a telegram which, though purporting to come from the owner of the boat, Mr. Burgoyne, had in reality been despatched by Mullen himself.

That he was the sender of the telegram was evident from some inquiries which I afterwards made at Scarborough. These inquiries I need not here enter upon in detail, but I may mention that I was able by a little diplomacy to get a photograph of the original draft (it is not generally known that the first drafts of telegrams are retained for a considerable time by the postal authorities), and so became possessed of a piece of evidence which might one day prove valuable—a specimen of what was in all probability Mullen's own handwriting.

But as a matter of fact I had good cause, quite apart from the inquiries which I instituted at Scarborough, to feel satisfied that the telegram had been sent by Mullen, or by his instigation, and not by Burgoyne, as I knew by the date of the letter which Mrs. Burgoyne had sent to Mullen—the letter which I had intercepted—that her husband was in Bergen upon the very day on which the telegram from Scarborough had been despatched.

My next business I decided must be to find the present whereabouts of the *Odd Trick*, but before setting out to do so I had a point of some importance to consider. Everyone who has studied criminology knows that each individual criminal has certain methods which are repeated with very little variation in consecutive crimes. The circumstances may so vary as to cause the features of the crime to have a different aspect from the feature of any previous crime, but the methods pursued are generally the same.

The criminal classes are almost invariably creatures of habit. The fact that a certain method—be it adopted for the purpose of committing a crime, concealing a crime, or of effecting the criminal's escape—has proved successful in the past is to them the strongest possible reason for again adopting the same method. They associate that method in their thoughts with what they call their luck, and shrink from having to depart from it. Hence the detective-psychologist should be quick to get what I may—with no sinister meaning in regard to after events—be allowed to call the “hang” of the criminal's mind, and to discover the methods which, though varying circumstances may necessitate their being worked out in varying ways, are common to most of his crimes. The detective who can do this has his antagonist at a disadvantage. He is like the hunter who knows that the hare will double, or that this or that quarry will try to set the hounds at fault and seek to destroy the scent by taking to the water. And just as the hunter's acquaintance with the tricks of the quarry assists him to anticipate and to forestall the poor beast's efforts to escape, so the detective who has taken a criminal's measure and discovered the methods upon which he works, can often turn the very means which are intended to effect an escape into means to effect a capture.

I need not point out to the observant reader that Mullen's one anxiety in all his movements was to cover up his traces. He could be daring and even reckless at times, as witness this fact of his having gone away in a boat, which, should his connection with Mrs. Burgoyne leak out, would, as I have already said, be the very first object of inquiry. It would seem in fact as if, so long as he had satisfied himself that he had left no “spoor” behind, he preferred adopting a bold course to a timid one, as for instance when he openly proclaimed the murder of Green to be the handiwork of Captain Shannon by leaving a declaration to that effect folded up in a bottle which was attached to the body.

How he had accomplished that particular crime I did not know, but I had the best of reasons for knowing that he had left no sign of himself behind. Carefulness in covering up his traces was indeed the key-word to his criminal code, and perhaps was the secret of the success with which he had hitherto carried out his designs. Given any fresh move on his part, and some cunning scheme for obliterating the trail he had left behind—

for cutting the connecting cord between the past and the present—might be looked for as surely and inevitably as night may be looked for after day.

I had—more by luck than by subtlety—traced Mullen to the boatyard at Gravesend, but there I lost sight of him completely. He had taken the *Odd Trick* away with him the same evening I was told, and had gone down the river, but what had become of him afterwards there was not the slightest evidence to show. To go down the river in search of him seemed the natural and only course, but I was beginning by this time to get some insight into my adversary's methods, and felt that before asking myself, "Where has Mullen gone?" I should seriously consider the question, "What method has he adopted for covering up his traces?"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ARTFULNESS OF JAMES MULLEN.

"WHAT method has Mullen adopted for covering up his traces?" I asked myself, and as I did so a passage from the letter which had been sent to him by Mrs. Burgoyne—the letter which I had fortunately intercepted—flashed into my mind.

"I do not see any necessity," she had written, "for doing as you say in regard to sending the present crew back to England under the pretence that we are not likely to be using the yacht for some time, and then, after getting the ship's appearance altered by repainting and rechristening her the name you mention, engaging another crew of Norwegians."

If Mullen had considered it necessary to take such precautions in regard to the steam yacht, he would beyond all question consider it even more necessary to his safety that a similar course should be adopted in regard to the boat which, until opportunity came for him to leave the country, was to carry "Caesar and his fortunes." That boat had been described to me by Gunnell as a five-ton yawl, painted white, picked out with gold. She had by now, no doubt, been entirely metamorphosed, and before I set out to continue my search for Mullen it was of vital importance that I should know something of the appearance of the boat for which I was to look. According to the waterman Gunnell, Mullen had gone down the river when he left Gravesend that evening, and indeed it was in the highest degree unlikely that he had gone up the river towards London in a small sailing

vessel. Every mile traversed in that direction would render his movements more cramped and more likely to come under observation, whereas down the river meant the open sea, with access to the entire seaboard of the country and, if necessary, of the Continent.

But should the authorities by any chance discover Mullen's connection with the Burgoynes and learn in the course of their subsequent inquiries that he had gone down the river in a five-ton yawl, painted white, belonging to Mr. Burgoyne, it would in all probability be down the river that they would go in search of a boat answering to that description. Mullen was not the man to omit this view of the case from his calculations, and knowing as I did the methodical way in which he always set to work to cover up his traces after every move, I felt absolutely sure that he had taken some precaution for setting possible pursuers upon the wrong track.

The very fact that he had told Gunnell he was to call for a friend at Sheerness and had started off in that direction made me suspicious. What was to hinder him, I asked, from running back past Gravesend under cover of darkness and going up the river in search of a place where he could get the boat repainted or otherwise disguised? The more I thought of it the more certain I felt that to go in search of the *Odd Trick* before I had satisfied myself that nothing of the sort had occurred would be to start on a fool's errand, and I decided at last to hire a small sailing-boat from a waterman and to sail down the river as Mullen had done and then to beat back past Gravesend and towards London.

This I did, working the river thoroughly and systematically, and missing no boatyard or other likely place for effecting such a purpose as that with which I credited Mullen. It was a wearisome task, for the inquiries had to be made with tact and caution, and it was not until I had reached Erith that I learned anything which promised to repay me for my pains. There I was told that a small yacht had recently put into a certain boat-builder's yard for repairs, but what these repairs had been my informant could not tell me. The yard in question was higher up the river, and thither I betook myself to pursue my inquiries. The man in charge was not a promising subject, and doggedly denied having executed any such job as that indicated. Mullen—if it were he—had no doubt paid him, and paid him

well, to hold his tongue, and I thought none the worse of the fellow for being faithful to his promise, especially as I was able to obtain elsewhere the information I needed. The boat which had put into the yard for repairs had come by night and had left by night; but every waterside place has its loungers, and the less legitimate work your habitual loungeur does himself the more incumbent upon him does he feel it to superintend in person the work which is being done by other people. From some of the loungers who had witnessed the arrival of the boat which had been put in for repairs I had no difficulty in ascertaining that her hulk was painted white when she entered the yard and chocolate brown when she left, and that the time of her arrival coincided exactly with the date upon which the *Odd Trick* had left Gravesend. Nor was this all, for two different men who had seen her come in, and afterwards had watched her go out, were absolutely sure that, though she went out a cutter, she came in a yawl. This was an important difference, and would so alter the appearance of the boat that the very skipper who had been sailing her might well have been pardoned for not knowing his own craft.

I had played my cards sometimes wisely, but more often foolishly, while conducting my search for Captain Shannon, but the wisest and the luckiest deal I made throughout the business was my determination to spare no pains in ascertaining what step the fugitive had taken to cover up his tracks, before I set out to look for a five-ton yawl, painted white, picked out with gold, and bearing the name of the *Odd Trick*.

But for that determination and the discoveries which resulted from it I should in all probability have passed unnoticed the little brown cutter that I saw lying at anchor to the west of Southend as I passed by in the small steam-launch which I hired for the purpose of carrying on my investigation. And had I passed that cutter unnoticed Captain Shannon would in all probability have reached America or Australia in safety, and it is more than likely that this narrative would never have been written.

To the comment, "And small loss too!" which may rise—and not unreasonably—to the lips of some critics, I can only reply that I undertook my search for Captain Shannon to please myself, and in search of excitement. It is the plain story of the adventures which

befell me, and not a literary study, which is here set forth, and I am quite content to have it written down as such, and nothing more. The one thing I can safely assert about it is that it is not a story dealing with the New Woman. If it has any peculiarity at all, it is that it tells of one of the few pieces of mischief which have happened in this world since the days of Eve, concerning which it may, without fear of contradiction, be affirmed that no woman had a hand in it; for, with the exception of the mere mention of Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne—who never once comes upon the scene in person—this is a story without a woman in it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW I GOT WEDGED IN A WINDOW, AND LEFT BEHIND.

It was some half mile or so to the west of Southend pier that the little brown cutter referred to in my last chapter was lying, and as I had seen no other boat up or down the river which in any way corresponded with the description of the boat I was looking for, I at once decided that before extending my researches in other directions round the coast I must satisfy myself that the craft in question was not the *Odd Trick*. In order to do so, and in order also that the person on board, whoever he might be, should not give me the slip, I told my man to anchor the steam launch off the pier-head, where steam launches are often to be seen lying. It did not take long to discover, by the aid of field-glasses, that there were two people on board the cutter, one of whom was evidently a paid hand and the other presumably his employer. That the latter in any way resembled the man for whom I was looking I could not—much as I should have liked to lay that flattering unction to my soul—find justification for thinking—at all events on the evidence of the field-glasses. And as I observed that he invariably went below if any other boat passed close to the cutter, it did not seem worth while to attract his attention, and perhaps arouse his suspicions, by attempting to come to close quarters in order to make a nearer inspection. The fact that he seemed anxious to keep out of sight was in itself curious, although no one who was not watching his movements very narrowly would have noticed it. Somewhat curious too was another circumstance which happened soon after our arrival. A small yacht, with three or four young men on board,

dropped anchor about a hundred yards from the brown cutter. She had not been there long before I saw that the cutter was getting under way for a cruise; but that the cruise in question was taken chiefly as an excuse to change her quarters I had reason to suspect, for after sailing a little way out and circling once round a buoy, as if for the look of the thing, she sailed in again and brought up a quarter of a mile further west at a spot where no other boat was lying.

To anyone who had watched this manœuvre as closely as I did it must have seemed a little strange too that the boat was sailed entirely by the man who was evidently the paid skipper, his employer neither taking the tiller nor lending a hand with the sheets. As a rule a yachtsman who yachts for the love of the thing prefers to handle his boat himself, and would not give a "thank you" for a sail in which he plays the part of passenger. Probably I should not have noticed this trifling circumstance had I not learned from Gunnell that "Mr. Cross" was no sailor. I had from the first believed that Cross's story about his picking up a friend at Sheerness who was to help him with the boat was a fabrication, and that he had in all probability run in to shore as soon as he was out of sight of Gunnell and had secured the services of one of the many watermen who are on the look-out for a job.

Anyhow the circumstances in connection with the brown cutter were sufficiently suspicious to warrant me in making sure that she was not the boat I was in search of, and I decided that a watch must be kept upon her not only by day but also by night. If Mullen were really on board and had any intention of changing his quarters, the probability was that the flitting would be effected by night. I was ready to go bail for the cutter's good conduct by day, but if an eye was to be kept upon her by night it was very necessary that I should have someone to share my watch. The two men who constituted my crew I knew nothing of personally, and was not inclined to take into my confidence, so I sent a letter to Grant, who was still on guard over the *Cuban Queen* at Canvey, asking him to come to Southend by the first train next morning and to meet me at the pier-head, whither I would row out to join him in the dinghy.

He turned up true to time, and, as we had the pier-head to ourselves, we sat down where we could not be seen by anyone on board

the cutter, while Grant related his experiences and I mine. His were soon told, for no "Mrs. Hughes" had come back to break the monotony of existence on the *Cuban Queen*, nor had anything occurred at Canvey which concerned the enterprise in which we were engaged. Then I told my story, after hearing which and my suspicions in regard to the cutter, Grant agreed with me that it was highly desirable an eye should be kept upon her at night as well as by day.

"I'll tell you what I think will be a good plan," he said. "I know a man who has a little boat down here which he isn't using, and I'm sure I can arrange to get the loan of her for a week or two. Suppose I anchor her about as far away on the other side of the brown cutter as your steam launch is on this side. Then I can keep an eye upon the cutter at night, and if by any chance she tried to give us the slip and made, as I expect she would, for the open sea, she'd have to run almost into your arms to do it. I should of course follow and hail you to give chase as I went by, when you could soon overtake her. If, on the other hand, she goes up the river, it'll be as easy as driving a cow into a pen, for once in she'll have us behind her like a cork in the neck of a bottle; and even if she gets a bit of a start at first, a sailing-boat would stand no chance in a race against steam. What do you think of it?"

I replied that I thought it capital, and after we had arranged a means of communication I got into the dinghy to row back to the steam launch, and Grant set off again for Southend to put his plan into effect.

The very next morning as I was cooking a haddock for breakfast, one of my men put his head into the little cabin.

"Are you expecting anyone from Southend, sir?" he said. "There's a man coming out in a skiff, and I think he's making for us. Seems in a hurry too."

I stepped outside and looked in the direction indicated, and there sure enough was a rowing-boat coming along at a great pace, and apparently heading directly for the steam launch. As soon as the skiff was within hailing distance its occupant looked over his shoulder, relinquished a scull and, arching his hand to windward over his mouth, hailed us lustily.

"Ahoy there! Are you the *Maybelle*?"

"*Maybelle* it is," I bellowed, and once more bending to his task the fellow was alongside of us in half a minute.

"Mr. Max Rissler?" he inquired.

"Yes, my man, I'm Mr. Rissler. What is it?" I replied.

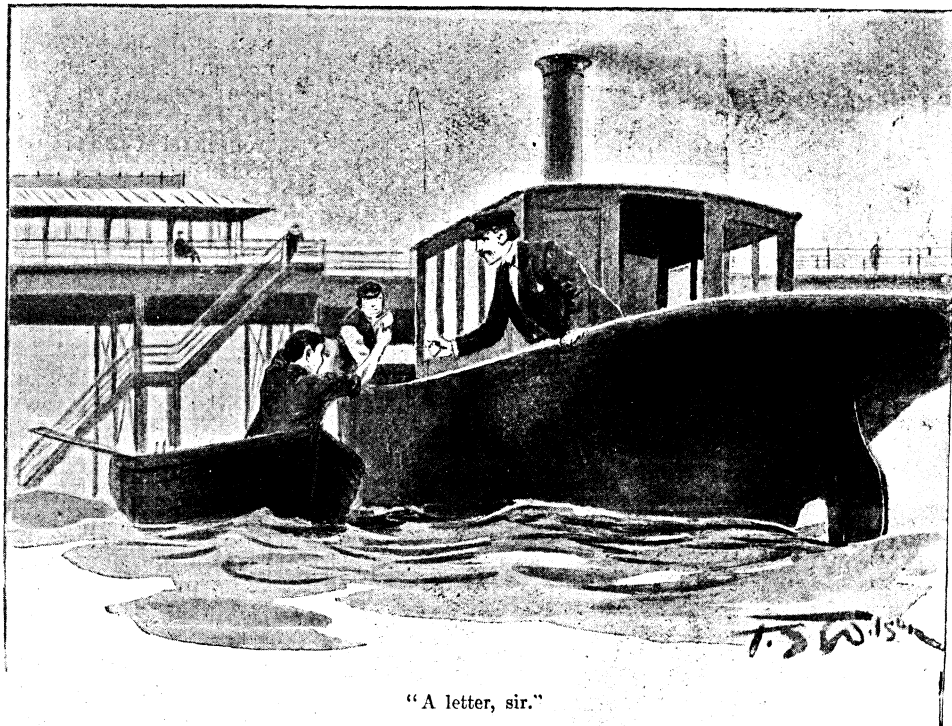
"A letter, sir." I was to be as quick as I could about it, he said, handing me with his right hand a note which he had taken from the lining of his cap and smearing his forehead with the back of his left hand, as if to hint that if he were damp outside he was dry within.

"Give him some beer," I said to my skipper as I opened the note.

be extremely convenient for shadowing, and as the tan uppers made them look like the now common brown shoe, I decided to go as I was.

"Can you wait here while one of my men and I row ashore?" I said to the messenger, tossing my yachting cap into an open locker and putting on the customary hard felt. "He'll be fresher than you are, and I don't want to lose a minute."

"Yes, sir; I'm in no hurry," the man replied.



"A letter, sir."

It was in Grant's writing, and was as follows:—

"Come as fast as you can to Going's Oyster Bar, in the High Street, exactly opposite the Royal Hotel. Come ready to go to town if necessary. If I'm gone, when you get to Going's, wait there till you receive wire from me.

F. G."

As luck would have it I was already dressed, and in a blue-serge suit, which, if somewhat shabby, would be inconspicuous anywhere. I did at first think of changing my yachting shoes—which had tan uppers with gutta-percha soles—for black boots, but it occurred to me that the shoes would

"All right. Here's something for yourself. Jump in, Brown. You take one oar and I'll take the other. Make for the beach, just below the Royal Hotel. The tide is running in fast, and I shall get there quicker by boat than if you landed me at the pier and I walked. Put your back into it, and I ought to be ashore well inside a quarter of an hour."

Brown bent to with such will that by means of our united efforts I was at Going's Oyster Bar within twenty minutes from receiving the message. Grant was sitting where he had a full view of the hotel opposite, but could not himself be seen from outside. He had his eyes upon the hotel when I entered, and, except for one quick glance at me, never took them off again, but motioned

me with his hand to the chair beside him. No one was in the shop, so, without further ado, he began his story.

"I came ashore last evening to post a letter," he said, "but kept an eye on the cutter all the same, and, as it was a fine evening, strolled up and down the Esplanade before going back to turn in for the night. By-and-bye I saw a boat coming off from

decided to go with him. Down train came in, but he turned as if he'd just come by it, and went to Royal Hotel. He couldn't know me, so I followed, bold as brass. Heard him ask for bed, and I did same. His room was opposite mine, and I saw him go in. I didn't go to bed all night lest I should oversleep. Peeped out at six and saw his boots outside, so he was still there evidently. Dressed and

came down—boots still outside. Wouldn't wait for breakfast—came out—slipped in here—sent note to you—had breakfast—paid bill, but said would wait as friend was to join me, and here I am. He hasn't come out yet. Wonder if there's any way out from hotel at back? Great Scott! there he is! Is that your man?"

I looked and saw a man, with reddish hair and beard, and a brown bag in his hand, leave the hotel and turn to the left in the direction of the station.

"Don't know," I said. "I can't say I recognise him; but there is something—I don't know what—about him that seems familiar. Anyhow, we'll shadow him. He is going to the station, I expect, to catch the 10.12 up. I'll hail that closed carriage passing by. You jump in and drive to station. You must get there before him. Book to town, and get in fore part of train. I'll follow on behind him and get in back part. Wait in the train till he has passed your carriage at Fenchurch, and join me as I go by."

Grant's reply was to jump into the cab with the words "London and Tilbury railway." "Fast as you can," and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him whirled past the man with the red beard, and disappear round the corner which led to the station.

"The man *may* go by the other line—the Great Eastern," I said to myself as I followed at a respectful distance, "in which



"In despair I thrust my head under his arm."

cutter, two men in it, and making for shore. Waited to see where they were going to land, and then hid behind bathing machine to shadow 'em. A man got out—looked as if he had reddish hair and beard—and the other one took dinghy back to cutter. Man with red beard went to station. It was past eleven, and there'd be no up train, so I supposed he'd be going on to Shoebury by the last down train just about due, and

case I must do the same, and shan't see Grant the other end, which is awkward, as we haven't arranged a meeting place. But I hadn't time to think of everything, and as the 10.12 will be starting directly it *does* look as if he was going by that. Ah! he *has* turned the Tilbury line corner, so it's all right after all."

I waited at the door a moment while the red-bearded man was taking his ticket. "Fenchurch—third single," he said briskly. "Fenchurch—third single," I repeated as soon as he had passed the barrier, and, hurrying after, was just in time to see him enter a third smoker in the centre of the train. I slipped quietly into a carriage in the rear, and in another couple of minutes we were puffing out of Southend.

Although the man I was shadowing had booked to Fenchurch Street, I thought it wise at every stoppage to keep an eye upon the passengers who left the train; and so we journeyed on, making calls at Westcliff, Leigh, Benfleet, Pitsea Laindon, East Horn-don, Upminster and Hornchurch. At the last-named stopping-place a burly farmer, with a body like a bullock, leant half out of the window of my carriage to carry on a conversation with a friend upon the platform, and in doing so blocked my view completely.

"Will you allow me to get a paper, please?" I said, fuming with impatience at not being able to obtain a peep outside, although the train was already moving.

"So I tould 'im I'd give 'im five pun ten," continued the yokel leisurely, but interpolating a surly "Yer can't get one 'ere," which he threw at me over his shoulder without turning his head or attempting to withdraw from the window; "I tould 'im I'd give 'im five pun ten"—this to the friend who was running along the platform beside the now quickly moving train—"and he sez, sez he, I'd rather give 'im to yer. Ha, ha, ha!"

In despair I thrust my head under his arm just in time to see the man with the red beard disappearing, brown bag and all, through the place where tickets were collected. To get out and follow him was impossible, for the yokel drew in his great shoulders almost at the same moment that I put my head out, and in so doing wedged me into the window like a plug in a cask, and by the time I could extricate myself the train had cleared the station and was spanking along towards London.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH !

HERE was a pretty kettle of fish ! For the first desperate moment wild thoughts of pulling the connecting cord and stopping the train peeped in my brain like the mad faces seen at the windows of an asylum. But as the mad faces vanish at the return of the keeper, so in the next moment wiser counsels prevailed and I was considering the situation with the seriousness which the facts demanded.

And first, I had to ask myself what could be the red-bearded passenger's motive for booking to London, and then suddenly changing his plans and getting out at an unimportant country station? Could it be that he was indeed James Mullen, and that he was at his old tricks of covering up his tracks?

If he had reason to believe himself shadowed from Southend, he could have done nothing wiser than to alight at Hornchurch. A detective who suspected the traveller's identity and had watched him enter the train at one end would in all probability telegraph to the police to meet the train at the other end and effect an arrest. By getting out at Hornchurch, Mullen would not only dodge this possible danger, but would so to speak force his adversary to come out into the open, for though shadowing can be carried on with small risk of detection in London, where the person so engaged is only a unit in a crowd, a shadower cannot possibly hope to escape notice in a country village.

Altogether I had to admit that even if I had seen the red-bearded man get out at Hornchurch in time for me to follow him, I should have been uncertain how to act. Probably not more than two passengers would be likely to leave the train at such a place, and it would be comparatively easy for a man like Mullen to decide who had legitimate business in the neighbourhood and who had not. Had I been one of these passengers I should have brought myself under his direct notice, and this I was anxious to avoid, as it was quite possible that, in order to obtain evidence of his identity, circumstances might render it necessary for me to come in personal contact with him.

So far as I knew he was at that time unaware of my connection with Green and Quickly, whose action in constituting themselves private detectives he might reasonably

suppose had been taken upon their own responsibility, and in the hope of enriching themselves by obtaining the offered reward.

Knowing as I did how long was Mullen's arm and how merciless his vengeance, I could not help thinking that had he been aware of my connection with the two men I have mentioned, and of my intentions towards himself, he would before this have made an attempt to bestow upon me some such unmistakable mark of his personal attention as he had bestowed upon them. That no such attempt had been made argued—so at least I tried to persuade myself—that I had been lucky enough to escape his notice and the honour of being entered upon his black list. To have got out at Hornchurch and denounced the red-bearded man as Captain Shannon, when I had no shred of actual evidence in support of my statement, and when it was more than possible he might be someone else, would not only render me ridiculous but would mean trumping my own card by making known to the real Captain Shannon, as well as to the public generally, the enterprise upon which I was engaged.

All things considered, the incident which had prevented me from seeing the man I was shadowing leave the train at Hornchurch until it was too late to follow him was not an unmixed evil, for it was possible that had I been compelled to act upon the spur of the moment I might have adopted a course which I should afterwards have reason to regret.

While I had been coming to this conclusion the train had been trundling along towards the next station, and was already slowing off for a stoppage. If I were to take action I must do so immediately, and for the moment I found it difficult to decide whether it would be best to go on to London or to get out and make my way back to Hornchurch, in order to pursue inquiries about the red-bearded man and his movements.

If he were, as I suspected, James Mullen, the chances were that he had got out at Hornchurch, not because he had any business there, but to put a possible pursuer at fault. In that case he would go on to London—which was in all probability his destination—by a later train, or it was possible that he might seek other means of reaching town than by the line on which he had set out.

And then, all in a moment, I recollected what I ought to have recollected at first,

that Hornchurch is but half an hour's walk from Romford, where there is a station on the Great Eastern railway.

Might it not be, I asked myself, that Mullen, knowing this, had got out at Hornchurch in order that he might walk to Romford, and thence continue his journey to town by another line? Such a manœuvre as this was just what one might expect from him, and I promptly decided to act upon the assumption that he had done so.

At Fenchurch Street I joined Grant, and told him in a few hurried words what had happened, and what were my suspicions.

"If red-beard has got upon the Great Eastern line at Romford," I said, "he can't go further than Liverpool Street, the terminus. He may of course "do" us by getting out at some station immediately preceding the terminus, but that I must chance, and it's not at all unlikely he may come on by an express that doesn't stop at the intermediate stations. Anyhow, I'm going to cab it to Liverpool Street to watch all the Romford trains. You stay here—where you can't be seen, of course—and keep an eye upon the other trains that come in. If you see red-beard, shadow him, and wire me to the club when you've got any news. But remember Quickly and Green, and take care of yourself. Goodbye."

CHAPTER XXV.

JAMES MULLEN AND I MEET AT LAST.

As the cab which I had chartered rattled up the approach to the Great Eastern terminus at Liverpool Street, I had to admit to myself that the probability of my falling in again with the red-bearded man scarcely justified me in feeling so sanguine as I did.

I am not in the general way given to "presentiments," but on this occasion I felt almost childishly confident about the result of my operations. Though I told myself, over and over again, that there is nothing so hope-destroying to an active mind as compulsory inaction, and that it was only because I had something definite with which to occupy myself that I felt so hopeful, not all my philosophy could persuade me that I should fail in bringing the enterprise to a successful termination.

Curiously enough, presentiment was for once justified of her assurance, and at the expense of philosophy, for as the clocks were chiming eight, and evening was beginning to close in, whom should I see step out upon

the platform from a Romford train but my gentleman of the red beard and brown bag.

He gave up his ticket and walked out of the station into Liverpool Street, crossed the road and went up New Broad Street and so to the Bank. Then he went into a tobacconist's, whence he emerged puffing a big cigar, and proceeded up Cheapside until he reached Foster Lane, down which he turned.

side street at the back of the General Post Office, I felt that it was indeed a happy thought which had prevented me from changing my shoes when I received Grant's summons in the morning. Had I been wearing my ordinary lace-ups I should have been in a dilemma, for they are not easy to remove in a hurry, and in that deserted place the echo of my following footsteps, had I been thus shod, could not have failed to



"I saw him stoop over the thing on the ground."

Here I had to be more cautious, for on Saturday night the side streets of the City are deserted. Even in the great thoroughfares, where during the five preceding days blows have rained thick and fast, with scarce a moment's interval, upon the ringing anvils of traffic, there is a perceptible lull, but in the side streets there is absolute silence.

When I saw the man with the red beard and brown bag turn down Foster Lane, which, as every Londoner knows, is a narrow

reach the ear of the man I was shadowing. To have followed him boldly would have aroused his suspicions, whereas if I remained far enough behind to avoid running this risk, I incurred the greater risk of losing sight of him altogether.

But for the purposes of shadowing nothing could be better than the gutta-percha-soled shoes which I was wearing; and by keeping well in the shadow, and only flitting from doorway to doorway at such

times as I judged it safe to make a move, I hoped to keep an eye upon red-beard unseen.

The result justified my anticipations, for when he reached the back of the General Post Office he stopped and looked hastily up and down the street, as if to make sure that he was unobserved. Not a soul was in sight, and I need scarcely say that I made of myself a very wafer, and was clinging like a postage stamp to the door against which I had squared myself.

Evidently re-assured he put down his bag, opened it, and lifted out something that from the stiff movement of his arms appeared to be heavy. This he placed upon the ground, and so gingerly that I distinctly heard him sigh as he drew his hands away. Then he stood erect, puffed fiercely at his cigar until it kindled and glowed like a live coal, took it from his lips, turned the lighted end round to look at it, and stooped with it in his hand over the thing upon the ground. I saw an answering spark shine out, flicker for a moment and die away, and heard red-beard mutter fearful oaths through his teeth. The next instant I heard the spurt that told of the striking of a lucifer match, and saw him stoop again over the thing on the ground. A little point of light, which grew in size and brightness, shone out as I stood looking on half paralysed with horror. That he had fired the fuse of an infernal machine I had no doubt, and for one moment my limbs absolutely refused to move. I tried to call out, but gave utterance only to a silly inarticulate noise that was more like a bleat than a cry, and was formed neither by my lips nor tongue, but seemed to come from the back of my throat. The sound reached the ears of the man with the bag however, for he came to an erect posture in an instant, looked quickly to right and to left, and then walked briskly away in the opposite direction.

And then the night-stillness was broken by the most terrible cry I have ever heard—a cry so terrible and unearthly that it seemed to make the blood in my veins run cold, although I knew that it was from my own lips and no other that the cry had fallen.

That cry broke the spell that bound me. Even while it was ringing in my ears I leapt out like a tiger athirst for blood and, heedless of the hissing fuse, which burnt the faster and brighter for the wind which I made as I rushed by it, I was after him, every drop of blood in my body boiling with fury, every muscle and tendon of my

fingers twitching to grip the miscreant's throat.

Had he been as fleet of foot as a greyhound he should not have escaped me then; and though he had thrown the bag away, and was now running for dear life, I was upon him before he was half-way down Noble Street. When he heard my steps he stopped and faced round suddenly, and as he did so I struck him with my clenched fist full under the jaw, and with all my strength. Shall I ever feel such savage joy as thrilled me then as I heard his teeth snap together like the snap of the teeth of an iron rat-trap, and felt the warm rush of his blood upon my hand? He went down like a pole-axed ox, but in the next second had staggered to his knees and thence to his feet. His hand was fumbling at a side-pocket, whence I saw the butt-end of a revolver protruding, but before he could get at it I had him by the throat again, where my blow had knocked the false red beard awry, and I promise you that my grip was none of the gentlest. Nor for the matter of that was my language, for—though I am by habit nice of speech and not given to oaths—words, which I have never used before nor since, bubbled up in my throat and would out though a whole bench of listening bishops were by.

“You monster!” I cried, and the words seemed to make iron of the muscles of my arm, and granite of every bone in my fist as I struck him again and again in the face with all my strength. “By heaven I’ll pound the life out of you!”

And then the solid ground seemed to stagger and sway beneath me, and from the neighbourhood of the General Post Office came a sudden blaze of light in which I saw a tall chimney crook inwards, at the middle, as a leg is bent at the knee, and then snap in two like a sugar-stick. There was a low rumble, a roar like the discharge of artillery, followed by the strangest ripping, rending din as of the sudden tearing asunder of innumerable sheets of metal. I was conscious of the falling of masonry, of a choking limy dust, and then a red darkness closed in upon me with a crash, and I remember no more.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

My next recollection was that of opening my eyes to find myself lying at night in my room at Buckingham Street. I made an effort to sit up in bed, but my head had suddenly become

curiously heavy—so heavy that the effort to raise it was almost too much for me, and I was glad to fall back upon the pillow, where I lay a moment feeling more faint and feeble than I had ever felt before. Then there glided gently into the room—into my bachelor room—a pleasant-looking young woman in a gray dress with white collar and cuffs.

“What’s happened, nurse?” I said, recognising at once what she was—which was more than could be said of my voice, for it had become so thin and piping that its unfamiliarity startled me.

“Oh, nothing has happened of any consequence,” she replied smilingly, “except that you have not been very well. But you’re mending now, and another day or two will see you quite yourself.”

“What’s been the matter with me?” I asked.

“You got a blow on the head by the fall of a chimney,” she replied. “But I can’t let you talk now. Mr. Grant is coming in to sleep here to-night, as I’ve promised to take a turn sitting up with a patient who is very ill. You can ask Mr. Grant to tell you anything you wish to know in the morning, but now you must go to sleep.”

That something *had* happened, notwithstanding her assurance to the contrary, I felt sure; but what that something was I did not know, nor did I very much care, for I felt dull and silly and more than inclined to follow her advice.

This I must in the end have done, for when next I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, and Grant was standing in his shirt sleeves before the looking-glass, shaving. My head was clearer now, and I was able to recall what had taken place up to the moment when I had lost my senses after the explosion at the General Post Office.

“Have they got him, Grant?” I inquired. He jumped like a “kicking” rifle.

“Good Lord! old man, how you startled me! You’ve made me slash myself horribly. Got whom?” he said.

“Mullen,” I answered.

“Mullen? Oh, then you *do* know all about it? No, they haven’t. But how are you feeling?”

“Like a boiled owl. How long have I been ill?”

“Three weeks. You got knocked on the head by a chimney-pot or something, and had a touch of concussion of the brain.”

“Was there much damage done?”

“Damage? I believe you. The top of

Cheapside pretty near blown away, and the General Post Office half wrecked.”

“How did I get here?”

“In fine state, my boy—on a stretcher. They were taking you to the hospital when I came along—which I did as soon as I heard about the explosion—but I said I knew you, and told them who you were, and had you brought here instead. And a bad time you’ve had of it, I can tell you. But now you mustn’t talk any more.”

“Oh, I’m all right! Tell me, were there many people killed?”

“A good many in the Post Office, but not many outside. You see, being Saturday, most of the places were empty except for caretakers. And now go to sleep.”

“One more question only. Does anyone know I was after Mullen when it happened?”

“No, they thought you were passing by chance. You see I told them who you were, but I couldn’t tell them what had happened, as I didn’t know, and you couldn’t speak for yourself, so I thought I’d better say nothing until you were well enough to tell your own story.”

“And Mullen got clean away?”

“Look here, old man, this won’t do, you know. The doctor said you weren’t to be allowed to talk more than could be helped.”

“Answer me that, then, and I’ll ask no more for the present.”

“Yes, the ruffian got clean away, and no one knows to this day how he did it. Do you?”

“Yes. I saw him do it.”

“The deuce you did! But there, you shall tell me all about it to-morrow. Have a drop of beef-tea and then go to bye-bye.”

Which I did.

My powers of recuperation are great, and a few days saw me comparatively well in body, though by no means easy in mind. Up to this point my search for Captain Shannon had seemed to me a somewhat public-spirited and deserving enterprise. To bring such a scoundrel to justice would be doing a service to the country and to humanity; and in the wild scene of excitement which I knew would follow the news of his arrest I liked to picture myself as receiving the thanks of the community, and in fact being regarded very much as the hero of the hour.

But while I had been lying in my room, idle in body but abnormally active in brain, the matter had presented itself to me in a very different light, and I was by no means sure that were the facts made public, I

should not be looked upon as a knave rather than as a hero. I had to ask myself seriously whether the course I had taken could be justified at all, and whether, by withholding from the authorities the suspicion I entertained about the man with the red beard, and by taking upon myself the responsibility of keeping, unaided, an eye upon his movements, I was not morally answerable for the lives which had been lost in the last terrible outrage he had effected.

It was quite possible that had I gone to the authorities *before* the event and informed them of my unsupported suspicion, I should have been laughed at for my pains. But were I to come forward *after* the event and admit that before the outrage occurred, and while yet there was time to prevent it, I had suspected the man with the brown bag to be James Mullen, and yet had withheld my suspicions from the police, I might be looked upon as less of a fool than a scoundrel.

My motives for having kept silent would be open to the worst interpretation, and I should be everywhere denounced as an enemy of society whose criminal vanity had made him think himself capable of coping single-handed with the greatest artist in crime of the century, and whose yet more criminal greed and anxiety to secure the entire reward for himself had led him to withhold from the proper authorities information by means of which the capture of the arch-murderer might have been effected and the last dreadful outrage prevented.

Knowing, as I did, how uncontrollable was the feeling of the populace in regard to the outrage, I could not disguise from myself that a man who made such a confession as I had to make, would—should he be recognised in the streets—run a very good chance of being mobbed, if not lynched.

An infuriated mob is not given to make nice distinctions, and so long as it has a scapegoat on which to wreak vengeance it does not wait to inquire too particularly into the question of the scapegoat's innocence or guilt.

Let the object of its wrath be not forthcoming, and let some evil or foolish person raise the cry that this or that luckless passer-by is the offender's relative or friend, or even that he has been seen coming from the offender's house, or is of the same nationality, and in nine cases out of ten the mob will "go" for the luckless wight *en masse*.

I have made a study of that wild beast which we call "a mob"—the one wild beast

which civilisation has given us in exchange for the many she has driven away—and knowing something of the creature and its habits, I must confess that I would rather fall into the jaws of the wild beast of the jungle, than into the clutches of the wilder beast of the city and the slum.

One day—one not very distant day—that wild beast will turn and rend its keepers, and when once the thing has tasted human blood it will not be beaten back into its lair with its thirst for blood unglutted.

To be mobbed or lynched in a noble cause and in support of a great principle is not without its compensations, but there is no glory in being subjected to physical violence and personal insult as a scoundrel and a knave.

Worse however than the possibility of being mobbed was the certainty of being held up in many quarters as an object for public odium and private scorn, and the more I thought about it the less inclined did I feel to face the consequences of confessing the part which I had played in the recent tragedy. It was upon my own responsibility, I argued, that I had entered upon the enterprise, and so long as I kept within the law it was to myself only that I was responsible for the way in which the enterprise was carried on. That I had failed meant nothing more than that what had happened to those whose business and whose duty it was to have succeeded, had happened also to me; and after all, I left things no worse than they were when I took the matter up.

Had it been my intention to abandon my quest I should have no choice but to acquaint New Scotland Yard with what had come to my knowledge. But as a matter of fact I was more than ever set on bringing the miscreant, Captain Shannon, to justice—and this not merely for the sake of reward, or because of the craving for adventure which had first urged me to the enterprise, but because of the loathing which I entertained for the monster whom I had with my own eyes seen at his hellish work. Hence I was justified, I told myself, in keeping my information to myself, and the more so for the fact that were I to say all I knew the particulars would no doubt be made public, and in this way reach the ears of Captain Shannon, thus defeating the very end for which I had made my confession.

Into the questions whether the decision to which I came was right or wrong, and whether the arguments with which I sought to square my decision with my conscience

and my sense of duty, were founded on self-interest and inclination rather than on reason, I will not here enter.

When that decision was once made, I gave no further thought to the rights or wrongs of the matter, but dismissing every such consideration from my mind I concentrated all my energies upon the task of finding Captain Shannon.

And first, I decided to pay a visit to Southend to see if the little brown cutter was still there, and if not, to discover what had become of it.

As one walks down the High Street from the station the pier lies directly in front, running out a mile and a quarter to sea on its myriad slender feet like a giant centipede. To the right are the shady shrubberies and sunny grass-crowned cliffs of New Southend, and to the left, with lips stooped to the water's edge, the Old Town straggles away seaward, a long line of picturesque irregular buildings—some cheerful red, others warm yellow, and a few cool gray—reminding one not a little of some quaint French or Belgian port blinking in the morning sunshine.

And oh! such skies! such cloud-pomp and pagantry, and above all such sunrises and sunsets! Such dance and sparkle of moving water when the tide is in, and, more beautiful still, when the tide is out, such play of light and shadow, such wonderful wealth of colour on the marshy flats—here a patch of royal purple or opalescent green, there a rose-gray or pearly-pink with little shining pools changing from blue to silver and silver to blue with the passing of every cloud.

Southend is a pretty spot at any time, but after a month spent on a sick bed in a stuffy London side-street, the view from the pier-hill seemed to me exceptionally beautiful.

As I stood there drinking my fill of the sweet, strong, brackish air, and basking in the sunshine, I was conscious of being scrutinised quietly but very keenly by a man who was lounging near the Royal Hotel.

There was nothing in his appearance or dress—white flannel trousers and shirt, cricketing blazer and straw hat—to distinguish him from the hundreds of holiday makers in like attire who are to be seen in and about Southend during the season, but I recognised him at once, and with some alarm, as one of the cleverest officers of the detective force, and one, moreover, who had been specially told off to effect the capture of Mullen.

In detective stories as in pantomimes—no

doubt for the same reason—the policeman is too often held up to scorn and ridicule as an incompetent bungler who is more dangerous to the hearts of susceptible servant girls than to law-breakers, and more given to deeds of prowess in connection with the contents of the pantry than in protecting the lives or properties of her Majesty's subjects. The hero of the detective story is very often a brilliant amateur, of whom the police are secretly jealous, notwithstanding the fact that whenever they have a difficult case they come, hat in hand, to seek his assistance. This, after a little light banter for the benefit of the Boswell who is to chronicle his marvellous doings—and in the course of which by-the-bye the fact that the police are about to arrest the wrong man is not unfrequently elicited—he condescends to give, the understanding between him and them being that he shall do the work and they take the credit.

Why the amateur detective should be the victim of a modesty which is not always characteristic of the amateur in other professions does not transpire, but the arrangement is extremely convenient to the policeman and to the author, the latter probably adopting it lest inquisitive readers should ask why, if there are such brilliant amateur detectives as authors would have us to believe, we never hear of them in real life.

Now I should be the last man in the world to cheapen the work of my fellow-craftsmen. I hold that there is no more unmistakable mark of a mean mind than is evinced in the desire to extol oneself at the expense of others, but none the less I must enter my protest against what I cannot but consider an unwarrantable imputation upon a very deserving body of men.

Detectives and policeman taken as a whole are by no means the bunglers and boobies that they are made out to be in the pantomimes and in the pages of detective stories. I do not say that they are all born geniuses in the detection of crime, for genius is no commoner among detectives than it is among bakers, bankers, clergymen, novelists, barristers, or cooks. But what I do say is that the rank and file of them are painstaking and intelligent men, who do their duty to the public conscientiously and efficiently, and to dub them all duffers, because now and then a detective is caught napping, is as unjust as to pronounce all clergymen fools because a silly sermon is sometimes preached from a pulpit.

I had managed to get ahead of the police

in the investigation I was conducting, not because of the shining abilities with which I was endowed, for as the reader knows I had bungled matters sadly on more than one occasion, but because Fate had thrown a clue in my way at the start. But I have never underrated the acuteness and astuteness of the representatives of the Criminal Department from New Scotland Yard, and it did not greatly surprise me to find, when I commenced operations again at Southend, that though the little brown cutter was still lying off the same spot, she was being closely watched by men whom I knew to be detectives.

Whether they had discovered the relationship between Mullen and the owner of the *Odd Trick*, and in following up the clue had traced the boat to Southend, or whether they were in possession of information unknown to me which led them to believe the fugitive had been hiding in the neighbourhood, I

could not say ; but that they were there to effect the capture of Mullen, should he return to the cutter, I made no doubt.

Mullen however was apparently too wary a bird to come back to the nest until he had satisfied himself that no net had been spread there to catch him, for that he had got wind of what was going on at Southend seemed probable from the fact that he never put in an appearance there again. Nor would it have profited me personally if he had, for in that case I could scarcely hope to forestall the police in the matter of his arrest.

Under the circumstances it would be mere waste of time to stay in Southend, and the question I had now to ask myself was, "Where then is he likely to be?"

As crime begets crime, so question begets question, and "Where then is he likely to be?" had scarcely come to the birth before it was itself in travail with, "Why not on the *Cuban Queen*?"

(To be continued.)

In the NOVEMBER issue of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE the thrilling conclusion of "Captain Shannon" will appear.

And in the same number a Complete Story by "IAN MACLAREN," entitled "The Minister of St. Bede's," will be given. It is in the famous Scottish writer's best manner and will interest everyone.

THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

FROM New Zealand I received lately a pleasant letter with the photograph reproduced on this page. It says: "We have followed the numbers of your journal from the commencement with considerable pleasure, and in our Magazine Club Guy Boothby's stories are a source of unending strife as to who shall get first read." My appreciator entitles the photograph "A Chat on the Border." It depicts an incident of travel on the road running from Christchurch to Hokitika. This west coast road



From a photo by]

A CHAT ON THE BORDER.

[Walter Burke.

crosses the grand chain of the Southern Alps. On Arthur's Pass, which is 3109 feet above the sea, is erected the post which marks the dividing line between the provinces of Canterbury and Westland. The horseman nearest the post is in Canterbury, while his companion is in Westland. In the distance is part of the Rolleston range of the Alps.

CURIOUS letters come from persons in distant lands, who fancy that they have discovered in the writers of stories, or the illustrators of them, long lost relatives. One such was received by me recently. A daughter wrote appealing for the address of an artist whom she hoped would prove to be her father. But it was a forlorn hope, for the artist was under thirty years old, and the daughter was over twenty!

ONE courteous correspondent hopes that he will not be responsible for turning a single hair gray on my head. I can assure him that so pleasant a letter as his did my heart and head good.

OUR artists' work is carefully scrutinised, as was evident when half-a-dozen correspondents pointed out the fact that certain corkscrew curls, expressly mentioned as belonging to a heroine, had been omitted in a picture wherein she figured.

Not a few people wrote for information as to what system of hypnotism was practised by Dr. Nikola.

One man said he knew the actual Dr. Nikola quite well; and another writer wished to procure a medicine-chest similar to that carried throughout his expeditions by the redoubtable doctor!

VERY often people take upon themselves the rôle of critic. When their views are expressed courteously and clearly, they are most valuable; but when I receive such a letter as that which characterised all socialists as "slimy toads" and "vermin which ought to be exterminated," one only feels sorry for the waste of a postage-stamp. Twice a certain kindly reader has taken the trouble to write a careful and discriminating review of the magazine, and

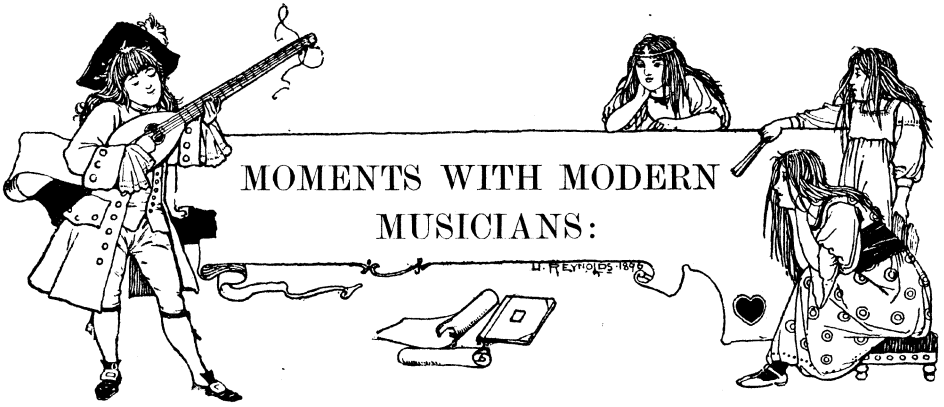
for these epistles one is truly grateful.

THE letters which accompany MSS. are nearly always needless, but they are rarely as businesslike as the following epistle, which was printed in type four times the size of this reduced facsimile:—

Dear Sir,

I beg to submit the enclosed MS. for Your kind consideration. If accepted for insertion in Your pages, I shall be pleased to receive payment at the usual rate. Should the MS. be unsuitable, Postage for its return is enclosed. I am, Yours etc.,

THE following are the titles of two short stories recently submitted for the editor's consideration: "How Dick wooed an angel, sued his step-mother for breach of promise, and married a devil"; and "The part the devil took when he left the rest to God."



MISS ANNA WILLIAMS AND MISS HILDA WILSON.

By F. KLICKMANN.



IN the extreme north-west of suburban London numbers of pretty red brick houses are continually springing up among the green fields and fine old trees, and are eagerly seized upon by those who love seclusion and quiet and yet desire to be within easy reach of the huge vortex of life, the metropolis. The district fairly bristles with well-known names, for the great ones of the earth are rapidly finding out that the bracing air of the heights is infinitely preferable to the stifling atmosphere of the West-End terraces and squares.

One of the prettiest of these pretty houses is the home of Miss Anna Williams, a singer who requires no introduction. To have been before the public since 1874, in the very front rank of the profession too, and yet retain the freshness and brilliancy of twenty years ago, is an enviable reputation.

In speaking of her childhood, Miss Williams said that everyone was most astonished when she stated her determination to enter the musical profession. Her father, Mr. Smith Williams, was a man of an extremely romantic and artistic temperament. In the evening the small petted Anna would sit on a stool at his knee while he said to the older ones—

"Now, girls, shall we have some Mozart?"

"I don't like Mozart!" the little maiden would say. "Can't we have some operatic music instead?" But Mozart invariably carried the day.

Mr. Smith Williams was connected with the well-known publishing house of Smith, Elder & Co., and though he was intensely musical, it was literature that was his life-

work. An opportunity came to him that does not come to every man, and he did not fail to make the best of it. One day a MS. by a new and unknown writer was submitted to the publishers for their consideration. Mr. Williams read it and urged its purchase; but the firm eyed it askance. It was entitled "Jane Eyre," and was rather more sensational than the books usually issued by the house. They thought it a risky and questionable policy to take it, but Mr. Williams eventually had his way; and in due course other MSS. by the same author found their way to London and aroused the interest of the reading world.

One day Mr. Williams told his wife that he had distant country cousins coming to visit him, and he brought them to the house and introduced them under an assumed name. Mrs. Smith Williams was as shrewdly practical as her husband was visionary and romantic; and, being a woman, was not so easily deceived. When those quiet, unassuming north country women were gone, she said to her husband, "Unless I am much mistaken those are the Miss Brontës; in that case they must indeed be very distant cousins!" And her husband only laughed. At the house of Mr. Smith Williams the Brontës were introduced to Thackeray and the other leading literary lights of the day.

"When my father was living we saw such a number of interesting people," Miss Williams said—"Ruskin, Carlyle, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, and so many others." But she deplores the fact that she can remember but little of this; she was quite young when her father died. It is the older brothers and sisters who have vivid personal recollections of these brilliant gatherings. There is a

large crayon sketch of Leigh Hunt hanging on the dining-room wall, the work of one brother, who would have been an exceptionally clever artist had he lived (he was only a lad at the time he sketched this); while in the drawing-room is an exquisite portrait of a great granddaughter of the poet.

But literature must give place to music, though it is impossible to get Miss Anna Williams to do herself justice, from an interviewesque point of view. If one asks "What was your first big success?" she looks up in a surprised manner, and says, "I wasn't aware I had ever had any!" She is absolutely devoid of any trace of egoism.

"You see my career has been merely a process of degrees," she explained. "I was not like some people who have gone to bed a nonentity, and got up next morning to find themselves famous. It has been simply a question of steadily moving along; trying to be ready for everything that came in my way; never feeling that I had done anything, but always hoping to do it in the future. I was fortunate in being able to step into a gap, now and again, at a moment's notice; and so one thing led on to more.

"I started as a girl with the desire to become a singer; I knew I should have to work hard, but that was an inducement rather than otherwise. My brothers and sisters were all musical, consequently my voice, which was the smallest of all, was considered unworthy of a second thought. But when I began to show signs of improvement a friend offered me a hundred pounds if I would go to Italy to study, and I calmly announced at home that I was going. 'What!' they all said, 'Anna! Going abroad! Why, she is so nervous that she is afraid to sleep in a room without a nightlight burning, and she is frightened of her own shadow. She will never have the courage to go, and if she does she'll soon come back again!' But my own mind was quite made up, and to Naples I went. I feel I owe so much to that year in Italy. In the first place I found my own level. It is such a good thing for a student

to be removed clean out of her circle of admiring relatives, who as a rule praise so indiscriminatingly! Then I could work without the interruptions that inevitably occur when one is at home. But above all, the Italian method of voice production is so splendid; so utterly unlike anything one is taught elsewhere. The Italians seem to me to be so far in advance of any other nation in this respect. Although Germany is the land of music that it is, they force their voices too much, and produce a harsh tone, while in France very few singers understand how to manage their breath correctly, and the result is a dreadful *vibrato*."

"Did you continue your studies when you returned to England?"

"Why, yes, of course! I have never discontinued them. I am always studying and re-studying a work. I often smile when people say to me, 'Ah, how delightful it must be when one has really got there, as you have. How pleasant it must be to feel that you have nothing left to do.' But wherever that ambiguous 'there' may be that they suppose I have reached, I am sure I do not know. All I can say is that I work every day as hard and as conscientiously as in my earliest student days. An accompanist comes to me frequently, and I not only study minutely every new work in which I have to sing, but I keep going over

again and again such old friends as 'Samson,' 'St. Paul,' 'The Last Judgment,' and the like. In this way one's rendering should benefit, as time goes on, by the experience one has gained."

Here it might be mentioned as an indication of the thoroughness with which this celebrated soprano prepares for a concert, that in a large work she not only studies her own part, but she makes herself thoroughly acquainted with the entire work, solos and all, maintaining that it is only in this way that one can properly grasp the whole of the composer's meaning.

One always thinks of Miss Anna Williams as essentially an oratorio singer. I asked if she had ever sung in opera.



From a photo by]

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

[Hadley, Lincoln.

"Yes, in my early days I did ; and, oh ! I should have liked above all things to have been allowed to continue. But I am too tall for the ordinary heroine ; and more than that it was oratorio music I was always being called to sing. It is strange, but one doesn't find one's own *métier* ; the public find it for you ; and in my case they have kindly decided that they prefer me in sacred music."

And the public are right. Miss Anna Williams has sung in every one of the Three Choir Festivals since 1876, she has also sung at the Birmingham and other provincial festivals, in addition to the Handel Festivals and Royal Choral Society's concerts. This may be said to cover the whole of the ground devoted to sacred music, and is in itself a wonderful tribute to her prestige as a singer and her ability as a musician.

As our "Moments" are unconventional, a word or two may be said about Miss Williams "at home." Perhaps the first thing that strikes one on looking round the rooms, is the utter absence of indication that it is the home of a musician. True there are pianos, and a little music here and there, but that is no distinctive feature in the modern dwelling. One looks about for the hundred-and-one signed portraits that invariably be-litter the home of a *prima donna*. But there are only two or three at the most, and they hardly catch one's eye, the walls being hung with a legion of beautiful paintings, by various well-known artists, including several by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, who is a brother-in-law of Miss Williams.

But by an inverse ratio the portraits that are in evidence gain in distinction what they lack in numbers.

"Whom do I consider the greatest living conductor ?" said Miss Williams, echoing my words. "Here he is." And from the mantelpiece she took a portrait of Dr. Richter, on the back of which was written in the doctor's graceful handwriting : "To Miss Williams. In remembrance of her excellent singing of the great aria from 'Fidelio,' Birmingham, '88," and a few bars of the solo are added. On one occasion, in speaking of Miss Williams, the Hungarian conductor described her as a "hero." Close beside the great conductor stands a panel portrait of Dr. Hubert Parry, upon which the composer has written a few bars from "Judith," in the rendering of the soprano solos of which Miss Anna Williams has no equal. She is a great admirer of Dr. Parry's works ; and she is well calculated to judge,

having created the soprano parts of "Prometheus Unbound," and "Judith."

"But," she added, "I have had one immense disappointment in life. I had a dog that I thought was going to develop into a most beautiful specimen of a Dachshund, so I named him after our finest English composer. But, to my sorrow, he has turned out a terrible mongrel !"

A whistle quickly brought "Parry" to his mistress's feet, accompanied by his father "Nap," and then began an amusing performance. At a word they became "dead dogs" in a most exemplary manner. A biscuit was placed beside them, while they were told that it was "not for Sullivan" ; I should have quickly settled that point beyond all further controversy, had I been the dogs, but they remained "dead," and were further informed that it was "not for Cowen," and not for various other musical celebrities ; but on hearing the name "Parry," the biscuit instantly became a thing of nought. Then the two dogs stood on their hind-legs, side by side, and went through a rehearsal. Miss Williams conducted, and at the word "forte !" they barked simultaneously a loud, sharp bark ; if "piano" was the order, or "mezza-voce," they promptly responded accordingly. If, however, they were told they were to sneeze and not to sing, they instantly obeyed.

"I call these my family," Miss Williams said laughingly. "And, by the way, it is strange how many people think I am married, whereas I am not, and I never have been. Yet continually such remarks get made to me as, 'I am so glad to meet you ; I know your husband so well' ; or, 'Is your husband with you to-night ? My husband wants to see him so much ; they were old college chums, you know.' I suppose it is that my name being an ordinary one, I get mistaken for someone else."

In addition to the recreation afforded by the training of her dogs, Miss Anna Williams is an enthusiast on the subject of gymnastics. For many years she regularly attended a gymnasium, and is a great authority on the question of ordinary drill. Fencing is another art to which she has devoted much of her spare time. She is a great advocate of all such exercise for vocalists, as everything that tends to strengthen and develop the lungs and chest is a gain to them. So far however she has escaped that deadly latter-day disease, pneumatics, and has no intention of taking to the wheel, I believe. She finds that fencing and gymnastics afford all the

exercise she requires, and her one regret is that she has now so little time to devote to these favourite pursuits.

Since last January she has been a professor of singing at the Royal College of Music, and finds the work most engrossing.

"I can't tell you how delightful it is to feel that one has some of the coming generation of singers in one's hand," she explained to me. "The lessons are only short ones—twenty minutes each; but every girl stays in the room during several lessons, and all in the class seem to take such an interest in their work. They are so pleased when at last they find that they are taking their breath correctly; and, oh, what a stumbling-block the breath is to some! It is only during the last few years that I have given any lessons at all; but I am very glad now that I decided to do so. Teaching is an immense pleasure to me, and what is more, it will be such an outlet for my energies when I retire from concert work. Just imagine how fearfully lost I should be then, if I had nothing to keep me busy and occupied."

Miss Williams has a tremendous capacity for work, and one can well understand her inability to ever settle down into a "do-nothing" existence. Sometimes she almost wears herself out with work, she throws so much of herself into whatever she does, and, as a natural consequence, suffers for it afterwards. For she is still the same highly-strung nervous being that she was in the days when she was the wilful little "Nanny," the spoilt small sister of the family. Yet when occasion demands it she can brace herself up and go through anything.

A curious instance of this recurs to my mind. One day a friend sent an urgent message that he wanted to see her. He had been ill for some time, and she went to him immediately. When she entered the room where he was sitting she was alarmed to see how wild and strange he looked.

"I am glad you have come," he said in an

agitated whisper. "I have something I must tell you; but I am afraid lest anyone should hear me." And he thereupon locked the door. In an instant the truth flashed upon the girl. He was out of his mind, and she was locked in a room alone with a madman. She put a firm control on herself, and asked him soothingly and quietly to tell her now what it was he wanted her to know.

"My brother is coming," he said hoarsely. "He is coming to murder me! I know it—I feel it! But when he comes I shall murder him. I know that it is God's will that I should kill him when he tries to murder me."

"Are you quite certain of this?" she asked him calmly. Yes, he was quite certain. "Then I am sure I ought to go at once and

prevent his coming to you," she said. "I will go and stand at the bottom of the steps and wait till he appears, then. I will stop him coming any further. It would be so awful if you murdered him!"

The unsuspecting man agreed to this, and unlocked the door; and she went quietly out—to call the help that was really needed.

And this was the timid Anna!

"But though one can put an iron control on oneself at the time, one suffers for it afterwards," she said. "I get terribly

worked up over a festival, for instance, especially if I am singing in a new work. I remember when I sang Parry's 'Prometheus Unbound' at Gloucester, they told me I was singing away in my dreams the night before, and woke them up in the hotel. But when it was over my one desire was to have my head unscrewed and put away to rest, and my whole self gently taken to pieces and allowed to go to sleep till it all recovered its equilibrium again."

Fortunately, Miss Williams's recuperative powers are great, or a few such collapses from exhaustion would soon shatter her nervous constitution. As it is she is tall, vivacious, a brilliant talker, with a most animated expression of countenance, and a



From a photo by]

MISS HILDA WILSON.

[Russell.

particularly graceful carriage—at home. On the platform she is still tall and graceful, but her face loses most of its wonderful charm of expression; instead, she is calm, grave, even anxious-looking, all of which is due to the great repression she then places upon herself.

But when she sings, one forgets all else, and realises that the pretty little affectations of an operatic singer would be out of place in conjunction with such a majestic and, one might almost say, devotional voice.

MISS HILDA WILSON.

And now we turn to one of the most popular and one of the most gifted of our contralto vocalists, Miss Hilda Wilson, whose name is so often associated with that of Miss Anna Williams at our great festivals. On one occasion, at Worcester, both the ladies were singing in Gade's "Psyche," a week or two after its production at the Birmingham Festival. At the rehearsal the baritone did not turn up, and as he did not appear at the concert either, Miss Hilda Wilson had the unique honour of singing a long love duet (an octave lower) with Miss Williams, besides singing the baritone solo.

It is somewhat curious to notice that the songs that have taken the firmest hold on the public in modern times are principally contralto solos, as for example "The Lost Chord," "Oh, Rest in the Lord," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Love's Old Sweet Song," and others, which involuntarily recall the grandeur of Madame Patey's artistic singing or the homely pathos of Madame Antoinette Sterling.

It may be that while the florid, operatic style of singing, in which so many sopranos delight, arouses the audience to a pitch of enthusiastic amazement at the marvellous power of execution, the more calm, dignified tones of the contralto, so full and rich in depth, appeal more directly to the heart of the listener. Simplicity of style is most deceptive, the uninitiated seldom recognise that therein lies the art that conceals art.

Miss Hilda Wilson's career is interesting as showing the hardworking side of the singer's life. We hear much of the glamour, and it is as well that our famous singers are conscientious enough sometimes to admit that the mount up the ladder of the Muses is often very stiff climbing.

"People have very little idea what hard work the life of a professional vocalist entails," Miss Wilson said to me. "They seem to think that all one has to do is to come smiling forward on to the platform

and sing, and that if one has properly studied the music beforehand there is nothing to fear. Few realise how terribly wrought up the over-strung nerves of a musician can become, and fewer still ever take into consideration the fact that when a singer unexpectedly fails to come up to his or her usual standard, it may be due to something that would greatly astonish the audience did they but know it.

"At the same time, so far as obtaining a hearing in the first place is concerned, I must admit that I found it all extremely smooth sailing. I cannot claim to have had any hard fight in that respect, for it is a fact that I never sang to concert givers, or wrote to obtain an engagement in my life.

"One of my pleasantest recollections is in connection with my first appearance at the Albert Hall. At twelve o'clock one Saturday I received a telegram from an agent requesting me to come and see him immediately. When I arrived I found Miss Agnes Larkcom and others there, and the agent asked me if I would undertake the contralto part of Dvorák's 'Stabat Mater,' which was to be performed at the Royal Academy of Music the following Tuesday under Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Barnby. I consented, and we at once commenced to rehearse it. On the Monday I gave twenty-one lessons at Surbiton, so I only had Sunday and part of Tuesday to study the work. I got through successfully however, and on going to the Academy for my lesson two days later I found a letter from Barnby engaging me as principal contralto for 'Elijah,' the 'Redemption' and the 'Messiah' for the following season.

"How I got home I don't know! I felt as though I must tell my fellow-passengers in the omnibus of my great good luck, and generally proclaim it from the housetops! I know I could not wait to have my lesson, I was so anxious to tell my people the glorious news. So you see that I really have nothing whatever to grumble at in the way the Fates have dealt with me."

"Are your days usually filled with work, as well as your evenings?" I asked, reflecting on the twenty-one lessons given at Surbiton.

"Yes, I have always led a very busy life. I teach a great deal, and then you see I have the misfortune to belong to a musical family," she said with a smile and a little shrug of the shoulders. "My younger brothers and sister decided to go in for the same profession as myself, and that is a responsibility for the eldest sister!"

As Miss Hilda Wilson remarked, she comes

of a musical family. Her father was a professor of music in Gloucester, and his ability well-known in all the district for miles around. Consequently his daughter had the advantage of being brought up in a musical atmosphere from her earliest days. The spirit of the large provincial festivals must have taken hold of her from the very first, she seems so pre-eminently a part of them now.

In 1879 she entered the Royal Academy, and became a pupil of Mr. William Shakespeare. The following year she was engaged to sing at the Gloucester Festival, and in 1881 she appeared at the Worcester Festival. She remained at the Academy till 1882, being fortunate enough to win the Westmoreland Scholarship twice over, and also to have the Parepa-Rosa gold medal awarded to her. Her first big success in London was in the "Rose of Sharon," at St. James's Hall in 1883. Other engagements followed immediately, and from that day Miss Wilson's success was assured. Whereupon she immediately turned her attention to the other members of her family; and they are a remarkable family when all is told, despite the "misfortune" of all following in the same profession.

Miss Agnes Wilson is a contralto of great ability. She has sung at the Hereford, Lincoln, and other festivals.

Mr. W. Stroud Wilson is a violinist, and a member of the Italian Opera, Queen's Hall,

and Festival orchestras. He is also the principal baritone at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square.

Another brother, Mr. H. Lane Wilson, is a composer. Some of his songs have been exceptionally successful, notably, "Voices of the Angels," "Carmena," and "A Mother's Vigil." Mr. Santley recently discovered that he too had an unusually fine voice, and undertook to train it. Mr. Lane Wilson will therefore shortly make his *début* as a vocalist.

The West London Conservatoire of Music is entirely due to the enterprise of this gifted family, who, with some of the best musicians London can produce as professors, have succeeded in organising an excellent school of music where some of the best teaching can be had for very moderate terms. Miss Hilda Wilson is the president, and although she does not actually teach there, she watches the working of the institution, and gives advice whenever needed.

During the last ten years she has created the contralto parts of the majority of new works of any importance; among others, Cowen's "St. John's Eve," and "Transfiguration"; Dvorák's "Requiem"; Parry's "King Saul"; Dr. Bridge's "Nineveh," and many others.

Personally Miss Hilda Wilson is the very embodiment of kind-heartedness and good-nature, and her bright happy smile is quite refreshing to see.



LIEUT.-COLONEL R. S. BADEN-POWELL has been acting as chief of the staff to Sir Frederick Carrington in the Matabele campaign, a fact that lends special interest to the following story from his pen. Twenty years ago this gallant officer joined the 13th Hussars, and gained much experience of South Africa. He served in the Bechuana-land expedition of 1884. Returning to the Cape three years later, he acted as aide-de-camp to the General commanding. Next he was intelligence officer in the operations against the Zulus. He



From a photo by]

[Walery.

LIEUT.-COLONEL. R. S. BADEN-POWELL.

was appointed in 1889 Secretary to the Joint Commission which visited Swaziland. Later he served as military secretary at Malta. When the recent trouble arose in Ashanti, Baden-Powell commanded the native levies and advance-guard with conspicuous success. Hardly had he returned from that short campaign before he left for Matabeleland. He sketches most admirably, and writes in a piquant style which attracts one's interest immediately. Such an all-round officer is a credit to the British army.

A STORY OF THE MATABELE RISING:

"A TEST OF FRIENDSHIP."

BY COLONEL R. S. BADEN-POWELL.

Illustrated by the Author.



E had been out on a two days' reconnaissance, George Garbett and I, and were making the best of our way to rejoin the Fort Salisbury column, which we calculated to find at

the Upper Drift of the little Inyati River. But our horses were pretty well done and we were not able to make the progress we had hoped.

Evening was already drawing on when we found ourselves still some twelve or fifteen miles from our point. And on that open, rolling veldt, with nothing but the slight track to guide one, we had agreed that the safest way was not to try and push ahead in the dark; so, twilight being but a short *entr'acte* here in Africa, George and I were already beginning to look out for a suitable spot to make our bivouac for the night.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Heavens! there they are."

I saw nothing; but he had eyes like

a hawk, and I always trusted him to see things; while I received his reports with an invariable calmness, which, I flattered myself, counterbalanced his usual impetuous, eager haste.

So on this occasion I merely remarked, "It's rather a case for 'hurrah' than 'heavens' I think."

"You idiot!" he replied. "It's not the column that I see; it's a lot of niggers, hang them! Right in our path too, waiting for us. Here, we had better get out of this."

And as we wheeled our horses sharply round several Matabele heads popped up among the grass and boulders of the rough ground over which we were then travelling—much nearer to us than the first that he had seen. We could even recognise the nature of their head-dresses, of which there were two or three varieties, and thence we gleaned that several regiments lay close by.

And so we cantered off with the idea of making a wide detour to work round their

flank and to regain our road, if possible, beyond them.

But in the meantime we meant to ascertain all we could about their strength and probable intentions.

There is something of delight in the shock of surprise in coming suddenly upon an enemy. It is in its way not unlike a plunge into cold water and its invigorating after effects. For a moment the heart tightens, and then from a tired, draggling creature you are suddenly transformed into a man endowed with a fresh flow of life and keenness. And, in acting men against men, there is an excitement such as transcends anything one feels when contending with a mere wild animal—for against you, you have allied all the cruelty and cunning of the beast coupled with the human intelligence and an aptitude for fighting as great if not greater than your own.

So it was with George and me; put on our mettle our fatigues were forgotten, and we proceeded with all alacrity to investigate more nearly the enemy's dispositions. But in doing so we very soon saw enough to make us consult our own present safety. At one point indeed we very nearly ran into a party of them who had crept rapidly down a donga with the intention of cutting us off; but just in time we viewed them, and as we wheeled about and galloped off we were saluted by a shower of assegais; luckily for us we were just beyond their range, but the ringing grate and clatter as they fell among the stones had a very ugly sound, more so even than the banging of the few rifle shots whose bullets whistled high and harmless overhead. And dodging in and out among the stones we cantered off, laughing at our escapade while still the same dropping shots were fired as in salute.

I was riding slightly in advance when suddenly I heard a crash behind me, and, turning, saw poor George's horse pitch heavily forward on to its head, half rolling over on its rider. The final parting shot had struck it. Through the twilight I could see the agony in poor George's face and eyes, and as the horse in its convulsion rolled back off him, he tried to raise himself upon his hands, but dropped down flat, insensible.

I turned back to him, slid from the saddle, and, flinging the reins over old Toulon's head, in a moment I was on my knees beside him. He was evidently in a bad plight; his horse dead, shot through the neck as it had turned to pass an ant-heap, and poor George himself injured to an extent which I only discovered when, on passing my arm between

his legs to raise him on to my shoulders, I found him bleeding from a crushed and broken thigh.

As I approached my horse with my burden the old brute tossed up his head, and, not liking my appearance, began for the first time in his life to walk anxiously away from me. For a moment it looked as if he would break into a trot, and then into a wild, senseless canter, and my heart sank within me; but luckily the draggling reins caught under his feet and jerked him back to reason and obedience. Shouldering my poor friend on to the pommel of the saddle, so that he lay face down across the wallets, I mounted and headed Toulon away into the friendly darkness which was now gathering over the veldt. In spite of the horror of the situation I could not help for the moment comparing it all to the fun known as the "Zereba race" at Gymkhana sports.

A few shots were fired as we cantered labouringly away, and within a minute I could hear the bloodthirsty "chuggu" cry of the Matabele as they went to work on the dead horse with their stabbing assegais. This, like a carcase thrown to wolves, most luckily delayed them, and gave me just the start I wanted, and not many minutes later we were well beyond pursuit.

For an hour or more I steadily pressed along, keeping a straight course away from the enemy, and then turning in the direction of the Southern Cross, which now was beaming bright athwart the sky, once more I headed towards the probable line of our main force.

All this time poor George had practically remained unconscious; now and again he would rouse himself and then with a quivering cry fall back into limp insensibility.

I had reined into a walk and had got him more comfortably rested in my arms, when consciousness at length returned to him, but his anguish was evidently unbearable, his former sick insensibility was better far than this later train of torture, spasms mixed with deep-groaned curses. At first he held out manfully and gnawing the end of my wallet-strap between his teeth he faced the pain; but nature could not stand it long, and finally he begged me just to drop him where we were.

At first I refused to dismount, and pointed out to him the danger that our foes might still be hunting on our track, and happily once more he swooned away. But it did not last long; once more he woke to consciousness and pain, and this time ordered me so



“I put the muzzle to his temple.”

earnestly to lay him down, that coming to a rocky donga in which a small spruit gurgled invitingly, I halted there, and dismounting, lowered him as gently as I could upon the ground. I gave him a sup of whisky and water from my flask, and, after knee-haltering Toulon, lit a small fire in the hollow of the rocks and put the billy on to boil some soup.

And then I turned to George to try and dress his hurt. Poor chap! his eyes were open, but evidently without intelligence, and quick-drawn sobs showed how the pain was racking him. Ripping up his blood-soaked breeches I saw, by the feeble glint of fire-light, enough of mangled thigh to show how hopeless was his case. I poured him out a stiffish dose of whisky mixed with chlorodyne, and waited, miserably watching, till he should awake. What could I do? Those jagged ends of bone could never so be bound as to stand the move and jolting of the horse. We could not rest here long away from food and friends, and close beside the enemy. His ghastly pain put such a thought into my head as made my better mind recoil in horror, and yet——

Just then he spoke, but in a voice I hardly knew for his.

"It's no good, James," he said, "I'm done for this time, old chap! And I couldn't have dreaded more pain about it than I'm getting now. I want you, old boy, to—to be my good pal to the last—and—help me out."

I shuddered that he had almost read my thought, and he gripped my hand.

"I've not had a very gaudy time in this world, and I don't suppose I should ever have improved on it much. I suppose it was partly my own fault. I feel no desire to carry it on. My people expected and wanted me to do great things—I preferred the veldt. That is my only regret—not the veldt, no, there I *have* been happy, but my selfishness

—that's what hurts me now. I wish I had done a bit more for other chaps in my time. I only see now—when it is too late—what a useless lump I've been. But it's too late to cry over spilt milk now. Only to end this as soon as I can. Now, old friend, just get your revolver—I am longing for it. Oh! for God's sake——" he groaned, and again dropped into a swoon.

Ah, the miserable tension of my indecision! Though he had prayed me for it I could not bring myself to do the thing he wanted. I reflected how, even if we were found by friends within the next few hours, which was more than improbable, it would not necessarily mean the saving of his life, and meantime he would have to drag on in this awful agony. And even as I pondered his pain-writhing had given a sickening twist to the limb. I waited no more.

I kicked up the fire for a better light. I put the muzzle to his temple, steeled my heart, and in a moment his pains were ended by the hand that would have given itself to save him.

Happily no time was given me for reflection, for my horse, standing on the donga-bank, at this moment gave a snort of alarm—not at the pistol shot, he was too old a campaigner to notice that—and he stood silhouetted against the stars staring into the darkness beyond the fire. There was a feeling, rather than a sound of movement on the veldt beyond. In a few seconds I was beside him, and while I loosed his knee-halter and tightened his girths I could hear the rattle as of the wooden necklets and the gourd powder-flasks of armed men running. A moment more and I was on his back and flying for my life. The Matabele had either followed closely on our tracks, or a new party had been attracted by our fire.

Next day I reached our main body, safe but alone.





“MUSIC WAS GIVEN.”

SING, sing, music was given

To brighten the gay, and kindle the
loving.

Souls here, like planets in heaven,

By harmony's laws are kept moving.

Beauty may boast of her eyes and her
cheeks,

But Love from the lips his true archery
wings ;

And she who but feathers the dart when
she speaks,

At once sends it home to the heart
when she sings.

THOMAS MOORE.

FEMALE PRISONERS.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Illustrated by BERTHA NEWCOMBE.



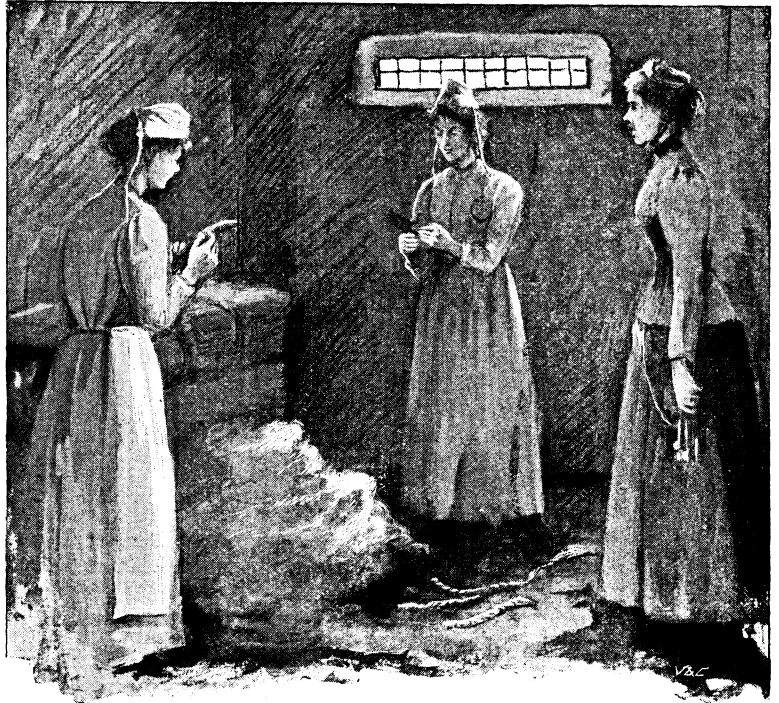
MUCH pains have been taken of late by a new school of scientists to establish a criminal type. They have proved, at least to their own satisfaction, that all offenders—all who have adopted crime as a calling—display certain traits and characteristics peculiar to themselves. Professor Lombroso, one of the

leading exponents of this new doctrine, has now extended his investigations more especially to the female sex, to whom he applies the same rather farfetched theories. Plain practical people will demand more evidence, based on wider knowledge and inquiry, before they accept the principle definitely that the criminal, whether male or female, forms a class apart, distinct and different from the rest of mankind, predestined to evil courses by the shape of their heads, the length of their noses, or the colour of their hair. No doubt a weak moral sense, with decided

inferiority, physical and mental, may help many to slide into crime, but the bias towards evil is surely our common heritage; to be escaped under happy conditions, to be avoided by higher influences, but still general to all. What is true of the race as a whole is true of its parts. Women no less than men are liable to lapse, to fall into the lowest depths; the barriers raised by religion, education, example, keep many virtuous and pure who under adverse circumstances would have committed crime, whatever their facial and

physical characteristics. The one broad fact remains incontrovertible that women are much the same all the world over; whether in gaol or out of it, whether elevated to the highest pedestal or sunk into the deepest mire, there is probably bad in the best, just as there is undoubtedly good in the worst.

A long and intimate acquaintance with females in durance has convinced me that



OAKUM PICKING.

they do not greatly differ from their more happily-situated sisters—those who have been more delicately nurtured and sheltered from trials, who have escaped the neglect and the temptations to which the unfortunate have succumbed. Women in prison display most feminine foibles, some no doubt exaggerated and developed into positive wickedness. They are full of vanity—often a proximate cause of their present trouble—they are, at times, childish, foolishly, fiendishly obstinate, to the extent of appearing perfectly mulish and

intractable; they are wrong-headed, fanciful, of fitful temper, quick to take offence and see it where it was not intended, when roused they are almost untamable, and their passion degenerates speedily into storms of hysterical and maniacal fury. Yet they have also their good points, and will exhibit many estimable traits—gratitude, affection, considerateness, constancy, unswerving loyalty to their comrades of both sexes.

As it is pleasanter to look on the bright rather than the dark side, let us illustrate this first by some of the cases that show them in the better light.

It is one of the fallacies of Lombroso and the criminal anthropologists that the female criminal is a bad mother. A visit to the baby's ward of any large prison will soon dispel this idea. Here are often to be found twenty or thirty infants all unweaned, or less



A MADONNA OF THE CELLS.

than twelve months of age, and in that earliest stage when a mother's care is most needed. That they get this is proved by the undoubted fact that the poor nites, marked thus prematurely by the prison brand, invariably do well, and improve manifestly in weight and aspect. Of course they are well looked after; the mothers get extradiet, milk, jellies, beef-tea; the babies also, if they require feeding, and the doctors order it. Stigma apart, children do better in gaol than when their parents are at large. One has only to contrast the snug well-warmed cell, with its bed and baby's cot; to remember the regular diet, the care and constant attention, with what these poor women must endure outside, to realise where they are best off.

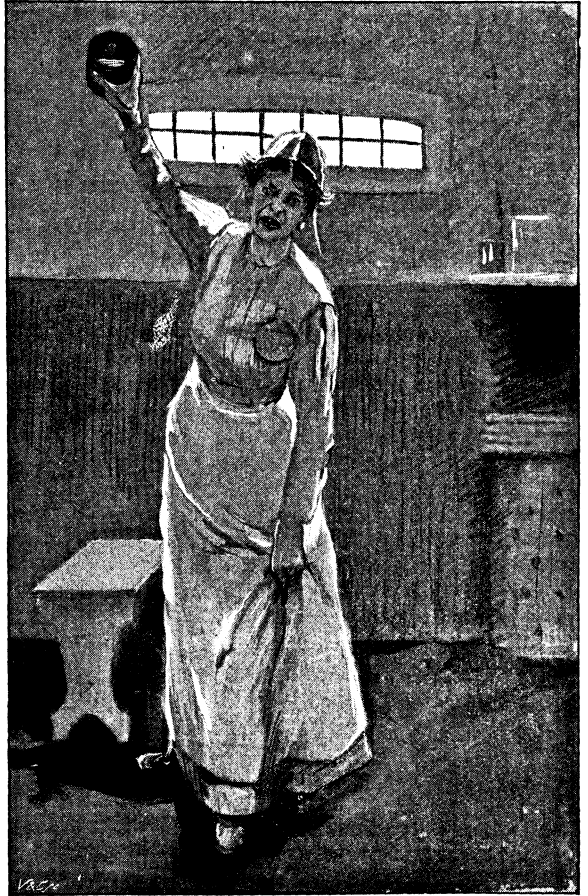
Again, the baby is a humanising influence in gaol; it is the supreme

touch of nature that proves human kinship, and, were it not for the horribly evil effects on the children from a sentimental point of view, it would be wiser perhaps to leave them longer with their mothers, where women are sentenced to lengthy imprisonments. I know no more painful experience than to be implored by a mother not to separate her from her child when the strict letter of the rule requires it ; but there is no prison rule, I am glad to think, more liberally interpreted.

The birth of a baby is always a great event in prison. The mother is carefully and devotedly nursed by two of her fellow-prisoners. The child is christened by the nearest neighbouring clergyman, and not by the prison chaplain ; it is exhibited with immense satisfaction to all visitors, and "our baby" is spoken of with pride by the female officials. The maternal instinct is aroused in all the other prisoners, and the advent of the little child has a softening influence which is as unique as it is beautiful. In prisons, as well as in happy homes, "a little child shall lead them" is a prophecy which holds true. There is quite a keen competition to be permitted to hold the baby, and hard faces seamed with evil-doing become radiated with tenderness as they gaze at the tiny face of the new inmate of her Majesty's prison. The choice of a name is seriously discussed, and criticism of the colour of the child's hair and eyes is just as keen as they would be outside the walls of a grim gaol. The stigma of having been born in prison cannot however be entirely eradicated, notwithstanding the affection which is lavished on the infant by the unlucky companions of its mother.

Second only to her maternal instinct is a woman's strength of attachment to her lord and master. It will survive and rise superior to the worst ill-usage. One of the most painful of prison sights is the reception ward on the female side with its newest arrivals, showing their hideous marks and scars, the black eyes and cruel bruises inflicted by the cowardly brutes who tyrannize over them. This loyalty is sometimes almost beautiful. I remember one case where a woman sentenced was clearly the lesser offender. Great interest was made by philanthropic persons to persuade her to state her case

fully by petition to the Secretary of State, but she obstinately refused, although it was likely to secure her release. It was at first believed that she was too stupid to understand the boon held out to her, and I was at some pains to explain the facts most fully. She needed no such counsel or advice, and still refused ; her plea was that she would only incriminate others—one man in particular—to whom she was devoted.



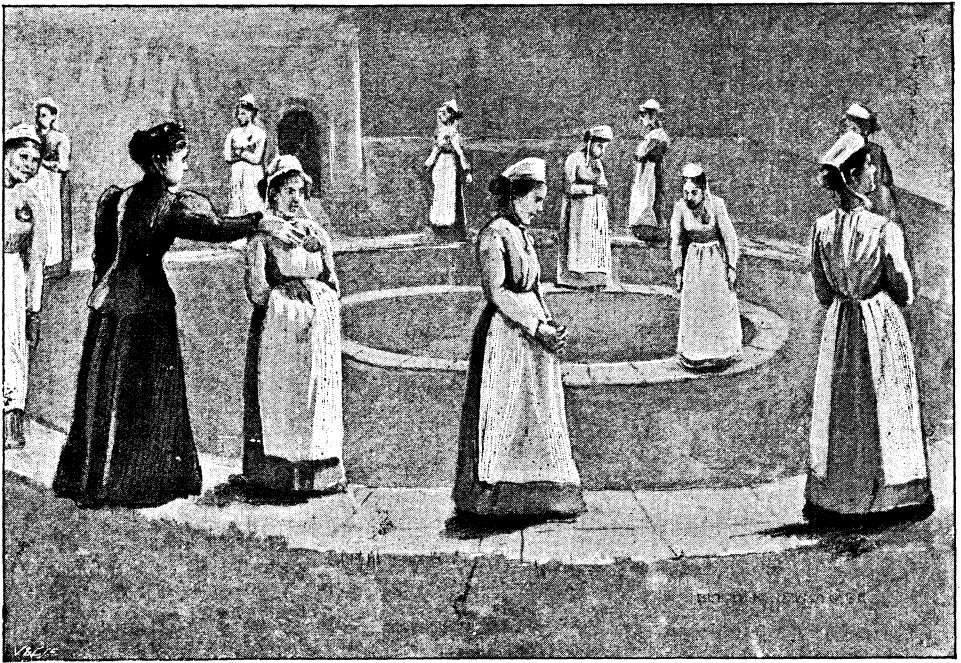
"The assault was made with a canful of gruel."

Her statement *might* get her out, but it would certainly get him into prison. She preferred to bear the whole brunt of the penalty alone.

As a general rule no doubt the woman is the tool and catpaw, although in certain heinous offences, such as murder by poison, infanticide, forgery following peculiar opportunity, or great frauds, she takes the lead, or works alone. No doubt too her influence in inciting to crime is potent at times, and

it has been well said that many crimes are committed *for* them, if not *by* them; yet she is most often the weaker vessel, deluded or dragged into wrong-doing. Many, however, fall into crime readily enough, and without strong protest or repugnance. I know of one woman who in all innocence married a man engaged in "long firm" frauds, and who discovered his malpractices quite by accident afterwards. Instead of upbraiding him she joined at once and willingly in his business, and became his best ally and assistant. It was the same in a notorious case of a series of bank forgeries, where the wife came into

declared, for some breach of prison discipline. The "pal" on release had taken counsel with her friend, and the latter, who was continually in and out of gaol, promised to avenge her on the first opportunity. The assault was made with a canful of gruel, and in addition to the personal injury inflicted the warder's dress was spoiled. Any weapon serves a woman in her fury—a pail of water, a medicine bottle full or empty, the cell stool, or any weapon that remains after a general smash up. Scissors would be oftener used, but as they are such dangerous implements they are closely watched and



TAKING EXERCISE.

the fraud late, but afterwards was a prime mover.

While fierce feuds are not unknown, strong and enduring friendships are made in prison. A woman has been known to break out badly, to destroy every atom of furniture, bedding and clothing because she had been separated from a friend and set to work at another table in the needle-room. This sort of romantic attachment has been made the excuse for still worse. Not long ago a prisoner just received immediately assaulted one of her officers because she had heard outside that this warder had "been down on a pal" of hers; had "cased" her, got up a case against her, unfairly it was

carefully counted after the prisoners have used them; but the woman resolved upon outrage will pick up a stone or a scrap of iron in the exercising yard, secrete it, sharpen it with clever ingenuity for use when opportunity offers. The thin end of a wooden spoon, the only table utensil permitted in prison, has been sometimes brought to a point to serve as a lethal weapon.

Female prisoners do not, however, invariably regard their warders with malevolence. On the contrary they will at times exhibit really good feeling towards them—gratitude, considerateness, even affection. There was a matron once at Millbank, stricken with malignant disease, who lingered on many

months, and during the whole of this last fatal illness her charges evinced so much sympathy that the word went round there must be no misconduct. Never were prisoners so uniformly well-behaved on the female side, although at that particular moment some very hard cases were in custody. Female prisoners are, as a rule, best managed by a quiet, firm hand, they are more amenable to kindness than severity, can be better led than driven. A soft word, a gentle reminder, persuasion, entreaty, kindly advice will often cure ill-temper (and this is often the base and origin of feminine misconduct) when sharp measures—reproof followed by punishment—leads only to defiance of all authority. Much tact must of course be shown in thus exercising forbearance. If there is any suspicion of weakness in the executive, discipline will at once deteriorate. Women may be held by a silken thread, but they must not be allowed to have quite their own way or they will get altogether out of hand. Once at Durham the whole female prison was in uproar because an improper indulgence, that of visiting each other in their cells, had been first allowed then withdrawn.

Nothing is more remarkable with women in durance than the contagion of misconduct, and the rapidity with which it spreads. When they can hear each other, or still worse see, a disturbance may be got up by one woman which soon grows into something like a riot. This was especially the case in old Millbank, a prison of faulty construction, where the buildings completely enclosed the exercising yards, and where shouts and signals could be exchanged from window to window of the cells, and across the yard. The exercise of a whole ward had sometimes to be stopped through the outcry of one woman in confinement extending to the rest in the yard. Once a female prisoner "starts out" to misbehave she is extraordinarily persistent, irreclaimable, and untamable for weeks. She will keep up some monotonous sing-song at the top of her voice, drum and hammer on her cell door for hours at a time. If her temperament is sulky and surly she will lapse into absolute silence from which nothing will rouse her, crouching all the time in the farthest corner of a semi-dark cell. When noisily inclined, the only treatment is complete isolation. Prisons are generally provided with what is known as a "dumb" cell, one built inside another and placed at a distance from the main building. The consciousness that no cries are heard, that all

disturbance is wasted and useless, invariably silences the noisiest woman.

Another curious trait in the woman in durance is the great variation in her moods. A woman will behave quite differently in two succeeding sentences; in the first she is quite intractable, in the second as mild and well-mannered as possible. A good deal depends upon how she begins, but some predisposing cause may exist in one and be withdrawn in the other. One case may be quoted, that of H. J., which illustrates the question of feuds. The woman's worst side showed, and she was a fierce and persistent virago from first to last because her greatest enemy occupied a neighbouring cell. It took the warders all their time to prevent these women from fighting whenever they met, yet there were several pitched battles between them. The woman, H. J., was always the aggressor, and generally able to inflict much damage on her foe. I met H. J. twice afterwards in other prisons, where she was spared the exasperating companionship of her enemy, and her conduct was quite irreproachable.

Women prisoners are true daughters of Eve as regards personal appearance, and the unbecoming prison dress must hit their vanity hard. Hence nearly all, without exception, are anxious to improve it. There are a dozen fashions of wearing the morsel



THE PADDED CELL.

of cap with its long white strings; the first is manipulated, its shape changed, its position on the head altered, the latter are crimped and twisted and tied in all sorts of curious ways. The coiffure again gets a

great deal of attention. "Bangs" were at one time universal, resisting attempts made by old-fashioned matrons to taboo them. Nowadays the fashion, in grotesque imitation of what goes on outside, is changing into side curls, although curls like love-locks plastered tight on the forehead are always popular, and are attained at the cost of skimming the grease off the soup. Skirts are always made to follow the fashion, to hang straight and severe, or balloon out like a bell according to the mode. The worst hardship must be the prison shoes, which are coarse and ugly, and with no pretence at fit.

The woman in gaol is strictly limited to the regulation allowance in dress and in food. The latter is perhaps a hardship, as women are much more fanciful in this respect than men. There are some portions of the prison dietary exceedingly unpopular on the female side. The suet pudding, for instance, made of the whole-meal flour; the brown bread, and especially the "stirabout," or pudding compounded of Indian meal. How sharp is the contrast between the prison allowance and what women would provide for themselves is to

be seen in the strangely assorted articles a trial prisoner will have sent in to her when she has elected to feed herself. I have seen one such woman's dinner, which consisted of an enormous sandwich, a loaf cut in half thickly buttered inside, and enclosing two cold kidneys and several slices of bacon; with these went four gigantic leeks, an apple, two tomatoes, and a flat bottle of dark beer.

It is unusual to find any very great manual dexterity among the female criminals as a class. A good needlewoman may be met with, or some may be taught fine sewing, only to forget it on release, and to expect fresh instruction if they return. Laundry work is a staple employment, but the prisoners

are seldom capable of getting up linen with any skill; where they are employed in the kitchen or in the female officers' mess their cooking is of the rudest and plainest description. Pretty patchwork quilts are sometimes made, and a good deal of neat work, pads and bags for the post office, but little beyond this. A woman will however show considerable taste and ingenuity in the decoration of her cell; as it is strictly against orders she is perhaps the more eager to try her highest efforts.

When this is limited to an exquisite Dutch-like cleanliness, when you might eat off the floor, when the bed is folded with the utmost precision and the cell utensils shine like burnished silver, there is nothing but approval to be accorded. But the hankering for possessions, the most trumpery articles picked up or manufactured out of the most unpromising materials, is often strongly displayed by old hands. I have seen a cell ornamented with paper crosses, white, with red edges cleverly added from the knitting wool, covers for tin mugs, ingeniously made out of the same, like doyleys. This, the pardonable desire to make the unlovely cell a little more home-



IN THE LAUNDRY.

like, might be respected more often perhaps, but rules are rules.

Female prisoners are famous for their fondness for pets. Cats are generally plentiful in a prison, and are often the cause of no little heart burning. When one woman's favourite cat makes a mouthful of another's favourite mouse there are "wigs on the green," it becomes the beginning of a quarrel that may have most serious consequences. Birds are encouraged to come outside cell windows by all sorts of tricks and devices. One of the happiest of prisoners was the assistant nurse in the female hospital, who was allowed to look after the hospital matron's parrot.

THE GREAT DIVES' ELOPEMENT.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.*

Illustrated by H. REYNOLDS.

If truly her you love, and she loves you,
But Death, sad sir, can plighted hearts undo.
True love sublime no obstacles appal,
And grim old Time pulls constant lovers through,
Who daring climb and much enduring crawl.
Never despair, let foul or fair befall,
All shall be well, if both your hearts be true,
For Love he mocks at locks and locksmiths all.

GEORGE JOHN CAXLEY.



ONCE upon a time, in a certain Australian capital, there was a man who was a K.C.M.G., a member of the legislative council, a justice of the peace, a squatter, a merchant and a millionaire, all at one and the same time. His name was—well, we'll say, for the purpose of this story, that his name was Dives—the Hon. Sir John Alexander Dives, K.C.M.G., J.P. He was universally respected, for his name was good at the foot of a bill for almost any amount you might like to name. But in his life he had made one serious mistake from which he was never able to recover. He allowed himself to be ruled body and soul by his wife, and as to the folly of that proceeding there is no necessity for me to speak.

Lady Dives was a leader of society, which means that she opened subscription lists with crushing munificence, and entertained on a scale which eclipsed even vice-royalty itself.

Years before, she had had the good fortune to do a kindness for a globe-trotting duchess, who in return presented her at Court, thus enabling her to achieve the first ambition of her life. Her second is what I propose to tell you about in this story.

Lady Dives had a daughter whom we in our shibboleth called the "Divinity." She was a sweet girl, and had been brought up strictly under her mother's eye, a fact which in itself was sufficient to guarantee her fit to become a king's consort. But though she spoke five European languages like a native, and could ride, dance, sing, and play half a dozen instruments better than most professionals, she was not proud, but was as charming to impecunious bank clerks as to grandee aides-de-camp.

I believe she had a hazy notion that in the future she was intended to make a brilliant marriage at home; but at the time with which this narrative is concerned she was content to flirt her days away, as if she were only the daughter of a simple Government official. Not being of age she could not be expected to understand her good fortune in possessing such prospects as would enable her to become a peeress.

In order to facilitate his public duties Sir John employed as private secretary a most meritorious young man who signed his letters Charles Grenville Bassidge. This gentleman lived at Dives Park, and was brought into daily contact with his employer's family. He was a good-looking, silent young Englishman of mysterious antecedents, who declined to talk of his past, and said he had come *out* to make his fortune; but as this is what every newcomer says, nobody gave him credit for originality. However he made a very good amanuensis.

In spite of his exemplary behaviour her ladyship regarded him with suspicious eyes. She saw that the "Divinity" favoured him greatly, and it was plain to all of us that he was more than a little in love with her. They played billiards together every evening, so what could one expect?

Now every mother knows that abrupt interference with lovers never did any good yet. Surely her ladyship must have been aware of this; but if so, why did she stop their intercourse so peremptorily? She might have foreseen the inevitable consequence. The young couple came to a mutual understanding, and henceforward held their meetings on the stairs, or behind the big olive trees in the garden.

Having grasped the enormity of their proceedings, Lady Dives lectured her daughter severely, while Sir John conveyed a delicate hint to his private secretary that it would be better perhaps if he were to devote himself more assiduously to his duties.

Then it came to passing notes at family prayers, arranging meetings in the orangery afterwards.

One day her ladyship's maid, acting under

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instruction, followed them to their rendezvous, and on her return to the house revealed the purport of their conversation to her mistress. An awful scene followed, and next morning an advertisement appeared in the daily papers inviting applications for the position of private secretary and amanuensis to a member of Parliament, etc.

The night that Bassidge bade farewell to

books, being wise enough to leave female society alone. Her ladyship satisfied herself that he was not dangerous, and for a month things went smoothly.

After the storm the "Divinity" fretted a little, and mooned her days away by the fountain in the shrubbery, she also went to her own room directly after dinner. Her mother said it was temper, and prophesied



"They played billiards together every evening."

Dives' Park the "Divinity" received a terrible wiggling, and cried herself to sleep with a photo and bundle of billets-doux under her pillow. She asserted that "her Charley" was not a "pauper" and a "nobody," and she said she "would rather die than give him up!"

The new secretary proved to be a little sandy-haired man, who wore spectacles, and confined his attention solely to his blue

that she would get over it in a week, but *there she was mistaken*. It lasted till the girl was laid up with an attack of bronchitis, and something went wrong with the large Cupid and Psyche fountain on the south lawn. Workmen were called in to examine it, and poking about in the waste-pipe they came across a mass of wet correspondence, which was conveyed to headquarters and examined. The notes were all signed

C. G. B., and were worded somewhat after this fashion—

"My Heart's Darling,—Cruel, cruel girl! I rode out last night as usual and waited quite two hours for you at the gate. Were you ill that you did not come? I know you love me in spite of this cruel opposition. You do, darling, don't you? So come out to-night and convince your true and faithful lover.

C. G. B."

As soon as Lady Dives had mastered the contents of each document she remembered her daughter's curious habit of retiring every evening, and realised that "the gate" referred to must be the wicket gate in the lane behind the house.

The "Divinity's" bedroom was in a corridor, which possessed a door opening into the garden; so, putting two and two together, she interviewed that young lady. Moreover she locked the door at the end of the corridor at sundown every evening and kept the key in her own pocket. But love laughs at locksmiths, and after that the letters were hidden in a fresh place.

About this time to our amazement, Mr. C. G. Bassidge, who before had declined every invitation he received, suddenly became a great votary of fashion, religiously attending every society gathering in the hope, I suppose, of meeting with his lady love. The consequence was that Sir John, Lady and Miss Dives were invariably conspicuous by their absence. Every day the warfare grew more and more bitter, and we outsiders wondered how it all would end. As might be expected, public sympathy was entirely with the lovers, and to my know-

ledge Mr. Charles Grenville Bassidge had more than one offer of assistance.

At this juncture Sir John and his lady contemplated a master stroke, and announced their immediate departure in the *Ormuz* for England, in order, they said, that their daughter might be presented at the next Drawing-room.

A stroke of luck favoured the lovers, for just a week previous to the boat's sailing Miss Dives came of age. Someone sent her an anonymous box of Neapolitan violets, and I believe she valued it more than all the costly presents of her family, inasmuch as within the bunch was a tiny note, on the contents of which she acted.

Bassidge had given no trouble for nearly a fortnight, and her ladyship began to flatter herself that she had, at last, defeated him. I

must leave you to judge whether or not such was the case.

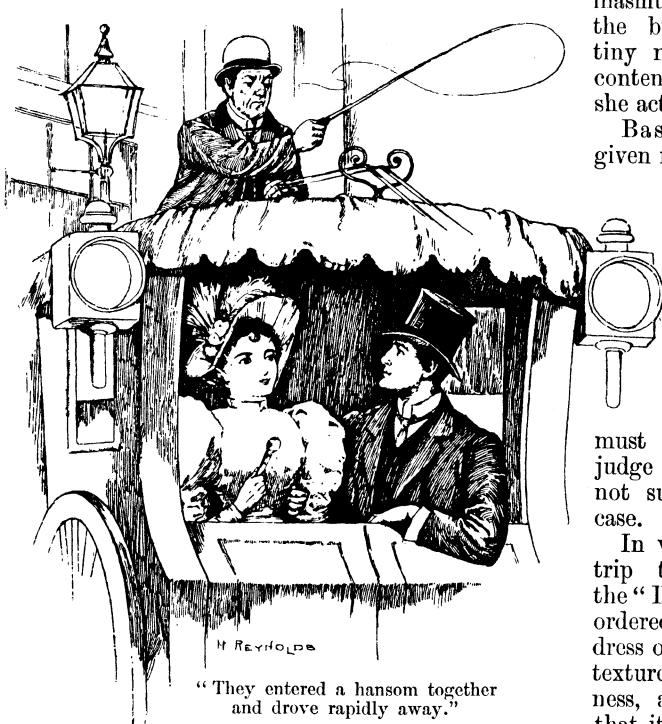
In view of their trip to England, the "Divinity" had ordered a travelling dress of superlative texture and neatness, and in order that it might fit as

never dress fitted before it was necessary that she should have it most carefully tried on.

For this purpose, on the morning following her birthday, she drove to her tailor's place of business, and after instructing the coachman to keep the horses moving, entered the shop.

The dress having been fitted to her satisfaction, she watched her opportunity, and, as the carriage was going *up* the street, she strolled quietly out of the shop and *down* the pavement in the opposite direction.

On reaching the General Post Office she chanced upon Mr. Bassidge, and after a



"They entered a hansom together and drove rapidly away."



"Lady Dives—the Marchioness of Laverstock!"

moment's conversation they entered a hansom together and drove rapidly away.

Her own coachman moved up and down till sundown, and then went home to report the curious behaviour of his young mistress. He received his discharge upon the spot, and has been wondering the reason why ever since.

Lady Dives was beside herself with rage, consequently Sir John was furious, and a penitent note which arrived next morning, signed "*Gwendoline Bassidge*," only made them the more vehemently declare that neither she nor her pauper husband should ever set foot within their doors again.

This was of course very unpleasant for the "*Divinity*," for, in spite of their cruel opposition, she was really very fond of her parents. At the same time she was quite convinced that her Charley was the best, the cleverest, the handsomest, as well as the wisest man in existence, and had only to be known to be appreciated by everyone.

That young gentleman, though perfectly aware that he was many degrees removed from what she thought him, began to look upon himself as rather a fine fellow. He was also quite sure that he had a scheme which would bring the old people to their senses in no time, when he so desired. His past was going to prove useful after all. However he was wise enough not to let his wife into the secret just then.

They spent their honeymoon at Largs Bay, and their affection was strong enough to colour even those awful sandhills the loveliest of rosy hues.

On Tuesday the *Ormuz* steamed up to the anchorage, and early on Wednesday the young couple boarded her for England. They lay concealed all the morning in their cabin, and during that time Bassidge told his wife his secret.

An hour before sailing Sir John and Lady Dives came on board, and at one o'clock the vessel weighed anchor and steamed down the gulf.

Lady Dives, after inspecting her cabin, examined the passenger list. Something she saw there must have pleased her, for she closed her pince-nez and took her husband's arm, murmuring, "Really, how very pleasant!" Then they strolled down the promenade deck together, and turning

the corner of the smoking-room were confronted by the two delinquents.

The "*Divinity*" looked surpassingly sweet in a white costume, fastened at the waist with a broad antique-silver buckle, a large white hat and the daintiest of tan shoes imaginable. Even the graceless Bassidge looked the picture of honest English manliness.

The elder couple stood paralysed with rage and astonishment. All things considered it was really a most awkward meeting. Fortunately however no other passengers were present.

Lady Dives was the first to recover, and she addressed herself to her daughter—

"Oh, you wicked, wicked girl," she said, "how dare you come on board this ship—how dare you play us this trick?"

The Graceless One interposed, and raising his hat politely to his mother-in-law, answered for his wife.

"Pardon me, Lady Dives," he said, "but before you say anything further perhaps you will allow me to introduce you to my wife!" Then, bowing with the air of a court chamberlain, he continued, "Lady Dives—the Marchioness of Laverstock!"

"What!" cried his mother-in-law, stepping back as if thunderstruck. "What do you mean? Can this be true?"

"Certainly, mamma," answered her daughter, "though I only knew it myself this morning. Charley came to Australia because he was too poor to live in England, and rather than win his way by means of his title, he dropped it, and was only known to us by his family name. A month ago he came into a lot of money, and now we're going home to revive the glories of the house."

I must leave you to imagine her ladyship's surrender. Sir John's of course doesn't count.

Last week Lady Dives assured me in confidence that Sir John had altered his will in favour of "My son-in-law, the most noble the Marquis of Laverstock." I'm told they're a most united family now, but we can never forget how perilously near they once came to a serious breach.

Such is the true story of the "Great Dives' Elopement."



THE RHODODENDRON DAMSEL.
By MRS. PERCY DEARMER.

ROUND THE LONDON RESTAURANTS.

BY W. J. WINTLE.

Illustrated by WILL OWEN.



Nation newspaper of New York ventured thirty years ago upon the statement: "There are no restaurants in England. There are one or two eating-houses in London which have

the air of restaurants, until a fair trial shows the hollowness of their pretensions. There is no nation in Europe where there is so much bad cookery and so little good as in England." If this were ever true—and the writer apparently held a brief for a famous American house—thirty years have made a change, and to-day the catering of London has no need to fear comparison with that of any city in the world.

To estimate the number of establishments devoted to the replenishment of the outer man is a bewildering task indeed. The



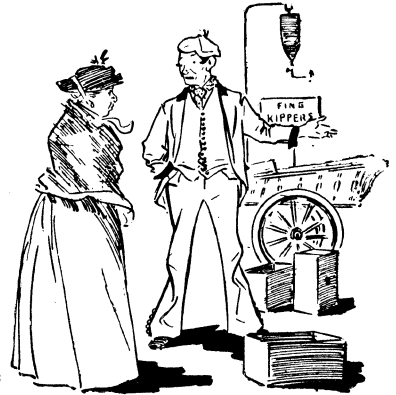
ROMANO'S.

London Directory gives a list of 414 refreshment-rooms, 762 dining-rooms, and 1712 coffee-houses, making a total of 2888 eating-houses, without including the great host of

hotels and public-houses. Allowing each of these establishments two hundred customers a day—a very moderate estimate—we find ourselves faced with the startling total of nearly 600,000 meals a day supplied by the London caterers. That this estimate is but a fraction of the reality there is abundant evidence.

The houses are as varied as they are numerous. Between the turtle soup of

Romano's and the humble kipper of Shadwell are many stages and degrees of culinary excellence, or its reverse. A hungry man may lounge in marble halls and dine to the



IN SHADWELL.

tune of high-class music and a five pound note, or he may wedge himself between the table and the straight high-backed partition of a coffee-house in Pentonville, and feast his eyes upon a flaming placard bearing the equivocal inscription, "Dine here once, and you'll never dine anywhere else." If his purse be a long one he may relieve its weight at any of the restaurants in Regent Street or Piccadilly; if he suffer from the *res angusta domi* he may test the qualities of Harris's sausages or Lockhart's cocoa. But if he has any pretensions to a working knowledge of the great metropolis he will wend his way to Soho and take his place at a modest *table d'hôte*, where for a shilling he will get five courses admirably served and plentiful in quantity. It is a pleasant little place, is the *Restaurant aux Bons Frères*—though that is not its real name—and the company remind one of the Latin Quarter as they chat with Madame, who presides behind the tiny bar, while Monsieur

waits upon his patrons. But I must not give away its real name, for I sometimes go there myself, and have no wish to see the "Good Brothers" crowded out by the inrush of a London multitude.

How London feeds is a problem wreathed in mystery. The attempt to solve it ends in desperation and brings one to the state of mind to which I reduced a caterer by the single question, "What is a Vienna steak?" When he recovered from the shock he piously replied, "Heaven only knows." One cannot measure up the sea, but one may deal with samples of it, and so the catering of London may be dealt with in departments.

Resolving to make a good beginning, I called on Messrs. Buszard of Oxford Street,



OUTSIDE BUSZARD'S.

and was soon deep in conversation with their genial representative Mr. Ansell. The air was redolent of cake. Stacks upon stacks of bridecakes stood around us piled upon shelves from floor to ceiling. Some were disguised in wondrous robes of gleaming sugar, others were simply coated with thick layers of almond icing, and some were still *in puris naturalibus*. They were of all sizes, though uniform in shape, and ranged in price from 13s. 6d. to infinity. Towering in the midst stood a replica of Princess Beatrice's wedding cake. Built in tiers and weighing half a ton, it was a perfect marvel of confectionery. Passion-flowers formed the staple decoration, and the leaves,

which numbered several thousands, were each one carved from solid sugar. The monograms and heraldic designs, all wrought in many-coloured sugar, bore witness to the fact that genuine artists had employed their skill upon them. Hard by were several assistants busily packing pieces of bridecake in the familiar three-cornered boxes. In answer to a question Mr. Ansell said, "No, we never have complaints of the cake disappearing in the post. Our method is very simple; we cut a slice that will fill the box and so make a solid parcel. Now most people put a morsel in a large empty box, tie a piece of ribbon round it, and then consign it to the post. Of course the box breaks beneath the stamping process, the fragment escapes, and the disappointed recipient talks about the dishonesty of postmen. The trouble is entirely due to the carelessness of the public. I may add that we have sent pieces of bridecake to all the Courts of Europe. The custom shows no sign of becoming obsolete in exalted circles."

Upstairs we found the large refreshment saloon, a place much frequented by lovers of turtle soup. Many come solely to taste the dish beloved of aldermen. Occasionally a novice is disappointed, and once in a way remarks have been overheard about "such a confounded lot of beastly fat," much to the amusement and contempt of the initiated. The soup here is made exclusively from fresh turtle, the dried article being strictly tabooed, and as a consequence it is greatly in demand for city banquets. Notwithstanding the reputation for solid feasting which attaches to these occasions the caterers find but little call for substantial old English fare. Light made dishes and entrées have displaced the time-honoured joints, and men eat less than did their fathers.

Descending to the public department we found a vast assortment of sweet things on every side. Piles of chocolates of many flavours, forty kinds of *petits fours*, rout biscuits in endless variety, crystallised fruits and flowers, ices designed to closely mimic fruits and vegetables, and cakes without number were spread before us, mingled with side dishes of every kind. There is a busy scene here at eight o'clock on week-day mornings. Sometimes as many as 200 children and poor folk attend for the purpose of buying yesterday's pastry and the odds and ends of dainty food for trifling sums.

De haut en bas. It is a long stride from Buszard and turtle soup to Pearce and Plenty, though the distance is not great from

Oxford Street to Farringdon Road. Here I found Mr. John Pearce, the managing director of Pearce's Refreshment Rooms, Limited, and of the British Tea-Table Company.



THE BEGINNING OF "PEARCE AND PLENTY."

Sitting in the board-room, surrounded by framed photographs of the forty-six houses under his control, Mr. Pearce was very willing to chat about his remarkable career.

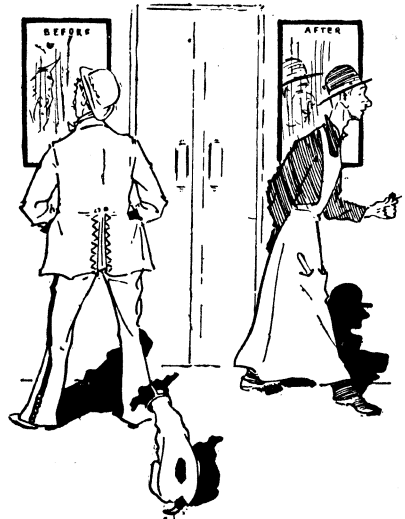
"You see," he said, "I went to work when I was nine years old, through the loss of both my parents, and I have had to work hard all my life. In 1866 I started with a coffee-stall at the corner of East Road and the City Road, and for thirteen years I was there every week-day morning at four o'clock. I always had a notion of trying to attract the working classes, so I called my stall 'The Gutter Hotel,' and the name caught on famously. You see I keep a drawing of the concern hung up in my office to remind me of the pit from whence I was digged. Well, by being very careful I managed to save a little money, and in 1879 I opened a shop in Aldersgate Street, but moved in 1882 to Farringdon Street, where I started the big place with the two bent mirrors in front, to show the public how they looked before and after trying my beef-steak puddings.

"I ran this place myself for four years, and supplied 6000 meals a day, so I fancy I know a little about how the working-classes feed. But in 1886 a few wealthy gentlemen,

who were interested in the experiment, formed a company, and now we have twenty-two houses, while the British Tea-Table Company, which is an outgrowth of Pearce's Refreshment Rooms, Limited, and is under the same management, has twenty-four houses, making a total of forty-six establishments. Fourteen of these have temperance hotels connected with them.

"In Pearce's Refreshment Rooms we supply 50,000 persons every day, consisting almost entirely of workmen. You will be interested to know that my experience proves that they live up to their income. Here is a curious fact. If you show me our takings for any day, I can at once tell the day of the week. On Monday we get plenty of large silver, but it gradually dwindles from day to day, until on Friday we take more half-pence than anything else. Monday is our worst day, because so many of the men bring cold meat with them to their work, but the next worst day is Friday, when we find a great demand for haddocks and eggs. I used to put this down to religion, for many of our customers are Irish Catholics, until I noticed that the men who have such a light dinner on Friday often come back in the evening after paytime and indulge in a good square meal. So it is evidently more poverty than piety.

"In our class of business we find no falling off in the demand for solid food. The



THE COMIC MIRRORS.

working-man likes to know what he is eating. Though our sausages are home-made and thoroughly genuine, we have comparatively little call for them. Our customers prefer

to see their dinner cut from the joint. We make a speciality of beef-steak puddings, of which we sell an enormous number during the year. We give our customers half a pound of thoroughly good beef and a well-made crust for fourpence, and if you were to try one you would find it filling at the price. When I first commenced in a shop the largest of the three urns was kept for coffee, but now we find that tea is the favourite beverage, probably because, owing to its greater cheapness, we are able to supply a better article. The demand for cocoa has also largely increased of late years. You will notice that we only use Fry's Concentrated Cocoa, and at first our customers thought it was poor stuff because the spoon would not stand up in it, but they have learnt better now.

"Of course the weather makes a great difference in such a business as ours. A fall in the temperature means a rise of twenty-five per cent. in the sale of bread and butter. So much is this the case that we take careful note of the temperature every morning, and regulate our supplies accordingly. Our annual output is scarcely credible. The weight of beef, mutton, pork and veal consumed by Pearce's Refreshment Rooms during the course of a year would equal the weights of a drove of oxen numbering 995, a flock of sheep numbering 1002, a herd of pigs numbering 1415, and 121 calves. Here are some more startling figures for the year. We consume 990 tons of potatoes and 902 tons of flour. The eggs total up to 1,870,000, and as we sell them slightly under cost price, taking the year as a whole, this represents a very considerable loss in our annual accounts. We use 99,000 gallons of milk, 13½ tons of cocoa, 58,300 pounds of tea, and 385,000 pounds of sugar, while we get through 110 tons of jam, 2½ tons of pepper, 4½ tons of mustard, and 2640 gallons of vinegar. As a small offset against the profit of all this I may mention that we break 30,060 cups, 27,432 plates, and 12,648 saucers every year. You will bear in mind that these figures refer to Pearce's Refreshment Rooms only, and do not include the British Tea-Table establishments.

"As to order, we rarely have any trouble with the genuine working-man. When difficulty occurs it is usually with someone who fancies himself a little superior to the ordinary run of the community."

"And now, Mr. Pearce, will you tell the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE something about the British Tea-Table Company?"

"Yes; that was started in September 1892 in order to cater for young City clerks and others who, while requiring something superior to the arrangements of 'Pearce and Plenty,' yet found themselves unable to pay high prices. We have now twenty-four houses, and supply 15,000 meals every day. The catering is distinctly lighter than in the other establishments. Eggs on toast, ham, and salad, are most in demand during the summer, while in winter we do a brisk trade in soup, chops and steaks.

"Most of our cooking for both companies is done at Farringdon Road, where we keep forty bakers hard at work. Our total staff numbers over 800, and I am proud to say, from close personal observation, that there are not two idle ones amongst them. We try to treat them well, and they repay us by faithful service. On an average we have twelve fresh applicants for positions as waitresses every day, most of them from domestic service, and I should like to take this opportunity of saying to the public, as the result of a long experience with young women of this class, that the one great reason why they so often neglect their work and finally go to the bad is that their lives are spent in practical slavery. If they had

more time for themselves they would devote far more energy to their employers' service.

"One other fact may be of interest," Mr. Pearce added in parting, "we take all our employees to Ramsgate for a day in July,

and the whole of the funds are provided by the sale of our kitchen refuse, grease, bones, and the rest. There is a lesson in domestic economy for you!"

From the heat and bustle of the crowded establishment in Farringdon Road it was a decided change to find myself in the spacious coolness of Olympia. The afternoon performance had commenced in the arena, and the long arched corridors and the gaily-decorated gardens were well-nigh deserted.



Outside, in the crystal walk, many thousands of cut-glass lustres kept up a musical tinkling as they were stirred by the breeze, and in the lofty grill-room the many waiters were enjoying a welcome rest after the exertions of the luncheon hour.

Here I found Mr. Isidore Salmon, the enterprising secretary of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., whose great reputation for popular catering in London seems to have sprung up in a single night. Every *habitué* of the London streets is familiar by this time with the graceful arrangement in white and gold which distinguishes the restaurants of the firm. Though fifteen years old in the provinces, they have only appeared in London during the present decade, yet already the refreshment houses number seventeen, in addition to Olympia and the Trocadero.

Mr. Salmon had some interesting figures ready to hand. It was in the height of summer when our talk took place, and at that time the daily consumption of strawberries reached 900 lbs., while 3000 lemons were converted into squash and 500 quarts of ices were disposed of every day. One may call to mind in passing that no part of the business of a caterer yields a more surprising profit than does this. A recent case in the courts showed that a profit of from 200 to 300 per cent. can easily be made from ice cream and ginger beer. To return to Messrs. Lyons, they very justly pride themselves upon the vast resources which enable them to undertake, at short notice, feats of catering which are fairly astonishing. Last year they arranged practically all the great balls in connection with the University of Cambridge. At Trinity College they actually built a bridge across the river for the convenience of the 5000 guests, while at the opening of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington they catered for 25,000 guests at a bar 500 feet in length, and served by 400 waitresses. At Olympia they are able to boast that they cater for the public at lower rates than is the case at any other high-class place of entertainment in the country.

Three times a day the various refreshment houses are supplied with goods from the bakeries at Cadby Hall, Kensington, notably with the far-famed batons of bread which are regularly used by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. For private catering the firm possess an immense stock of silver and other goods, and are prepared at a few days' notice to undertake anything, from serving light refreshments at a small reception to carrying out the enormous pre-

parations for a Lord Mayor's banquet. They have indeed performed the latter feat with great *éclat* on the last two occasions.

Reminding Mr. Salmon of this, he at once produced a large folio volume of statistics and plans, from which the entire romance of the great civic festivity, from its inception to its triumphant consummation, might be compiled. Selecting only a few of the many startling figures, it may be noted that on the last occasion the thousand guests consumed 100 gallons of turtle soup, 500 lobsters, 120 turkeys, 200 partridges, 100 pheasants, 300 plovers, 200 chickens, and 20 hams. 700 calves' feet were used for jelly, 2400 ices were in readiness, 350 lbs. of grapes were consumed, and 250 dozen of choice wines proved not greatly in excess of the demand. The service required 15,000 plates, 10,000 silver forks, 9000 knives, and

6500 glasses, while the tables were decorated with 3000 yards of smilax, besides countless roses and lilies.

Once more the scene changes. Not very far from the Guildhall, where the civic banquet takes place, stands a

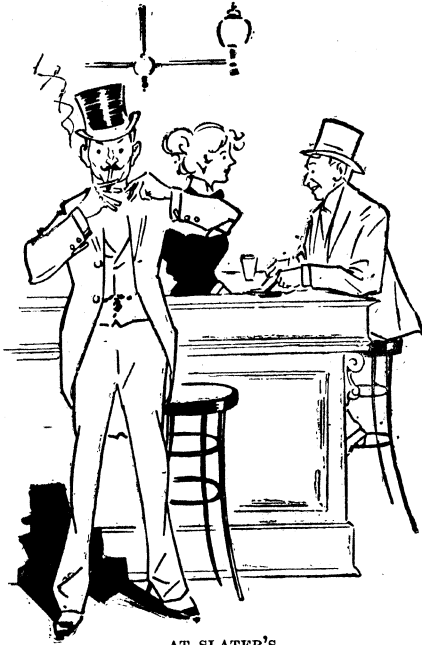
modest restaurant with windows filled with fruits and pulse, and near the door a conspicuous inscription, "Three courses for sixpence." This is one of the vegetarian restaurants, of which there are now thirty in London, supplying 20,000 luncheons daily. As the oldest of them started only fifteen years ago it is evident that the kind of diet they provide has largely grown in popularity. From conversations with the managers I learn that this is not due to any very widespread acceptance of vegetarian principles, but simply to a preference for light and economical luncheons, the heavier meal being taken in the evening. When the vast number of suburban residents who spend their days in City houses is taken into account, it is evident that the luncheon

3 COURSES 6'

VEGETARIAN DUCK



question is one of no small importance and magnitude. The fact that a satisfying if not very stimulating meal can be obtained



AT SLATER'S.

for a trifling sum is necessarily a recommendation to those who have to watch closely their expenditure.

At one of these establishments I tried the experiment, and received in return for sixpence a plate of oatmeal porridge, a savoury omelette with green peas, and a portion of raspberry jelly with two slices of tinned pineapple. Yet somehow, after one of these meals, a man never quite feels that he has dined, and we are not surprised to learn that twelve out of the thirty vegetarian restaurants have found it advisable to set apart a room in which those who look back with sighing to the flesh-pots of Egypt may solace their backsliding appetites. The general experience seems to be that customers attend regularly for about a fortnight, and then relapse for awhile, and that the favourite dishes are those which are most disguised to resemble meat, as for example, Vienna steaks, vegetarian ducks, and food reform turkeys. But it is some consolation to know that there is a profit of considerably over a 100 per cent. on vegetarian catering.

In St. Martin's Lane stands a restaurant called St. George's House, mainly frequented by officials from the Government and County Council offices, which offers a kind of half-way house between the two extremes of diet.

Neither fish, flesh nor fowl can be obtained, and yet the bill of fare differs widely from that of the vegetarian restaurant. Egg cookery and Italian dishes are the speciality here, and the coffee claims to be the best in London. It is made on the Vienna system, and a well-known Austrian count may be seen here any morning sipping his favourite beverage. The courteous proprietor, Mr. Hodges, claims that the customers who crowd the house to inconvenience at midday are brought together solely by the lightness of the food and the excellence of the *cuisine*, while certain dishes of tropical origin and fiery character attract a good many Anglo-Indians. In Lent especially the tables are well filled.

We have but space to mention the Cyprus restaurants, now becoming better known as Slater's. Started seventeen years ago by Mr. W. Kirkland, who still manages them with great success, the four City houses now provide 2000 luncheons daily. Each seat is filled six times between 1 and 3 p.m., showing that City men do not linger long over their meals. The houses are conducted on strictly temperance lines, and the manager announces

with gratification that the sale of non-intoxicating beverages has increased three-fold during the past ten years.

We have been the round, and our task is ended. If anything more than another will help the problematical New Zealander to appreciate the vast population which



THE NEW ZEALAND EXPLORER.

once filled the City upon whose ruins he will gaze, it will surely be the great collections of cups and saucers, plates and dishes, knives and forks, *et hoc genus omne*, which he will dig up from the crumbling remains of the erstwhile busy restaurants of London.



Illustrated by LIDDALL ARMITAGE.

COMPANY at Beech Hulme, as the Rev. Cyrus Bonner, its proprietor, was accustomed to boast, though small, compared with that of the other boarding-houses at Winstewich, was select. It was not the wish of either himself or Mrs. Bonner, he further asserted, that the house should be vulgarly crowded. Beech Hulme was in all respects as a gentleman's privateresidence, to which a few guests might be admitted for the benefit of the Winstewich baths.

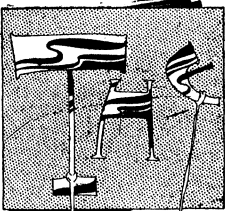
"Guests, Miss Browne," chimed in Mrs. Bonner to the latest of them, "who are properly introduced to us by or through people of our own position in life. As you are aware, we never advertise."

"I should hope not, my dear," said the clergyman, with a dignity meant to be repressive of further explanation.

"Nevertheless," pursued the lady, "we are very pleased to extend our hospitality as far as the rooms will allow, and any friends of those who have once been here are welcome. You will remember that, Miss Browne, won't you? Not that I suppose you are likely to have any opportunities in your limited sphere of mentioning Beech Hulme—I do not *expect* it; you quite understand?" Miss Browne being silent, the lady went on. "Lady Emily Farringford, whom I may call my most intimate friend, next to Lady Southby, who asked us to take you, and whom I have known rather longer than Lady Emily, says very truly that our work in Winstewich may be called Christian philanthropy. It is by no means the life we expected to lead, but as it has pleased Providence to deprive Mr. Bonner of health, we feel that perhaps, in offering the benefit of a refined home to a few invalids, we are doing a nobler work than in living the ordinary life of the benefited clergy."

To this fine sentiment Miss Browne carelessly assented. She had only arrived the night before, and being rather weak from a severe and recent illness, was not disposed to think much yet, but to take everything as it came with passive acquiescence.

It was so she took her being assigned to a cramped little bedroom, while three others, large and comfortable, showed empty across the corridor through open doorways. Mrs. Bonner hastened to close them from view, with a remark on the carelessness of house-

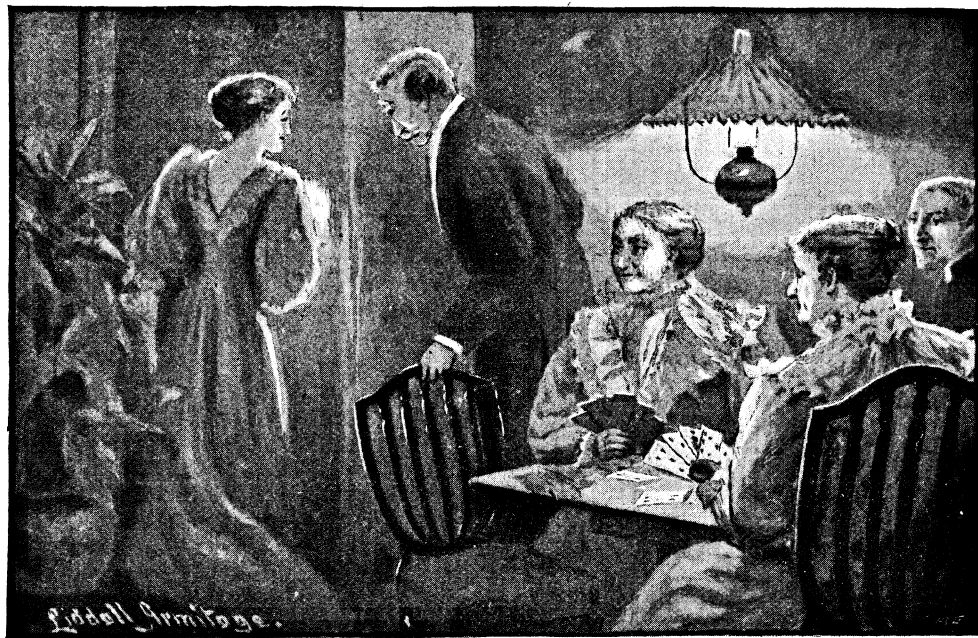


maids, and said they were all airing against the arrival of fresh visitors, "very particular friends, all of them, and people of position"; and then she told Miss Browne, with condescending kindness, that they dressed for dinner, and that if she had not an evening dress, to call upon her for a lace fichu or something of the sort to smarten her day gown.

Miss Browne coloured a little as she thanked her, and acknowledged the possession of suitable dinner attire, in which she presently appeared in the drawing-room, there to be presented to the other guests. These were but two, a very deaf elderly

not expect them," she said, next day, "but another time please arrange your retirement better. It looked so very pointed. Oh, I know you did not mean it, but really it was awkward. I am sure Lady Southby, who knows our position and that of our guests, would quite agree with me."

Poor Miss Browne began to wish that Lady Southby had chosen some other place for the month's rest and change she had generously provided, and also that Mrs. Bonner could have heard her "most intimate friend's" rich round tones as she explained, in her hearty way, that the benefit was not all for Miss Browne, but also to help a reduced



"He started at once to get Miss Browne a candle."

lady, named Mrs. Gilbert, to whom Mr. Bonner was paying deferential attentions in a strained voice, and a gentleman, also elderly, whom Mrs. Bonner introduced as Major Bligh.

The dinner was dull, but Miss Browne was too tired to be other than grateful for quietness, and permission to go to bed as soon after as she liked, which was just as the gentlemen came in, and the whist-table was drawn up before the fire. Major Bligh was about to take his seat, but he started at once to get Miss Browne a candle, much to Mrs. Bonner's annoyance.

"Of course I did not let him know you are not used to these little attentions, and do

clergyman and his wife who were struggling, poor things, to keep a boarding-house at Winsterville!

Lady Southby was interested in her grandchildren's governess—interested, that is, in the only way poor Miss Browne can hope to have that word used about her. She is barely thirty, indeed, and not at all bad-looking; happiness, or even something short of that, the feeling that she is of some importance in the world, would make her pretty, but having been brought up at a school for indigent gentlewomen, and thence transferred into a governess-ship in a private family, where she has neither the independence of a servant nor the home privileges of the children, her

status in the world has become fixed, and hows itself in her neutral appearance.

Yet Miss Browne was not then, nor is she now, so unhappy as might be supposed. Louis Stevenson tells us how frequently people lead double lives, finding their joys in the one which the outer world—miscalled the real—knows nothing about. It is so with Miss Browne, who learned at an early age—when she was in the lowest class, in fact, at the Indigent Gentlewomen's—the secret of this inward enjoyment. It is not exactly castle-building, which amusement belongs rather to the bold and ambitious, or at least to those who would be both. Miss Browne's mind being humble and slightly humorous, it was never addicted to self-soaring flights of imagination; rather did her fancy busy itself with people about her, and weave the real world with that of fiction and poetry, until she scarcely knew the one from the other, and indeed could pass from the one to the other with the dexterity of Jekyll and Hyde.

And so she managed to be happy at Beech Hulme, in spite of an occasional snubbing and constant patronage from the people whose pockets were the heavier for her presence, as she humorously reflected. Mrs. Gilbert was good-natured, at least, and as long as she stayed Miss Browne had someone to be kind to, which was a necessity of her nature. And Major Bligh, elderly though he was, gave just that fillip to her fancy, through his well-baked, handsome face, suggestive of oriental experiences, mysteriously romantic, that the others could not supply. The absolute freedom, too, was delicious to the little worn-out governess, and in the fresh air of Winsterwich she grew young and rosy with a rapidity that startled herself. From languor she passed to something that approached vivacity, and she moved briskly about the house. One day Major Bligh caught her at the piano, singing.

"Now I call this gross selfishness," he said, so gravely that Miss Browne stared and coloured a little. But the smile under his grizzled moustache reassured her, and when in the evening he reminded her of her proven ability to discourse sweet sounds, she did not refuse, in spite of Mrs. Bonner's lowering of heavy eyelids over her hand at whist.

Her music was poor—of the sentimental drawing-room type which she had to teach her pupils—but it served well enough to while away the period between dinner and bedroom

candles. Major Bligh, who had not liked to see the little woman sitting out solitary every evening while the elders enjoyed their rubber, felt that he had done a good deed, and went to bed as happy as rheumatism would permit.

"I like you," Miss Browne confided to her mirror that night as she was dressing her hair—her one conspicuous beauty, which she concealed as much as possible in light braids, but could not bring herself to sacri-



"Major Bligh."

fice. "You are stiff and too stately, and have outlived all your emotions, but you are a true gentleman, Major Pendennis."

Miss Browne, in her visionary world, was accustomed to think of her acquaintances by immortal names, more or less appropriate to their individual characters. It was a silly habit, no doubt, more especially as her reading, though of the best sort, was confined to standard literature, and had its limits, like those of Miss Deborah Jenkins, in a period

not old enough to be antique, and just old enough to seem old-fashioned. It may scarcely seem credible, but there are not a few well-educated people in existence to whom Dickens and Thackeray are still the idols of the literary world, who speak of Thomas Hardy with a slight reserve, and who have never heard of Howells. Miss Browne was one of these, and her ignorance may be measured by the fact that she confounded an up-to-date old gentleman, who, at that very moment in the next bedroom but one was cutting the leaves of a large-paper copy of the works of the latest poet, with that exquisite type of a bygone generation, Major Pendennis. The habit, however, redeemed some of her experiences from the reproach of being ignoble, and saved her many a sordid sorrow. Lady Southby's touch of condescension, which would have rendered her real kindness unendurable to a less visionary, but not more sensitive nature, could be half enjoyed when the great patroness was viewed as Lady Catherine de Bourgh, and in shadowy reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. Elton the impertinences of the clerical owners of Beech Hulme fell harmless.

The Major, whose excessive courtliness sprang originally from his indignation at the open patronage bestowed upon her young guest by Mrs. Bonner, gradually took up a more familiar attitude towards his protégée, and was not long in discovering that this quaint little person, with her demure ways, was, if not a philosopher, something nearly as good, and was by no means altogether to be pitied. His respect for her rose accordingly, and his liking too.

But his stay was nearly over. He had taken his last bath but two, and a change in the weather, which took place soon after Miss Browne's arrival, quickened his desires for London and his ordinary pursuits, which had been interrupted by these sacrifices to Hygeia.

He felt rather sorry to leave his little friend alone with the Bonners, and that regret, together with the stertorous slumbers of his companion in the smoking-room, sent him into the society of the ladies on his last afternoon just as tea was brought in.

Mrs. Bonner received his apologies graciously, and made room for his armchair near herself and the fire. Miss Browne, quiet as usual, was knitting in a low chair opposite. The rain beat pitilessly against the French window.

"We are as dismal as we can possibly

be," said Mrs. Bonner; "come and cheer us up."

"But I want to be cheered myself," replied the Major as he dropped comfortably into the seductive saddle-back. "I've been shivering over a ghost story of Kipling's to the accompaniment of your husband's snores—don't tell him I said so—and my few remaining hairs warned me by their elevation to seek the society of those of my kind who are awake."

"Kipling!" exclaimed Miss Browne regretfully. "And I never knew you had him; and it's your last night!"

"You've read most of his books, I dare say."

"Not one. I told you my literary acquaintances are all between the covers of Chambers's Cyclopædia."

"And in vain Smith's bookstall library spreads its snares——"

"Before country governesses," said Miss Browne quietly; but Major Bligh was half-way across the room.

"You shall not be able to say to-morrow that you have never met the revealer of the East," he said smiling, a minute later, as he laid a red-covered volume in her lap. "You shall read to-night while we have our rubber—oh, I forgot, Mrs. Bonner, we can't have our rubber, with Mrs. Gilbert gone and Miss Browne a non-combatant. Great mistake, Miss Browne, not to play whist."

"I think so too," said Mrs. Bonner crossly, "I made my girls learn."

"I was never taught," Miss Browne said, her eyes devouring the heart of "A Second-rate Woman," while her cup of tea cooled overmuch unheeded.

"I'll tell you what," said the Major, "as we can't have cards I'll read aloud, if you'd like it; and as it's my last night you can criticise me when I'm gone."

"It will be delightful," murmured Mrs. Bonner, secretly resolving to have a headache and go to bed after dinner. She hated being read to rather more than reading to herself. And there was that stupid Miss Browne trying her eyes in the twilight, and the maid coming in a minute for the tray. She should not tell her to bring lights on Miss Browne's account.

So that young lady had reluctantly to close her book and, leaning back with her knitting, which she could do in the dark, hearken to the complaints of Mrs. Bonner—happy at having a fresh listener in the Major—about the iniquities of her two sons-in-law, who, according to her description,

were the most unsatisfactory spouses that Fate had ever bestowed upon two deserving females.

Melancholy is infectious. The Major, wooed by some breath of fellow-feeling, which was fanned by the sighing winds and beating rain, slipped unawares from the receptive mood into one of reciprocity. Miss Browne's knitting dropped into her lap as she listened surprised to his half-cynical, half-sorrowful admissions. He had known disappointment too; through a child, an only son. He often thought it was not worth bringing one into the world. His boy—oh, well enough, as boys go—but when he returned from India the lad was estranged somehow, shy and incommunicative. He had to resign himself to their being strangers, like others, thankful he kept straight and had decent abilities. But then he married—had been secretly engaged all along, from before his father's return. The Major's voice grew cold, and he finished abruptly. Miss Browne thought he was sorry for what he had been drawn to reveal, but with the lamps they all forgot their depression, and Mr. Bonner brought in *Punch*, which had just been left at the door, and revived their spirits.

Mrs. Bonner duly went to bed however, remembering her headache. Her husband professing himself an excellent listener, the Major, after dinner, was easily persuaded by Miss Browne to fulfil his promise, and two at least settled down well pleased.

"To think neither of you know Kipling!" again exclaimed the Major as he turned the leaves of his volume lovingly and hunted for a suitable tale to begin with. "He's not exactly milk for babes, you know," he said, hesitating at one or two pages, with a smile under his moustache and a doubtful glance at Mr. Bonner, who was solemnly awaiting the reading. "I think," said the Major, with another glance that took in Miss Browne, "I'll read you 'Baa-baa, Black Sheep.' It's new to us all, and will suit Miss Browne, who loves children."

It was a pleasure to Major Bligh to anticipate hers. He put his glasses straight, moved the lamp a little nearer, coughed, and began genially the story of poor little Punch and Judy, looking up occasionally to see if Miss Browne still was interested. But presently, just where the dots came, he ceased looking up, and read straight on. It was a little unexpected, this mood of his favourite author.

"*They were standing over the cots in the*

nursery late at night, and I think that mamma was crying softly," read the Major in a queer voice. Miss Browne's heart began to beat rather quickly. Mr. Bonner sat stolidly attentive.

The Major stopped and turned up the lamp. Then he went on—

"*The Ayah . . . put up a prayer that the mem sahib might never find the love of her children*"—here something went wrong in the Major's throat, but he got it down—"taken away from her and given to a stranger."

Mr. Bonner looked up in surprise, but concluding that the Major, for rhetorical purposes was "pulling out the stops," shut his eyes again. Miss Browne's little foot beat an agitated tattoo on the hearthrug. She had felt like that once in her life before, when some lime-light threatened to go wrong—and the next few pages did not reassure her. She knew the Major would never get through his ordeal creditably.

"*They roused Punch and Judy in the chill dawn of a February morning—to say good-bye*"—he faltered presently—"and of all people in the wide earth, to papa and mamma—both cr—crying."

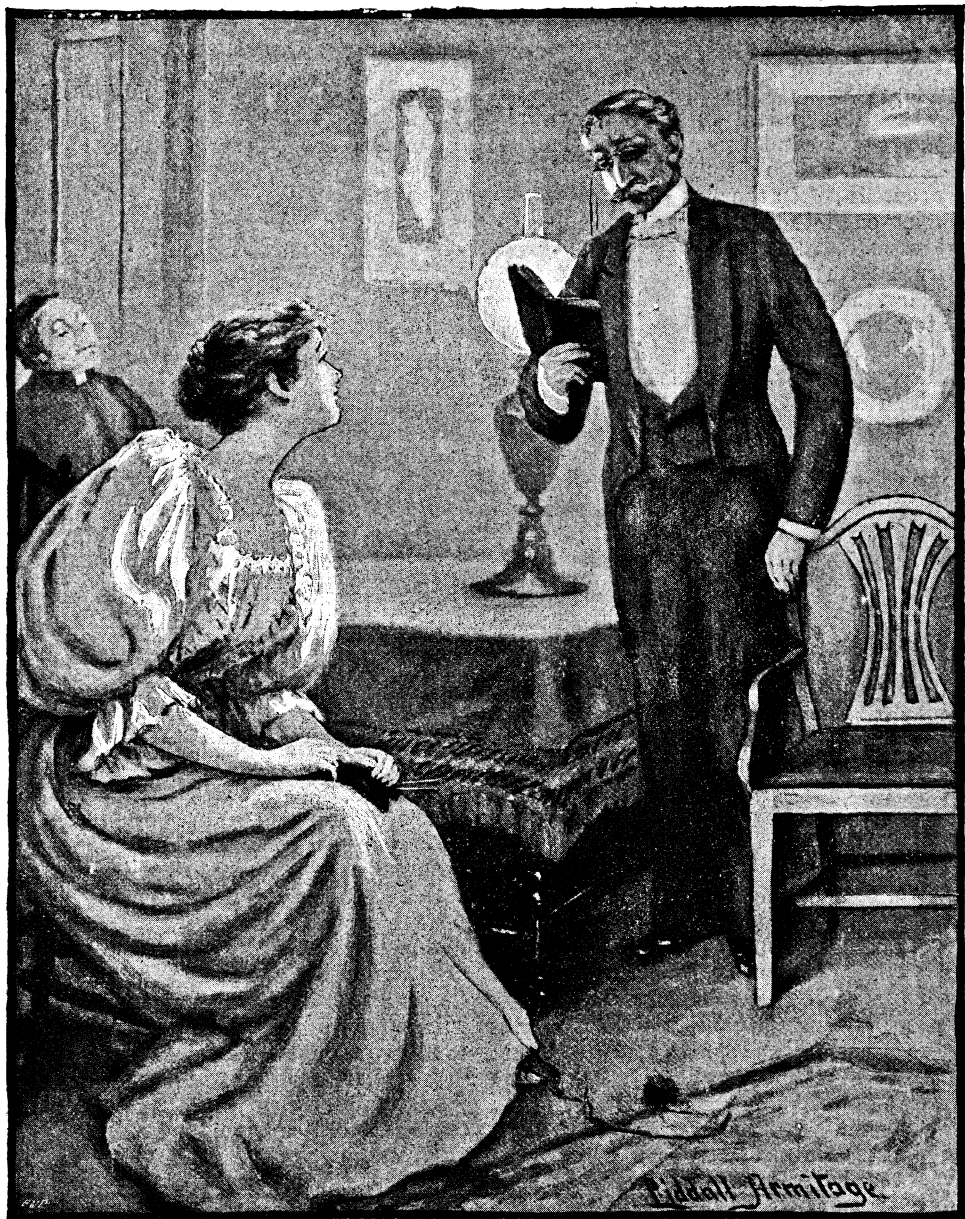
"I'm positively ashamed of myself," said the Major, addressing the hearthrug. He turned over a page or two, and then, as if reassured, began again briskly.

"*Punch was very sleepy, and Judy was cross. 'Don't forget us,' pleaded mamma. 'Oh, my little son, don't forget.'*"

It was of no use. The book fell crashing among the light articles on the table as the last syllable was pronounced, in a tone more like the howl of a wounded animal than the pathetically-modulated one of a cultivated reader. The Major sank into a heap of middle-aged misery, all his jauntiness, his well-set-up martial carriage gone in an instant, his shoulders heaving, his face hidden from the two, nervously conscious of his approaching shame.

"O God!" he groaned. "My boy, my little boy, whose love was all mine!" And then he looked up in a bewildered way, and there was an awful silence.

Mr. Bonner breathed heavily into the fireplace and offered no help. It was left for Miss Browne to relieve the strain of the situation, and she did it in the best possible way—she began to cry herself. And as she cried it seemed to her that every possible passion-chord was faint compared to this whose pulsation she was feeling in imagination. What was the tragedy that comes in



"He put his glasses straight, moved the lamp a little nearer, coughed, and began."

the wake of the world-illusion—the agony of love stricken, the anguish of love which never found its earthly close—compared to this hard, biting, aged grief? She cried for Punch and Judy's parents, and for the Major, and for all Anglo-Indians who ever were born, and then, as she began to feel better, she sobbed on because she guessed that with every outburst the man's humiliation was lessening. A woman can do the same thing for half-a-dozen different reasons, so that was nothing. But it helped the Major over an awkward episode, and he was grateful. He even picked up the book.

"Oh, don't finish it!" cried Miss Browne, as if she believed he could and would return to his Kipling. "I can't bear it; it's too real!"

"I've made a confounded ass of myself," muttered the Major. "Don't speak of my going on with it."

Mr. Bonner moved his rheumatic leg un-easily, and kicked over the fire-irons.

"A man's no business to write like that," he said resentfully; "it isn't the fair thing." And then coffee came in.

The next day the Major left, but he did not take his red-covered book with him. Miss Browne was enlarging her acquaintance with modern literature when a letter arrived for her, post-marked London, in a masculine hand. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Miss Browne,—I am old enough to be your father, and perhaps you may resent what I am about to say to you. Yet after what passed the night before I left Beech Hulme, I venture to believe you are far too gentle to do that. I have thought about you very often since, and the picture of you in your sweet sympathy always consoles me when I remember what a fool I made of myself that night. My dear, you are not so very young, although I am so much older. Will it hurt you to remind you of your helplessness and the loneliness of future years unless you marry? of the great loss to your womanhood in not sharing in the experiences of the race? I only do so as an apology for my audacity. Even I might be better than none. And I should like to stand between you and that world,

which treats you none too well, with the years remaining to me, and to provide for those which must come after. There is (in further apology) only this one way for a man to shield the woman he cares for. I do care for you, very much indeed, and it will make me very happy if you will say yes."

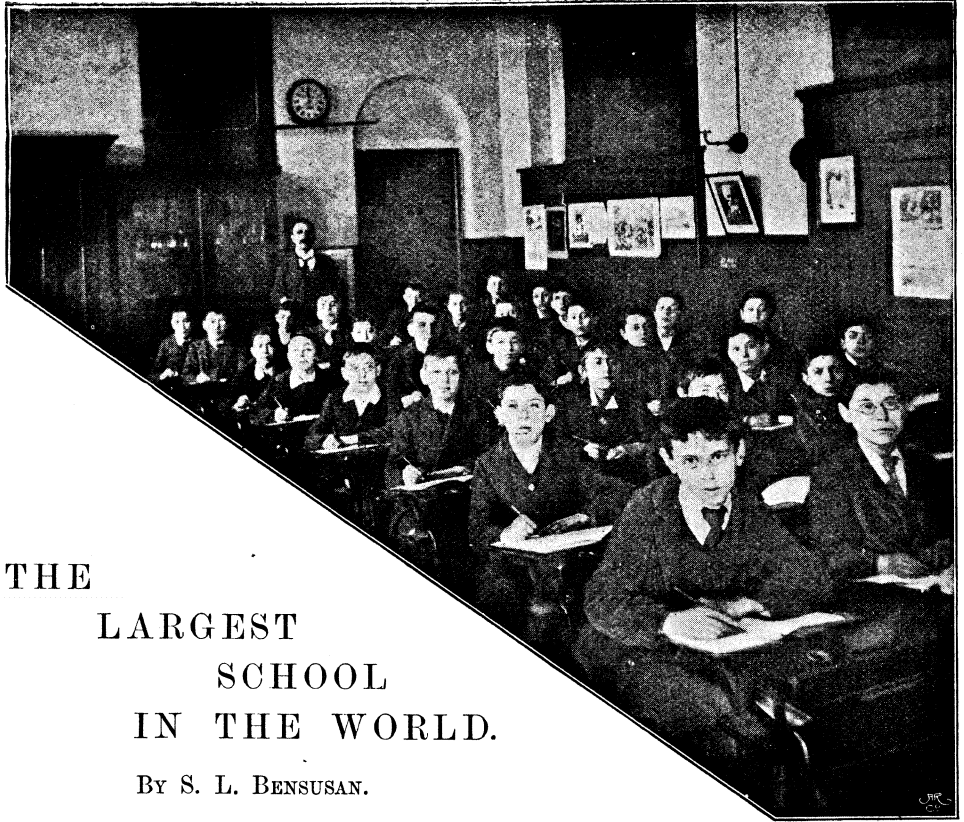
Miss Browne's reply took her a week to write—her last week at Beech Hulme. But the answer was not "yes."

"You are very good, and kind and generous," she wrote, "and for an hour or so I was strongly tempted." (It was really three days and nights; but she thought she spoke the truth.) "Then I saw how wrong it would be. I don't mean wrong from a moral or religious standpoint, but from that of my own individuality. As you say, I've got loneliness to face in the future, but I've grown used to it; it is a part of me, I think. And it may seem strange to you, but that evening which broke down the barrier between us two—you who have lived and me who have never done so—frightened me at the sight of what life really is. I have made it tolerable to myself by a sort of instinct—living in dreamland—and now I'm afraid of emotions. I'd rather not 'share in the experiences of the race,' except through imagination. Do not think me ungrateful—it is only that I am cowardly."

"Which plainly shows," reflected the Major as he carefully put back the letter into its envelope, "that the Time-Spirit has ways of getting at people whose reading is circumscribed by Chambers's Cyclopædia. Whoever could have supposed Miss Browne an advanced woman? She doesn't suspect it herself, of that I'm certain."

He took out the letter again, looked ruefully at the prim signature, and sighed. And then he saw on the table with the remains of his post a pamphlet of no very inviting appearance to the uninitiated in circulars.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, putting down the letter, and snatching up what his practised eye recognised as a catalogue of second-hand books. He hastily tore off the wrapper and ran a quick finger down the first page. "I hope I shall find that Elzevir this time," he said aloud.



THE LARGEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated with special Photographs by A. B. HUGHES.

THE SEVENTH STANDARD
AT WORK.



THE Jews' Free School, situated in Bell Lane, Spitalfields, comfortably accommodates more than 3500 children, and if any larger school exists it must be in some undiscovered country

whose civilisation has escaped European notice. Circumstances that make the Free School one of the most interesting institutions in London have little to do with its mere size. The difficulties and interests of working lie in the surroundings of the pupils. More than ninety-five per cent. of the children attending the school are the sons and daughters of foreign refugees, ignorant of their own names, poverty-stricken, scarcely robust, and so accustomed to ill-usage in the lands of their birth that they cannot at first understand kindness. The task of raising such helpless ones from a condition of ignorance, training them to adopt English methods of thought and life, and freeing them from superstition, while preserving and cultivating religious belief, is one of such magnitude that neither masters nor com-

mittee can for one moment cease from their labours.

To find the date of establishment one has to look back nearly eighty years, for the school started on a very small scale in the year 1817. It spread gradually, and to meet the growing demands additional rooms were built and various structural alterations made. However, each decade found the work of its predecessor insufficient. Additions, thought stupendous in 1840, would be laughed at in 1850, and the extent of improvements may be gathered from the fact that during the past fifty years more than £100,000 has been spent, and there is plenty of work now waiting for additional funds. At the present moment there are forty-four class-rooms for boys and twenty-seven for girls. These are lofty, well-lighted and well-ventilated rooms, their accommodation powers varying from forty to seventy pupils. There is also a large hall on the ground floor with class-rooms all round. As it stands the hall can hold about 400 people, but its uses are not all scholastic. On the occasion of great Jewish holidays it serves as

a synagogue for the poor, and then the partitions are taken down from the ground floor schoolrooms and the seating accommodation is doubled. The hall is also largely used for social and communal purposes, and is of great value in the crowded neighbourhood of Spitalfields.

The Free School receives from endowments about £3000 a year, Government and fee grants contribute about £5000, and subscriptions, donations, and special annuities supply the rest of the annual expenditure, which may be roughly set down at £12,000. The normal attendance is ninety-six per cent., an average considerably higher than that of the Board schools, and the latest Government grant is £1 1s. 2d., as against the average 18s. 3d. of the voluntary schools. These figures speak eloquently for the management.

The head-master of the Free School is Mr. Moses Angel, whose vigilance, care and energy make it difficult to realise that he is already in his eightieth year. He is still in attendance every morning before the school opens, arriving from his home in the west end of the town at half-past eight, summer and winter alike. "Practice is better than precept," he says when friends suggest that this devotion to duty is excessive. He has been head-master for more than fifty-six years, has personally trained all the masters under him, and all the leading provincial Jewish schools are under the direction of his pupils. The times have found him moving, able to understand and ready to appreciate the need for alterations and modifications of original schemes. The great East-End problem has to all intents and purposes sprung into existence during his consulship, and to him and

his able vice-master, Mr. L. B. Abrahams, must be placed the credit of conquering an enormous difficulty. The poor foreign Jews are not like refugees of other nationalities; they have an intellect

deciding factor, and a *sine qua non* is that such training should be practical, firm and sympathetic, and that it should impart in a



MR. MOSES ANGEL.
(Head-master of the Jews' Free School.)

few years such a groundwork of common sense and high principle as will enable the recipient to pass unscathed through the temptations and drudgery of the existence awaiting him. The religious element is no small matter and has not been overlooked. An hour and a half is daily devoted to Hebrew and religion, with effects only possible among the Jews, who take the keenest delight in religious observance and are unwearied searchers in the labyrinth of biblical commentary, where they learn to argue and become experts. The Government inspectors make no allowance for the time allotted to religious teaching, or for the time taken in teaching the children to speak English. They apply the same judgment rules to the Jews' Free School as to any other school under their direction, and their annual reports, from the time when Matthew Arnold made the first inspection in 1853, have been uniformly good, the excellence of arithmetic among the pupils being described in a recent report as "phenomenal."



From a photo by]

[Vandyke.

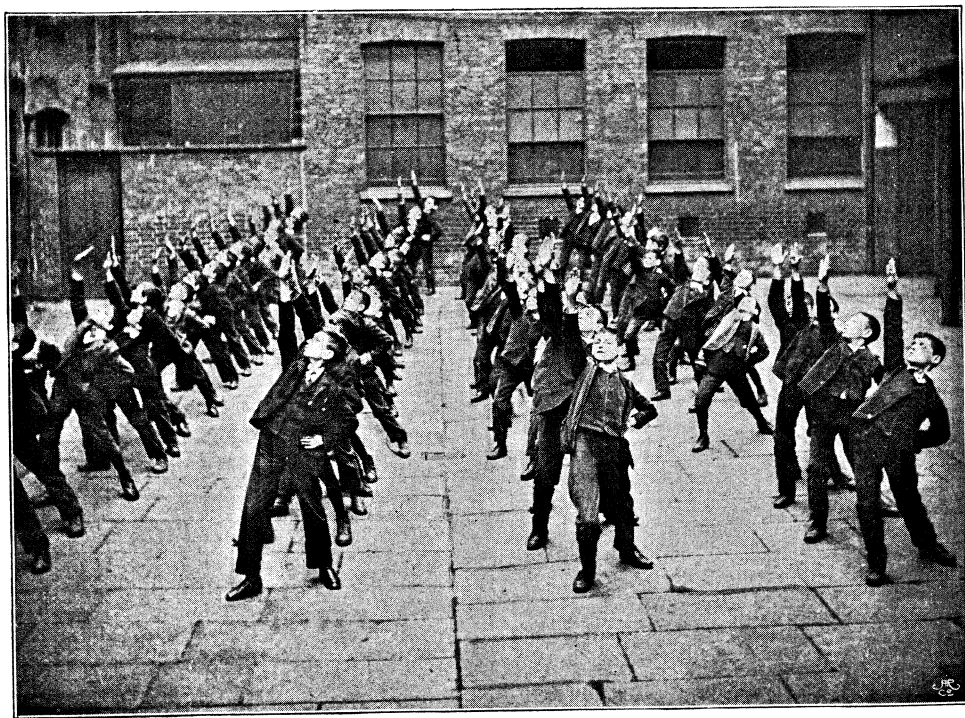
MR. L. B. ABRAHAM, B.A.
(Vice-master of the Jews' Free School.)

which may rise to great achievement and become a blessing, or degenerate into cunning and become a curse. Training is the

The best way to obtain an idea of the working of so vast an undertaking is to visit the place on a working day. From a visit, and the courteous assistance of Mr. Angel and Mr. Abrahams, such facts as follow have been gathered and such theories as are suggested have been conceived.

Jewish refugees divide certain East-End slums with the very poor Irish. They come for the most part from Russia, Poland and Germany; they know no other language than Yiddish. For them papers are printed and notices posted in that mongrel language. They seldom or never use their surnames,

This initial difficulty is but a small one compared with some that follow. The children must be freed from the condition of terror in which they first come to school, a condition evident as soon as a boy is called before a master, when he leaves his place in class, turns white and trembles perceptibly. Then come the letters of the alphabet and a few simple words, and here again a fresh difficulty presents itself. As before mentioned these children get no domestic vocabulary and probably cannot even practise English in their homes, where Yiddish reigns supreme. It is fortunate



DRILLING IN THE OPEN AIR.

being content with the Hebrew, that only takes first names into account. Thus some Polish edition of John Smith, son of Tom Smith, would be called in the Hebrew John the son of Tom, and Smith would be ignored. Consequently when the ignorant children come to school for the first time they give their names in Hebrew method, and many a boy whose real name is an offensive compound of gutturals will call himself Abraham son of Isaac or Moses the son of Jacob, which is picturesque in its way but might lead to confusion where more than 2000 boys are concerned.

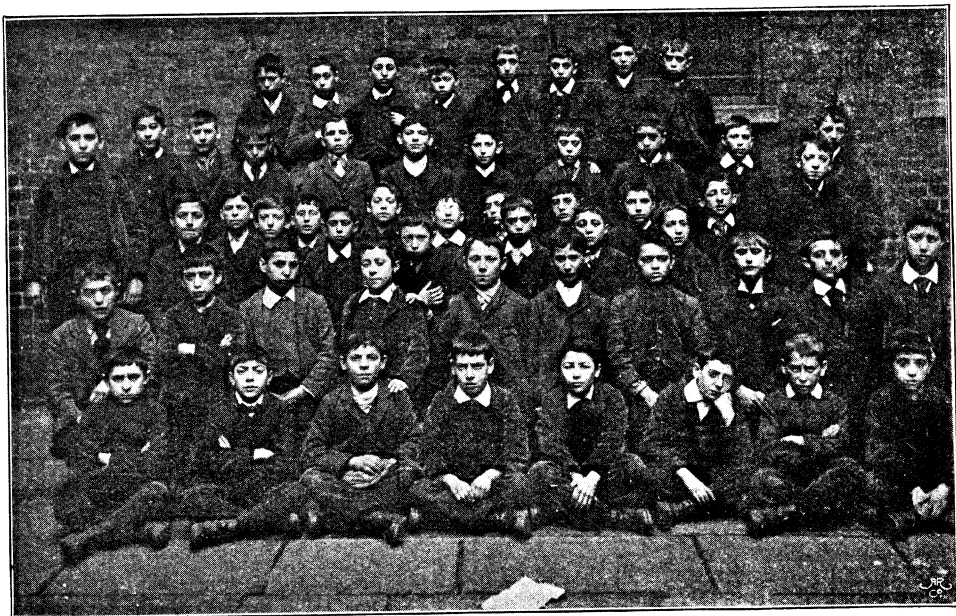
that the children love their school life and work very diligently, or progress would be very slow. When reading and writing are on the way to be mastered, drawing is commenced, and here the wisdom of those responsible for the curriculum becomes apparent. Jews are notoriously deficient in manual dexterity—the brilliant exceptions go to prove the rule. Their faculties are critical rather than creative, and have been developed in accordance with this condition. At the Free School a system of thorough training of mind and body alike bids fair to arrest one-sided development in the rising generation.

No visitor can go over the school in Bell Lane without being impressed by the constant evidence of care and attention bestowed by all concerned in its management.

A separate staircase leads to every set of class-rooms, so that in case of fire or panic exit would be easy. The School Board regulations recommend the cleaning of Board schools at least once in three weeks; here the place is swept twice a day and scrubbed throughout twice a week. Disinfectants are used lavishly, and as the result of this care the school has never been closed on account of an infectious disease. Considering that the 3500 pupils are, with very few exceptions, living in the slums, this is a

nearly ten times the number of inmates, must give satisfaction without any help in case of need or allowance in case of failure. Unless pupils and masters had the same enthusiasm, unless the *entente cordiale* between them were maintained, the success of the school would become a thing of the past; the vast institution would fall by reason of its own weight.

It must not be imagined that all the poor Jewish children find admission within the portals of the building in Bell Lane. Although "first come first served" is the rule, there are hundreds clamouring for admission, and the sight on a day when vacancies are filled is one not easily forgotten. Crowds of



A GROUP OF SEVENTH STANDARD BOYS.

praiseworthy record. In the very smallest matters this scrupulous care is observed. In how many middle-class schools where slates are used are a sponge and water provided to clean them? A simpler and dirty method is tolerated in many places. A trifle in its way, certainly, but trifles are responsible for much that is good or evil in the working of a big institution. And in connection with the arrangements of the Jews' Free School, it must be remembered that in common with other voluntary schools, it has to satisfy her Majesty's inspectors without receiving any advice from them. A Board school with its 400 pupils is advised on many important matters by Board experts. This place, with

anxious parents with equally excited children fill every available place in the street, besiege every entrance until the regular pupils find it impossible to get in. Formerly some of the weakest were actually trodden under foot in the rush for educational advantages, and nowadays the assistance of the police is invoked to keep the crowd in order. Entrance being effected, the pupil remains until he is thirteen or fourteen, by which time he has probably reached the seventh standard. Then the spectre of parental poverty steps in between him and the higher education, and he is left to shape his own future in new surroundings. Herein lies much danger. The boy has been trained until his brain is

capable of receiving impressions that will last through life. In this condition the inevitable destiny forces him away from the place where he would be well advised and where his development would be carefully watched. He passes from school to the world, from supervision to independence, from carefully selected literature to the fascinating doctrines of socialistic and revolutionary organs of thought. He is not yet old enough to weigh such literature in the balance of judgment, and to affirm or reject it in sober mind, and therefore the early years of his career are attended by a grave danger. That the great majority survive the danger is apparently due to the vast amount of religious observance that occupies the hours snatched from work and sleep. This condition of things is not noticed in ordinary Board schools because the mental standard is lower.

From the crowd of children turned out year by year in the Bell Lane school there can be little doubt but that a course of higher education would yield to society many men whose labours would benefit humanity. Unfortunately there is a grim necessity about the need for paying work, and it is only the sudden ascent of a great mind, whose working nothing can repress, that the hidden possibilities of the place become apparent. At the present moment teaching is the only refuge from the routine of mechanical work open to the pupils, and this opening results from the fact that the school trains its masters from among the pupils, and thereby secures in every case the knowledge and sympathy born from long connection with the surroundings.

The method of training is very simple, but

could scarcely be improved upon. When a boy, who has shown a marked disposition to be a teacher, has completed his own work he is allowed two years' probationary trial. This term is sufficiently long to remove all half-hearted aspirants and find out others who, having the will, lack the ability. The survivors are articleed for four years, during which time they prepare for the Government examinations and prepare to become graduates of London University. They also receive Hebrew instruction from the head-master and other well qualified professors, and take certain Government examinations to be appointed Queen's scholars. Thus the fully qualified

teacher at the Jews' Free School has himself been a pupil and sat in the place of those he now teaches. He brings to his work the initial sympathy resulting from long association, a thoroughly practical knowledge of the pupils' requirements, and a well-balanced mind for consideration of matters that another man would find impossible to settle.



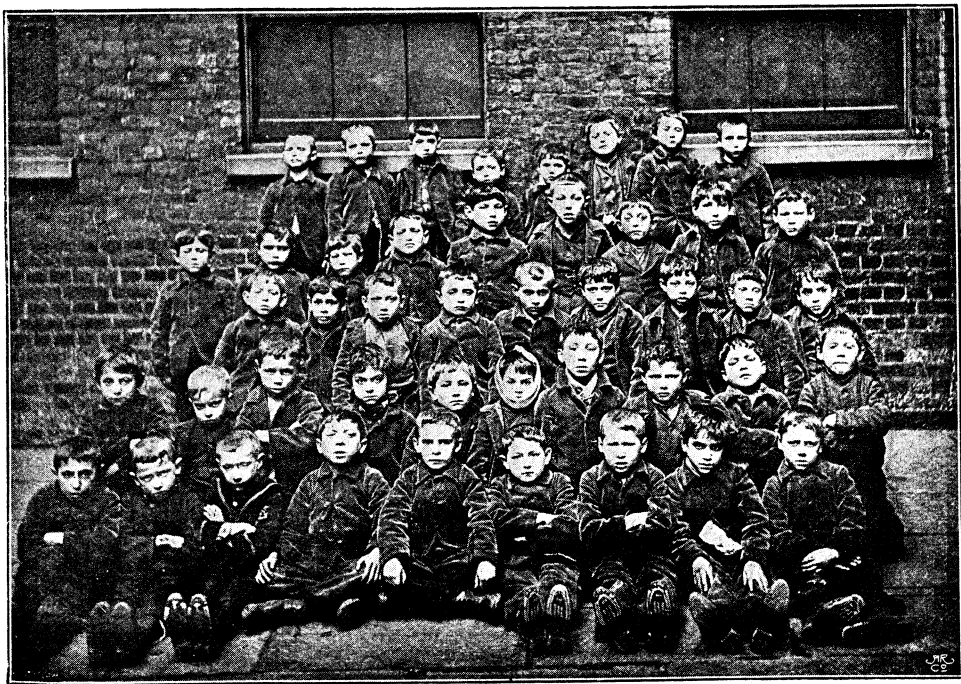
THE COOKERY CLASS.

Although there are thirty-five certificated teachers on the boys' side and twenty-five certificated governesses for the girls, these numbers do not exhaust the resources of the school or the percentage of pupils turned teachers. Many of the London, provincial and colonial Jewish schools have their masterships mainly recruited from the Jews' Free School, and it can be easily seen that such teachers with a mass of useful experience are very valuable all the world over.

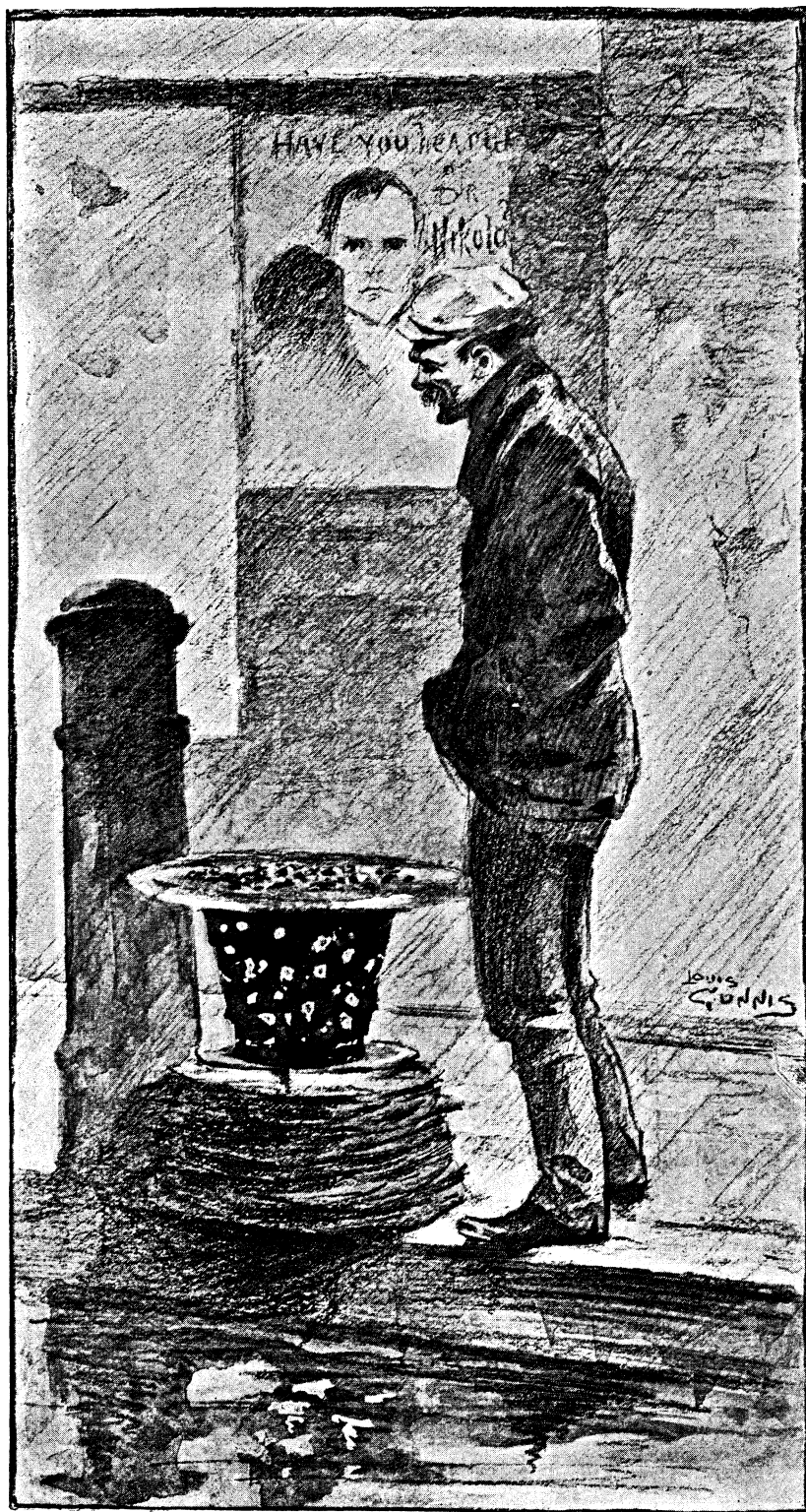
It is impossible within the limits of a single article to deal adequately with so large a subject. Lack of space forbids anything

more than mention of the girls' side, where 1300 children are trained under the direction of Miss Lipman and her able assistants, where they are taught, besides ordinary school subjects, sewing, cooking, and other useful aids to their particular struggle for life. No detailed mention can be made of the various types of children, of their physical development and recreations. But it is only necessary to consider that the output of finished pupils is large, and that the numbers in the school do not diminish; to remember that the Jews' Free School has been established for nearly eighty years, and has

moulded the social as well as the school life of most of its pupils, and the most careless thinker must recognise the institution's paramount power for good or evil, and, as a citizen, be glad to think that the power has been so excellently used, and that the results have been so satisfactory, not only to pupils and masters, but to the State itself. The East-End Jews are models of law-abiding workers; crime among them is rare, temperance flourishes, the domestic virtues are nowhere more strictly honoured. May not the Jews' Free School fairly claim some credit for this state of things?



NEW BOYS, ALL FOREIGNERS, IN THE PREPARATORY CLASS.



"ALL HOT!"



"THE ANCIENT MARINER."
(A sketch in the Mile End Road.)

THE VAGABONDS' MUSEUM.

BY T. ARTEMUS JONES.

Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.



WHILST most people are aware of the Museum of Criminal Curiosities at Scotland Yard, very few, indeed, have heard of the no less extraordinary collection of beggars' stock-in-trade exhibited by the London Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, which was founded somewhere about the year 1815.

Yet along the walls of its premises in Fisher Street, Red Lion Square, you may see some wonderful pictorial and literary appeals of the professional beggar to the benevolent.

Through all the productions, however, runs a strong family likeness, indicating that they are the outcome of the same artists and the same establishment. Somewhere in London there is a studio, indeed, where these things are manufactured, but its exact locality has so far escaped detection, even of the four officers employed by the society I have named.

It was the great Duke of Wellington himself who first grappled with the difficulty of suppressing the professional beggar. Following the close of the great war a great mass

of poverty prevailed in London, and the Iron Duke was doubtless prompted to embark upon a career of society-promoting by the ingenuity displayed by the professional beggar in misdirecting charity. With the assistance of others of the nobility who were benevolently disposed he soon succeeded in establishing the organization, the London Mendicity Society; and no one who has seen even the least important aspect of its work since that time can doubt that it has justified its existence.

For no less than 67,000 street beggars have been apprehended by the officers of the society—who, being sworn in as constables, still retain the power of arresting a beggar both in the city and the metropolis—and its collection of begging letters numbers no less than 220,000! Its classification of professional beggars, too, is no trifling contribution to social history.



SHAMMING A FIT.

professors of begging-letter writing ply their obnoxious trade in London at the present time. So active are they in the pursuance of their business, that two officers are kept specially by the society to look after this department of the work.

Day by day subscribers to the society, all of whom are interested in philanthropy, forward to headquarters the begging letters they have received, and the whereabouts of the writers are then ascertained by the two officers. More often than not the communications are traced to a professional source, and when compared continually reveal indications of the same hand.

Many of the letters are models of ingenuity. The custom of this class of impostors is to make a dozen or twenty copies, and to leave these at as many houses, calling in a day or two for the reply. Some practise this art exclusively on naval and military officers, on the strength of the representation that they served in the same regiment. As a rule they present a respectable appearance, and can be seen haunting clubdom. Others again prefer the petition form, which is often very successful.

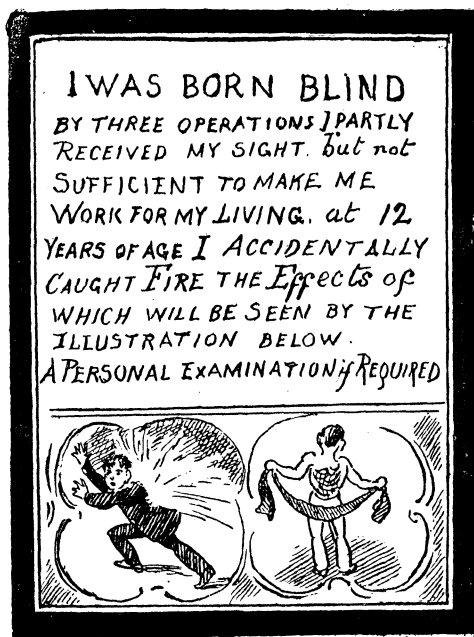
The most numerous type of sham cripples consists of blind men. The blind beggar, his chest covered by a card, holding a small tin cup in one hand and feeling his way with a stick along the pavement, used to be a far more familiar object in the London streets than he is now. As an institution he has



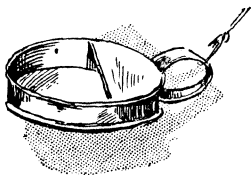
MIRACLE

The significance of this phase of its work may appear small, but its realization is helped by the fact that no less than 500 recognized

been outpaced by more ingenious pretexts, and now he is rarely found in practice except in the suburbs.



His downfall no doubt is due to the ludicrous position in which he found himself when he happened to lose his presence of mind. This always occurred when a roguish butcher boy, passing by, pretended to make a grab at his tin can. With extraordinary suddenness the blind man's sight became restored, and although, according to the card, he had been lame and sightless for many years, he lost no time in pursuing the urchin.



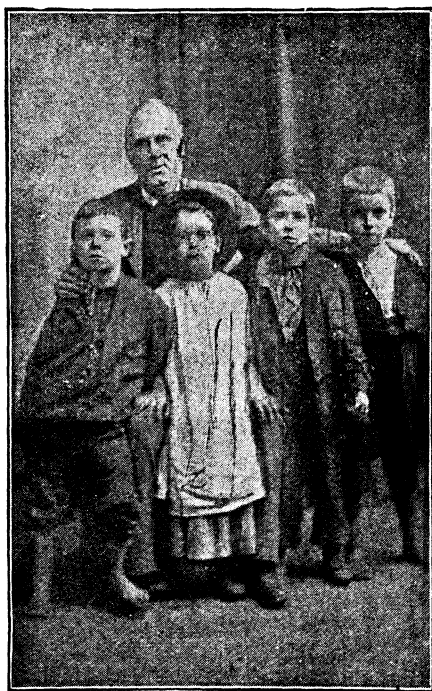
A keeper of one of those common lodging-houses whence nearly all the sham cripples of the metropolis emanate, told me several amusing anecdotes. His house, standing on the south side of Mile End Road, is known as the "scriver's factory." A "scriver" is the artist who produces the cards, and if he succeeds in turning out inscriptions as appeals that catch the fancy of the public, he has little difficulty in living comfortably. If he happens to be very ignorant, or afflicted with a twisted sense of humour, he raises considerable disturbance at the "padden ken" (the beggar's private name for lodging-

house), and brings his clients into the police court as well.

One of these my informant remembered in particular. His card bore the words, "Served under Wellington at the Indian Mutiny," with the addition that the sham soldier was also present "at the deadly battle of Singapore." In addition to having one of his legs strapped up and a wooden stump fixed beneath, he bore several medals (manufactured, with other things, at the factory), and was soon surrounded by a roaring crowd.

On the very same day another unfortunate vagabond went out, and took up a position in Cheapside, his card bearing the words, "Sixty-three years of age. Blinded at Waterloo." The jeers of the crowd that soon gathered restored his sight instantaneously. These incidents explained the "rumpus," as the keeper termed it, that disturbed the peace of his household the same night.

The most disagreeable, if ingenious, of all devices is perhaps pursued by the fainting-fit artist. In the thick of the throng that moves along the Strand or Holborn he suddenly



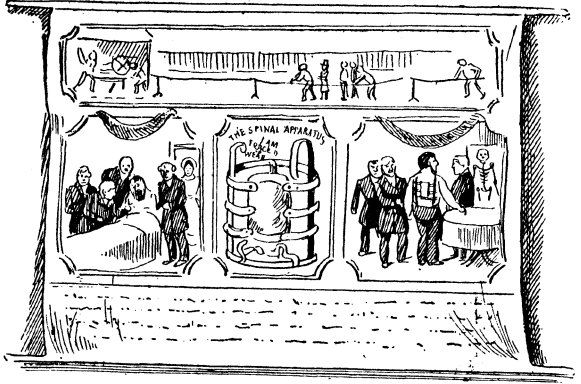
RESCUED FROM CRIME.

(A London Mendicity Society officer and his charges.)

falls down on the pavement, foaming at the mouth. It may be that the froth is produced by a small piece of soap which he chews; but the distress it is supposed to indicate has

its effect on the sympathy of the crowd. A benevolent by-stander fetches a dose of brandy, and this kindness is followed by several shillings and coppers that are thrown at him. As often as not a cab is called to convey him to the hospital, but the brandy has brought him round, and he moves painfully away—to re-enact the part in another spot.

But the most interesting curiosities gathered together by the Society are the poetical and pictorial productions of the professional beggar. An hour spent in the gallery on the third floor of the Society's buildings steels the tenderest heart against the supplications of the distressed and suffering. The first feature of the gallery which catches the observant eye is the recurrence of the same themes,



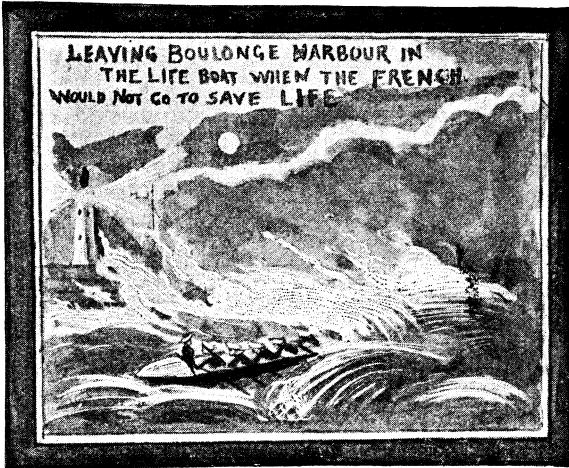
the favourite dodge for evoking sympathy and coins. In the accompanying illustration the man professes to be a sailor, and the picture depicts his own bravery. It is divided

into six compartments; the first of the series represents Boulogne Harbour in a terrific storm, in which the French lifeboats were unwilling to venture out. Help, of course, came from the Jack Tar; and he, according to his own account, received injuries of a nature that necessitated his going under chloroform for having his tongue cut out. In this scene the operation is being performed by three or four white-haired, round-faced doctors, whilst a ring of medical students stand round in open-mouthed wonder.

This man piled up the agony by exhibiting with the picture a glass bottle containing an animal substance which he designated as the missing organ. Investigation proved that the tongue was a sheep's, and a magisterial censor of pictorial art sent the melodramatist into prison. Of this picture there are about eight copies.

Strait-waistcoats are usually associated with a lunatic asylum; but the Society has brought them into connection with other places of incarceration and correction. There are three sets of crudely-painted oils on canvas, representing a direful calamity which necessitates the man wearing a kind of strait-waistcoat. The patient is depicted lying on a hospital bed, surrounded by doctors. The explanation, in which the spelling and the punctuation surpass the art of the picture, states:—

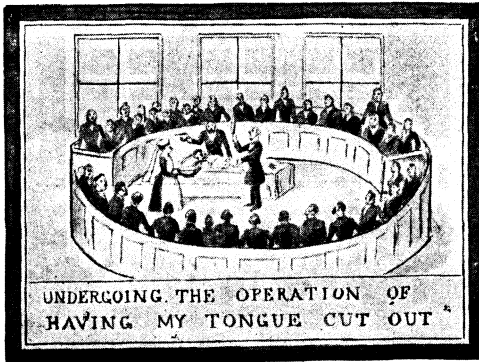
KIND FRIENDS. I HAVE MET WITH A ACCIDENT THAT HAS SO SVERELY INJURED SPINE OF MY BACK THAT I AM UNABLE TO KEEP MY BACK STRAIGHT WITHOUT THE HELP OF A APPARATTUS.



THE PATRIOTIC TRICK.

represented by half-a-dozen replicas, which were found, of course, on different persons.

Loss of the human tongue appears to be

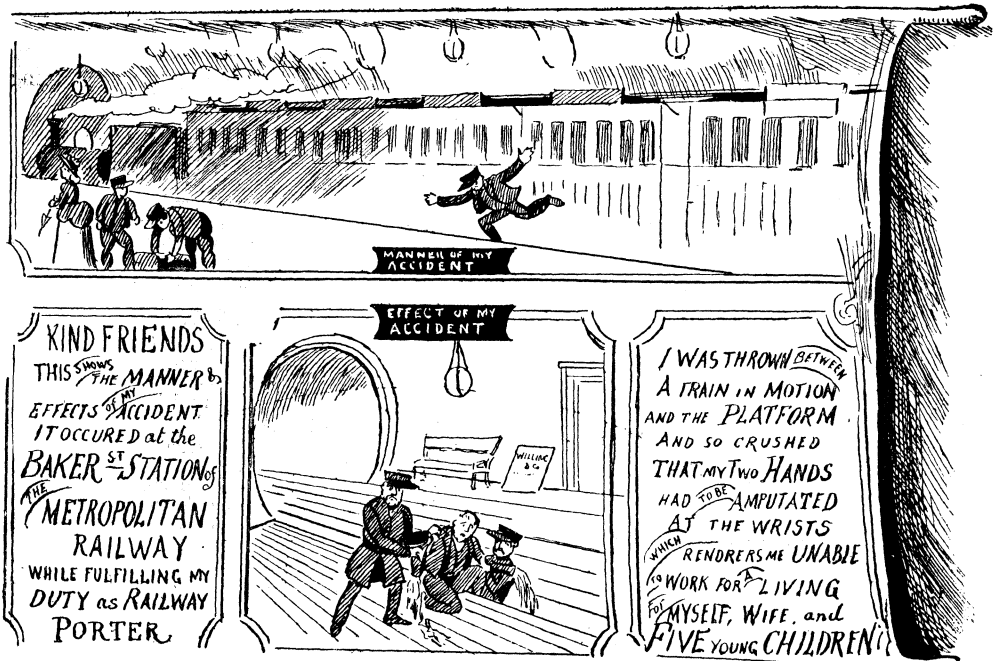


Close behind this artistic production stands the highly elaborate sketch reproduced beneath. It pictures a train rapidly moving through Baker Street Station whilst a porter (the beggar of course) is falling 'twixt the train and the platform. The next scene shows the mangled body with a lavish use of scarlet paint for the streaming blood, and the sympathy of the charitable is evoked for a man who would certainly have been pensioned by the company had he ever been in their service.

The huge canvas sketched on the next page purports to be quite a pictorial biography of a Manchester factory hand in twelve scenes.

process of being cut by machinery; the third sees him on his way to the hospital to the vividly manifested grief of many bystanders; in the next he is lying on a table and in the hands of the surgeons, whilst hundreds of students, dressed like workhouse boys, stand round in a circle. The doctor holds a great knife, and seems cutting the man into steaks. Most touching and heart-rending appears the whole scene. But the sentiment turns the other way when you learn that the "victim" was an able-bodied man, who probably bought it in a lodging-house for a few shillings.

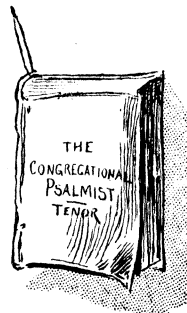
Pictorial falsehoods, however, do not ex-



The first scene reveals the customary happiness of the domestic hearth. From this high moral level, however, the taste of the artist descended rapidly, for in the remaining scenes he plunges into all the horrors of boiler explosions, hospitals, operations, and lameness. Only two copies of this adorn the walls of the gallery in Red Lion Square.

Similar in design is the picture which hangs next to these. Six apartments show a feature of the accident to which the beggar who was arrested with it alleged he had been a victim. In the morning you see him going to work, his children clinging to him and his wife hanging about his neck. In the next compartment he is undergoing the

haunt the beggars' stock-in-trade. Opposite is sketched a "Congregational Hymn Book," found in the possession of one street rogue. It is possible the reader may have seen him stand outside a church porch, obviously too ashamed of his ragged appearance to go inside. The kind-hearted worshipper notices the poor man, and probably drops a coin into the hat held out to him. If he opened the hymn-book he would find between the cases simply a worn-out



directory with the marked addresses of those who habitually give to beggars.

For genuine amusement nothing beats the "poetry" turned out of the "Dispensary," as the lodging-house where such documents are composed is called. When the professional beggar ventures on the thin ice of literary composition his reputation suffers, for coherency, not to speak of prosody, is thrown to the winds.

There are numerous copies, painted in white letters on chocolate coloured card-boards, of the following effusion. It is headed—

THE QUARRELS OF A MASTER

AND HIS APPRENTICE ABRAHAM.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Being the Life of Myself.

When I was sixteen years of age,
The Thoughts now often wrack my brain,
When I started from Old England
To Fight for The Queen of Spain.
Young and foolish I thought of martial glory.
And Nobly He (*sic*) advanced
Mounted On a noble steed.
And took in my hand a lover,
To Wander from my Native shore
In A Foreign Land Afar.

I have been shot through the neck fifty years.
Sad is now my lot.
At the age of three score years and ten
No pension have I got.

After two years of War
At the Docks I met my dear mother.
Tears down her cheeks did run.
I said, Who are you in black for, Mother
She says, For you My Prodigal Son.
Wounded on the 16th March, 1836.
At Abnant in Spain,
By Trade a Poetry-maker.
Aged 74, January 1889.

Less heroic in tone, perhaps, but equally interesting is the following :—

Three and thirty years I worked at my trade.

By the blessing of God here I am.

On the day I saw my wife lay dead,

Going to the Infirmary I fell off a tram.

My father nor mother never saw railways or steam,

But the glimmer of oil-lamps,

Stage coaches and old waggon team ;

But if they were on earth, instead of above,

They would think many parts was altered

And the world turned upside down.

Lastly comes the poet of sweet rusticity, although he penned the poem in a London lodging-house :—

"KENSINGTON GARDENS."

One day I was walking in Kensington Gardens

When I felt sad and forlorn

I said, "In that cottage, on that hill,

My dear old father was born.

When the vagrant's poet gets reminiscent he writes very mixed verses. The following is an example :—

"THE THINGS OF THE PAST."

I am no writer of novels or fiction, but the Truth

Encourage the cordwaining Bard

And to amuse you he will try,

And tell you a little of times gone by.

He's afflicted as you see with the double-T.

And this is all from the brains of 73.

I have seen the old oil-painting, and I see it still,
When the cowsheds stood at the bottom of the hill.

My father and His sister Alice

Milk and cows supplied to the Palace.

In that picture I have seen one-armed Jack

Fixed to an old oak stump—

I don't know whether they used him—

I mean the old pump.

My father has heard the bugle sound from the barracks

And the Huntsman's horn.

Near the Palace were our garden and Severn Barracks

Where Queen Victoria was born.

My own writer and publisher.

GOD'S GLOW-WORM.

BY E. H. STRAIN.

(Author of "A Man's Foes.")

Illustrated by RAYMOND POTTER.

"My Star—God's Glow-worm!"

"And it was but a dream; yet it yielded a dear delight
To have looked, though but in a dream, upon eyes so fair."

"You are a different woman altogether from what you were last week," said I to Mrs. Morrison, the wife of the lobster-man in Aberspendie.

She had just given me permission to establish myself and my colour-box on one of the boulder-stone seats at the side of her doorway. She was turning back into the house, but she paused to reply to me—

"I am that, sir," she rejoined. "Praise be to God for all his mercies."

Her manner indicated a certain willingness to talk to me on the subject, but I did not venture to put a direct question. I had not spent five seasons sketching in and around Aberspendie for nothing. I had gained some insight into the finer characteristics of the Scotch peasant, one of the most refined of which is the reserve which his self-respecting delicacy opposes to anything like intrusion upon his inner experiences. Give him time—let him feel your sympathetic interest—and he will take you into his confidence, to your great interest and profit. But anything like curiosity is to him like a touch upon a sensitive plant;

he shrinks immediately into himself, and shows you only his coarser and exterior fibre.

So I confined myself to a few words of



"I confined myself to a few words of sympathy."

sympathy, which, being genuine, were sure to be acceptable. My pretext for lingering where I was has already been indicated; in truth, the scene in front of the lobster-fisher's house was that day one to render a sketch inevitable. The sea spread away to the far horizon in an unbroken sheet of silvery blue, dimpling leisurely into foreground hollows which were momentary lines of indigo; the spurs of rock running straight out from the shore were shaggy with bladder-weed of all tones of olive, shaded off into orange and even lemon; their sunward edges were outlined by a gently changing gleam (which it was one of my ambitions to succeed in transcribing in colour, but Nature's smile of beatific content is not easy to render), and at the entrance of the little harbour below us half a dozen fishing boats had grouped themselves inimitably, in the vain attempt to collect sufficient wind in their lavish spread of sail to take them past the little white lighthouse on the spit at the other side.

"Can you let me have a little table or a stool—anything on which I can lay out my material?" I asked.

"Surely, sir, surely," said she. "I'd ask you in to the window; the view's the verra same as this, ye ken. But the fresh air's a cordial the day; you'll maybe prefer to bide out-by?"

"You're right," I said. "It would be a sinful waste of the mercies to sit indoors on a day like this." And when she had brought me out what I wanted, I continued: "It's the slack time of day, isn't it, Mrs. Morrison? There's another big comfortable stone at the other side of the door, and I'm sure the fresh air is as good for stocking knitting as for drawing. What do you say?"

"I wadna say," she replied, smiling a little. She disappeared however into the house, where presently I heard a clatter of housewifery, which gradually subsided into silence. A little later she reappeared, stocking in hand. She shaded her eyes—not that there was any need for that in the shadow of her house, but habit is imperious—and took a long and meditative survey of the aspect of things in general. Then she transferred her consideration from the view to my transcript of it. I was working full speed, for I had no mind to give the herring boats time to recombine themselves for the worse.

"You're comin' on fine," she at length remarked with judicial discrimination. Mrs. Morrison is indeed no mean art critic,

especially upon representations of subjects with which she is familiar. After this remark she stood by my side, taking silent note of every touch I added to my drawing. The pause bade fair to last until that was finished, as well as the stocking which she was rapidly knitting all the while. But we did not find it embarrassing; we were old friends, Mrs. Morrison and I; and besides, we were both occupied.

She broke silence at last. "You're doin' grand, sir," said she. "You're gettin' the verra simmer feel o't. Ane might think they heard the plash o' the swell in among the seaweed. But ye hae na the peace in your sky—bonnie though it be—that I saw in a sky on Sabbath nicht; na, ye hae na'd, and ye could na hae'd."

"It's difficult, certainly," said I, "to catch the repose of sunset."

"It was na the sunset, sir," said she. "It was just blue sky wi' the sun in it."

"I thought you said on Sunday night," I replied abstractedly.

"And so it was, sir—that's to say, it was on Saiterday nicht, in the mirk o' the Sabbath morning," said she. Her voice had a curious compressed hardness of tone, which I vaguely recognised as denoting mental tension of some sort. But I was absorbed in my work, and I answered absently—

"It must have been in a picture, then."

"I hope sae, sir. I hae reason to think sae; praise the Lord for all His mercies!" said she in the same tone of voice. I drew my eyes away from my subject at last and looked at her. There was a clear sanity in her shining eyes which claimed my whole attention; the aspect of the outward world, lovely as that was, could not compete with their significance. "You're going to tell me about it, I see," said I, risking my question at last.

"I am that, sir, if you care to hearken till't," said she, and she seated herself with composed dignity on the big stone opposite to my own.

"You think you ken what a prood woman I was o' my son Archie," she began slowly. Her wonderful voice indicated every change of emotion, as a violin expresses the changeful meanings of music. "Sir," she presently continued, "ye kent just naething aboot it. The Scriptures tells us 'at 'Mary keepit a' thae things an' ponder't them in her he'r't'; man, Mary was just the same as her neebors in that, excep' in haein a heap mair to keep mind o'. Ye'll no think I mean nae harm, sir, whan I say 'at I wouldna hae



"Ye'll let me gang wi' you, feyther."

changed places wi' Mary hersel' whilst I had ma laddie Archie to think on; fac', I would no.

"You mind, sir, the way 'at a' the neebors—ay, an' a' the neebor gentry forbye—used to say he wad turn oot something by ord'nar'. The minister he used to joke me when he would be leavin' the hoose after his visitations: 'You'll be lookin' forrit to seein' this yin "waggin' his heed in a poopit" some fine day,' he wad say. But Archie he aye said nay to that. Ay, even when the bairns would be playin' at kirks, Archie was never the minister. I used to won'er at it whiles.

"Syne there was the dominie, Maister Melville; he aye threepit 'at it was a man o' science the laddie was gaun to turn oot. 'What did I tell you, Mistress Morrison?' quo' he the day efter the lichthoose affair—ye'll mind the lichthoose business, sir? Na? I thocht it had been afore ye gaed awa' frae the place last year; weel, it maun hae been gey an' sune after that; it was in the latter days o' October. There had been a heap o' stormy weather. I dinna ken whether that had the wyte o't, or whether Tam Chalmers the keeper had done something till't in his cups—ye ken he got his leave ower the head o't. But whatever was the cause the lantern stoppit gaun roond, an' the licht wouldna blink; the tae side o't was clear an' the tither side was dark; an' it was the side oot to sea that was the dark yin.

"Tam Chalmers he cam' ower to this side in a maist extr'or'nar' state o' mind, maist like a man dementit. He borraed the minister's gig to tak' 'im till the toon to send awa' a telegraft message to the Government engineer, but by the time he got back he was waur rayther nor better, for sure enouch the man couldna win here till the train wad bring 'im, an' that couldna be till next day. 'An' the Lord in heevin only kens,' quo' Tam, 'what may be on the rocks by then.' He was fit to tear the hair oot o' his head. He could neither sit nor stan'. He was just like a hen on a het girdle wi' perfec' misery.

"An' the minister he cam' doon here ahint him wi' a very concerned face on him. 'It's a terrible serious maiter, Tam,' quo' he. 'Ye may weel say that, sir,' says Tam, fair distractit. 'I'll gang oot wi' you an' tak' a look at it if ye like,' quo' the minister; 'but I fear it's little good I'll be able to do,' says he, 'for I hae nae skill o' mechanics.' But Tam he lap at the proposition like a cock at a grosart, an' aff they gaed thegither; an' my man Jock he gaed after them

to fess the minister hame, an' Archie he jumps in as his feyther was shovin' aff. 'Ye'll let me gang wi' you, feyther,' says he; and his daddy said 'ou ay.'

"An' the minister he lookit the machinery, but he could mak' naething o't; an' Tam he lookit an' he better lookit, but no a hait could he see 'at was different frae common, till he yokit the groanin' an' the moanin' an' the ruggin' an' rivin' at his hair, he was that sair distressed. An' the minister he says, 'Haud up, man; what guid is a' this rapture gaun to do?' Hoot toot,' says he, 'be a man, Tam, be a man!' But my man Jock he aye suspekkit 'at Tam maun hae had a wee drappie in the toon when he gaed to sen' aff his telegraft message to put 'im in sic a state. He took a look at the machinery like the lave; but losh! he kent naething aboot it ava. What could he do wi't? So they were a' at their wits' end, when my wee Archie he up an' spak'. 'I wuss ye'd let me hae a look at it, Tam,' quo' he. 'Gude keep's! the bairn's gane gyte,' quo' Tam. 'What div ye ken aboot it, laddie?' quo' he.

"Do ye mind last year when they were toshin' her up an' cleanin' at her?' says Archie. 'Do ye no mind 'at feyther was oot here wi' his traps, an' I got oot o' the boat and cam' speelin' up the rocks an' in by? Do ye no mind 'at I was the laddie that stood an' handit the ile an' the tow an' the wee brushes to you an' the ither man?' 'I mind it weel, laddie,' says Tam.

"Aweel,' says Archie, 'do ye no mind me speerin' at yon man what this was for an' what that was for? He tell't me a heap aboot it, yon man; an' I mind it fine e'en noo. Maybe if ye lat me tak' a look at it I'll be able to see something.' 'Look your fill, then, laddie,' quo' Tam; an' Archie, he gaed up till't an' lookit. An' if you'll believe me, sir, it was naething but a wee arm that was jammed up that was a' the trouble. Archie, he noticed it as soon as he clappit een on't. 'That suldna' be stickin' that way, Tam,' quo' he. 'Ye suld bring it doon to that ither point. Do ye no mind the look o't.' 'Dod, the bairn's richt,' says Tam, dryin' his een—for by this time he had ta'en to the greetin'. 'Whaur was my ain een that I didna notice that mysel?' An' he pat it in its place, an' the hail thing startit aff in a meenit, gangin' beautifu', an' when they gaed oot an' lookit there was the licht birlin' roon' an' blink-blinkin' the verra same as usual. Tam Chalmers, he was just as far uplifted as he had been dooncast; he was neither to haud

nor to bind wi' satisfaction. He didna ken hoo to mak aneuch o' the wean. He offered to treat 'im, till his feyther yokit flytin' on 'im. 'Div ye ken 'at the laddie's just turned seev'n year auld, Tam Chalmers?' quo' he. 'Seev'n year auld!' quo' Tam. 'Seev'n year auld! an' he kens mair aboot the clock-wark nor you an' me an' the minister! Keep's a', Jock! the laddie's no canny.'

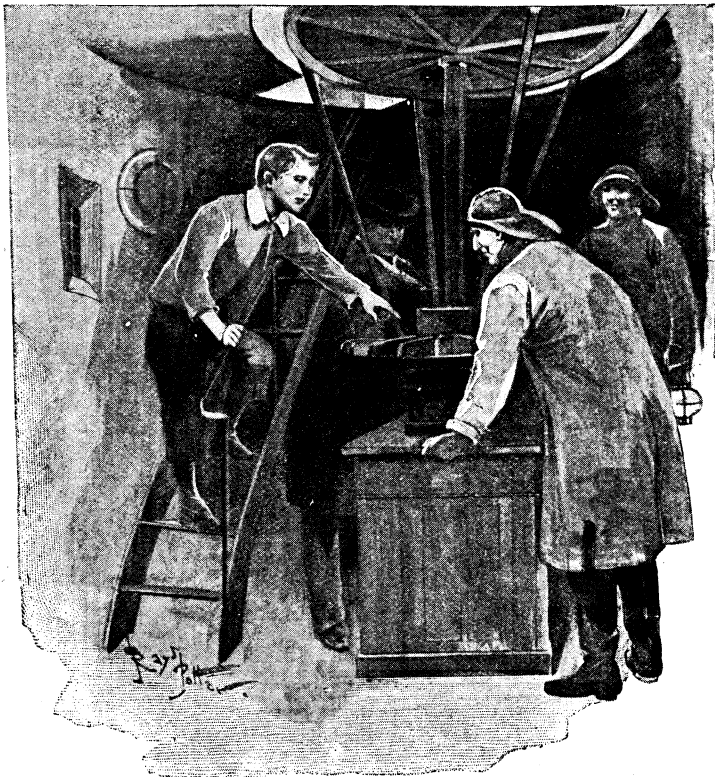
"The great Gover'ment engineer 'at cam' doon the next day, he gaed to the school to see him; he clappit him on the head afore Maister Melville an' a' the scholars. 'Yon's a won'erfu' pair o' een you hae in your head, laddie,' quo' he. 'Stick in to your lessons an' I wadna say but you may be a Gover'ment engineer yoursel' some day.'

"'What did I tell ye, Mrs. Morrison? what did I tell ye?' quo' the Dominie when he cam' doon in the afternoon to tell me aboot it. 'It's a man o' science your Archie's cut oot for; an' it's me 'at says it.' 'Gover'ment engineer!' quo' he by-an'-bye—'a Gover'ment engineer, forsooth! It's President o' the British Association he'll be gin he's spared. There's *naelthing* that laddie canna do, gin he'll but stick in till his lessons. I never had a scholar like 'im a' the time I've been a schulemaister.' He just strutted aboot an' gobbled wi' fair pride, like a human bubblyjock; an' the laddie's feyther an' me, we was waur rayther nor better.

"Ay, thae grand fowk 'at comes i' the yacht i' the simmer to inspec', they sent him a ten-pund note, and Jock an' me, we pat it in the bank to help to put him to college when he suld be that length. We were aye puttin' bye a bit shillin' here an' a bit shillin' there oorsels, to add till't, for a laddie like Archie be'ed to hae every advantage. Ay, ay! we little thocht we wad hae to ware that siller on oor son's headstane.

"The Gover'ment engineer—him 'at tell't 'im to stick in till his lessons, sir—cam' up to see him this last simmer, when the yacht cam' roond. He said he cam' to speer aboot that verra thing—what we were ettlin' to do aboot his schoolin'. 'For he's a maist extr'or'nar' wean,' quo' he. 'It would be a sin and a shame to scrip him in his education.' Wae's me! he was lyin' i' the kirkyard, an' the mools happin' him, a month or that time.

"The ingineer he maun hae thocht me a maist thankless woman, for I never sae



"That suldna' be stickin' that way, Tam."

muckle as askit him to sit doon. I just turned my back on him; I hadna a word to say for the chokin'. 'An' is it e'en sae?' quo' he. 'Ay, ay. It's aye the bricht anes that's ta'en.' I wouldna won'er, sir, but he has lost a bairn o' promise o' his ain, yon Gover'ment engineer.

"Syne the wee yins, Willie an' wee Robin, cam' skelpin up the hill to their denners. 'Ye hae twa fine laddies yet, Mrs. Morrison,' quo' he. 'Dinna be sae sair cuisten doon.' An' syne he gaed awa'.

"Sir, it's a maist fearsome thing to say,

but the thoct gaed through ma mind as he left me that 'twas but could comfort he had gi'en me. It seemed just naething ava to me to hae twa laddies left 'at was just like ither folks'. I kenna hoo it micht hae been had it come to the bit ; but certainly it did gae through my mind that gin the Lord had but left me the son that was the apple o' my ee, he micht hae ta'en the ither twa an' welcome."

I broke the long pause which followed.

"I never heard of the affair of the light-house," I said. "And I wonder at it. No doubt everybody thought, like you, that I knew. And I don't wonder," I continued after another pause, "that Mr. Melville should think after it that Archie was cut out for a scientific man. But it confirms me in my own opinion. I always thought he would turn out an artist."

"Ay, sir, I ken you aye said that," she replied.

"It was that marvellous eye of his that took in everything and remembered it," I went on, a little huskily ; for indeed this child of whom we were talking had had a strange power of fascination, and I had had my own dreams of his future. "I don't suppose for a moment that he understood the machinery ; it was simply that he remembered what it had looked like, and saw where the departure was from the proper order."

"That was it, nae doot," said his mother, meditatively.

"Don't I remember how he pointed out the mistake I'd made in one of my illustrations?" I said. I showed him the thing engraved in one of the magazines—it was a picture of one of the movements in a great review—and he asked me at once if the soldiers were all 'carry-fisted,' for I'd forgotten to transpose it, and they were about to draw their swords with their left hands. And he was only six years old then."

"I mind it fine," said Mrs. Morrison. "Ay, and div you mind his plan o' perspective? He fan that oot himsel', sir. I said till 'im, 'What for are you makin' the street rin doon till a pint, Archie?' 'Because that's what it does, mither,' says he. An' I said, 'Hoots, laddie, you're daft.' But when he had done wi't, sure enouch, the street gaed awa' frae ye ; an' the same wi' his wee picters o' the boats an' o' the sea."

"Yes," said I, "I have more than one of these 'wee pictures' of his in my portfolio now. I never saw such a talent in a child. It's little use saying it, but I felt more disappointed than I can tell you when I

heard of his death. I had been looking forward so eagerly to what he would do some day ; something, I thought, that should open our eyes to new possibilities in art ; something that should show us new depths in old things ;—oh, I can't tell you ! I have a little box of colours among my things now that I brought down for him. I had meant to talk to you seriously this summer of a proper artistic training for him. But there—of that at any rate he was assured ; for Nature teaches more to a child like your Archie than any man can do."

"Ye were aye real kind till him, sir—real kind—an' I canna tell you hoo muckle I think o't," said Mrs. Morrison.

"Don't say 'kind,'" I said hastily—"I loved him."

"Thank you, sir," said she calmly. "I like to think he was weel likit. An' it's the truth that you saw mair clearly what his gift was than any o' the lave o' us. I thoct mysel' it was a poet he was to be. There never was a laddie, sir—there canna hae been mony men—that had sic' a gift o' sayin' the very word that opened ane's een to the mid-most life o' a thing. Ay, it was because he saw it himsel' sae weel—ye were exactly richt, sir, when ye said that. But I thoct mair o' the speakin' lips than o' the seein' ee. 'What's yon shell, feyther,' he speered at his daddy ae fore-nicht, 'at has a sunset inside o't?' 'It's a pearl mussel shell,' quo' his daddy ; 'but as fac' as death I never kent I had noticed the bonnie inside o' them till ye speered the question.' He cam' rinnin' in for me, ae mornin' in March, wi' his een big an' his fair hair flecin' ahint him. 'Mither, mither !' quo' he, 'come oot an' see the wood ! God has filled it fu' o' golden lilies.' I gaed ; and wi' the early sun shinin' through them, I thoct I had never seen daffydillies till that moment. An' Archie aside me, he fell a trem'lin'. 'Are ye cauld, laddie?' I speered him, for it was a snell mornin'. 'Na, na, mither,' said he ; 'its just because they're sae bonnie : they're *over* bonnie, shinin' there like the licht's ain bairns.' Man, sir, sin' that day I canna see a bonnie floer without thinkin' 'at it's like the licht's ain bairn. An' anither day he cam' into the hoose lauchin', because he said that ilka forget-me-not in the burn was winkin' back at the sun wi' its wee b'ue ee. Eh, sir, their een were nae sae bonnie nor sae bricht as his ain. Do you mind what bonnie bonnie een he had ?"

"The most beautiful that ever I saw in a human head," said I.

"An' the stories, too, he used to tell to the ither weans," his mother continued. "Ye would hear them skellochin' wi' lauchter, an' by-an'-bye, whan he wanted to gar them greet, you'd see them greetin' fit to break their he'rts. Maister Melville himsel'—I hae seen him comin' out to fetch the weans in to their lessons; an' first he'd haud on a meenute, as though a chance word had ta'en his ear; syne he'd fa' to the listenin' as eidently as the lave; an' at the last o't he'd be haudin' his sides an' roarin' wi' lauchter like ane o' the weans, or maybe he'd be wipin' his een an' snifterin'. Ay, when he wad yok till his haverin' aboot his men o' scèence, I wad think to mysel', 'Ma lad, it's in the pouches o' your breeks you keep your e'en; it's a poet he'll be. Wha kens but Rabbie Burns has got his match at last?' I was just certain, sir, that he was to be a poet. But it was you 'at was richt, an' no' me. It was an artist he was meant for, an' it's an artist he'll be yet."

I looked at her sharply, but she was not in the least excited; she was as calm as I myself. She caught my momentary fear, and smiled.

"I hae kent it sin' Saiterday nicht, sir; an' noo I'm gaun to tell you what way I ken.

"Man, sir, ye dinna ken the fushionless taste o' life when ye've lost a poet that's been a bit o' yer ain—ay, even though he was but a bairn-poet. I just couldna thole the clatterin' o' the ither weans; I was real bad to them. Mony a jeely piece I gied them, just to mak' amends for a flytin' word they never heedit a hait; maybe a flytin' they didna get, for aften I chacket mysel' wi' the words half spoken. It wad gang to my heart when they would cast their airms roon' my neck an' beg my pardon for something that nane but an ill-natured wratch would hae made a faut o'. But I could na help it. I wad tak' them on my knee at an orra time and daunt them, because I kent they be'ed to look for it; but man! it was maist as though they were some ither woman's weans an' no my ain; I thocht sae little o' them. Their skirls o' lauchter at their play gaed through my heart like a knife. Eh, sir, the heart's in a sair state that canna thole the voices o' happy bairnies. But someway there seemed to be a want in their lauchter; it never had the ring o' Archie's. Do you mind the way, when he yokit lauchin', a'boddy else would commence to lauch as weel, even supposin' they didna ken what he was lauchin' at? Do you mind the Punch-an'-Judy

show last simmer? A' the folk lookit far mair at him than at the puppets; an' yet they said 'at they'd never enjoyed a Punch-an'-Judy like it.

"Aweel, there was a day last week 'at my thrawnness wi' the twa wee yins cam' till a head. Ye see thae big single poppies i' the yaird there? It was the day the first o' thae poppies cam' oot. The head o't was a wee turned doon, an' I cam' oot o' the hoose an' fand Willie an' wee Robin on their knees in front o't. I speert them what they were doin', and Willie, says he, 'Sit doon on your knees aside us, mither, an' see at the bonnie black he'rt it has.' So I did it, an' sure enouch it was real bonnie; an' Willie, he says very saftly, 'It was Archie 'at garred us look at the he'rts o' them last year; I minded o't when I saw the reid outside o't.' I started on to my feet—man, I cam' near to skelpin' the wee innocent wean. 'Gae wa', gae wa' wi' you,' quo I. 'Dinna let me see the face o' either o' you till bedtime.'

"I cried them in before half an' oor, an' made it up wi' them, for I was fair ashamed o' mysel'. But I saw fine they didna forget it. Frae time to time I catched them glowerin' at me as though I were a stranger.

"Aweel, it was Saiterday mornin'—they get the play frae the school, ye ken—an' it was comin' on for their piece time; an' they didna come for their pieces. I thocht little o' that; I just thocht they were at some ploy 'at had come atwixt them an' their meat; but after a wee it just cam' ower my mind 'at I hadna heard a sough o' them sin' they gaed oot efter suppin' their parritch. I dinna ken hoo it was, but I begude tae feel a wee uneasy. I gaed oot-by an' lookit this gate an' that gate, if aiblins I might see a glimpse o' them; but na; an I cried on them, thinking maybe they werena far awa', but nane o' them answered. Dod, when they didna come into their denners I was fair frichtit; and my man Jock he begude to be smitten wi' my fear. He gaed down to the boat pier, but nane o' the boats was oot but sic as they kent o', so he cam' back an' tell't me. An' syne he set aff up the gate an' I gaed doon, baith o' us seekin' the weans an' gie'in' them a bit cry frae time to time, in case they might be playin' themsel's in the lang grass or in ahint some hedge.

"I had travelled a gey bittock, an' the day was hot, an' I sat doon for a meenit beside the auld sauch ayont the twa mile-stane. 'It's useless to gang ony further,' quo' I to mysel'; 'thae wee mites hae never come e'en sae far as this; aiblins their

feyther has faun in wi' them.' An' I was just makin' up my mind to turn an' come hame when I sees twa wee disjaskit objects comin' roon' the turn o' the road. 'It's them !' I says to mysel', an' I raise an' gaed forrit to meet them.

"Fegs, I hardly kent my ain bairns, they were that forfouchen an' fit-weary. They started to rin when they saw it was me, but they were bate wi't, an' when I cam' up to them they gruppit my skirts an' clung to me as though they couldna be glad eneuch to get a hand o' me. I'd had gude-a-mind to thrash them, when I saw them first, for the fricht they had gi'en their feyther an' me, but I could nae sae muckle as hae raised my voice to them after I had ance seen their wee begrutten faces.

"I took them ower to the grass at the side o' the road an' gaed doon on my knees an' commenced to daud the dust aff their claes and tosh them up a wee. Syne I saw that Willie's heart was at his mouth, an' I gied him a kiss, then wee Robin held up his moo to be kissed as weel, an' I did it. An' at that the twa o' them cuddled in to me an' flung their airms roon my neck an' sabbit like to break their hearts. 'What's wrang, laddies? What's wrang' ava?' quo' I, and I put an airm round ilk ane o' them an' sat doon atwixt them on the grass bank. Robin he says, 'Oh, mither, mither! we hae socht for't the haill day an' we hae na got nane.' 'Nae what? ma laddie,' quo' I, and Willie he yokit to an' tell't me a'.

"'It was the way you lookit at us on We'n'sday nicht,' quo' he. 'It garred us think; an' we kent you was breakin' your heart for a sicht o' Archie. An' aye the mair I turned it ower,' quo' my laddie, 'the mair I kent I couldna bide the want o' Archie mysel'; an' wee Robin he said the same. So then we mindit o' what Miss Alice up at the manse read to us ae day oot o' the big story-book, 'at them 'at has fern-seed in their pockets can see the fairies an' the angels. "Archie's an angel noo," says I. "What for should we no get fern-seed an' see him?" So we agreed 'at on Saiterday when we got the play we would gang out an' gather a pouch-fu' o' fern-seed the piece, an' anither to you, mither. An' syne on the fair days, when the lift is b'ue an' bonnie wi' the sun in it, we could look up into heaven, an' the Lord he would maybe let us see Archie lookin' doon at us.'

"'But there's nane,' quo' wee Robin. 'A' the ferns is green, and we hae na found a pile o' seed.'

"Man, I claspit the wee laddies closer to me at every word they said. I yokit to greet, an' I grat an' grat till they were frichtit. I couldna thole the bairns oot o' my sicht a' the rest o' the day, an' when I had them beddit at nicht I yokit greetin' again, and I grat till I was feart at mysel'.

"My head was hardly on the pillow till I fell asleep, an' then I had the bonniest dream 'at ever I dreamt. I thoct it was a dull gray day, but close an' warm, wi' a thick sea-haar lyin weet ower everything. I lookit oot o' the window an' I couldna see a thing, scarce even the shape o' the palin' o' the yaird ower there in front o' us. The denner was on the fire ready to dish, an' Jock he was in the hoose waitin' for his denner. Syne I heard the laddies rinnin' up the brae frae the schule; next they were daddin' their feet against the steps to knock aff the glaur afore comin' into the hoose; and syne the twa wee yins cam' in an' shut the door ahint them. 'Whaur's Archie?' I speered at them, for there wasna a thoct in my head that my laddie was dead. 'He's been keepit in,' quo' they. 'He'll no be here this 'oor.' 'Keepit in!' quo' I. 'Fie, shame! sure am I 'at that's a lee. Archie was never keepit in sin' he gaed to the schule.' 'Come, come, wife,' says Jock, 'dish the denner; ye can keep Archie's het for him at the side o' the fire.' An' I poured oot their share to the piece o' them; it was soup tatties—I fan' the smell o' them as plain as ever I did in my life—but I poured oot nane to mysel'. 'I'll no sit doon till the bairn be come, Jock,' says I. 'See you to the wee yins an' I'll gang doon the road an' see what Dominie Melville has keepit him in for.'

"Man, I gaed doon that road—it was fair reality! The haar swirled aboot me, I could feel it damp an' cauld upon my face. Sometimes I could see a yaird o' twa in front o' me, but for the maist feck o' the time hardly a step. 'Gude keep's!' quo' I to mysel', 'what a day for that bairn to be comin' hame frae the schule by himsel'!' And aye I gropit my way doon the brae, an' frae time to time I gied a cry—'Archie, Archie!' for fear he should be on the road an' we suld miss ane anither. An' sae I cam' to the wee brig at the head of the harbour—the brig ower the burn that's hauf-way atwixt this an' the schule-hoose.

"I stoppit on the brig, for I thoct I heard him comin'. First I heard the plowter-plowter o' the burn under the brig, an' syne I heard him rinnin'; I heard him as plain as ever I heard anything in my life. He



"Oh, mither, mither! we hae socht for't the haill day, an' we hae na got nane."

was racin' doon the brae at the ither side o' the burn; I kent in a moment 'at there could be nae mist there ava. An' I cried till him—'Archie, Archie!' 'Comin', mither!' he cries back. Sir, it was my bairn's very voice.

"In anither meenit he was aside me, an' a glint o' sun cam' through the haar at his back, so as I could see his face. Eh, but he was bonnie! an' his een they were clearer than ever. He smiled up in my face. 'It's thick on the burn, mither,' quo' he; 'there was none o' this haar up by at the schule-hoose.'

"What was you keepit in for, Archie?" I speered at him. At that he yokit to lauch—the auld lauch ane couldna help but join in. 'I wasna keepit in, mither,' quo' he. 'Wha tell't you that?' 'I thocht no,' says I. 'But what taiglet you, then?' 'I was gettin' my drawin' lesson,' says he. 'An what were you learnin' to draw?' said I. 'I'm learnin' to draw the blue sky wi' the sun in it,' quo' he. Wi' that he opened his schule bag an' took oot his slate, an' he gied it intil my hand, an' I lookit. And, sir, it was just a bit o' the lift itsel—the bluest o' the sky—the midmost o' the licht. 'But whaur's the sun, Archie?' quo' I. 'I dinna see the sun.' 'The sun's everywhere, mither,' says he; 'the sun's a' through it.'

"I lookit an' lookit; I couldna tak' my fill o' lookin'; an' aye the mair I lookit, the mair the peace o' it took haud o' me. 'It was worth while keepin' us waitin' to learn to do the like o' this, Archie,' quo' I. 'Was it no', mither? eh, was it no'?' quo' he.

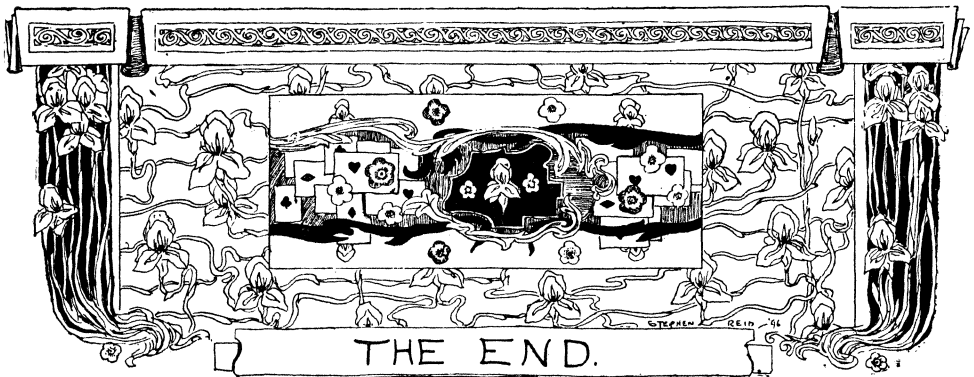
"An' he lookit up in my face wi' thae twa clear een o' his, like twa wee suns, they were sae fu' o' licht. I couldna see past

them—I couldna draw my ain away frae them. An' at last they seemed to draw away an' away frae me—an' further an' further away, till they disappeared. An' syne I woke.

"Sir, it was the early mornin', an' the sun was up. In my passion o' greetin' the nicht before I had forgotten to tak' doon the blind, an' the licht was pourin' in at it. Through that wee window I could see the blue lift wi' the sun in it; an' there was a lark singin' in it somewhere, for I could hear it.

"Do you mind last Sabbath mornin', sir? You couldna image a bonnier day; you never saw a clearer sky. I rose up oot o' my bed an' I lookit up into the heart o't, into the bluest o' the blue; an' the lark sang clearer an' clearer. And, sir, it was like lookin' into a claut o' paint compared to the sky I had been gazin' into ten minutes afore. It was nae mair like the sky on Archie's slate than a dead e'e is like a livin' ane. Ay, jist sic a shadow o't as the bonnie thocht o' thae twa wee laddies is to the pity o' the heavenly Father; jist sic a shadow as human love at its best is to the love that is the Lord's ain name!

"An' syne I kent 'at it was a wee bit o' heaven itsel' 'at my laddie had shown me, sinfu' woman as I stand here. Little won'er if I hae got the upper hand o' my sorrow since I saw that sicht. I hae tint my bairn; but it's no for ever. He's under that sky whereof the Lord God is the light; it's the Sun of Righteousness that gies its colour to that sky that my son is learnin' to draw. And it's the healin' o' His wings that has ta'en the stound oot o' my grief."





THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PROFESSOR (to young man): How would you punctuate the following: "The beautiful girl, for such she was, was passing down the street?"

STUDENT: I think, professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl.

MISS ROSE (to famous pianist): That music was truly divine, monsieur.

MONSIEUR: Ah, mam'selle, zat is indeed praise, for who but an angel would know divine music!

On the Road to Lauterbrünnen.

"I SEE you sitting here every day doing nothing. Haven't you any work?"

"Oh, yes. We're hired to sit here by the hotel folks. My wife is the echo, and I'm the cuckoo!"

SOME little time ago *Judy* published a funny nonsense rhyme. Having found its way across the Atlantic, "Jawcob Strauss" made a clever addition to it, and his version has since been added to by Mr. T. Wales Holbrook. Here are all three verses. Is it possible to go on doubling?

I.

There was a young lady of Crewe
Who wanted to catch the 2.2;
Said the porter, "Don't hurry
Or scurry or flurry;
It's a minute or 2 2 2 2!"

II.

Says she, "There are two couples more,
Who will take the next train at 4.4;
They will all have their trunks,
Please secure lower bunks,
And have checks 4 4 4 4!"

III.

They were joined by four more at 8.8;
Says one, "I've some plums 4 2 8."
Although they were fine
They could not eat nine,
So the 8 88 888.

OCTOBER 1, 1896.



THE holidays of the busy are over. The doctor has returned to his patients, the lawyer to his clients, the merchant to his office, the preacher to his pulpit. And let us hope they have left in Norway, the Highlands, Switzerland, and in other resorts of the tired, some of the lines of care which had indented their foreheads. Nature has used its sponge to erase many of the anxieties which before the holidays fought like Falstaff's men in buckram. It is a curious fact that we realise most change of scene in viewing the changeless. The citizen accustomed to the shifting sands—some of them quicksands—of Time, goes for a holiday to the great mountains, which have undergone very little appreciable change in centuries. His tired eyes grow bright with the reflection of the snow as he contemplates the White Eternity; or by the slow music of village life his brain, full of Stock Exchange anxieties, is refreshed. They who have to learn a new lesson each day—how to avoid drowning in the whirlpool of life—enjoy on their holiday the safe rest of moor and glen. Even the sea (called often "ever-changing") is to such people restful and regular as compared with the varying waves of prosperity and failure. The medicine of holidays is allopathic.

THE MESSAGE.

By E. M. Stooke.

"HEY, you there! Can you give me a match?"

"Dunnaw," responded the interrogated individual, coming to an abrupt halt in front of the rustic stile on which a cyclist, pipe in hand, was perched; "but I'll see." And straightway he proceeded to search the pockets of his waistcoat, with the gratifying result that in one of them he discovered a much bent and flattened vesta. This he presented to the stranger with a cheerful "ere ye are!" that testified to his willingness to oblige.

"Thank you."

The smoker struck the precious match upon his heel and ignited the contents of an already charged pipe. Then, subsequent to scrutinising his companion through a cloud of smoke, added, "Here, good Samaritan, help yourself, and"—tendering a well-filled tobacco pouch—"welcome."

"Good Samaritan—good Samaritan," echoed the incomprehensive match-donor slowly, even meditatively. "There's a mistake somewhere, maister; I baint no Samaritan, whatever that may be. I"—here the speaker helped himself to a tolerably large plug of "bacey" for his treacle-coloured clay—"live down yonder," indicating the almost invisible chimneys of a quite invisible wayside dwelling. "I'm the 'Angel' messenger, I am—'Angel' messenger, hostler and boots, you know."

"The 'Angel' what?"

Whilst inviting repetition, or rather enlightenment, the stranger took his pipe from between his lips and scanned amusedly his extraordinary *vis-à-vis* from the top of his unkempt head to the soles of his insufficiently shod feet.

"The—the 'Angel' how much?" he persisted, in a tone of keenest curiosity.

"'Angel' messenger, hostler and boots," again asserted that unique piece of humanity. "I be goin' wi' a message, now," screwing up his weazel-like features so that his sixteen-year-old countenance looked at least a decade older. "Do 'ee heer thickey noise—a hammering sort o' sound coming up'ards from th' lower road, down there?"

"Yes," with a nod of assent, for the noise was indeed distracting, "of course I do."

"Wull, 'tis th' knocking from th' smithy, that's what 'tis. I'm bound fur there, I be, wi' a pertickler message from th' lan'lord."

"Of the 'Angel' Inn?"

"Why, yes. 'E's in a terrible fluster, so I tell you. An' so"—with a shrug of two sturdy shoulders—"is th' blacksmith. 'Owever, governor"—the 'Angel' messenger, hostler and boots showed signs of moving on his way—"I shall be comin' back along again 'fore long, and then I'll tell 'ee if they'm like to come to business. Th' lan'lord looks to best a-boddy when he makes a bargain, an' th' blacksmith's hard in dealing if ever man was. But strikes me, if 'tis to come to a deal, 'twill be purty equal 'pon each side this time."

"Stop, I say! Wait one moment!" eagerly, entreatingly.

"What fur? Ain't got no more matches. Can't hev more than all!" in curt half-resentful accents.

"I know, I know," the cyclist hastily declared. "It's not that. You haven't told me yet what's amiss with the temper of the landlord of the 'Angel,' or with that of the blacksmith either. I haven't the pleasure of an acquaintance with your master; in fact I didn't know there was an 'Angel' in the district. But I should like, all the same, to learn a little more respecting him, and if there is anything serious or exciting going to occur I shall make it convenient to await your return, that is, providing that you won't be long."



"I be goin' wi' a message, now"

"Long!" the echoed word was distinctly reproving. "Should like to see th' lan'lord's face an' heer 'im cuss if I was long, at any time, wi' 'is messages. Why, I've rinned all th' way so far, an' shall keep on rinnin' till I get to th' smithy."

"But what's gone wrong at the 'Angel'? Surely you can tell me that," the cyclist urged.

"There's a little youngster born there, a matter of two hours agone. And"—regretfully—"er's a boy."

"The—the landlady's child?"

"Why, o' coose. 'Twas a gurl tho' as was wanted—one to grow up an' 'tend th' bar, an' be 'er mother's right 'and, doan't 'ee see. As fur th' lan'lord, bless yer heart, he's cussin' like a black about it, cos he've got dree boys a'ready."

"Go on," the appreciative cyclist desired, "go on and tell me now what's amiss with the blacksmith. Something of the same kind I suppose."

"The blacksmith? Oh, ay. They tell me that he's furioser than my master is. You see, sir, 'tis like this—heer's he bin makin' up 'is mind, for many months, to *his* missus hevin' a boy-baby, one to grow up an' help wi' th' shoeing o' th' 'osses in the smithy, an' last night, 'tween twelve an' wan, she presented un wi' a gurl chile, if you please."

"Well?"

"Well, now *he* argies he's ill-wished. He may be, I won't say he isn't, fur his best cow died o' inflammation only las' week, an' a fox broke in 'an' stole his goose-chicks but the week afore that. Owever, heer's off this time. I shan't be long—see if I be."

"But the message—the landlord's message is—what?"

"*Mr. Potts' compliments to Mr. Sparkes, and is he minded fur to swop babies?*"

* * * * *

The weather was perfection. Bright-eyed small birds peeped out at the cyclist from adjacent bushes, and only lowing cattle and the occasional clang of the smith's hammer broke the stillness of the mid-day hour. Not a single human being had passed by since the panting messenger, hostler and boots had disappeared from view a half hour since. But now, an approaching slipshod footstep told the waiting man that the factotum of the "Angel" was once more close at hand, and in all likelihood the bearer of an interesting response to an equally interesting message.

"Ah, here you are!" The cry was one of pure welcome. "Upon my word you're steaming like a locomotive. Well, what's the answer, eh? Come, stop a moment. Oh"—noticing that the queer shambling individual had no intention of pulling up—"do wait one second!"

"Can't sir. Very sorry, but th' lan'lord's temper's mortil short this mornin', an' I durssent put un out."

"But the answer," insisted the excited cyclist, as slipping from his perch upon the stile he stepped into the middle of the road to catch the fast disappearing messenger, hostler and boots' response.

"*Mr. Sparkes' compliments to Mr. Potts,*" paused the heated object, "*and right you are!*"

HERE is another anecdote about Paderewski to add to the already long list of stories in which the great Polish virtuoso's name figures. It seems that Young Hopeful, at 4, who comes of a cultured family and hears matters musical discussed daily at the dinner-table, was present during a conversation where Paderewski's name occurred several times. Mindful of his mother's previous exhortations and the demands of good manners, he struggled hard for a while to keep silent. But the conversational spirit moved him too strongly, and at last he burst out with: "Oh, I know about P-Paderesky. There's three brothers of them, and one's Johnderesky, and the other's Edwarderesky, and the other's Paderesky!" And it will take the youngster several years to find out why he raised such a laugh.

SISTER: Why don't you marry her?

BROTHER: I'd like to, but unfortunately she has an impediment in her speech.

SISTER: What is it?

BROTHER: She can't say yes.

JOHNNIE went to school for the first time the other day and, there being no desk for him, the master told him to "sit on the front seat for the present."

He was given some slight attention during the day, but when school was dismissed still clung to his seat.

"Well, Johnnie," said the master, "are you not going home?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied; "but I'm waiting for the present. I want to take it home."

The master laughed, but attempted no explanation, and Johnnie walked sadly out, realising that life is full of delusions, and things are seldom what they seem.

A GOOD bull was made recently in Parliament by an Irish member who, on being stopped by the Speaker, said: "I bow, sir, to your ruling, and merely beg to reiterate what I was about to observe."

ONCE at a meeting in connection with University College Lord Palmerston took the chair. He was not at home in this learned body, and was evidently anxious to adapt his remarks to the occasion. So he began: "It has been said that a little learning is a dangerous thing—ahem!—is a dangerous thing, but it is better than—better than—better than —" Here his lordship came to a dead stop. Lord Brougham sat next to Palmerston. In a low tone, but in his penetrating, squeaky voice, he came to the speaker's rescue. "Better than a great deal of ignorance," he suggested. This of course brought down the house, and during the laughter that followed Lord Palmerston recovered the thread of his discourse and finished brilliantly.

She Kept the Ring.

"COME, old man," said the kind friend, "cheer up. There are others."

"I don't mind her breaking the engagement so very much," said the despondent young man; "but to think that I have to go on paying the instalments for a year to come yet. That is what riles me."



MR. GOTROX: I saw you kiss my daughter, and I want you to understand that I don't like it.

MR. STAYLATE: Well, I do.

BOBBY (at the breakfast table): Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

MAUD: Why, of course not! Why should he?

BOBBY: That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say, when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just one, and ——" Why, what's the matter, Maud?



Man wants but little here below,
As someone said before,
But when he gets it, don't you know,
He wants a little more.



AT THE ZOO.

AUNTIE: Now be a good boy, and let Auntie feed him.

TOMMY: And if I'm good may I get a penn'orth of nuts and feed Auntie?



LITTLE LADY BOUNTIFUL.

THE MINISTER OF ST. BEDE'S.

BY IAN MACLAREN.*

(Author of "*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*,"
"*Days of Auld Lang Syne*," etc.)

Illustrated by RAYMOND POTTER.

CHAPTER I.



IT was in the sixties that a southern distiller, who had grown rich through owning of many public-houses and much selling of bad gin, bought Glenalder from its poverty-stricken laird, and cleared out the last of the Macdonalds from Lochaber. They arose and departed on a fine spring day, when the buds were bursting on the trees, and the thorn was white as snow, and the birds were bringing forth their young, and the heather was beginning to bloom. Early in the morning, while the grass was yet wet with dew and the sun had not come over the hill, Ian Dhu, at the head of the Glen, with his brothers and their families, their sons and their sons' wives, began the procession, which flowed as a stream of sorrow by the side of the Alder, all the day, gathering its rivulets from every forsaken home. When it reached the poor little clachan, where were the kirk and the graveyard, the emigrants halted, and leaving their goods upon the road went in to worship God for the last time in Glenalder kirk. A very humble sanctuary, with earthen floor and bare benches, and mightily despised by the kind of southern who visited the new laird's mansion, but beautiful and holy to those who had been baptised there, and married there, and sat with their heart's love there, and who, in that place, but after many years and in old age, had received the sacrament. When they were all in their places, the minister of the Glen, who would fain have gone with them, but was now too old, ascended the pulpit and spake to them from the words, "He went out, not knowing whither he went," charging them never to forget their native country nor their fathers' faith, beseeching them to trust in God and do righteousness, calling them all kinds of tender names in the warm Gaelic speech, till they all fell a-weeping, and the place was

full of lamentation. After which Alister Macdonald, who had been through the Crimean War and the Mutiny, and now was a catechist great in opening mysteries, committed them to the care of their fathers' God. They would hardly leave the kirk, and the sun was westering fast when they came to the elbow of the hill where the traveller gets his last look of the Glen. There they sang, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," but it was Glenalder they meant, a parcel of whose earth each family carried with them into exile; and as the pipes played "Lochaber no more" they went away for ever from the land they loved and which had cast them forth. For an hour the minister and Alister, with a handful of old people, watched their kinsfolk till they could see them no more, and then they went back, no one speaking with his neighbour, to the empty Glen.

Besides the huge staring castle, with its lodges, built by the foreigner, there are only some twenty houses now in all bonnie Glenalder. Tourists venturing from the main road come, here and there, across a little heap of stones and the remains of a garden, with some patches of bright green still visible among the heather. It is the memorial of a home where generation after generation of well-built, clean-blooded, God-fearing Highland folk were raised. From those humble cottages went up morning and evening the psalm of praise to God. From them also came hardy men to fill the ranks of the Highland regiments, who had tasted none of the city vices and did not know what fear was. Nor were they a fierce or morose people, for the Glen sounded of a summer evening with the sound of the pipes, playing reels and strathspeys, and in the winter time the minister would lend his barn for a dance, saying, like the shrewd man he was, "The more dancing the less drinking." The very names of those desolate homesteads and the people that lived therein are now passing out of mind in Glenalder, but away in North-West Canada there is a new Glenalder, where

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every name has been reproduced, and the cuttings of the brier roses bloom every year in memory of the land that is "far awa." And if any man from Lochaber, or for that matter from any part of Scotland, lights on this place, it will be hard for him to get away from the warm hearts that are there, and he must depart a better man after hearing the kindly speech and seeing the sword dance once more.

While the exiles halted on the elbow of the hill, each man, woman and child, according to his size and strength, carried a stone from the hillside and placed it on a heap that grew before their eyes, till it made a rough pyramid. This was called the Cairn of Remembrance, and as often as any one of the scanty remnant left the Glen to go south it was a custom that his friends should accompany him to this spot and bid him farewell, where the past pledged him to love and faithfulness. It was here therefore that Henry Rutherford parted from Magdalen Macdonald as he went to his last session at the Divinity Hall.

"It's four years since I came first to Glenalder to teach the school in the summer-time, Magdalen, an' little I thought then I would ever be so near the ministry or win my sweetheart in the Glen."

They were sitting on a heather bank below the cairn, and as he spoke his arm slipped round her waist. He was a typical Scot, with bony frame, broad shoulders, strong face, deep-set eyes of gray, and the somewhat assertive and self-sufficient manner of his race. She was of the finest type of Highland beauty with an almost perfect Grecian face, fair hair dashed with gold, eyes of the blue of the Highland lochs, and a queenly carriage of head and body. Deep-bosomed and unfettered by fashionable city dress, with strong hand and firm foot, she had the swinging gait and proud independence of the free hill woman.

"Had it not been for you," he went on, "I had never persevered; it was your faith put strength in me and hope, and then . . . the help you gave me; I can never forget or repay you. To think that you should have slaved that I should have books and—better food."

"Hush, I command you, for I will not be hearing another word, and if you are saying more I will be very angry. It is not good that any man should be a minister and not keep his word. And the day I gave you the purse with the two or three pieces of gold you made a promise never to speak about

that day again. It is not many quarrels we have had, Henry, and some will be good quarrels, for afterward we were loving each other more than ever. But it was not good when you would lay the bits of gold on that very stone there—for I am seeing them lie in the hollow—and say hot words to me."

"Magdalen, I put the purse itself in my breast, and I loved you more than ever for your thought of me and your sacrifice, and I wanted to kiss you, and . . . you ordered me to stand off, and your eyes were blazing. Lassie, you looked like a tigress; I was feared of you."

"It was not for me to have my gifts given back, and if I was driving home the cows and milking the white milk into the pail, and churning the sweet yellow butter, all that my love should not be wanting anything, it is not for him to be so proud and mighty."

"But I did take your kindness at last, and it was more than two or three pounds, and so it was you that sent me to Germany. You gave me my learning, and some day, when we're in our manse together, I'll show you all my books and try . . . to repay your love."

"Henry, it will come over me at times in the twilight, when strange sights are seen, that we shall never be together in our house. Oh, yes, I have seen a room with books round the walls, and you will be sitting there, but I am not seeing any Magdalen. Wait a minute, for there will be another sight, and I am not understanding it. It is not this land, but where it will be I do not know; but I will be there in a beautiful room, and I will be in rich dress, but I am not seeing you."

"Do not speak." She rose up and looked at Rutherford, holding him at arm's length, with her hand upon his shoulder. "Have you got the broken piece?" He thrust his hand into his breast, and showed the jagged half of a common penny hung round his neck by a blue ribbon.

"My half will be here" — Magdalen touched her bosom—"but maybe it will be better for me to give you it, and then . . . you will be free; each of us . . . must drink the cup that is mixed. The visions will be very clear, though I have not the second sight."

"What is the meaning of all this talk, Magdalen?" Rutherford's face was pale, and his voice vibrated. "Are you tired of me because I am not bonnie of face, but only a plain Scot, or is it that you will not wait till I win a home for you, or have you seen another man—some glib English sportsman?"



"They were sitting on a heather bank below the cairn."

"God forgive you, Henry Rutherford, for saying such words; is it Alister Macdonald's granddaughter that would play her lover false? Then let him drive the skean dhu into her heart."

"Then it is me you suspect, and it is not what I have deserved at your hands, Magdalen. A Scot may seem cold and hard,

down. But it was a thought that would be coming over my mind, for you will be remembering that I am a Highlander; but it is not that you will not be faithful to me or I to you, oh, no, and I have put it away, my love. Now may God be keeping you"—and she took his hand—"and prospering you in all your work, till you have your heart's

desire in knowledge and everything . . . that would be good for you. This is the prayer Magdalen Macdonald will be offering for you every morning and night and all the day when it

is winter-time and the snow is heavy in Glenalder."

Then she kissed him full upon the lips as in a sacrament, and looking back he saw her standing against the evening light, the perfect figure of a woman, and she waved to him, whom he was not to see again for ten long years.

CHAPTER II.

"JUST ventured to look in for a single minute, Mr. Rutherford, at the close of this eventful day, to say how thankful we all are that you were so wonderfully sustained. But you are busy—making notes for next Sabbath, perhaps—and I must not interrupt you. We must keep ourselves open to the light; in my small way I find there are times when the thoughts just drop upon one. If we were more lifted above the world they would come oftener, far oftener."

A very "sleekit" personage indeed, as they say in Scotland, with a suave manner, a sickly voice, and ways so childish that simple people thought him almost silly; but those who happened to have had deals with him in business formed quite another opinion, and expressed it in language bordering on the libellous.

"Will you be seated?" Rutherford laid aside a letter beginning "Dearest Magdalen,"



"Just ventured to look in for a single minute."

but he can be 'siccar,' and if I keep not my troth with you, and deal not by you as you have by me, then God be my judge."

They looked into one another's eyes, and then tears put out the fire in hers, and she spoke with a wail in her voice.

"This is all very foolish talk, and it is this girl that will be sorry after you are gone and I am sitting lonely, watching the sun go

and telling how it had fared with him on his first Sunday in St. Bede's, Glasgow, W., a kirk which contained many rich people and thought not a little of itself. "You had a meeting on Sunday evening, I think you said. I hope it was successful."

"There was blessing to-night, I am sure. I felt the power myself. Lord Dunderhead was passing through Glasgow and gave the address. It was on 'The Badgers' Skins' of the Tabernacle, and was very helpful. And afterward we had a delightful little 'sing.' You know his lordship?"

"No, I never saw him," said Rutherford shortly, with a Scot's democratic prejudice against religious snobbery, forgetting that people who will not listen to a reasoned discourse from a clergyman will crowd to the simplest utterance of a lord.

"You will allow me to introduce you on Tuesday evening; you got Mrs. Thompson's card. I hope we may have a profitable gathering. Captain Tootyl, the hussar evangelist, will also be present—a truly delightful and devoted young man."

Rutherford had not forgotten the card—

MR. AND MRS. THOMPSON

At Home

To meet Lord Dunderhead, who will give
a Bible Reading.

8 to 10.30.

Evening Dress.

And had sent it off to his college friend, Carmichael of Drumtochty, with a running commentary of a very piquant character.

"Thank you, but I fear that my work will prevent me being with you on Tuesday; it is no light thing for a man to come straight from college to St. Bede's without even a holiday."

"So sorry, but by-and-bye you will come to one of our little meetings. Mrs. Thompson greatly enjoyed your sermon to young men this afternoon; perhaps just a little too much of works and too little of faith. Excuse the hint—you know the danger of the day—all life, life; but that's a misleading test. By the way, we are all hoping that you may get settled in a home as well as in your church," continued Mr. Thompson, with pious waggery, and then chilling at the want of sympathy on the minister's face; "but that is a serious matter, and we trust you may be wisely guided. A suitable helpmeet is a precious gift."

"Perhaps you may not have heard, Mr. Thompson, that I am engaged"—and Rutherford eyed the elder keenly,—“and to a girl of whom any man and any congregation may

be proud. I am going north next week to see her and to settle our marriage day."

"I am so pleased to hear you say so, and so will all the elders be, for I must tell you that a rumour came to our ears that gave us great concern; but I said we must not give heed to gossip, for what Christian has not suffered in this way at the hand of the world?"

"What was the gossip?" demanded Rutherford, and there was that in his tone that brooked no trifling.

"You must not take this to heart, dear Mr. Rutherford; it only shows how we ought to set a watch upon our lips. Well—that you were to marry a young woman in Glen—Glen——"

"Alder. Go on," said Rutherford.

"Yes, in Glenalder, where we all rejoice to know you did so good a work."

"I taught a dozen children in the summer months to eke out my living. But about the young woman—what did they say of her?"

"Nothing at all, except that she was, perhaps, hardly in that position of society that a clergyman's wife ought to be, especially one in the west end of Glasgow. But do not let us say anything more of the matter; it just shows how the great enemy is ever trying to create dissension and injure the work."

"What you have heard is perfectly true, except that absurd reference to Glasgow, and I have the honour to inform you, as I intend to inform the elders on my return next week, that I hope to be married in a month or two to Magdalen Macdonald, who was brought up by her grandfather, Alister Macdonald of the Black Watch, and who herself has a little croft in Glenalder"—and Rutherford challenged Mr. Thompson, expounder of prophecies and speculator in iron, to come on and do his worst.

"Will you allow me, my dear young friend, to say that there is no necessity for this . . . heat, and to speak with you as one who has your . . . best interests at heart, and those of St. Bede's. I feel it to be a special providence that I should have called this evening."

"Well?" insisted Rutherford.

"What I feel, and I have no doubt you will agree with me, is that Christians must not set themselves against the arrangements of Providence, and you see we are set in classes for a wise purpose. We are all equal before God, neither 'bond nor free,' as it runs, but it is expedient that the minister of

St. Bede's should marry in his own position. There are many sacrifices we must make for our work's sake; and, oh, Mr. Rutherford, what care we have to take lest we cast a stumbling-block in the way of others! It was only last week that a valued fellow-worker begged me to invite a young lady to my little drawing-room meeting who was concerned about spiritual things. 'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,' I said, 'if it would help her; but it is quite impossible, and you would not have asked me had you known her history. Her father was a shop-keeper, and in the present divided state of society I dare not introduce her among the others, all wholesale without exception.' You will not misunderstand me, Mr. Rutherford?"

"You have stated the case admirably, Mr. Thompson, and from your standpoint in religion, I think, conclusively. Perhaps the Sermon on the Mount might . . . ; but we won't go into that. Before deciding, however, what is my duty always, with your aid, you might like to see the face of my betrothed. There, in that light."

"Really quite beautiful, and I can easily understand; we were all young once and . . . impressionable. As good-looking as any woman in St. Bede's? Excuse me, that is hardly a question to discuss. Grace does not go with looks. We all know that beauty is deceitful. Knows the poets better than you do, I dare say. There is a nurse of my sister's, a cabman's daughter—I beg your pardon for dropping the photograph; you startled me. But you will excuse me saying that it is not this kind of knowledge . . . well, culture, which fits a woman to be a minister's wife. Addressing a mothers' meeting is far more important than reading poetry. Highland manners more graceful than Glasgow? That is a very extraordinary comparison, and . . . can do no good. Really no one can sympathise with you more than I do, but I am quite clear as to your duty as a minister of the Gospel."

"You mean"—and Rutherford spoke with much calmness—"that I ought to break our troth. It is not a light thing to do, sir, and has exposed both men and women to severe . . . criticism."

"Certainly, if the matter be mismanaged, but I think, although it's not for me to boast, that it could be arranged. Now, there was Dr. Drummer—this is quite between ourselves—he involved himself with a teacher of quite humble rank during his student

days, and it was pointed out to him very faithfully by his elders that such a union would injure his prospects. He made it a matter of prayer, and he wrote a beautiful letter to her, and she saw the matter in the right light, and you know what a ministry his has been. His present wife has been a real helpmeet; her means are large and are all consecrated."

"Do you happen to know what became of the teacher? I only ask for curiosity, for I know what has become of Dr. Drummer."

"She went to England and caught some fever, or maybe it was consumption, but at any rate she died just before the Doctor married. It was all ordered for the best, so that there were no complications."

"Exactly; that is evident, and my way seems now much clearer. There is just one question more I should like to ask. If you can answer it I shall have no hesitation about my course. Suppose a woman loved a man and believed in him, and encouraged him through his hard college days, and they both were looking forward with one heart to their wedding day, and then he—did not marry her—what would honourable men think of him, and what effect would this deed of—prudence have on his ministry of the Gospel?"

"My dear friend, if it were known that he had taken this step simply and solely for the good of the cause he had at heart and after prayerful consideration, there is no earnest man—and we need not care for the world—who would not appreciate his sacrifice."

"I do not believe one word you say." Mr. Thompson smiled feebly, and began to retire to the door at the look in Rutherford's eye. "But whether you be right or wrong about the world in which you move, I do not know. In my judgment, the man who acted as you describe would have only one rival in history, and that would be Judas Iscariot."

CHAPTER III.

SOUTHERN travellers wandering over Scotland in their simplicity have a dim perception that the Scot and the Celt are not of one kind, and, as all racial characteristics go back to the land, they might be helped by considering the unlikeness between a holding in Fife and a croft in a western glen. The lowland farm stands amid its neighbours along the high-way, with square fields, trim fences, slated houses, cultivated after the most scientific method, and to the last inch a very type of

a shrewd, thrifty, utilitarian people. The Highland farm is half a dozen patches of as many shapes scattered along the hillside, wherever there are fewest stones and deepest soil and no bog, and those the crofter tills as best he can—sometimes getting a harvest and sometimes seeing the first snow cover his oats in the sheaf, sometimes building a rude dyke to keep off the big, brown, hairy cattle that come down to have a taste of the sweet green corn, but often finding it best to let his barefooted children be a fence by day, and at certain seasons to sit up all night himself to guard his scanty harvest from the forays of the red deer. Somewhere among the patches he builds his low-roofed house, and thatches it over with straw, on which, by-and-bye, grass with heather and wild-flowers begins to grow, till it is not easy to tell his home from the hill. His farm is but a group of tiny islands amid a sea of heather that is ever threatening to overwhelm them with purple spray. Anyone can understand that this man will be unpractical, dreamy, enthusiastic, the child of the past, the hero of hopeless causes, the seer of visions.

Magdalen had milked her cows at midday and sent them forth to pasture, and now was sitting before her cottage among wallflower and spring lilies, reading for the third time the conclusion of Rutherford's last letter :—

“Here I was interrupted by the coming of an elder, a mighty man in the religious world, and very powerful in St. Bede's. He tells me that something has been heard of our engagement, and I have taken counsel with him with the result that it seems best we should be married without delay. After loving for four years and there being nothing to hinder, why should you be lonely on your croft in Glenalder and I in my rooms at Glasgow? Answer me that, ‘calf of my heart’ (I do not attempt the Gaelic). But you cannot. You will only kiss the letter, since I am not at your side, and next week I shall come north, and you will fix the day.

“My head is full of plans, and I do not think that joy will let me sleep to-night for thinking of you and all that we shall do together. We'll be married early in the morning in the old kirk of Glenalder, as soon as the sun has filled the Glen and Nature has just awaked from sleep. Mona Macdonald will be your bridesmaid, I know, and she will wear white roses that shall not be whiter than her teeth. Yes, I have learned to notice all beautiful things since I knew you, Magdalen. My best man will be Carmichael

of Drumtochty, who is of Highland blood himself and a goodly man to look upon, and he has his own love-story. All the Glen will come to our wedding, and will grudge that a Lowland Scot has spoiled the Glen of the Flower of Dalnabreck—yes, I know what they call you. And we shall have our breakfast in the manse, for the minister has pledged us to that, and it is he and John Carmichael that will be making the wonderful speeches! (You see how I've learned the style.) But you and I will leave them and catch the steamer, and then all the long June day we shall sit on the deck together and see distant Skye, and the little isles, and pass Mull and Ardnamurchan, and sail through Oban Bay and down Loch Fyne, and thread our way by Tighnabruich, and come into the Firth of Clyde when the sun is going down away behind Ben Alder. Won't it be a glorious marriage day, among lochs and hills and islands the like of which travellers say cannot be found in all the world?

“Then I want to take you to Germany, and to show you the old University town where I lived one summer, and we will have one good day there, too, my bride and I. Early in the morning we shall stand in the market-place, where the women are washing clothes at the fountain and the peasants are selling butter and fruit, and the high-gabled houses rise on three sides, and the old Rathhaus, on whose roof the storks build their nests, makes the fourth. We'll go to my rooms near the Kirche, where I used to write a letter to you every day, and here is what old Frau Hepzäcker will say, ‘Mein Gott, der Schottlander und ein wunderschönes mädchen’ (you will English and Gaelic this for yourself), and we will drink a glass of (fearfully sour) wine with her, and go out with her blessing echoing down the street. Then we will watch the rafts coming down the Neckar from the Black Forest, and walk among the trees in the Vorstadt, where I lay and dreamed of you far away in Glenalder. And we will go to the University where you sent me . . . but that is never to be mentioned again; and the students in their wonderful dress will come and go—red hats and blue, besides the white, black and gold I used to wear. And in the evening we will drive through the vines and fruit-trees to Bebenhausen, the king's hunting-seat. And those will only be two days of our honeymoon, Magdalen. It seems too good to be my lot that I should be minister of Christ's evangel—of which surely I am not worthy—and that

you should be my bride, of which I am as unworthy. Next Monday I shall leave this smoky town and meet you at the Cairn of Remembrance on Tuesday morning.

"Meanwhile and ever I am your faithful lover,

HENRY RUTHERFORD."

Magdalen kissed the name passionately and thrust the letter into her bosom. Then she went to the edge of the heather and looked along the Glen, where she had been born and lived her twenty years in peace, from which she was so soon to go out on the most adventurous journey of life. When a pure Highland woman loves it is once and for ever, and earth has no more faithful wife, or mother, or daughter. And Magdalen loved Rutherford with all her heart. But it is not given unto her blood to taste unmixed joy, and now she was haunted with a sense of calamity. The past flung its shadow over her, and the people that were gone came back to their deserted homes. She heard the far-off bleating of the sheep and the wild cry of the curlew; she crooned to herself a Gaelic song, and was so carried away that she did not see the stranger come along the track through the heather till he spoke.

"Good evening; may I ask whether this is ch . . . Dalnabreck? and have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Macdonald?"

"Yes, I am Magdalen Macdonald"—and as she faced him in her beauty the visitor was much abashed. "Would you be wanting to see me, sir?"

"My name is Thompson, and I have the privilege of being an elder in St. Bede's, Glasgow, and as I happened to be passing through Glenalder—just a few days' rest after the winter's work—how the soul wears the body!—I thought that it would be . . . a pleasure to . . . pay my respects to one of whom I have . . . heard from our dear pastor. Perhaps, however"—this with some anxiety—"Mr. Rutherford may have mentioned my humble name."

"There are so many good people in St. Bede's, and they are all so kind to him that . . . Henry"—the flush at her lover's name lent the last attraction to her face and almost overcame the astute iron merchant—"will not be able to tell me all their names. But I will be knowing them all for myself soon, and then I will be going to thank every person for all that has been done to . . . him. It is very gracious of you to be visiting a poor Highland girl, and the road to Dalnabreck is very steep; you will

come in and rest in my house and I will bring you milk to drink. You must be taking care of the door, for it is low, and the windows are small because of the winter storms, but there is room inside and a heart welcome for our friends in our little homes. When I am bringing the milk maybe you will be looking at the medals on the wall. They are my grandfather's, who was a brave man and fought well in his day, and two will be my father's, who was killed very young and had not time to get more honour."

The elder made a hurried survey of the room, with its bits of black oak and the arms on the wall, and the deer-skins on the floor, and bookshelves hanging on the wall, and lilies everywhere; and, being an operator so keen that he was said to know a market by scent, he changed his plan.

"I took a hundred pounds with me," he explained afterward to a friend of like spirit, "for a promising ministry was not to be hindered for a few pounds! I intended to begin with fifty and expected to bring back twenty-five, but I saw that it would have been inexpedient to offer money to the young woman. There was no flavour of spirituality at all about her, and she was filled with pride about war and such-like vanities. Her manner might be called taking in worldly circles, but it was not exactly . . . gentle, and she might have . . . been rude, quite unpleasant, if I had tried to buy her . . . I mean arrange on a pecuniary basis. Ah, Juitler, how much we need the wisdom of the serpent in this life."

"What a position you are to occupy, my dear friend," began the simple man, seated before the most perfect of meals—rich milk of cows fed on meadow grass, yellow butter and white oat cakes set among flowers. "I doubt not that you are often weighed down by a sense of responsibility, and are almost afraid of the work before you. After some slight experience in such matters I am convinced that the position of a minister's wife is the most . . . I may say critical in Christian service."

"You will be meaning that she must be taking great care of her man, and making a beautiful home for him, and keeping away foolish people, and standing by him when his back will be at the wall. Oh, yes, it is a minister that needs to be loved very much, or else he will become stupid and say bitter words, and no one will be wanting to hear him"—and Magdalen looked across the table with joyful confidence.

"Far more than that, I'm afraid"—and

Mr. Thompson's face was full of pity. "I was thinking of the public work that falls to a minister's wife in such a church as St. Bede's, which is trying and needs much grace. The receiving of ladies alone—Providence has been very good to our people, twelve carriages some days at the church door—requires much experience and wisdom."

"Mrs. Drummer, who has been much used among the better classes, has often told me that she considered tact in society one of her most precious talents, and I know that it was largely owing to her social gifts, sanctified, of course, that the Doctor became such a power. Ah, yes"—and Mr. Thompson fell into a soliloquy—"it is the wife that makes or mars the minister."

"Glasgow then will not be like Glenalder"—and Magdalen's face was much troubled—"for if any woman here will tell the truth and speak good words of people, and help when the little children are sick, and have an open door for the stranger, then we will all be loving her, and she will not hurt her man in anything."

"Be thankful that you do not live in a city, Miss Macdonald, for the world has much more power there; they that come to work are in the thick of the battle and need great experience, but you will learn in time and maybe you could live . . . quietly for a year or two . . . you will excuse me speaking like this . . . you see it is for our beloved minister I am anxious."

Magdalen's face had grown white, and she once or twice took a long, sad breath.

"As regards the public work expected of a minister's wife—but I am wearying you, I fear, and it is time to return to the inn. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed this delicious milk . . ."

"Will you tell me about the . . . the other things . . . I want to know all."

"Oh, it was the meetings I was thinking of, for of course, as I am sure you know, our minister's wife is the head of the mother's meeting. Mrs. Drummer's addresses there were excellent, and her liberality in giving treats—gospel treats, I mean, with tea—was eh, in fact, queenly. And then she had a Bible-class for young ladies that was mentioned in the religious papers."

Magdalen had now risen and was visibly trembling.

"There is a question I would like to ask, Mister . . ."

"Thompson—Jabez Thompson."

"Mister Thompson—and you will be doing a great kindness to a girl that has never been

outside Glenalder, and . . . is not wanting to be a sorrow to the man she loves, if you will answer it. Do you know any minister like . . . your minister who married a country girl and . . . what happened?"

"Really, my dear friend, I . . . well, if you insist, our neighbour in St. Thomas's—a very fine young fellow—did, and he was a little hindered at first, but I am sure, in course of time, if he had waited—yes, he left, and I hear is in the Colonies, and do-

ing an excellent work among the squatters, or was it the Chinese? . . . No, no, this is not good-bye. I only hope I have not discouraged you. . . . What a lovely glen! How can we ever make up to you for this heather?"

For three days no one saw Magdalen, but a shepherd attending to his lambs noticed that a lamp burned every night in the cottage at Dalnabreck. When Rutherford arrived at the cairn on Tuesday he looked in vain for Magdalen. Old Elspeth, Magdalen's foster-mother, was waiting for him and placed a letter in his hands, which he read in that very place where he had parted from his betrothed.



"Gospel treats, I mean, with tea."

"Dearest of my heart,—It is with the tears of my soul that I am writing this letter, and it is with cruel sorrow you will be reading it, for I must tell you that our troth is broken, and that Magdalen cannot be your wife. Do not be thinking this day or any day that she is not loving you, for never have you been so dear to me or been in my eyes so strong and brave and wise and good, and do not be thinking that I do not trust you, for it is this girl knows that you would

"You will not be seeking after me, for I am going far away, and nobody can tell you where, and this is also best for you and me. But I will be hearing about you, and will be knowing all you do, and there will be none so proud of you as your first love.

"And, Henry, if you meet a good woman and she loves you, then you must not think that I will be angry when you marry her, for this would be selfish and not right. I am going away for your sake, and I will be praying that the sun be ever shining on you and that you become a great man in the land. One thing only I ask—that in those days you sometimes give a thought to Glenalder and your faithful friend,

MAGDALEN MACDONALD."

CHAPTER IV.

"It was a first-rate match and we were fairly beaten; it was their forward turned the scale. I had two hacks from him myself"—the captain of the Glasgow Football Club nursed the tender spots. "It's a mercy to-morrow's Sunday and one can lie in bed."

"Olive oil is not bad for rubbing. You deserve the rest, old man. It was a stiff fight. By-the-way I saw Rutherford of St. Bede's there. He cheered like a good 'un when you got that goal. He's the best parson going in Glasgow."

"Can't bear the tribe nor their ways, Charlie, they're such hypocrites, always preaching against

the world and that kind of thing and feathering their own nests at every turn. Do you know I calculated that six of them in Glasgow alone have netted a hundred and twenty thousand pounds by successful marriages. That's what sickens a fellow at religion."

"Well, you can't say that against Rutherford, Jack, for he's not married, and works like a coal-heaver. He's the straightest man I've come across either in the pulpit or out of it, besides being a ripping preacher. Suppose you look me up to-morrow about six and we'll hear what he's got to say."

His friends said that Rutherford was only

"By the way I saw Rutherford of St. Bede's there."

be true to me, although all the world turned against me.

"Believe me, my beloved, it is because I love you so much that I am setting you free that you may not be put to shame because you have married a Highland girl, who has nothing but two cows, and who does not know the ways of cities, and who cannot speak in public places, and who can do nothing except love.

"If it had been possible I would have been waiting for you at the Cairn of Remembrance, and it is my eyes that ache to see you once more, but then I would be weak and could not leave you, as is best for you.



thirty-four years of age, but he looked as if he were near fifty, for his hair had begun to turn gray and he carries the traces of twenty years' work upon his face. No one would have asked whether he was handsome, for he had about him an air of sincerity and humanity that at once won your confidence. His subject that evening was the "Sanctifying power of love," and, as his passion gradually increased to white heat, he had the men before him at his mercy. Women of the world complained that he was hard and unsympathetic; some elderly men considered his statements unguarded and even unsound; but men below thirty heard him gladly. This evening he was stirred for some reason to the depths of his being, and was irresistible. When he enlarged on the love of a mother, and charged every son present to repay it by his life and loyalty, a hundred men glared fiercely at the roof and half of them resolved to write home that very night. As he thundered against lust, the foul counterfeit of love, men's faces whitened, and twice there was a distinct murmur of applause. His great passage, however, came at the close and concerned the love of a man for a maid: "If it be given to any man in his fresh youth to love a noble woman with all his heart, then in that devotion he shall find an unflinching inspiration of holy thoughts and high endeavours, a strong protection against impure and selfish temptations, a secret comfort amid the contradictions and adversities of life. Let him give this passion full play in his life and it will make a man of him and a good soldier in the great battle. And if it so be that this woman pass from his sight or be beyond his reach, yet in this love itself shall he find his exceeding reward." As he spoke in a low, sweet, intense voice, those in the gallery saw the preacher's left hand tighten on the side of the pulpit till the bones and sinews could be counted, but with his right hand he seemed to hold something that lay on his breast.

"Look here, Charlie"—as the two men stood in a transept till the crowd passed down the main aisle—"if you don't mind I would like . . . to shake hands with the preacher. When a man takes his coat off and does a big thing like that he ought to know that he has . . . helped a fellow."

"I'll go in too, Jack, for he's straightened me, and not for the first time. You know how I used to live . . . well, that is over, and it was Rutherford saved me."

"He looks as if he had been badly hit some time. Do you know his record?"

"There's some story about his being in love with a poor girl and being determined to marry her, but 'Iron Warrants' got round her and persuaded her that it would be Rutherford's ruin: so she disappeared, and they say Rutherford is waiting for her to this day. But I don't give it as a fact."

"You may be sure every word of it is true, old man; it's like one of Thompson's tricks, for I was in his office once, and it's just what that man in the pulpit would do; poor chap, he's served his time . . . I say, though, suppose that girl turns up some day."

They were near the vestry door and arranging their order of entrance, when a woman came swiftly down the empty aisle as from some distant corner of the church and stood behind them for an instant.

"Is this Mr. Rutherford's room, gentlemen"—with a delicate flavour of Highland in the perfect English accent—"and would it be possible for me to see him . . . alone?"

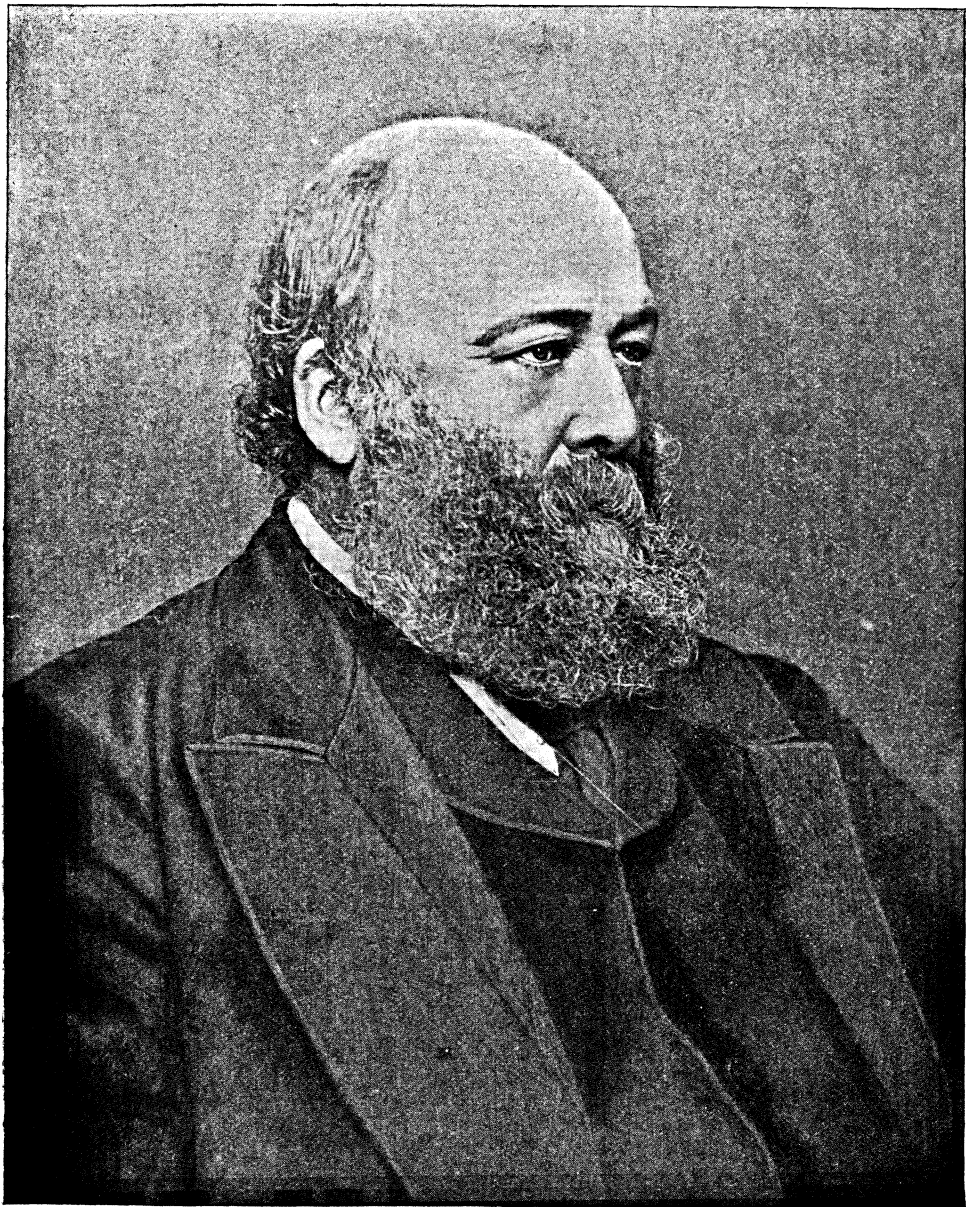
They received a shock of delight on the very sight of her and did instant homage. It was not on account of her magnificent beauty—a woman in the height of her glory—nor the indescribable manner of good society, nor the perfection of her dressing, nor a singular dignity of carriage. They bowed before her for the look in her eyes, the pride of love, and, although both are becoming each day her more devoted slaves, yet they agree that she could only look once as she did that night.

It was Charlie that showed her in, playing beadle for the occasion that this princess might not have to wait one minute, and his honour obliged him to withdraw instantly, but before the door could be closed he heard Rutherford cry—

"At last, Magdalen, my love!"

"Do you think, Charlie . . . ?"

"Rutherford has got his reward, Jack, and twenty years would not have been too long to wait."



From a photo by]

[Russell.

THE BUSIEST OF BRITISH STATESMEN :
THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.,
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PUBLIC MEN AT WORK:

II.—A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BRITISH STATESMAN.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Illustrated by A. C. GOULD and RAYMOND POTTER.



HIS "day" chiefly differs from other days in that it has no definite time of beginning or ending.

The truly virtuous minister, we may presume, struggles down to the dining-room to read prayers and to breakfast in the bosom of his family between 9 and 10 a.m. But the self-indulgent bachelor declines to be called and sleeps his sleep out. Mr. Arthur Balfour invariably breakfasts at 12; and more politicians than would admit it consume their tea and toast in bed. Mercifully, the dreadful habit of giving breakfast-parties, though sanctioned by the memories of Holland and Macaulay, and Rogers and Houghton, virtually died out with the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone.

"Men who breakfast out are generally Liberals," says Lady St. Julians in "Sybil." "Have not you observed that?"

"I wonder why?"

"It shows a restless, revolutionary mind," said Lady Firebrace, "that can settle to nothing, but must be running after gossip the moment they are awake."

"Yes," said Lady St. Julians, "I think those men who breakfast out, or who give breakfasts, are generally dangerous characters; at least I would not trust them."

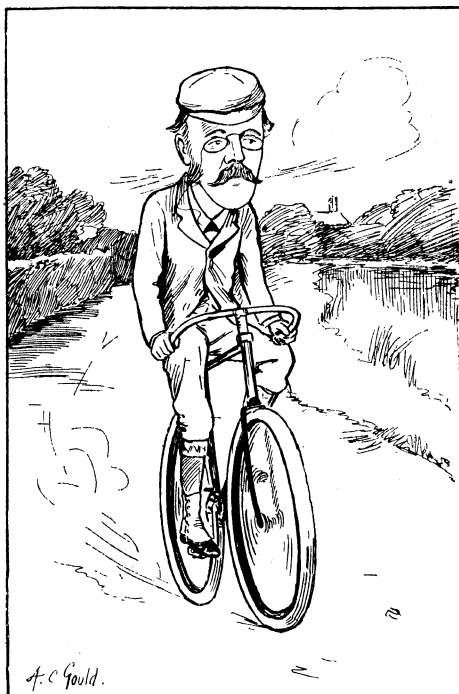
And Lady St. Julians' doctrine, though half a century old, applies with perfect exactness to those enemies of the human race who endeavour to keep alive or to resuscitate this desperate tradition. Juvenal described

the untimely fate of the man who went into his bath with an undigested peacock inside him. Scarcely pleasanter are the sensations of the minister or the M.P. who goes from a breakfast-party, full of buttered muffins and broiled salmon, to the sedentary desk-work of his office or the fusty wrangles of a Grand Committee.

Breakfast over, the minister's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of exercise. If he is a man of active habits and strenuous tastes, he may take a gentle breather up Highgate Hill, like Mr. Gladstone, or play tennis, like Sir Edward Grey. Lord Spencer when in office might be seen any morning cantering up St. James's Street on a hack, or pounding round Hyde Park in high naval debate with the blameless Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth. Lord Rosebery drives himself in a cab; Mr. Asquith is driven; both occasionally survey the riding world over the railings of Rotten Row; and even Lord Salisbury may be found prowling about the Green Park, to which his house in Arlington Street has a

private access. Mr. Balfour, as we all know, is a devotee of the wheel, and his example is catching; but Mr. Chamberlain holds fast to the soothing belief that when a man has walked upstairs to bed he has made as much demand on his physical energies as is good for him, and that exercise was invented by the doctors in order to bring grist to their mill.

Whichever of these examples our minister prefers to follow, his exercise or his lounge



MR. BALFOUR'S RECREATION.

must be over by 12 o'clock. The Grand Committees meet at that hour; on Wednesday the House meets then; and, if he is not required by departmental business to attend either the Committee or the House, he will probably be at his office by midday.

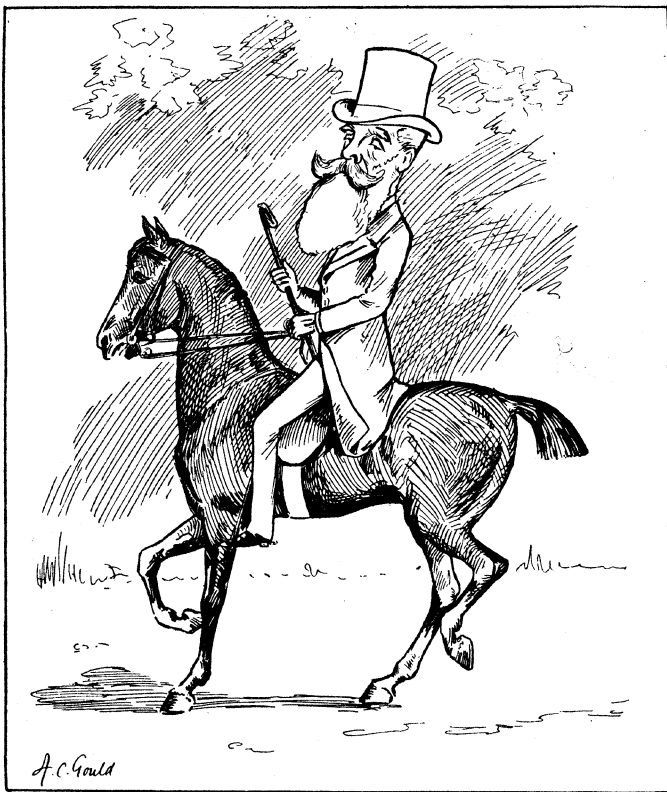
The exterior aspect of the Government Offices in Whitehall is sufficiently well known, and any peculiarities which it may present are referable to the fact that the execution of an Italian design was entrusted by the wisdom of Parliament to a Gothic architect. Inside, their leading characteristics are the abundance and steepness of the stairs, the total absence of light, and an atmosphere densely charged with Irish stew. Why the employés of the British Government should live exclusively on this delicacy, and why its odours should prevail with equal pungency "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," are matters of speculation too recondite for a popular sketch like this.

The minister's own room is probably on the first floor; perhaps looking into Whitehall, perhaps into the Foreign Office Square, perhaps on to the Horse Guards' Parade. It is a large room with immense windows, and a fireplace ingeniously contrived to send all its heat up the chimney. If the office is one of the older ones, the room probably contains some good pieces of furniture derived from a less penurious age than ours—a bureau or bookcase of mahogany dark with years, showing in its staid ornamentation

traces of Chippendale or Sheraton; a big clock in a handsome case; and an interesting portrait of some historic statesman who presided over the department two centuries ago. But in the more modern offices all is barren. Since the late Mr. Ayrton was First Commissioner of Works, a squalid cheapness has reigned supreme. Deal and paint are everywhere; doors that won't shut, bells that won't ring, and curtains that won't meet. In two articles alone there is prodigality—books and stationery. Hansard's Debates, the Statutes at large, treatises illustrating the

work of the office, and books of reference innumerable are there; and the stationery shows a delightful variety of shape, size and texture, adapted to every conceivable exigency of official correspondence.

It is indeed in the item of stationery, and in that alone, that the grand old constitutional system of perquisites survives. Morbidly conscientious ministers sometimes keep a supply of their



EARL SPENCER'S MORNING CANTER.

private letter-paper on their office-table and use it for their private correspondence. But the more frankly human sort write all their letters on official paper. On whatever paper written, ministers' letters go free from the office or the House of Commons; and certain artful correspondents outside, knowing that a letter to a public office need not be stamped, write to the minister at his official address and save their penny. But these are pettifogging economies. In old days things were done on a nobler

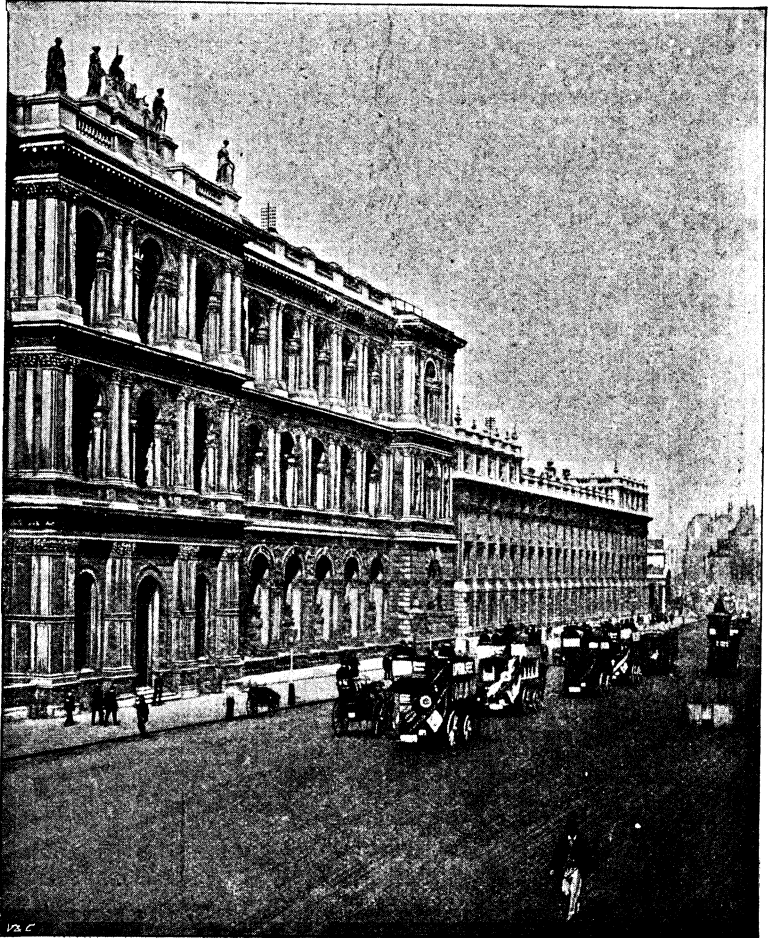
scale. The late Sir William Gregory used to tell how, as a boy, he was taken by his father to see Lord Melbourne in his official room. "Now, my boy," asked the good-natured old Whig, "is there anything here that you would like?" Young Gregory chose a large stick of sealing-wax. "That's right," said Melbourne, giving the sealing-wax and adding a bundle of pens, "begin life early. All these things belong to the public, and your business must always be to get out of the public as much as you can." There spoke the true spirit of the great governing families.

In days gone by each Secretary of State received on his appointment a silver inkstand, which he could hand down as a keepsake to his children. Mr. Gladstone, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, abolished this little perquisite, and the only token of office which an outgoing minister can now take with him is his despatch-box. The wife of a minister who had long occupied an official residence said with a pensive sigh, on being evicted from office, "I hope I am not avaricious, but I must say, when one was hanging up pictures, it was very pleasant to have the Board of Works' carpenter and a bag of the largest nails for nothing."

And now our minister, seated at his official table, touches his pneumatic bell; his Private Secretary appears with a pile of papers, and the day's work begins. That work of course differs enormously in amount, nature, importance and interest with different offices. To the outside world probably one office is

much the same as another, but the difference in the esoteric view is wide indeed. When the Revised Version of the New Testament came out, an accomplished gentleman, who had once been Mr. Gladstone's Private Secretary, and had been appointed by him to an important post in the permanent Civil Service, said—

"Mr. Gladstone, I have been looking at



From a photo by]

THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES, WHITEHALL.

[W. H. Bunnett.

the Revised Version, and I think it distinctly inferior to the old one."

"Indeed," said Mr. Gladstone, with all his theological ardour roused at once; "I am very much interested to hear you say so. Pray give me an instance."

"Well," replied the permanent official, "look at the first verse of the second chapter of St. Luke. That verse used to run,

'There went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.' Well, I always thought that a splendid idea—a tax levied on the whole world by a single act—a grand stroke, worthy of a great empire and an imperial treasury. But in the Revised Version I find, 'There went out a decree that all the world should be enrolled'—a mere counting! a census! the sort of thing the Local Government Board might do! Will anyone tell me that the new version is as good as the old one in this passage?"

This story aptly illustrates the sentiments with which a member of one of the more powerful and more ancient departments regards those later births of time—the Board of Trade, the Local Government Board, the Board of Agriculture, and even the Scotch Office—though this last is redeemed from utter contempt by the irritable patriotism of our Scottish fellow-citizens, and by the beautiful house in which it is lodged. For a minister who loves an arbitrary and single-handed authority, the India Office is the most attractive of all. The Secretary of State for India is (except in financial matters, where he is controlled by his council) a pure despot. He has the Viceroy at the end of a telegraph-wire, and the Queen's three hundred millions of Indian subjects under his thumb. His salary is not voted by the House of Commons; very few M.P.'s care about India; and he is practically free from parliamentary control.

The Foreign Office, of course, is full of interest, and its social traditions have always been of the most dignified sort—from the days when Mr. Ranville-Ranville used to frequent Mrs. Perkins's Baths, to the existing reign of Sir Thomas Sanderson and Mr. Eric Barrington. The Treasury has its finger in every departmental pie, except the Indian one, for no minister and no department can carry out reforms or even discharge its ordinary routine without public money, and of public money the Treasury is the vigilant and inflexible guardian. "I am directed to acquaint you that My Lords do not see their way to comply with your suggestion, inasmuch as to do so would be to *open a serious door*." This delightful formula, with its dread suggestion of a flippant door and all the mischief to which it might lead, is daily employed to check the ardour of ministers who are seeking to advance the benefit of the race (including their own popularity among their constituents) by a judicious expenditure of public money.

But whatever be the scope and function of the office, and whatever the nature of the work done there, the mode of doing it is pretty much the same. Whether the matter in question originates inside the office, by some direction or inquiry of the chief, or comes by letter from outside, it is referred to the particular department of the office which is concerned with it. A clerk makes a careful minute, giving the facts of the case and the practice of the office as bearing on it. The paper is then sent to any other department or person in the office that can possibly have any concern with it. It is minuted by each, and it gradually passes up by more or fewer official gradations to the Under-Secretary of State, who reads, or is supposed to read, all that has been written on the paper in its earlier stages, balances the perhaps conflicting views of different annotators, and, if the matter is too important for his own decision, sums up in a minute of recommendation to the chief.

The ultimate decision however is probably less affected by the Under-Secretary's minute than by the oral advice of a much more important personage, the Permanent Head of the office.

It would be beyond the scope of this paper to discuss the composition and powers of the permanent Civil Service, whose chiefs have been, at least since the days of Bagheot, recognised as the real rulers of this country. But as one who has had much experience of them, and not a little conflict with them, the writer feels bound to record his opinion that, in absolute knowledge of their business, in self-denying devotion to duty, in ability, patience, courtesy and readiness to help the fleeting Political Official, the permanent chiefs of the Civil Service are worthy of the highest honour. That they are conservative to the core goes without saying. On being appointed to high permanent office the extremest theorists, like the bees in the famous epigram, "cease to hum" their revolutionary airs, and settle down into the profound conviction that things are well as they are. All the more remarkable is the entire equanimity with which the Permanent Official accepts the unpalatable decision of a chief who is strong enough to override him, and the absolute loyalty with which he will carry out a policy which he cordially disapproves.

Much of a minister's comfort and success depends upon his Private Secretary. Some ministers import for this function a young gentleman of fashion whom they know at home—a picturesque butterfly who flits gaily

through the dusty air of the office, making, by the splendour of his raiment, sunshine in its shady places, and daintily passing on the work to unrecognised and unrewarded clerks. But the better practice is to appoint as Private Secretary one of the permanent staff of the office—if possible of your own politics—and then, as every minister would agree, you have the most efficient and the most obliging aide-de-camp. He supplies his chief with official information, hunts up necessary references, writes his letters, and interviews his bores.

When the late Lord Amphil was a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, introduced an in-

novation whereby, instead of being solemnly summoned by a verbal message, the clerks were expected to answer his bell. Some haughty spirits rebelled against being treated like footmen and tried to organise resistance; but Odo Russell, as he then was, refused to join the rebellious movement,



A TYPICAL PRIVATE SECRETARY.

saying that whatever method apprised him most quickly of Lord Palmerston's wishes was the method which he preferred. The aggrieved clerks regarded him as a traitor to his order—but he died an ambassador.

Trollope described the wounded feelings of a young clerk whose chief sent him to fetch his slippers; and in our own day a Private Secretary, who had patiently taken tickets for the play for his chief's daughters, drew the line when he was told to take the chief's razors to be ground. But such assertions of independence are extremely

rare, and as a rule the Private Secretary is the most cheerful and the most alert of ministering spirits.

A word should be said about the messengers of the public offices—a highly intelligent, respectable and responsible body of men. In recent days a mistaken practice has sprung up of appointing old soldiers and undersized footboys to these posts, but twenty years ago they were filled by men of a different stamp—men like Truncheon in the "Little Dinner at Timmins's," who "had been cab-boy to Lord Tantallan, valet to the Earl of Bareacres, and groom of the chambers to the Dowager Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe. Oh, it was delightful to hear Mr. Truncheon!"

A young man, a sprig of one of the great Whig families, was appointed to an under-secretaryship, and the first day he visited his office he was received by a venerable gentleman of ducal presence who said, with tears in his voice, "I rejoice to see you here, sir, and when I think that I helped to put your noble grandfather into his coffin, it makes me feel quite at home with you." Surely never was an official career more impressively auspicious.

But it is time to return from this personal digression to the routine of the day's work. Among the most important of the morning's duties is the preparation of answers to be given in the House of Commons, and it is often necessary to have answers ready by three o'clock to questions which have only appeared that morning on the notice-paper. The range of questions is infinite, and all the resources of the office are taxed in order to prepare answers at once accurate in fact and wise in policy, to pass them under the minister's review, and to get them fairly copied out before the House meets. As a rule the minister, if he sits in the House of Commons, knowing something of the temper of Parliament, wishes to give a full, explicit and intelligible answer, or even to go a little beyond the strict terms of the question if he sees what his interrogator is driving at. But this policy is abhorrent to the Permanent Official. The traditions of the Circumlocution Office are by no means dead, and the crime of "wanting to know, you know," is one of the most heinous that the M.P. can commit. The answers therefore, as prepared for the minister, are generally jejune, often barely civil, sometimes actually misleading. But the minister, if he be a wise man, edits them into a more informing shape, and after long and careful deliberation as to the probable effect of his words and the reception

which they will have from his questioner, he sends the bundle of written answers away to be fair-copied, and turns to his correspondence.

And here the practice of ministers varies exceedingly. Lord Salisbury writes almost everything with his own hand. Mr. Balfour dictates to a shorthand clerk. Most ministers write a great deal by their Private Secretaries. Letters of any importance are usually transcribed into a copying-book. A chief under whom I once served used to burn the fragment of blotting-paper with which he had blotted his letter, and used to lay it down

as an axiom that if a constituent wrote and asked one to vote for a particular measure one should on no account give a more precise reply than, "I shall have great pleasure in voting in the sense you desire." For, as my mentor observed with great truth, "unless the constituent has kept a copy of his letter—and the chances are twenty to one against that—there will be nothing to prove what the sense he desired was, and you will be perfectly safe in voting as you like."

The letters received by a minister are many, various and surprising. Of course a great proportion of them relate to public business, and a considerable number to the affairs of his constituency. But in addition to all this, lunatics, cranks and impostors mark a minister for their own, and their applications for loans, gifts and offices of profit would exhaust the total patronage of the Crown and break the Bank of England.

In some of the offices a log-book has been kept by ingenious clerks in which the gems

of the official correspondence are embedded. Let a passage from a letter addressed to the Prime Minister by a young clergyman stand as a sample of its order :—

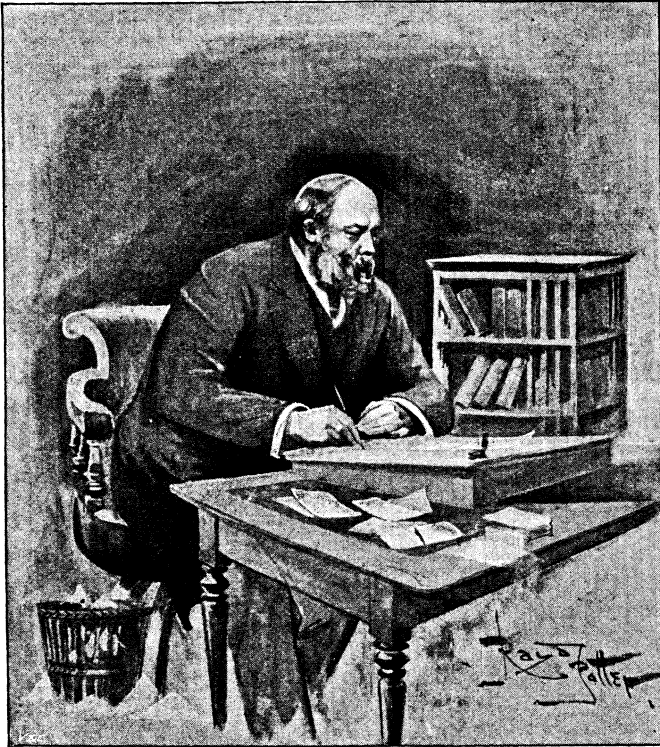
"Dear Sir,—I have no doubt that your time is fully occupied, I will therefore compress as much as possible what I wish to say, and frame my request in few words. Some time ago my mother wrote to her brother, Lord —, asking him to try and do something for me in the way of a living. The reply was that my uncle could do nothing.

I naturally thought that a Premier, possessed of such a plenitude of power as yourself, would find it a matter of less difficulty to transform a curate into a rector or vicar than to create a peer. My name is on the chancellor's list—as far as results, somewhat suggestive, I am afraid, of the Greek Kalendar. My future father-in-law, Mr. —, is a member of the City Liberal Club, in which a large

bust of yourself was unveiled last year. I am thirty-one years of age, a High Churchman, musical, and a graduate of Durham. If I had a living I could marry. Being a southerner, fond of music and of books, I naturally would like to be somewhere near town. I hope you will be able to help me in this respect, and thus afford much happiness to more than one."

Here is a gem from the North of Ireland :—

"Before the Irish Church was robbed I was nominated to the deanery of Tuam, but,



LORD SALISBURY AT HIS DESK.

Mr. Disraeli resigning, I was defrauded of my just right by Mr. Gladstone, and my wife, the only surviving child of an earl, was sadly disappointed. But there is a just Judge above."

Anonymous letters, chiefly abusive or threatening, are constantly received by ministers whose work brings them prominently into public view. The original of the following epistle to Mr. Gladstone lies before me as I write :—

"March 15, 1893.—Far away from my native land, my bitter indignation as a *Welshwoman* prompts me to reproach you—you *bad, wicked, false, treacherous* old man!—for your iniquitous scheme to *rob* and overthrow the dearly beloved old church of my country. You have no conscience, but I pray that God may even yet give you one that will sorely *smart* and trouble you before you die. You pretend to be religious, you old hypocrite, that you may more successfully pander to the evil passions of the lowest and most ignorant of the Welsh people! But you neither care for nor respect the principles of religion, or you would not distress the minds of all true Christian people by instigating a mob to commit the awful sin of sacrilege. You think you will shine in history; but it will be a notoriety similar to that of *Nero*. I see someone pays you the unintentional compliment of comparing you to Pontius Pilate, and I am sorry, for Pilate, though a political time-server, was, with all his faults, a very respectable man in comparison with you; and he did not, like you, profess the Christian religion. You are certainly *clever*—so also is your lord and master the devil. And I cannot regard it as sinful to hate and despise you, any more than it is sinful to abhor him. So, with full measure of contempt and detestation, accept these compliments from

A DAUGHTER OF OLD WALES."

It is a triumph of female patience and painstaking that the whole of the foregoing was compressed within the limits of a foreign postcard.

When the day's official papers have been dealt with, answers to questions settled, correspondence read and the replies written or dictated, it is very likely time to go to a conference on some Bill with which the office is concerned. This conference will consist of the minister in charge of the Bill, two or three of his colleagues who have

special knowledge of the subject, the permanent officials, the parliamentary draughtsman, and perhaps one of the law officers. At this conference the amendments on the paper are carefully discussed, together with the objects for which they were presumably put down, their probable effect, their merits or demerits, and the best mode of meeting them.

An hour soon passes in this kind of anticipatory debate, and the minister is called away to receive a deputation. The scene is exactly like that which Matthew Arnold described at the Social Science Congress—the large bare room, dusty air and jaded light, serried ranks of men with bald heads and women in spectacles, the local M.P., like Mr. Gregsbury in "*Nicholas Nickleby*," full of affability and importance, introducing the selected spokesmen—"our worthy mayor—our leading employer of labour—Miss Twoshoes, a philanthropic worker in all good causes"—the minister, profoundly ignorant of the whole subject, smiling blandly or gazing earnestly from his padded chair; the Permanent Official at his elbow murmuring what the "practice of the department" has been, what his predecessor said on a similar occasion ten years ago, and why the object of the deputation is equally mischievous and impossible; and the minister finally expressing sympathy and promising earnest consideration.

Mr. Bright, though the laziest of mankind at official work, was the ideal hand at receiving deputations. Some ministers scold or snub or harangue, but he let them talk their full, listened patiently, smiled pleasantly, said very little, treated the subject with gravity or banter as its nature required, paid the introducing member a compliment on his assiduity and public spirit, and sent them all away on excellent terms with themselves, and highly gratified by their intelligent and courteous reception.

So far, we have described our minister's purely departmental duties. At the Cabinet he must, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, "throw his mind into the common stock" with his fellow ministers, and take part in the discussions and decisions which govern the empire.

Saturday is the usual day for Cabinets, though they may be convened at any moment as special occasion arises. Describing the potato famine which settled the repeal of the Corn Laws, Lord Beaconsfield wrote: "This mysterious but universal sickness of a single root changed the history of the world. 'There is no gambling like politics,' said Lord Roehampton as he glanced at the

Times; 'four Cabinets in one week! The Government must be more sick than the potatoes!'"

Twelve is the usual hour for the meeting of the Cabinet, and the business is generally over by two. At the Cabinets held during November the legislative programme for next session is settled, and the preparation of each measure is assigned to a sub-committee of ministers specially conversant with the subject-matter.

Lord Salisbury holds his Cabinets at the Foreign Office; but the old place of meeting was the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury at 10 Downing Street, in a pillared room looking over the Horse Guards' Parade, and hung with portraits of departed First Lords. In theory of course the proceedings of the Cabinet are absolutely secret. The Privy Councillor's oath prohibits all disclosures. No record is kept of the business done. The door is guarded by vigilant messengers against possible eavesdroppers. The despatch-boxes which constantly circulate between Cabinet ministers carrying confidential matters are locked with special keys, said to date from the administration of Mr. Pitt; and the possession of these keys constitutes admission into what Lord Beaconsfield called "the circles of high initiation."

Yet in reality more leaks out than is supposed. In the Cabinet of 1880-1885 the leakage to the Press was systematic and continuous. Even Mr. Gladstone, that greatest of all sticklers for official reticence, held that a cabinet minister might impart his secrets to his wife and his Private Secretary. The wives of official men are not always as trustworthy as Mrs. Bucket, in "Bleak House," and some of the Private Secretaries in the Government of 1880 were little more than boys. Two members of that Cabinet were notorious for their free communications to the Press, and it was often remarked that the *Birmingham Daily Post* was peculiarly well informed.

A noble lord who belonged to the Government of 1880, and who, though the most pompous, is not the wisest of mankind, was habitually the victim of a certain journalist of known enterprise, who used to waylay him outside Downing Street and accost him with jaunty confidence: "Well, Lord —, so you have settled on so-and-so after all." The noble lord, astonished that the Cabinet's decision was already public property, would reply: "As you know so much there can be no harm in telling the

rest," and the journalist, grinning like a dog, ran off to print the precious morsel in a special edition of the *Millbank Gazette*. Mr. Justin McCarthy could, I believe, tell a curious story of a highly-important piece of foreign intelligence communicated by a minister to the *Daily News*, of a resulting question in the House of Commons, and of the same minister's emphatic declaration that no effort should be wanting to trace this violator of official confidence and bring him to condign punishment.

While it is true that outsiders sometimes become possessed, by these nefarious dodges, of official secrets, it is not less true that cabinet ministers are often curiously in the dark about great and even startling events.

A political lady, who lived in Seamore Place, once said to the present writer: "Do you in your party think much of my neighbour, Mr. —?" As in duty bound, I replied, "Oh, yes, a great deal." She rejoined: "I shouldn't have thought it, for when the boys are shouting any startling news in the special editions I see him run out into Seamore Place without his hat to buy an evening paper. *That doesn't look well for a cabinet minister.*"

On the evening of May 6, 1882, I dined in company with Mr. Bright. He stayed late, but never heard a word of the Phoenix Park murders, went off quietly to bed, and read them as news in the next morning's *Observer*.

But to return to our minister. The labours of the morning are now beginning to tell upon him, and exhausted nature rings her luncheon-bell. Here again men's habits widely differ. If our minister has breakfasted late, he will go on till four or five, and then have tea and toast, and perhaps a poached egg, but if he is an early man, he craves for nutriment more substantial. He must not go out to luncheon at a friend's house, for he will be tempted to eat and drink too much, and absence from official territory in the middle of the day has a bad look of idleness and self-indulgence. The *dura ilia* of the present Duke of Devonshire could always cope with a slice of the office joint, a hunch of the office bread, a glass of the office sherry. But Lord Spencer, when Lord President, used to have an elaborate luncheon brought from Spencer House, and Mr. Mundella, his Vice-President, was admitted to share it. As a rule, if a family cannot manage to get back to the family meal in South Kensington or Cavendish Square, he turns into a club, has a cutlet and a glass of claret, and goes back to his

office for another hour's work before going to the House.

At 3.30 questions begin, and every minister is in his place, unless indeed there is a *Levé* or a Drawing-room, when a certain number of ministers, besides the great officers of state, are expected to be present. The minister lets himself into the House by a private door—of which ministers alone have the key—at the back of the Chair. For an hour and a half, or perhaps longer, the storm of questions rages, and then the minister, if he is in charge of the Bill under discussion, settles himself on the Treasury Bench to spend the remainder of the day in a hand-to-hand encounter with the banded forces of the Opposition, which will tax to their utmost his brain, nerve, and physical endurance. If however he is not concerned with the business, he goes out perhaps for a breath of air and a cup of tea on the Terrace, and then buries himself in his private room—generally a miserable little dog-hole in the basement—where he finds a pile of office-boxes, containing papers which must be read, minuted, and returned to the office with all convenient despatch. From these labours he is suddenly summoned, by the shrill tinging of the division-bell and the raucous bellow of the policeman, to take part in a division. He rushes upstairs two steps at a time and squeezes himself into the House through the almost closed doors. "What are we?" he shouts to the whip. "Ayes" or "Noes" is the hurried answer; and he stalks through the lobby to discharge this intelligent function, dives down to his room again, only, if the House is in committee, to be dragged up again ten minutes afterwards for another repetition of the same farce, and so on indefinitely.

It may be asked why a minister should undergo all this worry of running up and down, and in and out, laying down his work and taking it up again, dropping threads, and losing touch, and wasting time, all to give a purely party vote, settled for him by his colleague in charge of the Bill, on a sub-

ject with which he is personally unfamiliar. If the Government is in peril, of course every vote is wanted; but with a normal majority, ministers' votes might surely be "taken as read," and assumed to be given to the side to which they belong. But the traditions of Government require ministers to vote. It is a point of honour for each man to be in as many divisions as possible. A record is kept of all the divisions of the session and of the week, and a list is sent round every Monday morning showing in how many each minister has voted. The whips, who must live and move and have

their being in the House, naturally head the list, and their colleagues follow in a rather uncertain order. A minister's place in this list is mainly governed by the question whether he dines at the House or not. If he dines away and "pairs," of course he does not in the least jeopardise his party or embarrass his colleagues, but "pairs" are not indicated in the list of divisions, and as divisions have an awkward knack of happening between nine and ten, the habitual diner-out naturally sinks in the list. If he is a married man, the claims of the *placens uxor* are to a certain extent recognised by his whips, but woe to the bachelor who, with no domestic excuse, steals away for two hours' relaxation.

The good minister therefore stays at the House and dines there. Perhaps he is

entertaining ladies in the crypt-like dining-rooms which look on the Terrace, and in that case the charms of society may neutralise the discomforts of the room and the unattractive character of the food. But if he dine upstairs at the ministerial table, few indeed are the alleviations of his lot. In the first place he must dine with the colleagues with whom his whole waking life is passed—excellent fellows and capital company—but nature demands an occasional enlargement of the mental horizon. Then if by chance he has one special bugbear—a bore or an egotist, a man with dirty hands or a churlish temper—that man will inevitably come and sit down beside him and insist on being



OUT FOR THE EVENING.

affectionate and fraternal. The room is very hot ; dinners have been going on in it for the last two hours ; the *κνίση*—the odour of roast meat, which the gods loved but which most men dislike—pervades the atmosphere ; your next-door neighbour is eating a rather high grouse while you are at your apple-tart, or the perfumes of a deliquescent Camembert mingle with your coffee.

To wash down these delicacies you may, if you choose, follow the example of Lord Cross, who, when he was Sir Richard, drank beer in its native pewter, or of Mr. Radcliffe Cook, who tries to popularise cider ; or you may venture on that thickest, blackest, and most potent of vintages, which a few years back still went by the name of "Mr. Disraeli's port." But as a rule these heroic beverages are eschewed by the modern minister. Perhaps if he is in good spirits after making a successful speech or fighting his estimates through committee, he will indulge himself with an imperial pint of champagne ; but more often a whisky and soda, or a half bottle of Zeltinger quenches his modest thirst.

On Wednesday and Saturday our minister, if he is not out of London, probably dines at a large dinner-party. Once a session he must dine in full dress with the Speaker ; once he must dine at, or give, a full-dress dinner "to celebrate her Majesty's birthday." On the eve of the meeting of Parliament he must dine again in full dress with the Leader of the House, to hear the rehearsal of the "gracious speech from the throne." But as a rule his experience on Wednesday and Saturday is a ceremonious banquet at a colleague's house, and a party strictly political—perhaps the Prime Minister as the main attraction, reinforced by Lord and Lady Tite-Barnacle, Mr. and Mrs. Stiltstalking, Sir John Taper, and young Mr. Tadpole.

A political dinner of thirty colleagues, male and female, in the dog-days is only a shade less intolerable than the greasy rations and mephitic vapours of the House of Commons' dining-room. At the political dinner "shop" is the order of the day ; conversation turns on Brown's successful speech, Jones's palpable falling-off, Robinson's chance of office, the explanation of a recent by-election, the prospects of an impending division, and what Lord Beaconsfield justly called "that heinous

subject, on which enormous fibs are ever told, the Registration." And, to fill up the cup of boredom, the political dinner is usually followed by a political evening party.

On Saturday the minister probably does two hours' work at his office, and has some boxes sent to his house, but the afternoon he spends in cycling, or golfing, or riding, or boating, or he leaves London till Monday morning. On Wednesday he is at the House till six, and then escapes for a breath of air before dinner. But on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, as a rule, he is at the House from its meeting at three till it adjourns at any hour after midnight. After dinner he smokes and reads, and tries to work in his room, and goes to sleep and wakes again, and towards midnight is unnaturally lively. Outsiders believe in the "twelve o'clock rule," but insiders know, as a matter of fact, that it is suspended as often as an Irish member in the '80 Parliament. Whoever else slopes homewards, ministers must stay. The present writer has been fetched out of his bed, to which he had surreptitiously retired, by a messenger in a hansom, and taken back to the House to defend his estimates at three in the morning.

There we sit with ranks unbroken, cheering on the fierce debate,
Till the sunrise lights us homeward as we tramp
through Storey's Gate,
Racked with headache, pale and haggard, worn by
nights of endless talk,
While the early sparrows twitter all along the
Birdcage Walk.

Yet some ardent spirits there are who, if report speaks true, are not content with even this amount of exertion and excitement. A noble duke, when he held office in the House of Commons, used to finish his night or begin his day with a rubber at the Turf, and an eminent judge, formerly a law-officer, was believed to banish care and induce rest by games considerably more hazardous. But we are describing not choice spirits or chartered *viveurs*, but the blameless minister whose whole life, during the parliamentary session, is the undeviating and conscientious discharge of unexciting duty ; and he, when he lays his head upon his respectable pillow any time after 1 A.M., may surely go to sleep in the comfortable consciousness that he has done a fair day's work for a not exorbitant remuneration.

THE KID:

A NEW STUDY OF COWBOY LIFE.

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.



HE Kid cropped up from nowhere in particular. Out of the emptiness of the prairie he suddenly appeared, checking his whiffing little Indian pony on the further bank of

the river, and the boys stopped and peered through the rails of the corral to size up the apparition.

"What d'ye reckon it is?" said Morden, the foreman, cheerfully. "D'ye reckon it kin fly?"

"Well," returned Broncho drily, "if it can't, then we'll have to wait some time longer afore we sample any fresh terbacker. There ain't no horse ever carried a man across that river in a spring flood yet. And there's no snow a-melting in them mountains now than ever came down before. Look at it!"

It was indeed something to look at. The stream that ran so low in summer now went roaring past bank full and more, for every sinuous slough on either hand was choking and gurgling till the tossing waste went rearing

away, shouldering and sapping an endless chain of timber-studded islands.

But the Kid was measuring it with his eye and picking out a landing-place on this

side, before turning to the right and putting his pony at a deep slough.

"He saveys high water anyhow, boys," said Broncho again. "See him a-heading up stream for that island, so as to allow for the current in crossin'. But if he was to allow

amile it would only be enough to drown him. I reckon we'd oughter warn him off."

So thought Morden, for he climbed to the top rail of the corral and waved his sombrero vigorously.

But the Kid waved his in return from the island.

"Dern me!" cried Morden;

"he thinks I'm a-callin' him over. There he goes! He's in! See it whoop away with him! Inside two minutes there'll be a corpse somewhere between this and New Orleans."

"Corpus nothin'," took up Broncho; "he ain't near gone yet. See him keep that pony's head up stream. Hang and rattle, Kid—hang and rattle and you'll make it yet! Ha——" The words stuck in his throat as Morden interjected—

"Didn't I say so? He's down to the gullet—he's under!"

"Not he," broke out Broncho again excitedly. "The pony's ears ain't been



"The Kid."

swamped yet. Watch 'em, both coming up like ducks! I tell you he'll make it yit. I'll bet ten dollars on it!"

"Will he?" cried Morden, yet hesitating on the bet. And "Will he? Will he?" came an intermittent chorus from the rest, half-unconsciously, sharp or long, breathed or choked out, as one current after another played panther with the rider in the river. He had won two-thirds of the way across when he was swept past the corral, and at sight of his face, white and set but still fixed on the landing-place, Broncho seized his lasso, jumped over the corral rails, and started down the bank, shouting as he ran, "Keep it up, Kid! That's it! You're a'most over now——" And then went splash overhead into a slough, which his excitement had failed to notice.

And, as if that were just the joke the river had intended, it immediately changed its sport and straightway swept the pony and its rider ashore on the island bank of the slough, out of which Broncho was dragging his dripping figure.

Laughing at the joke on himself, he waved his arm to encourage the other to continue, crying out between his gasps—

"That's all right, old pard; come on over to the corral. The boss wants to see you." Which was most certainly true.

The boys sat in a row on the top rail of the corral like a new kind of scratch jury, when the Kid, with Broncho as a sort of master of ceremonies, drew rein in front of Morden, saluting him with an ingenuous smile which, one may warrant, had been his passport many a time already.

"Well, young man, how air you?" said the foreman, extending his hand.

"All right, thank you. Ah! excuse my glove; and it's a bit wet, too. I hope you're well?"

The glove had evidently been some ham-handed miner's glove, and hung about the Kid's slim clasp as though he proffered a wet blanket, out of which Morden's grip wrung a little stream of water. A genial smile stole along the top row of the corral; but if the foreman smiled it must have been at the back of his neck, where the newcomer could not see it, as he proceeded to business with all the gravity in the world.

"I'm a-looking for a job now the spring's opening out, and as I punched cows down on the head of the Republican all last year, I thought I'd come over and speak to you, hearing that you had the biggest outfit in these parts. You don't happen to be wanting ne'er a man, do you?"

Morden's mouth emitted an inaudible "Snakes!" at the conclusion of this speech—the grin on the top rail was something to see—but he managed to bethink himself in time. Said he, quite serious—

"Well, an' if I've got all I want, what then, young man?"

The light went out of the youngster's face for a moment, as when a cloud-shadow races over the prairie in May, but it broke as bright as ever again while he answered—

"Why then I'll have to ask you for just a handful of corn for my horse before he faces the river again. It's hard work for him, because he ain't very fat yet, and moreover it's a long way from here to the 69 ranch between this and sundown."

"Well in that case, young man," returned Morden drily, "I reckon we'd better build a bridge for you to cross back again. And, as I guess it'll take quite an hour or two to get it properly fixed up and painted and so forth"—casting a thoughtful eye across the hundred yards of tossing flood—"why, perhaps you'd better unsaddle your horse and give him a double feed. "But"—this with a particularly serious air—"don't you think it would be cheaper to give you a job of some kind? Building a bridge just now would cost a heap of money."

"Thank you," answered the Irrepressible as he lighted down; "I'm glad I got a job, because my horse was so near played out I didn't reckon he'd quite have made the other bank again. The river's powerful strong just now." He smiled as if he had outwitted the other in a horse trade.

Broncho was already loosing the cinch and unsaddling for him, the Kid meanwhile standing back to allow the courtesy with all the deference of an old-timer; and now he thanked, with the proper half bow, the man who jumped down from the top rail to lead the cat-built cayuse into the stable to feed it. Then Broncho: "I'm a-goin' over to the cabin. You'd better come along with me and let the cook get you a bite to eat."

"Just a minute," deprecated the Acquisition, "till I spread out my bed to dry," and from behind his saddle he untied what looked more like a drowned cayote than anything else, but which, when shaken out, proved to be one old army blanket which wouldn't have made a bad fishing net, and another which was so far superior in that it had been patched with old sacking in half a dozen places. These he laid carefully out to dry, following them with his equally wet saddle-blanket, explaining as he did so that

it got chilly along towards morning yet, and so an extra blanket wasn't to be snoze at.

"That's a new kind o' cartridge in your six-shooter, ain't it?" said Morden.

"Why, it ain't quite a cartridge," answered the Kid, drawing the six-shooter to explain. "Old Ponkey's mule busted her with a kick, and there's something wrong with her works, so the cylinder runs loose. But if I just put this piece of stick in the loading chamber instead of a cartridge, then it holds her all right when I shoot."

"Oh, then I s'pose she's all correct only that?"

"Yes, for the rest ain't anything to count. She's got no trigger and the hammer won't hold cocked, but that's better; you've only to let it slip with your thumb and so you don't get shaky in your aim."

"Ho!" said Morden feebly. But he made a last attempt. "Is this the outfit you had last year when you punched cows down on the Republican?" cocking his eye at the worn-out skeleton of a saddle.

"No, I didn't have one last year. The boss lent me one, but it warn't up to much, so I thought I'd have one of my own this year. I got this from old Ponkey. I went prospecting last fall up round Golden City, an' when my money played out I went to work for old Ponkey on his claim with him. But he didn't have any money to pay me with, so he gave me this lot instead. I guess I did pretty well for three months' wages too," and with a bland smile he followed Broncho over to the cabin.

Nobody spoke until he was safely gone, and then Morden turned and ran a deliberate eye along the row of faces on the top of the corral.

"But it ain't the outfit he used last year when he punched cows down on the Republican," said one of them slowly; "that warn't up to much. Jehoshaphat!"

"Well, there *is* something wrong with the works, but you kin shoot better without a trigger," repeated another.

"An' he'd like a handful of corn for his hawse. Snakes! his hawse!" quoted a third.

But it was Morden's gem that upset them as he mimicked—"You don't happen to be wanting ne'er a man, do ye?"

"And he was right," resumed the foreman as the laugh subsided. "He's all eyes and legs like a young elk. But the Kid that'll swim that flood just to try for a job is a man every time."

"Say," put in the man by the gate, "he's

a Britisher. Did ye hear him say 'thank you' when he got the job? All the same I reckon he'll make a dicknailing good little horse-herder."

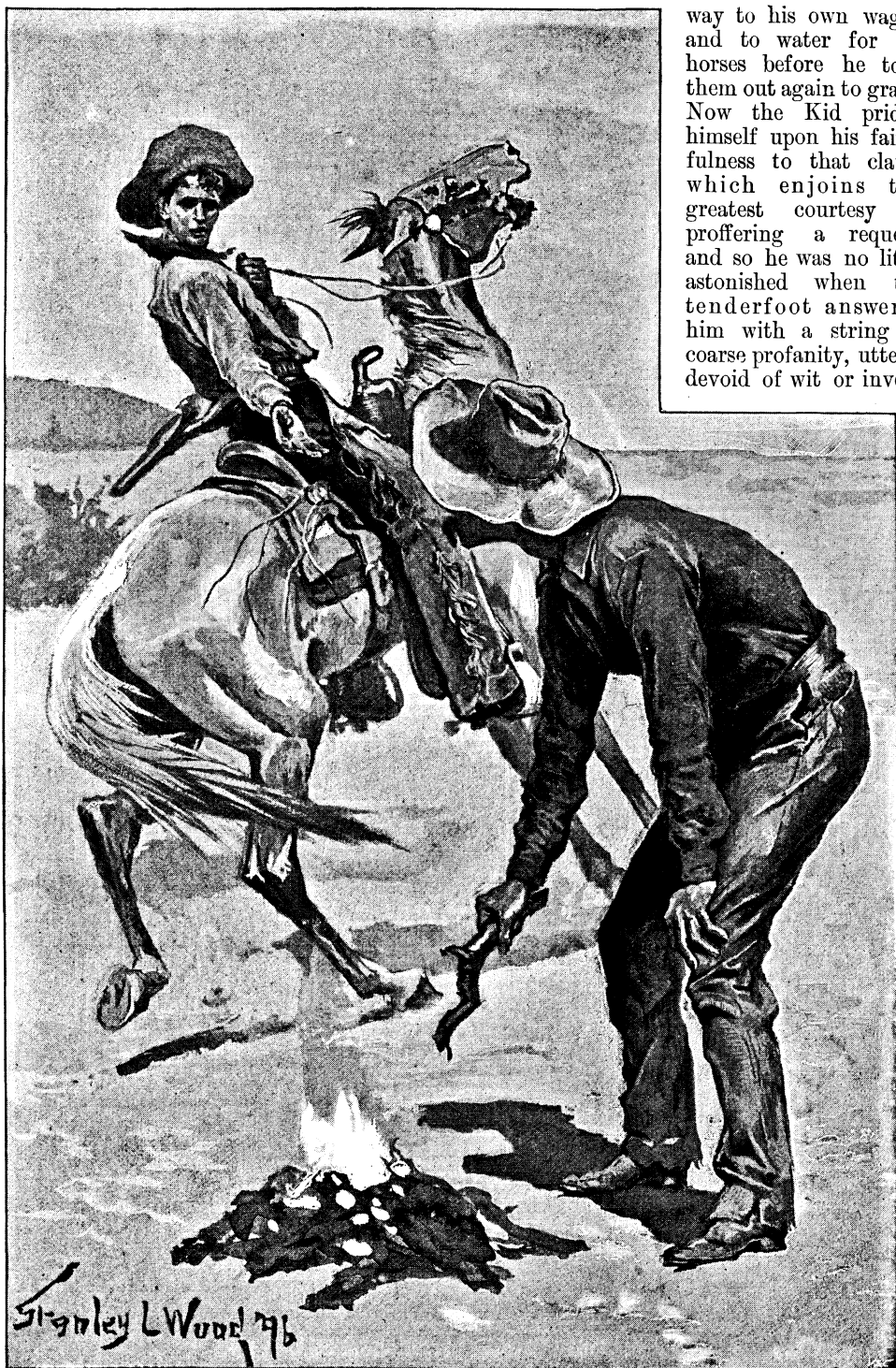
"Or anything else," emphasised Morden. "I'll bet ten dollars to a dead cow's eyelash that I could send him across three hundred mile o' country to fetch a critter I'd heard of, an' he'd fetch it, too, in spite of h—l and high water!"

"Don't you never doubt it, boys," said the quiet man, whose reputation was not local. "The feller that tries to bluff the Kid 'll mebbe find that it *is* easier to shoot without a trigger."

The Kid had made a position in the outfit at once by the fashion of his joining it. The manner in which he subsequently made an equally unshakable place in the roundup at large was different but equally sure. From the first day of their joining that roundup he had been the particular pride of his own outfit and the endless delight of all the rest. He could always be counted on to keep the boys half choked with smothered guffaws when one of them should have opened on the raw by casually remarking that the British Empire was played out. His language then, while obliging the company with a few remarks, was good to hear. Now and again too he would invite apoplexy in his hearers by grave references to the time when he punched cows down on the Republican, and the high old times they used to have at Indianola. "You should have seen the sheriffs hunting for holes to hide in," he would say with immense pride and much sage wagging of the head. Then, just at the end of the roundup, came the final touch which crowned his fame.

The horse-herder of the 69 outfit handed in his checks—how does not matter—and in crossing the stage road old Pratt picked up a nondescript to take his place. This nondescript did not get into trouble with the rest of the horse-herders, because they were all grown men like himself, but he took a notion that he would rile the Kid for amusement. Doubtless he had heard some of the privileged ones joking him, and his native fatuity had failed to note that the jokes never crossed a certain line.

On the particular day which he chose for his exhibition, the roundup moved out of the foot-hills and made the new camp at a very scanty water-hole. The wagons were pretty well crowded together, and the new man bunched his herd so close in that it stopped up the Kid's prescriptive right of



way to his own wagon and to water for his horses before he took them out again to graze. Now the Kid prided himself upon his faithfulness to that clause which enjoins the greatest courtesy in proffering a request, and so he was no little astonished when the tenderfoot answered him with a string of coarse profanity, utterly devoid of wit or inven-

"Lend me a couple of cartridges."

tion, and winding up with a stupid promise to blow the top of his derved British head off if he didn't dry up.

The Kid could only stare at him for a dozen seconds or so, and then mentally decide that the fellow had not been long enough out West to learn manners and acquire a little polish. This was a very good time for a first lesson, but the Kid felt himself debarred from giving it, partly because of his youth, but more from a feeling of delicacy which forbade him to intrude upon the prerogative of his friends, for every man was expected to help to lick into shape only those of his own nationality, British or American, as the case might be—foreigners did not count, being as rare as hen's teeth in cow outfits. Nevertheless it was imperative that his horses should be watered, and so, keeping silence lest worse should come of it, he began gently to drive the other's herd over his own line.

The fellow had sense enough to see that he had made some sort of a mistake, but not enough to prevent him following it up with a grosser blunder still. He drew his six-shooter and tried to bluff the Kid.

"Shift another of them hawses an' I'll down you," he blustered.

The Kid's face went white as he saw the muzzle sighted on him and remembered that he had spent his last cartridge on a stray mountain-lion that very morning. Then the fool behind the weapon began to jeer him, saying things about his Queen and country which he dared not have uttered had any man of the roundup been near to hear.

The Kid sat quiet listening to it all, but at the first pause, "Wait a minute till I come back from the wagon," said he. Then he turned and galloped away.

"Cook," said he, as he checked in front of that staunch pardner, "lend me a couple of cartridges."

"What's the trouble, Kid?" answered the cook, stopping in his work.

"That tenderfoot of the 69 drew on me when I wanted to bring in the horses to water, and I ain't got a cartridge left to talk to him with."

"Nuther hev I, Kid, ne'er a one," answered the cook, lying most earnestly for the safety of the other. "You jest wait till the boys come in; they'll shift him so quick it'll make his head swim to think of it."

"And let a tenderfoot bluff me out?" said the Kid reproachfully, and before the other could begin to argue with him he had turned rein again and was gone.

He had no distinct idea of what he was going to do, but the tenderfoot settled that for him.

"Git, you son of a ——!" cried the fellow as soon as the other came within a couple of lengths.

The Kid checked for an instant, and then, as if he had stopped him for a better target, the fool of the 69 fired.

From half standing in his stirrups the Kid sat convulsively down, but never whimpering, and, before the other could throw up to cock again, flung his hat into his face. There was another shot, harmless and wide, and then he was upon his man, swinging his own empty six-shooter, bringing it down on the fellow's fist with a crash that sent his weapon flying, and before the fool could spur away one blow upon the head shook his teeth in their sockets and another dropped him out of the saddle like a log. A cowboy never strikes with the butt, but always with the barrel, and a Colt's .45, half as long as your arm, makes a most effective bludgeon.

"That's one for the Queen, and one for the country, and one for the son of a ——! an' if he'd been a man instead of a fool tenderfoot I'd have killed him for that last," said the victor with a pale grin as he surveyed the senseless lump on the grass. Then a little trickle of blood showed on the forehead, and in a minute he was kneeling beside the prostrate figure, at the same moment that the cook arrived with a butcher's knife in his hand ready for use.

"Is he dead?" gasped the Kid, looking up with a flicker of alarm.

"He oughter be," growled the cook. "I seen him shoot."

By this time the cook of the 69 had also arrived.

"Derved fool!" was his ejaculation; "let's get him into the wagon and tie him up."

Then the fellow stirred a leg, and presently found himself staggering along between the two, while the Kid, after a weak glance at the saddle as if to remount, came after them afoot, followed by his horse.

He was first to fetch water for bathing the broken head, and tenderest in bandaging it, and when it was finished stood up and spoke: "You see, it don't exactly do for a tenderfoot to come out here and try to run things. You thought you'd bluff me out; but I'm an old-timer from way down on the Republican, and don't you never forget it."

Then he put his hand up to his face. "Cook," said he, turning to him, "come

over to the wagon, I want to show you something. I ——”

The cook jumped over to him at once. “Snakes! how white you are! I guess the excitement made you a bit sick. Steady! Hullo! what in the ——’s this? Blood! Did he hit you, Kid?”

But the Kid had fainted, and opening his shirt they saw where the bullet had gone through him on the left side, front and back, not dangerous perhaps, but bad.

The cook turned fiercely upon the man who had done it, but before he could frame a word the fellow broke in with white lips: “I didn’t intend to hit him; I was only shooting close to him to scare him.”

“Scare him, you——!” (Here followed the unpardonable epithet; but the fellow took it with only a shiver). “There ain’t no way of scaring this Kid. Fetch some water or I’ll job this knife into you and carve you into chicken feed!”

It needed some little time to fetch the Kid round again, and even then he wandered in his speech a little as he sat with his back against the wagon wheel, cushioned with folded blankets.

“I’d oughter fetch the horses in for water,” were his first words.

“They hev bin watered, Kid; I did it myself,” answered the cook unblushingly. “An’ I’m just agoin’ to drift ’em out on to the flat.”

But the Kid was wandering already, and with a long look first to see if he were likely to swoon again, the cook mounted the horse standing beside him and galloped out to where the ceaseless din of thousands of crowded cattle told that the drives were in and the boys handy to speak to. He wasted no words in telling the tale as he knew it to the first knot he came to—Broncho in it.

“That new cavyrango of the 69 hes just shot the Kid because he wanted to fetch his horses in to water. Tell the rest of the boys.” Then he dashed back again to the camp.

Within five minutes nearly every rider on the roundup was crowding round the wagon, craning to get a look at the slim figure of the Kid against the wheel, as now he quavered a line from the ballad of “The Texas Ranger,” and now dimly remembered that he had punched cows down on the Republican.

It was Broncho who spoke. Lifting his reins and ringing his rowels against the flanks of his horse—

“Boys, where is this brave man that shot

our Kid?” said he with a short grin and a winking of both eyes.

Morden loosed his lasso and ran out the loop.

“All eyes and legs like a young elk,” muttered he to himself as he turned towards the 69 wagon.

* * * * *

The cook was standing watching the crowd as it drew nearer and nearer to a great cottonwood some couple of hundred yards away. Suddenly the Kid behind him stopped maundering, was silent for a moment, and then spoke rationally—

“Cook, what’s the matter? I feel as if this was somebody else.”

“That’s all right, Kid; your horse fell down with you, but you’re all well again now, ain’t you? I’m a-makin’ a reg’lar old doonderflunk of a duff ready against the boys come in. You lie still a bit.”

But the Kid was staring very hard at him.

“Oh, now I remember. But what’s come of that 69 feller? Is that him they’ve got over yonder?”

The cook turned to stare towards the cottonwood in the greatest surprise imaginable.

“Oh! that’s—that’s just the boys hevin’ a bit of a neck-tie party”—spoken in the voice of one greatly relieved. Then, after another moment spent in gazing, he turned again and nearly fell over himself in astonishment, for the Kid had somehow struggled up into the saddle, and now with set face and one hand clutching the saddle-horn was crowding his horse into pacing.

“I won’t have him hung,” he muttered as he went. “He’s only a fool; an’ I’ve showed him now that he can’t bluff me!”

He would have been too late but that the boss of the 69 saw him coming and created a diversion by his exclamation, “Here comes the Kid himself!” The boys made room to let the white-faced figure pass, with its wandering smile and swaying seat, all unconscious as it was of the cook following afoot with his hands ready to catch him should he lurch. He did not check till he was alongside the prisoner.

“Boys,” he cried, in his high treble, “what’s this business? You’ve made a mistake. He’s only a fool, and he don’t savey cow-punchers. He jest thought I was a kid an’ tried to bluff me; but I’m an old-timer, me, an’ I hammered him. An’ I’ll have a cartridge next time, so don’t you boys



"That's one for the Queen!"

be afraid he'll hurt me any more. An' you"—here he jerked the rope off the prisoner's neck—"you git! I'll stand 'em off till you're clear away."

Broncho started forward to prevent the escape.

"No, not you, Broncho," wailed the Kid, turning upon him. "You're a pard of mine; don't make me have to shoot you." (He had forgotten that he had no cartridges.) "You're a pard—not you." The voice choked, and the Kid lurched forward over the saddle-horn.

Broncho caught him before the cook could reach him.

"I'll take him back to camp," said he; "you boys can go on out and work the cattle."

"Yes," chimed in the cook; "I guess this hyer neck-tie party's about busted."

The escaped prisoner was making exceedingly good time back for the foot-hills.

But neither then nor afterwards did the Kid tell all that the other had said during their quarrel. He preferred to let it be looked upon as a simple argument over the right of way in to water. Said he to himself—

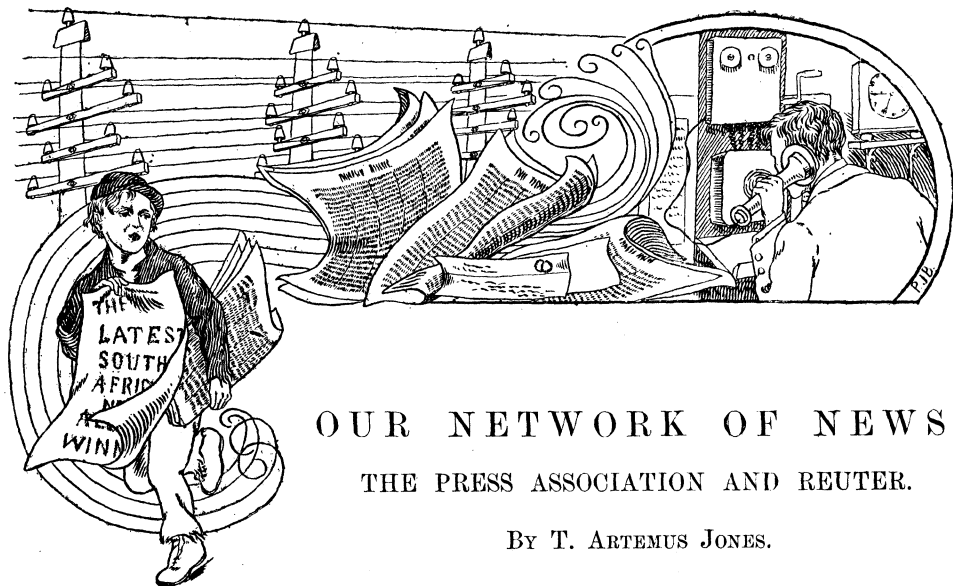
"The boys would feel bad if they knew that the feller had been so terrible mean as to really try to hurt me through my being proud of being a Britisher. An' that just shows what a no 'count fool he was, for a man takes count of a man and not of his breed—barring, of course, when the other feller's a foreigner. A foreigner don't count nohow."



From a photo by]

WANG-FO THE VICTOR.

[Hana.



OUR NETWORK OF NEWS:

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION AND REUTER.

By T. ARTEMUS JONES.



HE rapidity with which England's network of news draws in its daily haul received a capital illustration in the announcement of the assassination of President Carnot.

From Lyons, where the tragedy was enacted, the news was telephoned to Paris whence it was communicated in the same way to London. Here in the offices of our great dailies the assassination was known seventeen minutes after the fatal blow had been struck; within the hour the Press Association, which distributes Reuter's news in the provinces, had flashed forth the fact into the most distant corner of the United Kingdom.

On the other hand a recent episode may be mentioned to show the opposite side of the picture. About midnight some three months ago a ghastly outrage was taking place a few yards above Fleet Street at the very moment when that centre was busiest in drawing its sustenance from the four corners of the globe. Three hours before the London dailies may be said, roughly speaking, to go to press a double murder was attempted in one of the main arteries of London life. According to the latest journalistic creed the most trifling accident in the next street possesses an acuter interest for the British citizen than the fall of a dynasty abroad. Yet while the London Press was busily recording the recriminations of Italian or French deputies much more valuable "copy" was lying at its very doorstep. Not one contained a reference to the

attempted double murder until twenty-four hours later. (An exception must be made in one case, and that curiously enough the latest recruit to the band of London dailies, in which a special edition was produced some hours subsequently.) Such an incident proves, not inaction on the part of the newspapers or agencies, but rather the impossibility of covering, systematically and adequately, the vast congeries of cities which pass under the name of London. Still the mere fact that it is so rare as to be notable serves to point to immense progress made in the trade of news-gathering.

In one sense it is a mistake to speak of the supremacy of the British Press in the collection of reliable news as the result of gradual growth, of that kind of development which marks most of our national institutions. Compare the provincial newspaper of forty years ago with its issue five years later, or with a copy to-day. In following the development of news-reporting note how simultaneously in every paper the foreign and home intelligence grows up to date; how in one and the same year the provincial paper relies less and less on its smarter London contemporary. With striking suddenness the short paragraphs "supplied by Mr. Reuter" all over the kingdom merge into columns; "yesterday" gets substituted for "last week" and "the other day." In every instance this enterprise in gathering the body of daily information together dates from one and the same year, 1868. Then it is that London seems to step into its place

as the centre of distribution of the world's news.

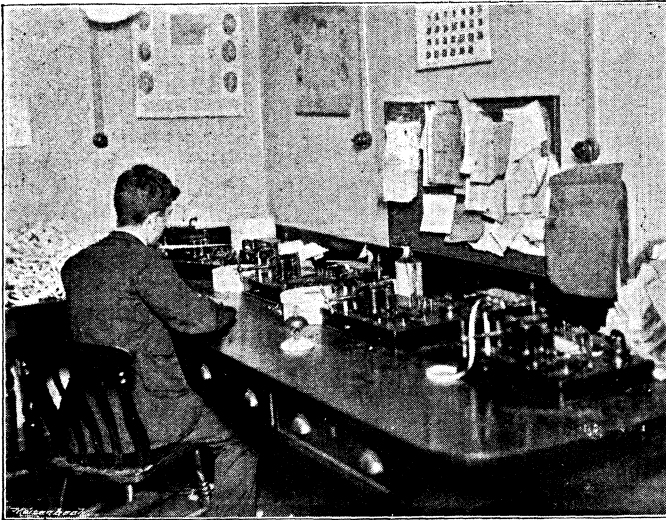
It was in 1868 that the Government took over this country's telegraphy. Until that year no regular attempt at collecting news was made, except the feeble efforts of the Electric Telegraph Company, from whom our wires were transferred to the State. It furnished the provincial papers with meagre and very imperfect reports of accidents and murders, written by the company's clerks in a few of the provincial centres. This information, gathered in a most haphazard fashion, was supplied at a cost which offers a suggestive contrast to the present scale of charges. Then the fee for telegraphing news was a shilling for thirty words in the daytime

£100 a week, so great was the expense they incurred in getting the long telegrams they published of South African affairs. To the layman of course political excitement over foreign events must seem a source of enormous income to agencies supplying the public with the information for which it awaits with breathless interest. This little fact concerning the Jameson raid intensifies the mystery as to how a news agency pays.

In the case of the Press Association the explanation is forthcoming from the fact that it is a kind of co-operative society for the supply of news amongst the proprietors of provincial papers. With the opportunity which the telegraphic changes of 1868 opened up these made a combined movement towards securing an independent source of news. They sent deputations to wait upon the Postmaster-General of the day, and the result of their energies was such reduction in the cost for telegraphing news as I have indicated. With the founding of the Press Association, immediately followed as an independent enterprise by the Central News in 1868, ended the halcyon days of the penny-a-liner.

This interesting individual it has been the business of the news agencies to supersede in the same way that the small trader has been ousted by the universal provider.

Formerly absence of competition enabled the liner to deal with editors pretty much as he liked. Mr. Robbins, the manager of the Press Association, tells of a time when it was customary to drag out public interest in a murder over a period of several months. Forty years ago, for example, a bag containing a human skeleton was found on Waterloo Bridge. For four months the "Waterloo Bridge Mystery," as it was then termed, was the chief topic in the newspapers. Whenever the liner came across an interesting fact or an important piece of information he worked it off on the public gradually and economically. In these days, when the topics of the hour are reported and described with such completeness and comprehensiveness, a matter like the Waterloo Bridge mystery



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

THE TELEGRAPHIST AT THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

for each message and forty words at night. Nowadays news is wired away at seventy-five words a shilling in the day and a hundred words at night, the message being duplicated, with the only additional charge of a few coppers for each separate paper. Every editor availing himself of the Electric Telegraph Company's services had to pay, not only the whole cost of telegraphing the message, but a weekly sum of £1 for the information telegraphed. At the present time, owing to the stress of competition amongst the agencies, newspaper proprietors get more than one service for a price which hardly covers the cost of telegraphing.

During the exciting days which followed the Jameson raid the Press Association through Reuter's lost money at the rate of

would not receive any great attention for more than a week.

Prominent amongst the points of difference in the present system of news supply as compared with the old is its classification of news. Instead of the miscellaneous hotch-potch served up in the old days in a rough and ready way, irrespective of the particular requirements of each paper, the news of the day is now classified according to its characteristics and despatched on systematic lines. The events of the morning and afternoon, as they reach the Press Association over the wires or the telephone, or by the Association messengers on bicycle, 'bus or boat, are comprised in the service which feeds our small army of evening papers, while the evening service caters for the morning newspapers. In the "night turn," extending from midnight to the ordinary breakfast hour, the London papers, as they are issued in the small hours of the morning, are carefully scanned for "exclusive information," which is despatched into the country soon enough to appear in the express (or later) editions of the provincial papers. The "general" service of news, covering all sorts and conditions of occurrences, from a murder to a personal paragraph, has existed from the beginning, but out of it have grown more than a dozen offshoots, the news in all cases going "fully" (with all details), or summarised, or thirdly, in a very abbreviated form.

Within recent years, for example, with the exodus of City workers to the seaside there arose a demand for daily weather reports from popular resorts. Papers requiring this information now find it supplied in a separate service which takes cognizance of nothing else between Whitsuntide and September. A few years further back the meteorological office was established; its official reports afforded a special branch of news.

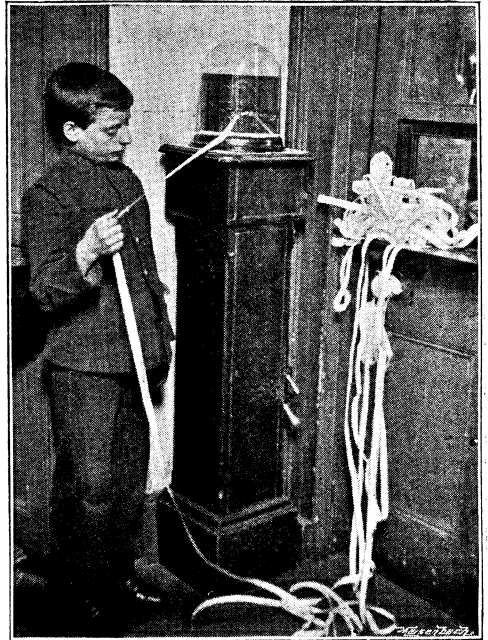
In this manner has the line of public vision taken within its range those matters of daily occurrence which help to represent the interests of commerce, sport, science, art, literature, research, and other institutions of the age. The result of course, in so far as the general public is concerned, is that there is a marked similarity and likeness in the news given in all the newspapers.

This news is collected from every town, even of the least importance, throughout the kingdom. The Press Association has its duly accredited agent in every town of importance. Last year these correspondents

numbered close upon 1200, and their remuneration for messages, together with other reporting expenses, amounted to the considerable sum of £6931.

In a few important provincial centres the messages there are sent direct to the clients of the Press Association. It is fortunate that this is not the case in every instance for the language of a few correspondents, particularly those in Ireland, requires considerable revision.

Here is a sample. The report is that of a suicide: "*It is believed that the deceased put*



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

THE TAPE MACHINE AT WORK IN THE PRESS ASSOCIATION OFFICE.

the rope round his neck as a joke and found, when too late, he had made a fatal mistake."

From Skibbereen came a brief message recording the drowning of a young farmer who was described as being "6 feet 2 inches in height." The report went on: "*He went to bathe in a river about four feet deep, but seems to have walked out of his depth and was drowned.*"

In another part of Ireland a drunken shepherd lost his way on the mountain side and was found dead in a stream next morning. Here is the verdict of the jury as recorded by the local correspondent: "*The jury were of opinion that the deceased wandered on the hills and lost himself, and falling into*

the river died from drowning, caused by an over-consumption of whisky."

These are the messages that are improved into presentable shape by the editorial staff. Important speeches in the provinces are sent to all clients direct. Reuter's messages reach the Press Association over the tape machine (an illustration of this being given on the previous page), and a corps of telegraph clerks receive the messages placed upon the wire. Then these are written out on "flimsies" and despatched by pneumatic tubes to the General Post Offices, often reaching a distant client in the provinces within the hour.

Last year the Press Association's bill for telegraphing and cabling exceeded £41,000,

revenue drawn from recording his speeches. Needless to say the gap caused through his retirement remains unfilled.

In a very small way however Lord Rosebery has done something to occupy the vacancy. There is always a literary flavour about his speeches that the public like; his graceful and entertaining treatment of topics outside the political world—especially those pertaining to literature—seems to have rendered his speeches very acceptable to newspaper readers.

Upon this point perhaps a fact may be mentioned which should set his admirers rejoicing. So far as the demand for Lord Rosebery's speeches is concerned the public are now more curious than ever to learn his

views on the topics of the day. It is only fair to infer therefore that the ex-Premier's importance in the public eye is increasing and not diminishing as some of his critics insist.

The experience of the news agencies tends to the conclusion that political reputation is the product of careful engineering. This truth it may be said is already familiar to those whose ambitions lie in the direction of public service. Here however is a less known but equally important fact: the public ear once gained must not be bored. The late Lord Randolph Churchill

should be a warning to ambitious politicians. At the outset of his meteoric career in Parliament no paper could be satisfied with less than a verbatim reproduction of his utterances. Almost the very first indication that he was losing his grip on the public interest may be found in the orders for the reports of his speeches. With its fingers ever on the public pulse a news agency becomes aware of two very palpable facts: the first is, a speech must not be too long; in the second place, a speaker must not be always addressing the public ear. With all his acuteness Lord Randolph ignored these facts, and as a result his speeches were condensed into summaries and gradually shorn of their former importance.



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

THE BOYS' ROOM AT THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

and for the use of Reuter's telegrams it pays yearly £8000.

To politicians a news agency reflects even better than the polls the position of statesmen in the public esteem.

Some facts given me by the manager of the Press Association are interesting in the light they throw on the relative importance of the leaders of the two great parties. Mr. Gladstone's retirement, it is well known, meant a loss to the Press Association of over £2000 a year. The veteran statesman's almost unique hold on the attention of the public (even now complaints are received if his speeches are not given fully), with the universality of the topics in which he was interested, gives the only explanation of the

Mr. Chamberlain, with Mr. Asquith, stands at the opposite extreme. The latter is too effective a speaker to appear on the platform frequently, while Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt share the

for the weighty utterances of the Duke of Devonshire.

If any single individual could claim to possess supreme hold on public attention the honour must surely be paid to the Queen. Of her Majesty's movements, according to the experience of the Press Association, the public demands the amplest details. Never was this more so than at the present moment. For papers published in out-of-the-way districts of the United Kingdom the most piquant of parliamentary proceedings and the most gruesome of murders are condensed to find room for local matters. The only exception to this rule, strangely enough, is in the case of the usually dry records of Court movements.

By the way it may be news to the reader to learn that her Majesty is herself not unacquainted with the duties of the sub-editor. Every day a draft of the Court Circular (as the report is termed) is drawn out by the official who acts as the Court newsman, and before being issued is submitted to her Majesty, who sees that the record is such as she desires. Then it is wired from Windsor,

honour of striking the happy medium, of speaking just as events require. But of all leaders Mr. Chamberlain seems to stand alone in his instinctive discernment of the taste of the newspaper-reading public. Rarely does he address a meeting until expectancy has been aroused, and then it is invariably on a subject on which his views are known to be interesting or well-informed. From the standpoint of the news agency Mr. Chamberlain's hold on the public may be attributed to the singularly appropriate length of his addresses. Not only are these delivered at a pace so smooth and easy as to be a delight to the verbatim reporter, but they occupy just the right space of time, enabling the reportorial army to put the speeches on the wires early enough to suit the convenience of the sub-editors at the other end.

Measured by the space assigned to the speeches in the newspapers, the House of Lords appears to possess precious little interest for the British citizen. With Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery is the only member of that assembly who enjoys the distinction of a verbatim reproduction of his speeches. There is a steady demand too

Osborne or Balmoral, as the case may be, to the London newspapers and agencies. The movements of the Prince and Princess of Wales seem to be equally popular.

In endeavouring to cover the daily events of our vast metropolis the work of the Press



"CALLERS."

Association and the other agencies has called into being one of the most singularly interesting of the many strange occupations which flourish in the London streets. Between the hours of one and six every morning queer characters bring into Fleet Street from all corners of the metropolis first word of fires, murders and suicides. They have received the designation of "callers." Nearly all belong to the pitiable class of life-failures who may be seen wandering about the London streets at all hours of the night.

At the time of the "Ripper" murders of course their activity was at its highest ; but

One Saturday night he brought news of a particularly ghastly suicide in Commercial Road, Whitechapel. First taking the news to the Sunday papers, he brought it last to the agencies, with whom the evening happened to be slack. That night—it being customary then to pay the caller his fee immediately—he was richer by many shillings. Three days after a thin, sharp-featured youth, hailing from Whitechapel, turned up and demanded "his share." "Arranging" the suicide with his younger friend, the caller had, for the use of the latter's name and address, agreed to pay him



From a photo by]

THE EDITORS' ROOM AT REUTERS'S.

[A. B. Hughes.

their reckless abuse of the news-editor's credulity, the almost appalling equanimity with which they manufactured heart-rending outrages, caused the agencies to take a drastic step to preserve their reputation. The chief offender was an elderly man, who received five pounds for delivering very prompt information of a "Ripper" murder. On the strength of this reward he blossomed into a fully-fledged liner—something more indeed, since he smartened himself into a presentable appearance. Time came however when our friend failed to draw even a paltry half-crown for a trifling fire,

halves. It was his failure to fulfil the latter part of the obligation and his subsequent exposure that caused the agencies to abandon the system of immediate payment. Now callers have to wait for their money until a reporter has cabbed it into the district and investigated the report. During the first few months' operation of the present system some amusing discoveries were made. One instance may suffice. News reached us of a big blaze in Camden Town, the caller giving the name of the street and the locality of the spot. A reporter was despatched in a cab, followed later by several messengers to bring

back reports at intervals. The report was correct ; an outburst had occurred in a mean-looking shop at a meaner street corner where the reporter found the *débris* of a burnt soap-box.

Even now impudent attempts are made to pass off false reports upon the news agencies. Very probably the most impudent on record was the one I had to deal with concerning the execution of the Muswell Hill murderers. At a quarter past seven two "callers" turned up at New Bridge Street. One was a bronzed, upright Irishman, who seemed to have served in the army ; the other, a shifty-eyed, pockmarked, round shouldered individual, was unmistakably Cockney in type. According to their story they had, as warders, been guarding the condemned men since the previous evening, and concerning the latters' last night on earth they both possessed useful information, which they were willing to impart for a consideration. Of course the lie was almost painful in its obviousness ; yet the fullest details were given of the condemned men's restlessness, of their calling out at intervals to know the time, of their want of appetite, and of their mental attitude at the moment that the *soi-disant* warders took their leave. "Milsom," I was told, "was repentant and calm." Fowler had confessed to "another murder, and was very low-spirited." These details of course I accepted with apparently bland credulity. It was when I cross-examined them that their resources proved unequal to the occasion. Just to lend an air of verisimilitude to the story the Irishman was tempted to say that Fowler in bidding him good-bye had kissed him on the cheek. Something more probable than this, I explained, must be given for two guineas—the fee they demanded. They were indignant at my refusal to pay. "To fink," I heard the Cockney observe to his companion as they stepped into New Bridge Street, "to fink that silly-faced snipe should a bin pumpin'."

In its marvellous collection of foreign intelligence Reuter's Agency has made a wonderful contribution to the development of the Penny Press. One fails indeed to imagine where our notions of foreign affairs or what the state of the financial markets would be if Reuter were not in existence. Here you get at the very heart of the world-wide organism which has its delicate fibres running into every corner of the earth. Previous to 1851 the British Press obtained next to nothing in the way of prompt and impartial accounts of what was going on

outside England. We were but a shade better off than the Continent at that period. It was in 1849 that the practical working of the telegraph between Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin (the first section open to the public) suggested to Paul Julius Reuter, who was then connected with the electric telegraph system, that a new epoch was about to begin in correspondence. Forthwith he established in Aix his first centre for the collection and transmission of news. This he developed as various telegraph lines were opened. In 1851 was laid the cable between Calais and Dover, an event that induced Mr. Reuter to transfer his chief offices to London. Then he stationed agents in all parts of the world to supply him with news. In such a brief chat as this it is impossible to describe the difficulties which impeded the gigantic scheme at the outset ; the suspicions and racial misgivings that had to be outlived ; the climatic terrors the agents had to face ; the distances that had to be destroyed, and the chronometers that had to be beaten. At that period of course cables were in their infancy, though the development of news-collecting has had not a little to do with the 152,000 miles of cables laid during the brief period of thirty years at a cost of about £40,000,000. Of no single country was the Press sufficient to render such an undertaking possible ; so in France Reuter is affiliated to the Agence Havas ; in Italy, to that of Stefani ; in Austria, Correspondenz Bureau ; in Germany, Wolff Bureau ; in America, to the Associated Press. In the large cities of Europe Reuter is directly represented by its own agents—chiefly experienced journalists. In less-known and remoter parts the work is done by the local correspondents and the agencies to which Reuter is affiliated. Such an arrangement as this is indispensable if every corner of the globe is to be covered.

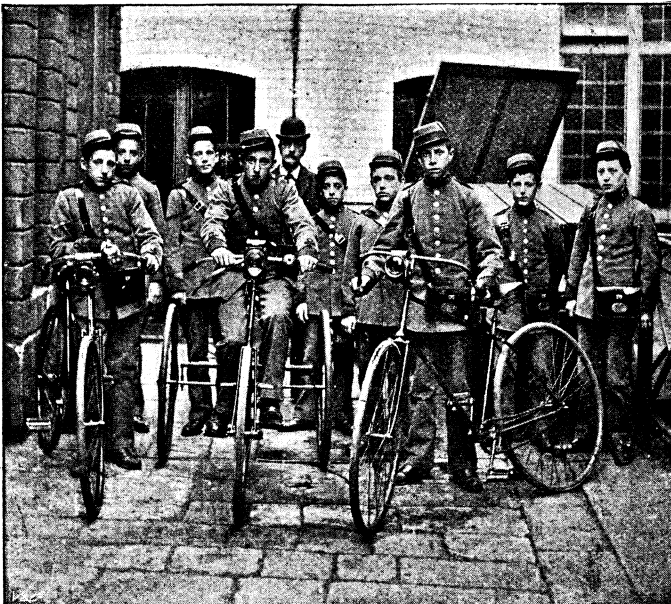
Of the achievements which must by means of this system be credited to Reuter the general public sees daily evidence in the expeditious manner in which he reflects the hourly temperature of the world's pulse. Such an event, for example, as the bombardment of Zanzibar is detailed in the London papers a few hours after its occurrence, despite the fact that the cables and wires must have been almost blocked by Government and official despatches. No sooner does a vessel like the *Drummond Castle* founder, or any other sudden calamity pierce the public ear, than Reuter's own agent turns up on the spot in a few hours from the nearest centre

where he may be stationed. Within recent years it has organised a special service for detailing world-stirring occurrences of this description under the direction of Mr. Joseph Watson, who acted as "Reuter's Special" at the Moscow Coronation and similar ceremonies.

Here again, as in the case of the Press Association, a striking contrast is presented by a comparison of the present with the former condition of news supply.

In the busy little building in Old Jewry, the scene of Reuter's headquarters, the heart of the world never ceases to throb at any moment of the day. At all hours messages pour in reflecting the fluctuations of the financial markets abroad, the political situation in Africa and elsewhere, and other incidents which attend the world's revolution. In the retransmission of messages a delicately-balanced judgment is absolutely necessary. It is only natural, for example, that a correspondent at Hyderabad, say, absorbed in local matters, should suppose that a purely parochial matter possesses soul-stirring import for the rest of the world. How many thousands of pounds are wasted

every year in this way must be an interesting speculation, though it can be anything but agreeable to Reuter's. Once the messages are passed by the editorial staff the clockwork mechanism of the tape machine, with its typewritten wheels rotated by electricity, sends them to the London papers at the rate of forty words a minute. Afterwards they are "manifolded" and despatched by the small army of messengers to the various offices. One of the features of the editorial department is the room in which the French and German stenographers receive messages by telephone from various cities in Europe. All round the stenographer as he sits in front of the instrument the chamber is thickly padded, and another arrangement for subduing sound affixes a pair of telephone tubes to both his ears, after the fashion of a helmet. Most European news reaches England in this way in the French and German languages. But from America, Asia, Australia, Africa, in fact every other quarter of the globe, the messages come over in English. You could not find stronger evidence of the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race.



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

A GROUP OF REUTER'S CYCLIST MESSENGERS.

THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

RECENT contents of the post-bag include an offer of a lengthy article on Bacteriology, a story of 100,000 words, by an unknown author (who modestly would *prefer* to make her *début* in the WINDSOR); and some musical instruments, apparently intended to "drive dull care away" from the editor's office. There have arrived a score of poems, mostly on Summer—a theme which has perhaps by this time received enough attention. A humorous poem, which would just fill an entire number of the WINDSOR if printed in small type, has also come.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Japan concerning our "Moments with Modern Musicians": "We have so few musical people here, and it is so pleasant to know what is going on in the musical world. We started a musical club last year, which succeeded very well until one of our best musicians left for America. A children's club has also been started, called the 'Schumann Club.' The children enjoy the music very much and the refreshments even more so. I am writing this from our summer villa, which is 3500 feet above sea level. Fifteen miles from us by road is the



From a photo by]

FAMILY TREE.

[Stubbs Bristol.

I WONDER how many people could guess correctly at the first glance how many children are lurking amid the branches of the fine old tree herewith photographed. This picture was among the contents of the post-bag and it struck me as exhibiting a novel idea for the disposal of a group of children in a photograph. The title must not be supposed to describe with absolute truth the subject of the picture, for all the children do not belong to the same household.

largest active volcano in Japan, Asama Yama. It is 8500 feet high. The last time I went up it was at night and I had a splendid view of the fire down the crater. The climb is not a very stiff one, but there is no defined path and the scoria makes it a little tiresome. The last severe eruption covered the ground with ashes to the depth of seven or eight inches. Our home is among the mountains, and more than one hundred miles distant from that interesting city Tokio."

CAPTAIN SHANNON.


BY COULSON KERNAHAN.*

(Author of "A Dead Man's Diary," "A Book of Strange Sins,"
"Sorrow and Song," "God and the Ant," etc.).

Illustrated by F. S. WILSON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I PLAY A GAME OF "BLUFF" WITH
HUGHES.

HY not on the *Cuban Queen* indeed?" I repeated as I called to mind the fact that it was there Mullen had lain secure when the hue and cry were at their height. It was only when the hue and cry had somewhat subsided that he had ventured forth to commence his devilry afresh; and what was more likely, now that the hue and cry had been raised once more, than that he should have crept back to his former hiding-place?

The next afternoon I was in the little cottage at Canvey again, and should have been there sooner but for the fact that I wished first to satisfy myself that my movements were not being watched by the police.

I did not intend on this occasion to waste time in trying to find out whether Hughes had anyone on board with him or not, especially as I was now without Quickly's assistance. This was a case in which it seemed to me safer to achieve my purpose by a bold stroke than to adopt the more cautious course of beating about the bush. The thing to do would be to engage Hughes in conversation, and when he was off his guard to charge him suddenly with sheltering a fugitive from justice on board the *Cuban Queen*. The cleverest rogue is apt to betray himself when a surprise is thus sprung upon him, and such a clumsy rascal as Hughes should not be difficult to deal with. I did not doubt that he would deny the impeachment with much bluster and more bad language, but by keeping a keen eye upon his face when playing my game of bluff I hoped to be able to come to some definite conclusion in regard to the theory I had formed concerning Mullen's whereabouts.

But I had yet to catch the hare which I felt so competent to cook, and of the two tasks the former promised to be the

more difficult. Hughes, as the reader already knows, did not often leave the hulk, and as it was quite out of the question that I should seek him there, some plan for making it necessary for him to come ashore must be devised. After much brain-cudgelling I hit upon an idea which I immediately proceeded to carry out. The oil which was burned in Hughes' cabin was taken out to him every Monday and Thursday by the attendant whose duty it was to fetch and carry for the caretakers of the hulks. I knew that it was so, as the man had to pass my door on his way to the boat, and I had seen the tin can in his hand repeatedly. As a matter of fact I was at that moment reminded of the matter, for the day was Thursday, and the man in question was just going by my gate, carrying the can in one hand and a small sack of potatoes in the other. If I did not avail myself of this opportunity I should have to wait until the following Monday before taking action, so I at once opened the door and hailed him.

"I want you to do a little commission for me," I said. "You'll be going down to the village some time to-day, I know. Could you leave a letter to Mr. Hayes at the vicarage?"

"Yes, sir," he said civilly; "with pleasure."

"That's right. Put that sack and the can down and come into the other room while I scribble the letter. I daresay I can find you a glass of grog in there and a cut of cold beef if you feel like having a mouthful."

"Thank you, sir," he said, unburdening himself of his load and following me into the inner room. I had not finished my own breakfast very long, and a small joint was still on the table.

"Pull up and help yourself," I said, producing knife and fork. "What'll you have to drink? I've got some old rum. How'll that suit you?"

"Capital, sir," he replied.

"All right. It's in the other room I think. I'll be back in a moment. You make a start meanwhile on the cold leef."

* Copyright, 1896, in the United States of America, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

No sooner was I in the other room with the closed door between us than I whipped out the cork from the paraffin can, and seizing a siphon of soda-water that stood upon the table—it was the only liquid handy—I slipped the spout into the mouth of the can and pressed the tap.

"If this isn't pouring oil on the troubled waters it's at least pouring troubled waters on the oil," I said to myself when half a tumbler of soda had hissed into the can.

"There'll be some rosy language about when Hughes goes to light his lamp after filling it up with this stuff, for he'll never get it to light, much less to burn. And if he doesn't make the discovery too early the man who looks after his requirements will be gone, and Master Hughes will have to sit in the dark and go to bed with his supper uncooked, or come into Canvey and get some more oil. He *may* of course get filling up his cooking stove in the day-time, and find the oil won't burn, or he

may have enough left in it to carry him through. But anyhow, if the thing doesn't work out as I hope, there will be no harm done, for at the worst they can only suppose that some water has accidentally got into the can."

The thing *did* work out as I had hoped, however, for as night was beginning to close in I saw Hughes unlash the dinghy as if to come ashore, and judging from the sounds which broke the evening stillness I had reason to believe that he was at his old habit

of swearing aloud to himself. This is a habit which is more soothing to the swearer than to an enforced listener, especially when the swearer is rowing a heavy boat against the tide and jerks out a fresh and aggressively emphasised oath with each expulsion of breath. On this occasion the hopes which were expressed about the soul, eyes, limbs, and internal organs of everyone who had been connected with the offending oil, beginning with the individual who "struck" it, and finishing off with the shopkeeper who

sold it and the man who brought it to the hulks, were distinctly uncharitable.

Nor did Hughes confine himself to human beings, for the unfortunate can in which the oil had been carried and the various matches which had been struck in his unavailing efforts to light the lamp were with strict impartiality similarly banned.

"Oil!" he growled as he ran the boat ashore. "I'll oil 'im and the man wot sold it too!" (More hopes in regard to

the soul, eyes, limbs, and internal organs of the offender.) "A pretty fine fool 'e made o' me, standin' there burnin' my fingers and a box of matches trying to find out what was wrong. Oil! Call that splutterin' stuff oil! Why, I might as well 'ave tried to set fire to the river."

Still swearing he made fast the dinghy and proceeded, can in hand, in the direction of the village.

After a time I started to follow and overtook him just as he was passing my cottage.



"Half a tumbler of soda had hissed into the can."

"Good night," I called out over my shoulder in passing, as is the custom in the country.

He replied by bidding me go to a place which, though it may likely enough have been his ultimate destination, I sincerely hope may never be mine nor the reader's.

"I'm sure I know that dulcet voice," I said stopping and wheeling round. "It must be, it *is*, the genial Hughes. How are you my worthy fellow?"

The worthy fellow intimated that his health was not noticeably affected for the better by the sight of me.

"Oh don't say that," I said. "You were most hospitable to me in the matter of drinks when I had the pleasure of spending a very delightful hour in your company on board the *Cuban Queen* one evening. Pray let me return the compliment. This is my cottage and I've got some excellent whisky aboard. Won't you come in and have a glass?"

This was a temptation not to be withstood, and he replied a little more civilly that he "Didn't mind," and even unbent so far as to answer yes or no to one or two casual remarks I made.

When he rose to go some spirit of mischief prompted me to ask him what he had in the oil-can, and this apparently recalling his grievance put him in the worst of tempers again, for he snatched at it, savagely blurting out—

"What the dickens 'as that got to do with you?"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you scoundrel!" I said sharply, taking a step towards him. "Answer me like that again and I'll give you a lesson you won't forget!"

"*You*, yer bloomin' monkey!" he snarled, spitting on the ground in front of me as an outward and visible sign of his contempt. "*You* give me a lesson! And where should I be do yer think?"

I looked him full in the face and shot my bolt.

"You would be in prison my good fellow for harbouring a murderer, disguised as a woman, and you'd be charged with being an accessory after the fact."

He stepped back, paling visibly under his bronze complexion, and answered for once without an oath.

"'E ain't a murderer. 'E's a private soldier wot struck 'is superior officer for comin' between 'im and 'is wife and then deserted. I see it myself in the paper 'e showed me, and I'd 'a done the same if I'd bin in 'is place. And so'd you, Mister."

"Ho, ho! my friend," I said to myself. "I was a 'monkey' a moment ago—now I'm a 'Mister.' So you are funkng it already, are you?"

And then aloud—

"Do you think any jury will believe that you thought a private soldier could afford to pay you what that man's paying? Now look here! I've got the whip hand of you, but I don't wish you any harm personally. If you'll do exactly as I tell you, and play me fair, I'll pay you the sum that yonder man's paying you, and you shan't get into any trouble if I can help it."

"Wot d'yer want me to do?" he asked.

"Answer me one question first. Supposing I were to arrange to take your place on the *Cuban Queen* for a couple of days. In that case the man who waits on the hulks would have to be squared to keep his mouth shut. Could that be done?"

"P'raps. 'E ain't the inspector. 'E's paid to wait on us, so as we don't 'ave to leave the 'ulks. 'Tain't 'is business to look after what we do. P'raps 'e might if it wos worth 'is while."

"Very well. I'll give you the money to-night to square him, and some on account for yourself as well. And now another question. Where does your wife live?"

"Mill Lane, Chelmsford."

"That's all right. When you get back to the *Cuban Queen* you'll get a telegram from Chelmsford to say she's dying and that you must go to her. You must show that to the man you've got aboard. What do you call him, by-the-bye?"

"Winton."

"Well you must show the telegram to Winton and tell him you intend applying for leave, and that he must go somewhere else in the meantime. He won't want to leave the only safe hiding-place he's got, and he'll try and persuade you not to go, and will perhaps offer you a big money bribe to stay. You must persist in going; but after a time you must say that you have a brother at Southend who could come and take your place while you are away, and that you are sure he'd keep his mouth shut if he were well paid. Winton will *have* to consent if you persist. Then you'll send a telegram to me, as if I were your brother, asking me to come over to see you; and when I come you'll show me the telegram and ask me to take charge of the hulk while you go away to see your wife. I shall come at night, so as not to be seen, and shall pretend to agree, and then you can go ashore and put up at

my cottage here until I signal you to return. Do as I tell you and play me fair and I'll give you fifty pounds for yourself when it's all over. What do you say?"

"Can't be done," he answered sullenly.

"Why not?"

"'Cos it can't."

"Very well. Good night, then. I'm going straight from this house to the coast-guard station, and shall send two armed men out to the hulk to arrest the murderer you've been harbouring, and two more to arrest you—you can't get far away in the meantime—for harbouring him and for being an accessory after the fact. I suppose you know what the punishment for that is? And when you come out you'll be a ruined man. The hulk-owners will discharge you without a character for gross violation of rules."

He looked murder, and had he been less of a coward might have attempted as well as looked it. Then something seemed to occur to him, and he stood staring absently at me while turning the matter over in his bovine brain. I guessed the upshot of his meditations to be somewhat as follows: "This man, whoever he is, has me in his power and can ruin me. I wish he were out of the way, but I don't mean risking my own neck for him. If I let him go on the hulk Winton is more than likely to suspect he's a spy. In that case he's just the sort of man to knock the meddling fool on the head, and the job I want done would get done without my putting my neck in a noose."

Anyhow, he looked at me curiously for a minute, and then said in a more conciliatory tone—

"What are you going to do to Winton?"

"Arrest him by-and-bye. If I can I'll keep your name out of it. If I can't, and you lose your crib, I'll make it up to you in some way. But let me tell you one thing, you'd better play me fair or it will be the worse for you. The *Cuban Queen* is being watched night and day, and if you tell Winton of your meeting with me, and he tries to escape or you try to give us the slip yourself, you'll be instantly arrested, and it will go hard with you then. Play me fair and I'll play you fair, and no harm need come to you at all in the matter. Once more, will you come to my terms? If not I'm off to the coastguard station. There's only one policeman in Canvey, and I shall want two or three men—armed men—for Winton, and the same for you. I mean

business, I can tell you. Come, is it yes or no?"

"Yes," he answered with a horrible oath. And then we sat down to arrange the details of our little conspiracy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I BOARD THE "CUBAN QUEEN" FOR THE SECOND TIME.

"BUT when you had satisfied yourself that there *was* a man in hiding on the *Cuban Queen*," says the reader, "and when you had every reason for suspecting that man to be Mullen, why not at once arrest him? Why go to work like Tom Sawyer in 'Huckleberry Finn,' who, when he wished to rescue Jim the nigger from the woodshed, must needs make a seven days' job of it, and dig the poor wretch out, when it would have been an easy matter to abstract the key and let him out through the door?"

Why? Well for several reasons, one of which is that the story would then have been shorter and perhaps less interesting. Another is that, though it is true I had good cause to suppose the man in hiding to be James Mullen, I had no actual proof of his identity.

The reader must remember that I had seen him but twice in my life. The first time was in the train going down to Southend, when my only cause for suspecting him to be Mullen was a fancied likeness to the published portrait. The second was on the day of the explosion at the Post Office, and on that occasion he had been cleverly disguised, and we had not come to close quarters until after dark, when the difficulty of identification is greatly increased.

Were I, as matters then stood, to give information to the police I could only claim to be the means of accomplishing his arrest, whereas if I could once obtain satisfactory proof of his identity my chain of evidence would be complete, and now that I had spent so much time, thought and money on the enterprise, I preferred to carry it through myself rather than hand it over to someone else at the last moment.

By taking Hughes's place upon the *Cuban Queen* I hoped to obtain the necessary evidence, and once such evidence was in my possession I should lose no time in effecting an arrest.

The morning after my interview with Hughes I took train to Chelmsford and thence despatched the pretended telegram from his wife. When I got back to Southend the telegram which Hughes was

to send to his supposed brother was waiting for me at the address we had arranged between us.

Lest the police should be tampering with letters and telegrams, I had arranged that Hughes's message should contain nothing more than a request that Bill Hughes would come over to see his brother Jim at Canvey.

To Canvey I accordingly went, calling first at my cottage, where I arrayed myself in a

in shadow owing to the height of the buildings on either side.

That it was quite possible he would recognise me, if only by my voice, I fully realised, and I knew perfectly well that every moment I spent in his company my life would be in my own hands; but I flattered myself that I was more than a match for him in a fair fight, and in regard to foul play—well, fore-warned is fore-armed, and I was not unprepared.

I waited until it was dark before starting for the hulk. Hughes came on deck in reply to my hail, and proved a better actor than might have been expected. After he had inquired gruffly, "Is that you, Bill?" and I had responded, "Bill it is, Jim," and had been bidden come aboard, he went on—in response to my question of "Wot's up?"—to speak his part in the little play which we had rehearsed together. He informed me he had had a telegram to say that his wife was ill and that he wished to go to her, but did not like applying for relief because he had a cove on board, disguised as a woman (this in a lowered voice according to instruction), who had got into a scrape and wanted to lie low awhile.

My supposed brother then went on to ask me if I would take charge of the hulk in his absence, assuring me that the cove was "a good un to pay," and that the job would be worth a five-pound note if I promised to keep my mouth shut.

To all this Mullen was no doubt listening, so I replied—emphasizing my remark with the expectoration and expletives which might be looked for from a seafaring man—that I was ready to take over the job and keep my



"Someone dressed like a woman was standing by the stove."

well-worn suit of waterman's clothes, which I had kept there all along lest I should at any time have to assume a disguise. My next procedure was to shave off the beard which I had been wearing on the night of the explosion at the Post Office. The fact that the night had been very dark was against Mullen's knowing me again, for though the bursting of the bomb had lit up the whole neighbourhood, the street in which our encounter had taken place was entirely

own counsel. That point being satisfactorily settled, I was invited to step below and make the acquaintance of the gentleman in the cabin.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I TRY A FALL WITH JAMES MULLEN.

SOMEONE dressed like a woman was standing by the stove whistling softly to himself while paring his nails with a pearl-handled knife.

"My brother Bill, sir," said Hughes gruffly, and I thought rather nervously, indicating me with the peaked cloth cap which he carried, rolled scrollwise, in his hand.

I followed suit with a bow, or rather a duck, and a polite "Good-evening, sir," but Mullen continued his nail-pairing and whistling without deigning to look up.

For about a quarter of a minute I stood there feeling, and perhaps looking, rather foolish. Then Hughes said again, and this time rather louder, "My brother, sir."

"There, there, my good fellow, that will do! I haven't become deaf! I hear you," Mullen answered without raising his head.

He spoke very much in the manner affected by some curates. Each syllable was carefully pronounced and fell as cleanly cut as if it had been new pennies which his lips were coining. The aspirates, the "hear" and "theres," he discharged at us as if his mouth had been a tiny popgun, and he roared at us gently as any sucking dove with the cooing sound in such words as "do."

But for all his nicety of speech he had too much of what is commonly called "side" in his manner to delude anyone into the idea that he was a gentleman.

There is in the bearing of your true aristocrat towards strangers a certain suave and urbane *hauteur*—as of one who expects and, if need be, will *exact* the courtesy he is accustomed to *accord*—which the man of no breeding thinks can be imitated by the assumption of "side."

Without his "side" he *might* conceivably have passed for a gentleman. As it is, he as surely betrays himself for what he is as the man who, by manifesting that over-anxiety to please—which he mistakes for the easy courtesy of well-bred intercourse—betrays his under-breeding.

Neither Hughes nor I made any reply to what Mullen had said—nor did the latter seem to expect us to do so, for he looked critically at his little finger, felt the nail with the tip of his thumb, put the finger to

his teeth, nibbled at it for an instant, and then began scraping the nail edge very gingerly.

Chafed at his insolence as I was, I could not help noticing that his hands were small, white and beautifully shaped, with the long taper fingers of the artist, and pink carefully-trimmed nails.

When he had quite finished he closed the knife deliberately and put it on a little shelf by the bunk, then darting a sudden sideways glance at me, he inquired sharply, almost viciously, "Well, sir, and what have you to say for yourself?"

It was the first time he had looked at me since I had entered the cabin, and as I met his eye it seemed to me that he started perceptibly, and that I saw a sudden dilatation of the pupil which gave a look of consternation if not of fear to his face. The next moment he turned from me and flashed at Hughes a look of such malignity that I fully expected to see the look succeeded by a blow—a look which, if I read it aright, was the portent of a terrible vengeance to the man who had played him false.

I am almost ashamed to write what followed. Not for the first time in my life—not for the first time in this enterprise—I acted as only one could act who was possessed by some spirit of mischief for his own undoing. Even to myself the impulse which comes over me at times to play the fool—to say or do at the critical moment the one word or thing which ought to be left unsaid or undone, is altogether unaccountable.

This uncertainty of character, this tendency to lose my head and to bring tumbling about my ears, by the utterance of a word, the entire edifice which I have perhaps spent laborious months in building up, has been my stumbling-block through life, and must inevitably stand in the way of my ever becoming a good detective. But a good detective I have, as the reader knows, never claimed to be. Were it so I should undoubtedly suppress the incident I am about to relate, for it tells very much against myself without in any way strengthening the probability of my story.

When the man in hiding on the *Cuban Queen* lifted his head and looked me in the face, I knew at once that I was in the presence, if not of James Mullen, at all events of the person with whom I had travelled to Southend on the occasion when he had objected so forcibly to the striking of a fusee. The bright prominent eyes, beautiful as a

woman's, the delicately clear complexion, the straw-coloured hair, the aquiline nose with the strange upward arching of the nostrils, the curious knitting of the brows over the eyes, the full lips that spoke of voluptuousness, unscrupulous and cruel, the firm finely-moulded chin—all these there was no mistaking in spite of his woman's dress. As I looked at him the scene in the stuffy smoking carriage on the Southend railway came back to me, and when in his quick incisive way he asked, "Well, sir, and what have you to say for yourself?" I stammered foolishly for a moment, and then, prompted by what spirit of perversity and mischief I know not, answered him by another question which under the circumstances must have sounded like intentional insolence.

"You're the man wot couldn't stand the smell of fuseses."

Had horns suddenly sprouted out on each side of my head he could not have looked at me with more absolute amazement and dismay. For a very few seconds he stared wide-eyed with wonder, and then a look of comprehension and cunning crept into his eyes. They narrowed cat-like and cruel, the muscles about the cheeks tightened, the lips parted, showing the clenched teeth, I heard his breath coming and going like that of a winded runner, and the next second his face flamed out with a look of such devilish ferocity and uncontrollable fury as I pray God I may never see on face of man again.

With a howl of hatred more horrible than that of any tiger—for no wild beast is half so hellish in its cruelty as your human tiger—he sprang at me, beating at my face, now with closed fist, now open-handed and with clutching tearing nails, kicking with his feet, biting and snapping at my hands and throat like a dog, and screaming like a very madman.

To this day it consoles me not a little for the lapse of self-possession which I had just before manifested to think that I never lost presence of mind during this onslaught. When he came at me, my one thought was to see that he made use of no weapons. His wild-cat clawing and scratching it was no difficult matter for anyone with a quick eye and cool head to ward off; but when I saw him clap his hand to his hip, where, had he been wearing male clothing, a pistol or knife might well have lain, the eye I kept upon him was, I promise you, a keen one.

Finding no pocket at his hips reminded him no doubt of his woman's dress, for his hand slipped down to the side of his skirt,

where it floundered about as helplessly as a fish out of water.

A woman's pocket is, to the degenerate male mind, a fearful and wonderful piece of mechanism. The intention of the designer was apparently to offer special inducements to pickpockets, and so to construct the opening that the contents should either fall out altogether and be lost, or should be swallowed up by dark and mysterious depths into which no male hand dare venture to penetrate. The only way to get at anything which happens to be wanted seems to be to haul the entire pocket to the surface, very much as a fishing-net is hauled from the depths of the sea, and to turn it inside out in search of the missing article.

On the occasion in question Mullen was in too much of a hurry to adopt this course, and, but for the seriousness of the situation, I could have smiled, as I held him at arm's length, to see him diving and fumbling among those unplumbed depths. When at last he rose, so to speak, gasping to the surface his hand was clutching a pistol barrel, but the butt had in some way caught the lining of the dress, and in order to extricate it he had to turn the entire pocket inside out. In doing so a folded paper fell, unseen by him, to the floor, and this I determined at all costs to secure.

Before he could raise his arm to use the pistol I laid a hand of iron upon his. As I gripped the fingers which were grasping the butt they scrunched sickeningly and relaxed their hold of the pistol, which I wrenched away and tossed upon the bunk. Then I closed with him that we might try a fall together. Twisting my heel behind his ankle I jerked him backwards and had him off his legs in a jiffy. We fell to the floor—he under and I above—with a crash, and as we did so my hand closed over the paper to secure which I had thrown him.

Crumpling it up in a ball I made as if to rise to a sitting posture, and in doing so managed to slip it into a side pocket. The next moment I found myself pulled over on my back by Hughes, who asked excitedly if we were both mad that we thus courted inquiry by fighting like a couple of wild cats. If the sound of scuffling or firing were heard to come from the hulk an alarm would, he said, be raised, the coastguardsmen would row out to discover the cause, and everything would be lost, as Mullen and I would be called upon to give an account of ourselves, and he (Hughes) would forfeit his post.

Mullen was evidently of the same opinion, for though he was livid to the lips, and was trembling with hate and rage until his teeth chinked in his head like a carelessly carried tray of china, he gave no sign of wishing to continue the contest.

Nor was I inclined to shut my eyes to the wisdom of Hughes's counsel, for I was already conscious of the fact that by taunting Mullen and provoking him to blows I was doing my best to spoil my own game. There was all the difference in the world between his presence on board the hulk being discovered by the police as a result of a brawl, and his being arrested on information given by me and supported by proof of his identity.

Mullen was the first to speak. He was now no doubt convinced that he had not acted with his customary discretion, for he had even stronger reasons than I to wish to avoid a visit from the police. So long as it was a question of brains he might hope to hold his own, but let him once fall into their hands and they would hold him by the brute force of number, whereas in me he was pitted against a single foe whom it might not be difficult to outwit.

"I beg your pardon for what happened just now," he said, "but before we go any farther tell me where and when I have seen you before."

"I saw you in the Southend train once. You 'ad a row with a bloke wot stunk the carriage out with a fusee," I answered, doing my best to sustain the *rôle* I had assumed.

"Ah!" he said, looking very much relieved and with a wonderfully pleasant smile, "that explains everything. To tell the honest truth, my good man, I knew I had seen you before the moment I set eyes on you, and the fact is I thought you were a detective who has been hunting me down for a long time, and who has played me one or two tricks too dirty and too cowardly even for a detective to play, and for which one day I mean to be even with him."

He was smiling still, but the smile seemed to have shifted from his eyes to his teeth, and the effect had ceased to be pleasant. He swung himself round and away from me, and with hands clasped behind him and bent head, commenced pacing backward and forward—evidently deep in thought—in the scanty space the cabin afforded.

Five minutes went by in silence, and then he began to mutter to himself in a low voice, turning his head from side to side every now and then in a quick, nervous, birdlike way, his eyes never still a moment, but pouncing

restlessly first on one object and then on another.

"What's come to me," he said to himself, and there was a look on his face which I have never seen except on the face of a madman—as indeed I am now fully persuaded he was. "What's come to me that I of all men in the world should so forget myself as to behave—and before two louts—like a drunken, screeching, hysterical Jezebel?"

He stopped his restless pacing for a moment, and it seemed to me that the man was writhing under his self contempt, as if every word had been a lash cutting ribbons of flesh from his bare back. Once more he fell to walking to and fro and holding converse with himself.

"Is the end coming that I can break down like this?" he asked. "No, no, it's this being hunted down day and night, until I get to start at my own shadow, that has made me nervous and overwrought.

"Nervous! Overwrought! My God! who wouldn't be so who's led the life I've led these last six months—hearing in the daytime the step of the officer who has come to arrest me in every sound, and lying wide-eyed and awake the whole night through rather than trust myself to the sleep which brings always the same hideous dream, from which I awake screaming and with the cold sweat running off me like water!"

It was a magnificent piece of acting, if acting it were, and there was a pathetic break in his voice at the last which, had he not been what he was, would have made me pity him.

But James Mullen, *alias* Captain Shannon, was scarcely an object for pity, as I was soon reminded, for as he looked up my eye met his, and he read there I suppose something of what was passing through my mind. To such a man's vanity the mere thought of being considered a possible object for pity is unendurable. It implies a consciousness of superiority on the part of the pitier which is resented more fiercely than an insult or a wrong. For one moment I thought that he was about to attack me again—not this time with tooth and nail, after the manner of a wild cat or a hysterical woman, but with a heavy three-legged stool which was lying upon the bunk, tossed there I suppose by Hughes to be out of the way while he was clearing up.

Mullen turned the edge of a glance toward it without taking his eyes from mine, and I saw his hand flutter up hesitatingly for a moment like a startled bird, and then drop

dead to his side, and I knew that he was thinking how dearly, if he dared, he would love to beat the stool again and again against my face until he had bashed every feature out of recognition. But on this occasion he managed to keep his self-control, and contented himself by asking me, with savage irritability, what I was waiting for, and what I saw strange in him that I stood staring in that way.

I replied that I was only waiting to know whether he had anything else to say to me or my brother before the latter left the hulk.

He did not answer except to snap out, "You can go" to Hughes, but when, after a surly "Good-night both," that worthy had taken his departure, Mullen turned to me again.

"Now listen. I'm a dangerous man to trifle with, and a desperate one, and there are not many things I'd stick at to be level with the man who played me false. But I can be a good friend to those who play me fair as well as a relentless enemy. Act squarely by me while you are here, and keep your mouth shut when you leave, and you'll never have cause to regret it. But if you play tricks here or blab when you're gone, you'll do the worst day's work for yourself you ever did in your life. Do you understand?"

He waited for a reply so I nodded and said, "Fair do is fair do, guv'nor. That's all right."

"Very well," he continued; "now we understand each other, and no more need be said about it. I shall sleep in the hold as I've done before, for if anyone came out to the hulk for any reason it wouldn't do for them to see me. You'll take your nap here as your brother did. So I bid you good-night."

"Good-night, sir," I answered civilly, holding the door open for him.

"Now I'll have a look at the paper that fell out of your pocket in the tussle, my friend," I added as soon as he was out of hearing. "I've got all the night before me; for I don't intend to take the nap of which you were speaking until I've got you safe in custody—otherwise it might be a nap to which there would come no waking."

CHAPTER XXX.

MORE DEVILRY.

THERE was no fastening to the door of my cabin, but on passing my hand over the place where a fastening might have been expected

a flake of soft substance caught in my finger nail and dropped to the floor. This, when I picked it up, proved to be a pellet of bread kneaded to the consistency of putty or dough. Taking the swing lamp from its bracket I examined the door more closely and saw that there had once been a fastening of some sort. A closer examination convinced me that the person who had removed the fastening had been to the pains of plugging the empty screw-holes with kneaded bread, after which he had apparently rubbed dirt-smeared fingers over the place where the fastening had been in order to hide the marks left by removal.

When I picked out the bread-plugs—which had only recently been put in, as they were still damp—I saw that the screw-holes were clean inside, although there were tiny rings of dirt on the outside where the roughened edges had brushed against the fingers and collected whatever it was which had been smeared upon them.

Very softly I opened the door and looked at the other side, where, as I expected, I found a bolt. A moment's examination satisfied me that it was the very bolt which had been on the inside, and that it had only recently been placed where it was.

"There is some devilry in this," I said to myself. "Even if the bolt had not been recently changed I should strongly object to be anywhere where Mullen could fasten me in if he had a mind to. I shall have to take out these screws one by one with my penknife and make each hole so large that the screws don't bite. Then I'll replace them, and the whole concern will look as it was before; but if Mullen should fasten me in, one good kick will fetch the bolt off and let me out."

The job was tedious and lengthy, for I had to work in silence and with a penknife in place of a screw-driver. But I got through it at last, and having barricaded the door from the inside as best I could, I pulled out the paper which had fallen from Mullen's pocket.

A glance was sufficient to satisfy me that my find was no less than the latter part of another manifesto, printed like previous manifestoes in rude capitals, and bearing the well-known signature—

"BY ORDER.—CAPTAIN SHANNON."

It was evidently an attempt to stir up, for his own ends and purposes, the disloyalty of the discontented Irish, and by professing to champion their cause, to enlist their sym-

pathy and co-operation in the war which was being waged against England. Here is the document itself :—

"If England have annexed Ireland because she is smaller and lies near, then might France with equal justice annex England, for Ireland lies no nearer to England than England to France.

"Ireland is no mere pendant to England, like Anglesea or the Isle of Wight, she is a separate and different country, scarcely smaller in size, complete in herself, and peopled by a nation of different creed, different temperament, and different race.

"The Celt shall not be ruled by the Teuton, nor the Teuton by the Celt.

"God gave Ireland her independence when he cut her off from England and separated the two countries by dividing seas.

"And they whom God has set asunder let no man join.

"But you have joined us to yourself in the union of bondage and oppression, and when we cry out under our bondage—a bondage which, were the cases reversed, England would be as little ready to tolerate as Ireland—how do you meet our righteous demands ?

"By trying to humour us as a woman seeks to humour a troublesome child to whom she tosses a toy. By sending us—what you dare not insult the Scotch by sending to Scotland—a sawdust figure, of which you hold the strings, who is to play at being king and holding court to please us. But we—ah God ! was ever so unreasonable a people ?—we do not simper and dance to the fiddling of this dummy king, who is not even of our own choosing, for we are ungracious enough to remember that we have in our midst men of older lineage and nobler blood than he.

"And then you cast about in your mind for some other means by which you can make us loyal under subjection. And when there is born to that 'Queen of Ireland,' whom Ireland never sees—though she can journey far afield to southern France or Italy—another princeling, for whom royal provision must be made out of the pockets of the people, who can scarce find their own children in bread, you say, 'Go to, here is our opportunity ; we will make Ireland loyal for ever by giving this princeling Patrick as one of his many names and by dubbing him Duke of Connaught.'

"But Ireland, graceless, thankless, stubborn Ireland, is not one whit more loyal after

receiving this royal boon, for she knows that you rule over her by the coward's right—the right of the strong to oppress and make subject the weak.

"You call her your sister while you seek to make her your slave, even as you call Irishmen your brothers while you have sought to make their very name a reproach and a fitting subject for your sorry jests.

"You hold Ireland in the thrall of cruel oppression—for cowardice is always cruel—not because of any sisterly feeling for her or love for her people, whom you hate and who hate you with an undying hate, but because you are afraid to let her go free.

"But that which you fear shall assuredly come to pass, and Ireland, which might and would have been your friend and ally were she free, is but waiting till you are involved in war to prove herself your deadliest and bitterest enemy and the friend and ally of every country which calls itself your foe.—By order.

CAPTAIN SHANNON."

No more convincing proof that the fugitive in hiding on the *Cuban Queen* was Captain Shannon could be wished for than this document, and the only question I had to consider was how best to accomplish his arrest.

I decided that the safest plan would be to signal Hughes to return. He could see the hulk from the top window of my cottage, and I had arranged with him that a red jersey (the men in charge of the hulks wear red jerseys not unlike those affected by the Salvationists) slung over the ship's side was to be taken as meaning, "Come back as soon as it is dark, and say that your wife is better."

His return would of course render my presence on the hulk unnecessary, and there would be nothing further for me to do but to receive whatever payment Mullen proposed to give me, wish him and my supposed brother good-bye and come ashore. Thence I should make straight for the coastguard station and inform the officer in charge that the notorious Captain Shannon was at that moment in hiding on the *Cuban Queen* disguised as a woman. The rest would be easy, for I had hit upon a plan by which, providing that I could count upon the necessary assistance at the proper moment, the fugitive could be secured without difficulty or danger, and I saw no reason why the newspaper placards of the morning after Hughes's return should not bear the startling announcement, "Arrest of Captain Shannon."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ARREST OF CAPTAIN SHANNON.

SIX o'clock next morning saw the red jersey, which was to recall Hughes, slung over the ship's side and the preconcerted reply signalled from the upper window of the cottage.

From then until nightfall I had to possess my soul in patience, and never in my life has time hung so heavily on my hands as on that eventful day.

Mullen, who had been up since daybreak, was watching the shipping with the liveliest interest. By standing on the steps of the cockpit he could, without being seen himself, get a distant view of every vessel that passed up or down the great waterway of the Thames.

He was inclined to be friendly, even talkative, and only once was there a recurrence of the irritability he had manifested on the previous evening. It happened in this wise.

Some fishing lines were in the cabin, and being badly in want of something to make the time pass I baited them with shreds of raw herring and threw them over the ship's side. I got a "bite" directly, but, on hauling up, found it came from a crab about as big as a five shilling piece, whom I tenderly detached from the inhospitable hook and restored to his native element. I rebaited, sent the lead whizzing overboard, and again brought up a crab.

"Come to look for the other one, I suppose," I said to myself. "His wife perhaps. I'll treat her kindly," and crab number two rejoined its dear ones.

Again I rebaited, again there was a bite, and again a crab clawing wildly at the air appeared at the end of the line.

"H'm—a sister this time, or perhaps a daughter. Back she goes however," and crab number three popped safely overboard, only to be succeeded by crab number four.

"These are Scotch crabs, I should think," I grumbled, "they're so clannish"; but him too I sent on his way rejoicing. Then a fifth appeared on the scene.

"Oh, hang it all!" I growled. "I shall never get any fish if the crabs eat up my bait as fast as I put it on. I hoped that last was an orphan, but it seems as if I had struck another family gathering."

Crab number six added insult to injury by refusing to let go the bait, though I turned him over on his back and shook him till he rattled.

"Oh, I can't stand this," I said, raising a menacing heel. But more humane feeling

prevailed, and once more I stooped to assist the pertinacious crustacean to his native deep. A nip from his foreclaws was all I got for my pains.

"Very well," I said, "if you *will* have it, you will."

Down came the heel, there was a sickening scrunch, and what had been a crab was a noisome mess.

Then I heard an exclamation of disgust behind me, and looking guiltily round saw that Mullen, who had hitherto been too absorbed in watching the shipping to interest himself in my fishing, had heard the scrunch of the crab's shell under my heel and had turned to ascertain the cause.

"You brute!" he said. "Why couldn't you throw the wretched thing back into the water?"

"It ain't none of your business," I answered sulkily.

"It is my business, and every decent person's business. The thing never did you any harm. Besides, look at the ghastly mess you've made."

"Ain't you never killed nothin' wot done you no 'arm?" I asked, perhaps indiscreetly.

"Yes, if I had any reason to do so; just as I'd gladly put my heel on your ugly brute's head and crush the life out of you as you've crushed it out of that wretched crab, but not from wanton destructiveness."

I did not think it wise to prolong an argument which touched upon such delicate and personal ground, so I continued my fishing in silence, and after another exclamation of disgust Mullen turned away to devote himself once more to the shipping.

Not a vessel went by that he did not scrutinize carefully, and I noticed that when any small steamer hove in sight he fidgeted restlessly until she was near enough to allow inspection. That he was on the look-out either for a ship or for a signal from a ship I felt sure, and I was inclined to think that the irritability he had just displayed was due more to nerve-tension, and to his disappointment at not seeing the vessel for which he was watching, than to any other cause.

One thing seemed certain however—Mullen was breaking down under the strain, and was no longer the man he had been. This was very manifest later on in the day when a large steam yacht made her appearance at the mouth of the Thames. All his attention was at once riveted upon her, and as she crept up the river towards us I could see that he was becoming feverishly anxious.

"There's a pair of field-glasses in the hold where I am sleeping," he said. "Would you mind getting them for me like a good fellow? Someone might see me if I went myself. I want to have a look at yonder big liner going down the river. I fancy I sailed in her once."

I did as he requested, and he made a pretence of examining the liner. "Yes, it is she; I can read her name quite easily," he said, turning the glasses from the big ship to the steam yacht. His hand trembled so that he seemed unable at first to get the focus, and I distinctly saw the quick fluttering of his pulse in the veins of his wrist.

"What is her name?" I asked.

"*Fiona*," he said absently, and then pulling himself up sharp—"what am I thinking about? I mean the *Walmer Castle*, of course. I sailed in her when I went to Peru."

I had all along expected that it was for his sister's boat *Fiona* that Mullen was watching, but hardly that he would tell me so himself; and that such a man—a man who had carried out his devilish plots as if his heart had been of cold stone and his nerves of iron—should so give himself away, as the phrase goes, was proof positive of his complete breakdown.

He watched the steam yacht until she was in front of us—though of course a considerable distance off—and then, having apparently satisfied himself of her identity, he laid the glasses down with a sigh of relief and went below. As soon as he was out of sight I picked them up, levelled them at the now receding vessel, and saw, as I had expected, the word *Fiona* on her bow.

The plot was thickening indeed, for it was no doubt by Mullen's directions that she had come to England (he had probably given instruction that she was to enter the Thames by daylight so that he might not miss her), and he would scarcely have sent for her until the fitting moment to make his escape had arrived. I had scarcely time to satisfy myself of the steam yacht's identity and to lay down the glasses before Mullen reappeared with a plentiful supply of bread and cheese—of which he must have been sorely in need, for he had had no food since early morning. Every shadow of his nervousness was now gone and he was in the best of spirits.

"Hughes, my boy," he said, slapping me on the shoulder boisterously, for I was sitting with my feet in the cockpit, "how are you getting on? And what are you going to do with all the fish you have caught, eh?"

I was in no humour to enter into conversation, and as I had caught no fish—as he very well knew—I pretended to take the last remark in high dudgeon, and gave him a sulky answer.

But the reaction from his former anxiety was so great, and so set was he upon drawing me into conversation, that in order to escape him I made an excuse about getting some tea and went below.

"That's right; make yourself jolly my good man. You're going to do well out of this job, I can tell you," he said; "and as it's beginning to get a bit dark, and I don't see anyone about, I'll go on deck to stretch my legs and get an airing."

He remained there until night had set in, and then he came into the cabin.

"I say," he said, "there's a boat coming out to us. Who can it be, and at this time of the day?"

"Most likely it's Jim come back," I answered gruffly. "E said 'e'd come soon as the missus was better."

"Of course," Mullen said pleasantly. "How foolish of me not to think of it. I'm glad the poor fellow's wife's better. But I shall be sorry to lose your entertaining companionship, my genial friend. *Can't* I persuade you to stay on and favour us with the pleasure of your company for a day or two longer, as my guest?"

"Guest be blowed!" I replied in my surliest tone. "If that's Jim Hughes, the sooner I 'as my money and gets ashore agen the better I'll like it."

"I should be hurt if I thought you meant that," he said banteringly; "but I know you don't. We've hit it off together charmingly, I'm sure, notwithstanding the fact that I'm so "difficult" socially. And I'd made such delightful plans for your comfort and amusement. It seems hard that we should have to part."

At that moment, and not a little to my relief, we heard a voice which was unmistakably Hughes's, for he was expressing, by means of a liberal use of his favourite adjective, the unwillingness with which he set eyes on "the old tub again."

"Well," said Mullen, when Hughes entered the cabin, "and how's your wife?"

"Better," was the answer.

"Ah, that's capital; I congratulate you, I'm sure. So glad to see you back again. Except, of course, for the fact that we shall be deprived of your brother's company. He is your brother you said, didn't you? Though really one need hardly ask; the



"I got in a blow straight from the shoulder."

likeness, I'm sure, is wonderful. But what a man it is, Hughes! Such geniality, such urbanity, such a flow of spirits, such a fund of information, and above all such manners!"

Hughes, who had probably never seen Mullen in this vein before, looked first at him and then at me in astonishment.

"Stow your jaw!" I said shortly. "If you're going to pay me for the job, pay me and let me go!"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear fellow," replied Mullen smiling. "Yes, you and I *have* a little account to settle, haven't we? I'll pay you by all means. I always do pay my debts, and with interest. First, about the hulk."

He had been standing by the door all the time, but he now stepped forward and counted out ten sovereigns upon the table.

"Will that satisfy you and keep your mouth shut?" he said, stepping back again.

I nodded.

"Put them in your pocket then, and that matter's settled."

I stooped to pick up the coins, but as I did so, Mullen suddenly pushed me with all his strength against Hughes, knocking the two of us backward upon the bunk.

In another second he had stepped out of the cabin, pulling the door to with a bang, and then we heard the rattle of the outside bolt in the socket.

Hughes hurled me off and sprang up with blazing eyes.

"Did you take the bolt off and put it outside?" he asked.

"No."

"Then 'e's done it, and 'e means mischief for both of us! The ——'s bad enough for anything. I know 'im; and 'ere we are caught like rats in a trap."

"That's all right," I said, and hunching my shoulder to the door and making a pivot of my right foot, I burst the thing open with a crash, the screws starting from their sockets and pattering upon a locker opposite like spent bullets.

As I did so Hughes rushed past me and upon the deck, I after him. Nor were we too soon, for Mullen was making, as Hughes had evidently feared, for the dynamite hold. When he heard our footsteps he turned, and whipping out a revolver raised it and shot Hughes right through the heart. The unhappy man flung up his arms and toppled over the ship's side into the sea, but before Mullen could turn the weapon upon me I got in a blow straight from the shoulder,

which took him well under the chin and tumbled him backward to the bottom of the hold. I hit hard enough to have knocked him "silly," and I was not surprised that he lay for a minute or two like one dead. Then he tried to rise, but fell back with a groan apparently quite helpless.

"Are you hurt?" I inquired, kneeling on one knee, the better to look down into the hold.

He glanced up with a feeble attempt at a smile upon features cruelly contorted by pain.

"So you've won the rubber after all, although I'd arranged everything so cleverly as I thought. You and Hughes, once locked securely in the cabin and a fuse put to the dynamite, I ought by now to have been half a mile off in the dinghy and on my way to join my sister at Gravesend. We should have slipped off quietly in the confusion of the explosion, for no one would know that it didn't occur, as explosions have occurred before, through the carelessness of the man in charge. And you and Hughes, the only two people who could set matters right, would have gone to join the dead men who tell no tales. Confess now, wasn't it a pretty plan and worthy of an artist, friend Rissler?"

I started at the mention of my name, seeing which he burst into a mocking laugh.

"Is it possible? No, it can't be!" he said. "Don't, *don't* tell me that you didn't know I knew who you were. Why, you refreshing person, it was only because I did know that I pretended to fall into your booby trap. I only let you take Hughes's place on board the hulk that I might get you into my power and rid myself of the pair of you at a sweep. And to think that you didn't know that I knew! Why, man alive, I've known all about you from the first, and I could have sent you to join Quickly and Green long ago if I had minded. But they were mere bunglers, fit only to put out of the way, just as one would tread upon a spider or beetle. Whereas you're really clever, and ingenious, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, and you interested me. I don't say that if you had had any-one you were very fond of—a wife, sweetheart, sister—something might not have happened to *them*, just to let you know that I was keeping you in mind.

"Once or twice you played your cards quite prettily; but oh! how you bungled them at others! Still I might have expected that from your books. What could be worse of

their sort than they? I've read them all, though how I endured it I don't know. There is *one* thing *I couldn't* endure however, and that is that you should write a book about *me*. Spare me that last indignity and I'll forgive you the brutal, blackguardly, costermonger blows you struck me behind the Post Office."

His eyes shone wickedly as he spoke, and then for the first time it occurred to me (I had been too fascinated by the man to think of it before) that he must have some motive for thus putting himself to the trouble of holding me in conversation at a time when he was as I could see suffering the keenest physical pain. What could his motive be?

For answer there came from the space where the dynamite was stored a tiny splutter, not unlike the splutter which is given occasionally by a badly trimmed lamp.

We had *not* been in time to prevent him carrying out his devilish purpose after all! And I — blind fool that I was — had been listening idly to his chatter, not knowing that every word which fell from his lips was bringing nearer the certainty of a dreadful fate.

This was why he had forced himself to smile and wear a mask was it?

But the mask was off now, for catching sight of the horror in my face as I leapt to my feet, he raised himself on his arm and glared at me with a countenance contorted out of all human likeness by devilish hate and exultation.

"You're too late, you——! You're too

late. We're going to hell together, and if there's a deeper hell still I'll seize you with a grip you can't shake off and leap with you into the eternal fire. You shan't escape me there any more than you have here, for we'll burn together! You're too late! you're too——"

His voice died away in the distance, for I was by this time in the dinghy and rowing as man never rowed before. Thank God I was already ten yards away—twenty, fifty, a hundred!

Suddenly the sea behind me seemed to open up in one sheet of purple flame, and I was knocked backward out of the boat as if by a blow from a clenched fist. Then it seemed as if the sea had picked me up in its arms—as I had once seen a drink-maddened man pick up a child whom he afterwards dashed head-foremost against a brick wall—and had flung me away and away over the very world's edge.

* * *

When I came to myself I was lying high and dry upon the Kentish coast, carried there no doubt by the huge wave that had followed

the explosion.

Captain Shannon had been arrested at last, and by an officer who for your crimes and mine, reader—be they few or many, trivial or great—is now hunting each of us down to bring us to justice.

That detective — Detective Death—there is no eluding; and one day he will lay his hand upon your shoulder and upon mine and say, "Come."

And we shall have to go.



A HOME FOR STRAY BOTTLES.

BY WILLIAM OWLER.



VERY interesting question is "What becomes of bottles that have once contained 'fizzing drinks,' commonly known as temperance beverages?" The early Church started the temperance movement in England in 596, and King Edgar in 960 attempted to make his subjects teetotalers by Act of Parliament. Subsequent Acts have been inscribed on the Statute-book to induce the common people to live soberly, but all to no purpose. One knight of St. Crispin decided he would not spend his holiday abroad, and therefore he invited to his home all his friends, with whom he made merry, and dispensed with lavish hand brandy and soda. And what an *omnium gatherum* of refuse bottles were collected in that cellar! Yet it was nothing compared to the marvellous sight we beheld in the old workshop of a gas

engineer in Southwark. As we gazed in amazement at the sign of "The Bottle Exchange" we ventured to engage the attention of a mild-mannered man who was checking an inward entry of bottles, which were afterwards "sorted" and placed in boxes for removal to their original owners. All "the lost, stolen or strayed" mineral water bottles find a home in the racks at Holland Street, and here their flight is arrested for the purpose of being returned, sold, or destroyed. The Bottle Exchange

confines its operations to bottles which have contained lemonade, ginger beer, soda or seltzer water, and here the line is drawn. No "black beetles" come within the four walls of the Exchange, and to have beer bottles in the racks would offend the tender consciences of temperance advocates. Beer bottles seldom go astray or wander from "the house of call." And the reason is obvious. Beer-drinkers have to pay full value for the loan of the bottles; buyers of mineral waters pay a nominal deposit. The manufacturers and bottlers, however, pay $1\frac{1}{4}\%$ for each bottle, and, although charging for the contents, yet no fee was originally made for the bottle. This occasioned great loss to the mineral water manufacturers, and the object the Bottle Exchange has in view is to restore the bottles to the owners. The retail dealers were under no obligation to return them. The customers laid them aside as soon as done with; and consequently thousands of mineral water bottles have been recovered from dustbins and underground cellars, or purchased from marine-store dealers, who formerly sold them to rival traders.

All this has been changed since the Bottle Exchange opened its doors. The depôts extend from Chatham to Oxford, and from Northampton to Brighton. The members number over 300, and there are 10 branches within a radius of 100 miles. The bottles in the collection come from India and all parts of the world; and we saw 50 gross ready to return to the East. Many of these bottles arrive in London in ships, and the Exchange pay the men who deliver them at the "home." The origin of this novel scheme was to protect bottle-owners in the mineral water trade; and over ten years ago the Mineral Water Bottle Exchange and Trade Protection Society was founded, with Mr. Walter Davenport as secretary. The members comprise nearly all the manufacturers within 100 miles of the metropolis, and the society is managed by a council of delegates chosen by the members of the various districts covered by its operations. Formerly thousands of pounds were lost in bottles, and some manufacturers were ruined. The public looked upon the bottles as of no value, the retailer was equally careless, and in many cases

other people's bottles were frequently used. To remedy the evil the name of manufacturers was blown on the glass, but that only made it useless to a rival, and it was not sent back to its rightful owner. Hence the idea of an Exchange and Trade Protection Society in which the members agreed to put an end to the fraudulent system which had hitherto prevailed. The members were pledged to forward the bottles of rival traders to the depôts which were opened in different parts of the metropolis in order that they might be returned. Co-operation was necessary to make the operations of the society successful. Inspectors were appointed to see that one manufacturer did not use the bottles belonging to his neighbour, and lost and stray empties were forwarded to the depôts by marine-store dealers and others. Arrangements were also made with vestries and dust contractors to forward to the Exchange all the bottles which came in their way; and now this novel Exchange is an active company of traders under the Trade Marks Act. A small charge is made to members receiving back bottles, but non-members pay a higher scale. Seven years ago certain engineering works were leased, and the London depôts centralised in Ridler Place, Holland Street, Southwark. A dozen other societies were formed in the United Kingdom, which are affiliated with the Bottle Exchange, so that the bottles of mineral water makers are now protected and find their way back to the place of origin.

Having indicated the scope of the scheme we shall now attempt to depict this unique Exchange. The building is situated in a by-way, and is well adapted for the purpose of a bottle store. Passing under the gateway, there are piles of boxes of empty bottles in rows, tier above tier. Thousands of

these boxes are also in position, and the storage capacity is immense. At the time of our visit there were about 3000 gross of bottles in the Exchange. The boxes of small dealers are placed in racks, and when full the owners are advised and they send for their property. A large portion of the well-lighted building is devoted to "sorting" members' bottles. The names are inscribed on racks on the slant in which boxes are placed. About twenty names appear in each row, and these are bewildering in their number. Indeed the sorting is carried on by boys on similar lines to those in operation at the General Post Office. When a member's crate is full it is removed to the stores, but the large manufacturers generally claim the

bottles once a week. Consignments arrive daily, and van loads leave the Exchange hourly. A small sum is allowed per dozen by the society for cartage and collection on bottles sent in by marine-store dealers and dust contractors, but no allowance is given dealers or manufacturers.

Very little

escapes the eagle eye of the dust collector, and hence one part of the Exchange is devoted to bottles recovered from dust-bins, where consequently the odour is not of Rimmel. But with plenty of clean water and bottle-washing machinery the most offensive-looking bottles are made sweet and clean. In fact the majority of lost or stray bottles are recovered from dust-bins, and from this source alone 87,563 dozen were returned in 1895. These dust collectors get 2d. per dozen for carting the bottles to the Exchange. They carefully search the heaps before being consigned to the destructors; and the major portion of London dust is "dumped" at Sittingbourne and other favourite haunts. Contractors and searchers are in the pay of this novel Exchange, and



From a photo by]

MAIN ROOM OF THE BOTTLE EXCHANGE.

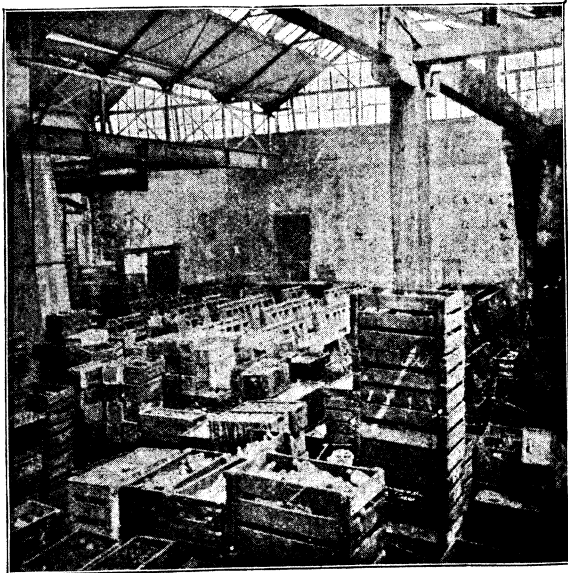
[A. B. Hughes.

not a bottle is discovered that does not find its way to Southwark. The number collected from dust-yards and marine-store dealers in 1889 amounted to the total of 113,016 dozen; during 1894 the quantity recovered from these sources amounted to 200,237 dozen. But the total number of bottles "turned over" at the Bottle Exchange during 1894 was upwards of 9,840,000, whilst in addition there were 33,000 boxes, 13,000 siphons, and 585 casks claimed by their owners. The total number of bottles "exchanged" in London and provinces in 1895 was—bottles in dozens, 445,751; boxes, single, 31,760; siphons, 16,112; and casks, 698.

The right to use bottles or siphons bearing certain marks is frequently purchased by new firms, and the attention of the trade directed thereto. Indeed stringent measures

are adopted to protect these legal purchases as if the bottles bore the name or mark of the present owners.

Fashion and shape in bottles have considerably changed, and so have the stoppers. In the council room Mr. Davenport has a cabinet full of bottles, and each one has a history. The early form was egg-shape, in stone, and one we saw was nearly 150 years old. The collection is most interesting, and the variety of bottles in shape, style, and material is a notable feature in this home of old bottles. Fortunes have been lost in developing patent corks, screws, and stoppers, and fortunes have been made by the owners of the popular devices now in common use. Strange as it may appear, the capital employed in the mineral water trade in England is £30,000,000, and the people engaged in this industry number over half a million.



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

A CORNER IN THE BOTTLE EXCHANGE.

AT DEVIL'S RUN.*

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

("M. QUAD.")

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.

PART I.



One would deny that on this June morning there is peace in the land.

The Indian agent at Fort Bliss Reservation is congratulating himself on the meek and humble demeanour of the

three thousand subjects under his care, and to-day his monthly report will announce that the war, which seized upon some of the bucks a week or so ago, has entirely vanished. Even "Bald-Faced Charley," a sub-chief, and the worst of the lot, has settled himself down to be "a good boy."

At six o'clock in the morning Sergeant Yates rode out of Fort Bliss with seven troopers to repair the bridge at Devil's Run, fifteen miles to the west. Devil's Run cuts across the military road as it comes up from the Union Pacific Railroad. It is a mountain torrent, rushing through a rocky gorge twenty feet wide, and the spot is wild and lonely.

At half-past-nine o'clock, after guard-mount, and before the men are ordered for forenoon drill, Lieutenant Day and Miss Phelps canter out of the Fort for a ride across the country to the west. The officer is one of the three or four unmarried men at the post; Miss Phelps is Major Haliday's niece, here on a three months' visit from the East. It is a beautiful morning, and so full of the balm of peace that the sick men in the hospital feel the effects of it like a tonic.

At eleven o'clock the soldier telegraph-operator at the post, who is smoking his pipe and looking out of the window at a troop-drill, catches a sharp and sudden call, and five minutes later he hurries to the office of the adjutant with a telegram from the Indian agent, which reads—

"Bald-Faced Charley and fifty fighting bucks jumped the Reservation last night and headed for Little Valley."

So, while congratulating himself on the humble attitude of his charges, a war party had slipped off under cover of darkness, and had doubtless found their first victim before he was out of bed. Sergeant Yates and the seven men departed for the exact spot where the Indians would seek to cross the military road, to fall upon the half-dozen settlers in Little Valley. And riding forth across the plains towards the green-covered foothills, Lieutenant Day and Miss Phelps were liable to ride into an ambush within twelve miles of the Fort. The signs which signified peace were base deception. Ten minutes after that despatch was received Fort Bliss was in a state of turmoil.

Under cover of darkness the renegade Indians made straight for Little Valley, thirty miles from the Agency, and about the same distance from the Fort. They had six hours before daylight, and meant to fall upon the settlers in the early morning. After midnight a fog came on, which reduced progress and finally checked it altogether. It thus happened that daylight found the war party still to the north of the military road, and they did not propose to cross it until night came again. The bulk of them went into camp for the day, but scouts were sent out in every direc-



"Lieutenant Day."

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tion to pick up information. Two of these scouts, from their position on the crest of a ridge, saw the two riders as they came loping over the plains. A signal brought two more scouts to their assistance. Then the four, mounted upon their fleet ponies, made a speedy run of a mile and entered a dry ravine and waited. Ten minutes after their arrival the riders passed them, headed almost directly for the Indian camp, and with the four warriors in their rear. The pair were cut off and as good as captured. Then, as they drew rein on the crest of a ridge to breathe their horses, the officer looked back and noticed the four Indians following. There were plenty of redskins riding about every day in the week; but even the way

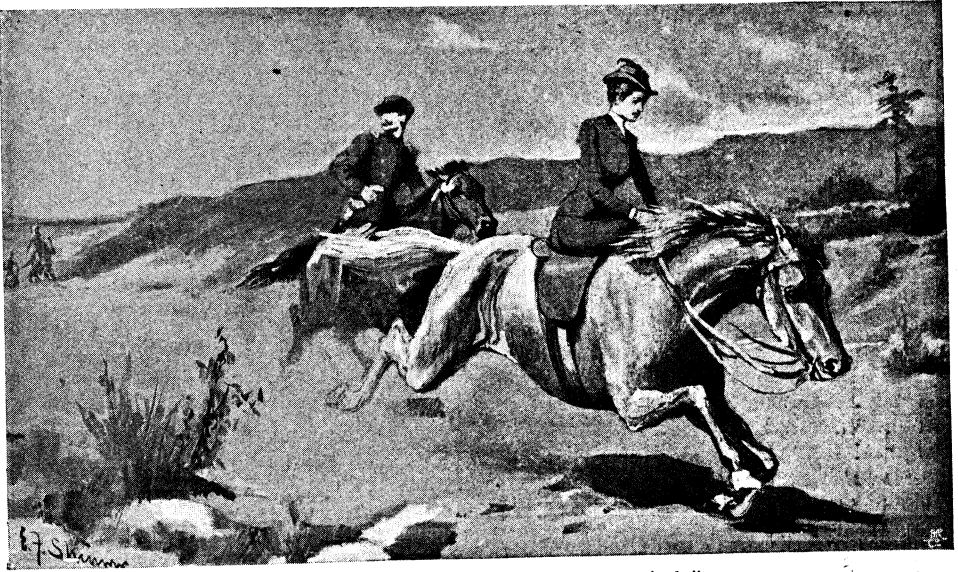
and give your horse the rein, and stop for nothing. I shall follow close behind; but never mind me. If you are alone when you reach the road turn to the left and keep on until you reach the Run."

"Do you mean it?" she said, as the colour died out of her face and her lip trembled.

"Every word of it, my dear friend. Be a brave girl and do as I tell you. Our horses are still fresh, and, please God, we may keep our distance. Ready, now! We shall have a good half mile the start."

"But you—you —"

"Never mind me!" he sternly commanded. "I shall follow after; but you must pay no attention. Remember, turn



"Then the Indians began to gain, inch by inch."

these "subjects" sat their ponies was proof to him that they were renegades and meant mischief. He was armed with a revolver only. To the right were the foot-hills, to the left the military road. This road was five miles away. If they could reach it they might run upon the mail-coach or some freighters, or, by extending the gallop, reach Devil's Run and the working party.

"You see those Indians, Miss Phelps?" quietly asked the officer as he pointed to the redskins advancing at a walk.

"Yes."

"They doubtless belong to a war party which has broken loose from the Reservation. The military road is off this way. We must ride for it. Get a firm seat in your saddle

to the left when you strike the road. Give your horse his head, and trust to him to find the way. Now you are off."

"Ki, yi, yi!" came the yells of the Indians as the two riders started off, and then the race began. For the first mile it was an even race. Then the Indians began to gain, inch by inch, and as they did so the officer began to drop back. The girl was riding with a firm seat, and her horse was picking his own route. The Indians continued their yelling, but as they crept nearer and nearer the reports of their rifles were added. As a bullet sang over her head Miss Phelps looked back with a white scared face, but the officer smiled at her and motioned for her to pay no attention.

There came a second, a third, and a fourth. Then the lieutenant felt a sudden pain in his right shoulder—a sensation as if a hot iron had touched the flesh, and he changed the reins to his left hand and muttered to himself—

"That's a bullet through the shoulder; but they can't do as well again."

It was wild shooting on the part of the pursuers, but they were counting on luck. Although they had gained somewhat in the race, the longer legged cavalry horses had the advantage in climbing the ridges, and were still in good wind. They were certain to reach the military road first, barring accident. Bullet after bullet went flying after the fugitives, and when the road was only a mile away the officer suddenly lifted in his saddle again. A bullet had struck him in the left hip. The Indians knew that he was hit again and yelled in triumph. The girl looked back, and the officer closed up the distance and shouted to her through his clenched teeth—

"We are close upon the road now. Be sure to turn to the left."

Down the slope of a ridge as steep as a house roof thundered the riders into the highway, and after them came the redskins. A turn to the left and then, riding side by side, the officer and the girl used the spurs for the first time and began to draw quickly away. The race was lost to the pursuers, and in their rage they fired their Winchesters as fast as they could pull trigger. Ping, ping, ping! sang the bullets. One of them grazed the lady's hat, another passed through her riding-skirt, a third struck the officer in the calf of the right leg.

"Are you hit?" he asked, as he turned to her.

"No; are you?"

"Only grazed, I think. It can't be over two miles to the Run, and the Indians will soon give up the chase. Hello! What's this?"

Half an hour previously one of the sergeant's party at Devil's Run had climbed a high hill to examine some growing timber which might be used for the bridge. Looking away to the east he had seen the officer and the lady as they galloped for their lives, and he had no sooner given the alarm than the sergeant ordered every man to saddle up. It took ten minutes to get started, but they rode fast and were in time. As they met the fugitives they drew aside and let them pass, and then fell upon the four Indians and wiped three of them off the face of the

earth. The fourth abandoned his pony and escaped up a ravine. When the sergeant rode back in search of his officer and the lady he found them in his camp at Devil's Run. The lieutenant was lying on the ground, and Miss Phelps was near by crying and wringing her hands and calling for help.

"What's up, mum?" called the sergeant as he rode up and dismounted.

"He is dead—don't you see he is dead!" she wailed in reply.

"Looks like it. Shot in the leg, hip and shoulder. Ye gods, but what pluck to hang as he did! No, he isn't dead! Here, Wilkins, get some water, and you, Green, help me to cut his clothes off and dress these hurts. Grant, you lead the lady away a bit and talk to her till she calms down, and the rest of you keep your eyes open for Indians. A band has jumped the Reservation and will try to cross here, and we may have the whole crowd down on us at any moment."

The "lady from the East," as the soldiers called her, had never seen a hostile Indian in her life, and such a crisis as she had passed through would have weakened the nerves of almost any man. She pulled herself together in a few minutes however, and as she reached the side of the wounded officer to offer assistance he opened his eyes and looked about him and asked—

"What is it, sergeant—what has happened?"

"You got a run from the Indians, sir, and you are wounded in three places. I'm patching you up, lieutenant, and in five minutes I'll send a man away to the Fort for the ambulance."

"And Miss Phelps?"

"Unhurt, and here to answer for herself, sir."

"Thank God for that!"

A few minutes later, while the bluff but good-hearted sergeant and the half-crying girl were "patching up" the wounded officer for his ride to the Fort, a trooper was sent off with a message. He had not been gone ten minutes when the reports of rifles were heard, and in another ten he was back and reporting.

"Sergeant, the reptiles are in ambush along the road beside that big dead pine. I caught sight of at least five or six of them as they fired, and my horse is hit and I've a bullet in my leg."

"We are cut off, sir," reported the sergeant in turn to the lieutenant.

But the officer had fainted from the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds.

PART II.

It was lucky for the honour of the old —th Cavalry that Sergeant Yates had been sent out in command of that bridge-repairing party. It was lucky for the wounded lieutenant, for the "lady from the East," and for all concerned, except the Indians. The sergeant was a veteran Indian fighter and a man of nerve. The little troop had come out with only their blankets and cooking-utensils, expecting to pass only a night at the Run, and had camped down close to their work. The position was an exposed one, and the first move was to seek a better one. Such a place was at hand among the boulders on the hillside overlooking the bridge. Two troopers were sent up the road a quarter of a mile to act as vedettes, two more down the road to see if the Indians had reached it on that side, and as the lieutenant recovered consciousness again, the sergeant saluted and said—

"We are going to move up among the rocks, sir. There come the men from below, and it's sure we have the redskins on both sides of us. No fear about our standing 'em off however. Now, boys, easy with him!"

The horses were unsaddled and driven down into the bed of the Run to take care of themselves. All the canteens, coffee-pots and kettles were filled with fresh water and carried up to the new camp, and without fuss or excitement the entire party and all their belongings were soon posted on the hill. With their axes the men lopped off branches to make a bed for the wounded officer, and loose rocks were piled between the boulders to make the position impregnable. When the sergeant reported to his officer what he had done, the latter replied—

"Very well. You have done just the right thing. I am better now, and I'll try to help you out with advice. If the Indians attack, see that Miss Phelps is well sheltered. If the reds are above and below we can't expect help. How are the men?"

"All right, sir. Davis is wounded but not disabled, and there'll be eight of us to hold the place. We can hold it for a week. If the lady will look after you we'll take care of the murdering redskins."

The officer felt his position keenly, but it could not be helped. Such was the pain of the wound in the hip that he was compelled to lie at full length. Had he been able to sit up with his back to a rock his pistol arm was useless. After her rally the girl had

taken hold in a way to prove that she had plenty of pluck, and she now announced her readiness to take charge of the helpless man. Do you look for love and romance here? If so I must disappoint you. Miss Phelps was already engaged to a young man in her home city, and Lieutenant Day had passed into confirmed bachelorhood. Her heart was big with gratitude however for his gallantry and courage, and on his part he had that chivalrous reverence and admiration for the sex always to be found in an army officer, but always showing the stronger at the posts furthest from civilisation.

"If you had not covered my retreat you would not have received these bullets," she reproachfully said as she wet the bandages over his wounds.

"They are mere scratches and won't bother me a month," he stoutly replied. "My only regret is that I can't sit up and take a hand in. You must act as my aide as well as nurse. How are the men posted?"

"On the three sides of the square," she replied.

"I do not want to call the sergeant away. Go down to him and ask if there are any signs of the Indians yet. They may cross the road without attacking us."

In five minutes she returned and reported.

"The sergeant says the Indians are closing in from the west and the north, and he expects a rush within ten minutes. He has counted as high as thirty, but believes the party is much larger."

The Indians did not wait ten minutes. They had left men to hold the road above and below, and they aimed to wipe out the soldiers and then make their dash into Little Valley and out again before any news could reach Fort Bliss. There were about thirty in the rush against the two sides of the camp most open to attack—fifteen to a side. At a signal-whoop they came tearing up the slope covered with trees, shrubs and boulders, and never did red men display more pluck and determination. The soldiers opened fire as soon as a stormer could be sighted, and with her face as white as the clouds above and her heart in her mouth, Miss Phelps reported to the groaning officer—

"The men are down on their knees and firing over the rocks. They do not seem at all excited. There—I see an Indian on the north side; I see two others down there. How they shriek and yell. One has leaped the rocks. There comes another, but the sergeant ——"

"And I lying here helpless," shouted the officer. "Is the sergeant down? For God's sake tell me what is happening!"

"No. The sergeant shot one and brained the other with his clubbed musket. The men are cheering; the Indians have been beaten off."

Three minutes later the sergeant came up to salute and report.

"We drove them back, sir, and I think we killed seven or eight, but I've lost two men killed and a third badly wounded."

"Well done, sergeant," replied the officer when he could control his voice. "I'm sorry for the loss, but perhaps the Indians will stay licked."

"I'm afraid they won't, sir. I never saw

down at his elbow. "There they come again. Yes, you will shoot me first."

"Are the men cool?" asked the officer as the carbines began to speak.

"Yes—same as before. There comes the Indians. I can see one—two—three—God have mercy on us!"

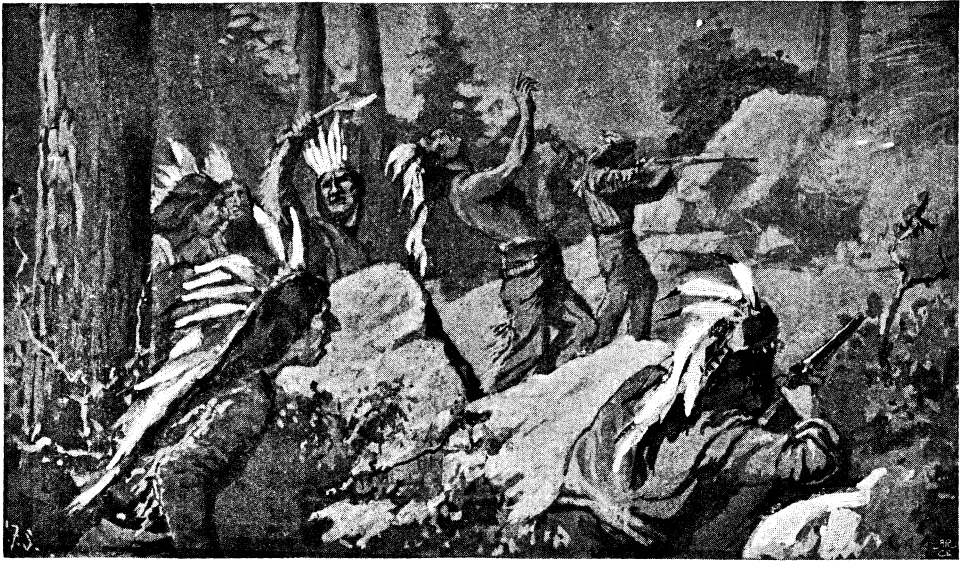
"Are they inside?"

"Yes—yes—shoot me."

"Be quiet. What's the sergeant doing?"

"He's—he's fighting—the men are fighting—O God! but how they are fighting!" she shrieked as she hid her face in her hands.

"And now?" asked the lieutenant as the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and his eyes burned like coals of fire.



"At a signal—whoop they came tearing up the slope."

such chaps. I must get back to the men and look out for another dash. If they come as they did before we'll have a hard job of it."

"Is he afraid the Indians will overpower him?" asked the girl when the sergeant was gone.

"Yes, if they rush him again. There are only five men now."

"And if we are captured?"

"We won't be," quietly replied the officer. "Put my revolver here at my left hand, and do you sit down here. If the Indians carry the camp I shall shoot you and then put a bullet into my own head."

"Yes—yes—that will be the way," she said as she handed him the weapon and sat

"The Indians are down—they have been driven out—the men are cheering for victory!" she gasped as she leaped up.

"They came again, sir, as I thought they would," said the sergeant as he came up to report; "but we have beaten them off. Their loss is so heavy that they won't try it again."

"And about our loss?" asked the officer.

"Sorry to report, sir, that the men are all down but Barnes and me."

"What, all dead?"

"All dead, sir. The man wounded before was killed in this rush. Barnes has a scratch or so, and I've got the same; but I think the worst is over now. They'll hang about and do some shooting, but they won't rush

us again. If they do we'll fall back here, and—and——"

And die together, he meant, though he did not utter the words. The officer understood and smiled grimly; the girl understood, and in her heart she felt more admiration for the weather-beaten old sergeant than for any other man living.

The Indians did not rush again. They had lost thirteen in killed and five or six wounded, and they did not know how great a loss they had inflicted on the defenders. Their raid into Little Valley must be given up, and they would sneak back to the Reservation and become "good Indians" again. Before going however they wanted revenge for their dead and wounded. Scattering about, and two or three of them climbing trees to get a plunging fire, they began a desultory fusillade, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Private Barnes was shot through the head. Miss Phelps was reporting the tragedy to the lieutenant when Sergeant Yates came up, and saluted and announced—

"Barnes is gone, sir; but I'll do the best I can alone. I think the devils are about to give up the fight; but the lady must lie close or some sharpshooter will pick her off. Please keep down, Miss. Any orders, lieutenant?"

"None, sergeant. The news of this party getting away from the Reservation must have been telegraphed to the Fort, and no doubt troops have been sent out. We ought to be hearing from some of them soon."

"That's it, sir; and I'll go back to the big boulders and try and pot the red devil in the big tree."

After that the fire of the Indians slackened to an occasional shot, and the wounded officer read the sign aright. The discomfited redskins were making ready to retire. Scarcely ten minutes had gone by when the report of carbines were heard to the east followed by cheers, and as the sergeant

cheered and Miss Phelps clapped her hands, the lieutenant exclaimed—

"Thank God for that! It is a detachment from the Fort, looking after us and the sergeant's party, and we are saved! Listen to the hoof-beats of the horses."

"Hooray! hooray! It's our boys coming," shouted the sergeant as he swung his cap and danced about.

There was just one more report from a rifle, but neither the girl nor the officer gave it any attention. They were looking for the rescuers, and as the troopers came in sight on the road below Miss Phelps climbed over the rocks and called to them. A captain was in command, and as he scrambled up the hill, followed by a dozen dismounted men, he reached out for the hand of the hysterical girl and shouted—

"Thank God we have found you alive! Where is the lieutenant?"

She pointed to the helpless man on the bed of boughs, but could not utter a word.

"Eh, old man, did they pot you?" asked the captain as he bent over his comrade.

"Yes; got me pretty bad. It was a hot little fight, but I was not in it. The sergeant, God bless him, deserves all the credit. You came just in time. He told me a moment ago that all his men had been wiped out."

"God forbid! Where is Yates?"

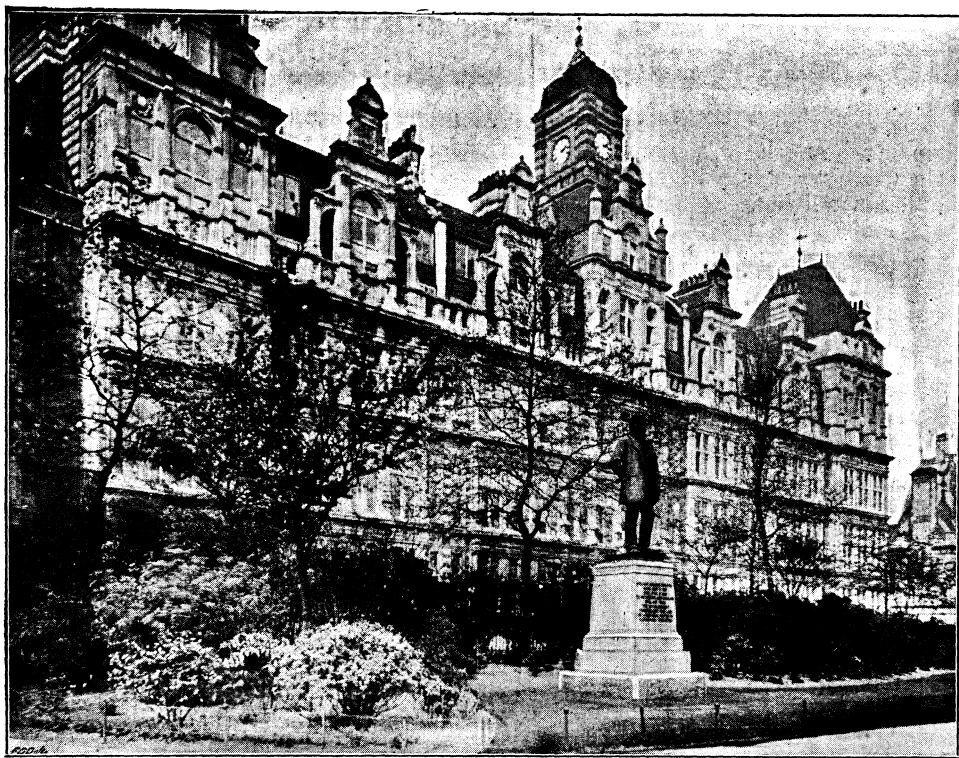
"Down that way."

"Yes, I see him kneeling beside the big rock. Oh, sergeant!"

The sergeant did not move or answer. The captain walked down to him and clapped him on the shoulder and said—

"Eh, sergeant. Get up and let's shake over this. Day has been telling me how cool and brave ——"

The kneeling man suddenly toppled over sideways, and then the captain saw that he had been talking to a dead man. The last bullet fired by an Indian had struck him fair in the forehead. It was what the army folks call "the wipe-out at Devil's Run."



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

OFFICES OF THE SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON, SHOWING THE STATUE TO THE LATE
RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD AT WORK: EDUCATING HALF A MILLION CHILDREN.

BY ROBERT DONALD.

Illustrated by Photographs specially taken for the WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



IN large districts of London the monotonous expanse of dingy brick houses is only relieved by church spires (which differ as much in style as the sects do in religion which worship in them) and the high imposing buildings of the School Board, which are always easily identified. The schools assert themselves in every district of the metropolis, but more particularly in the East-End and in the working-class quarters of the south, where they tower above the dead level of the houses and the forest of chimney-tops. The

contrast suggests the object of the schools, which is to elevate the rising generation, to rescue them from ignorance and its evils, and train them for the battle of life and their duties as citizens.

Few people not brought into direct contact with the London School Board have any conception of the magnitude of its work. It is the greatest educational organisation under an elective authority in the world. The extent of its institutions, in their purely material aspects, is enormous. The sites upon which the schools stand have cost more than three millions sterling; the

buildings have cost twice as much to erect ; and the Board's total capital expenditure—more than represented in actual assets—exceeds ten millions. Its annual expenditure is now nearing three millions, the salaries of the teachers alone coming to over a million a year. To renovate and repair the school buildings involves an annual outlay of £90,000, and the buying, storing and distribution of all the material and apparatus used in the schools is in itself a huge undertaking. Every year the books, stationery, apparatus, tools, implements and utensils sent to the schools weigh two thousand tons, and the annual turn-over of the stores department is valued at over £66,000.

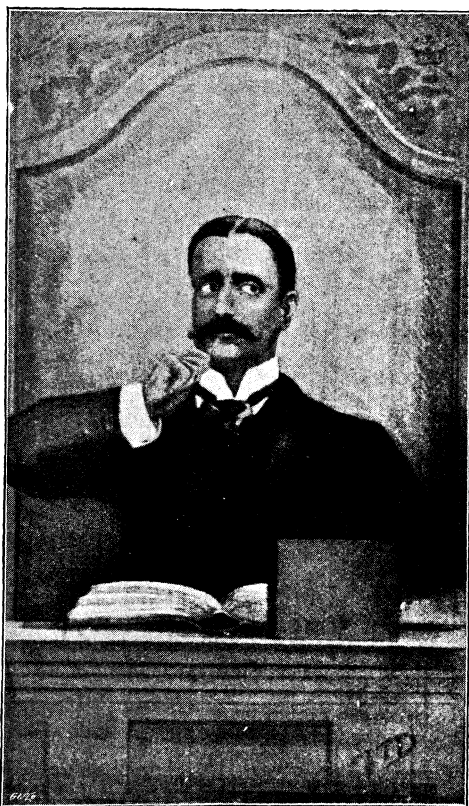
The education of half a million children would require only a simple organisation if the children were all of the same character, and required the same instruction. But it is the diversity of the School Board's institutions which increases the difficulties of its work. Besides maintaining separate centres for teaching cookery, laundry-work, and housewifery, the Board has to make special provision for the instruction of the blind, the deaf and the dumb ; of children who are either physically or mentally defective ; of truants who are lazy or unmanageable ; and of children who are developing criminal tendencies. Then there are the evening continuation schools, held at three hundred centres, and special schools for the instruction of future teachers. So comprehensive is the Board's work that it receives all classes into its schools, from children of three to young men over twenty. To carry on this work an army of officials—superintendents, inspectors, visitors, school-keepers—are constantly employed, and the teaching staff, with the

pupil-teachers, numbers ten thousand. The control of this vast undertaking is vested by the public in fifty-five ladies and gentlemen who are proud of the letters M.L.S.B. after their names. But it is too much to assume that they can supervise the details of administration. They delegate the details of school management to boards of local managers, appointed by the divisional members, who in themselves form committees in each electoral division.

Every group of three schools has its board of local managers, whose duties are to nominate the assistant teachers, to take part in the selection of head teachers, and by personal supervision to watch over the working of the schools. There are two thousand local managers in London, and these men form a connecting link between parents, children and teachers, on the one hand, and children, teachers and School Board, on the other.

Before dealing with some features of school life in the metropolis, I will notice briefly the growth of the Board's work. When the Board was established in 1871 there were only 261,158 places available in efficient schools to accommodate a school population of 574,693. There was therefore

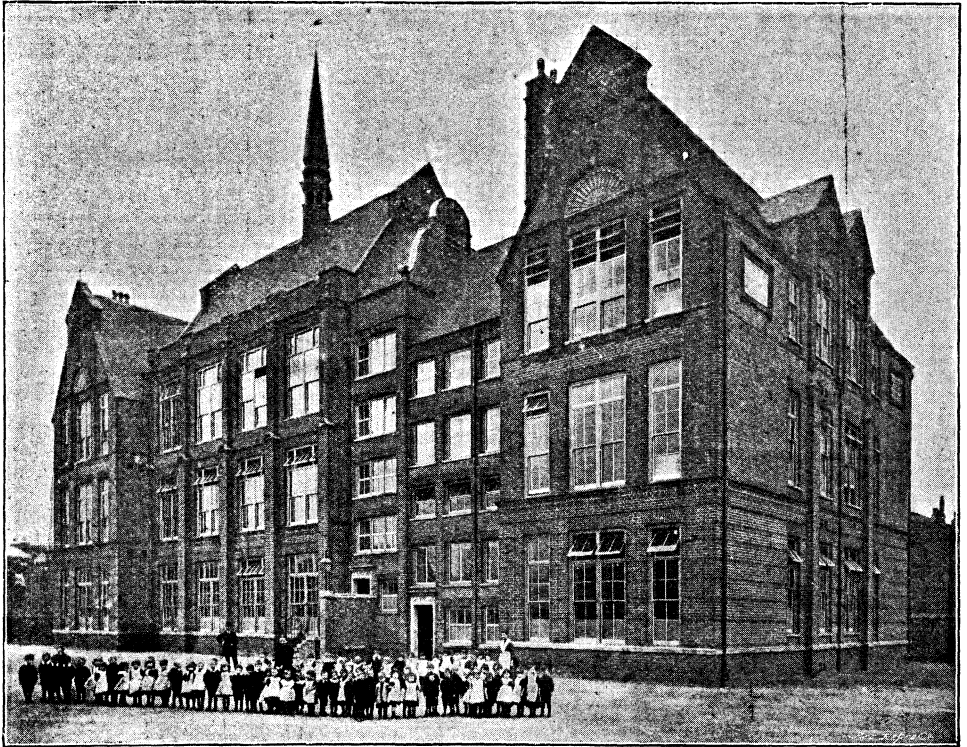
plenty of scope for the new organisation. Its aim has been "a place for every child, and every child in its place" ; but this ideal has never been realised so far as school attendance is concerned. The Board has supplanted many voluntary schools ; it has always a dozen new schools in course of erection, as many more planned, and sites secured for others ; but still it never gets abreast of the increasing child population ; there is never a place for every child. Although £46,000 is spent every year in enforcing attendance, all children never seek



THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, K.G.
Present Chairman of the School Board for London.
(Reproduced by kind permission from "Vanity Fair".)

places at the same time. The number on the roll is less than the available school population, and the average attendance is 20 per cent. less than the number on the roll. The total school population in London last year was 826,371—more than the population of the second largest city in the kingdom. By this time the number has probably increased to 840,000. The Education Department allows a deduction of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in calculating the number of school places required. The existing places for the above

only by the increase in the number of pupils, but also by the expansion of the curriculum. Many subjects have been added to the code, and the Board shares in the responsibility for the enlargement of its duties, as in more than one direction it has been a pioneer. It began by adding needlework, then came cookery, science lectures, mechanics, laundry-work, housewifery, special instruction for defective children, schools for the blind, the deaf and the dumb, manual instruction in wood



From a photo by]

[Bedford Lemere & Co.

CORBURG ROAD SCHOOL, OLD KENT ROAD.

Accommodates 1203; erected in 1886; cost £12,163.

school population were last year 728,772, and 60,000 additional places were projected. The School Board, while it is responsible for seeing that the means of education in efficient schools exists for all, is not called upon to provide all the schools. It is assisted by the great voluntary agencies, which own more than half the thousand schools in London, and educate one-third of the children. The Board Schools, at the end of the last school year, had 498,303 on their registers.

The work of the Board has grown, not

and metal work, chemical laboratories, and so on, until the term elementary instruction bears a much wider significance than was originally contemplated. There is a good deal of elasticity about the course of instruction; it is shaped partly according to the capacity of the children, and is partly dependent on the scheme adopted by the head teachers.

The London schools are nearly all erected on the same principle. The plans differ as they are affected by the formation of the site, and the style is slightly varied by the

Board's architect, Mr. Bailey, who has designed over two hundred schools, but the same general principles are followed. All the modern schools consist of three floors and three departments: the infants are on the ground floor, the girls on the first floor, and the boys on the second. There is a large hall on each floor which holds from six to seven hundred children. The largest school, and one of the best type, is the "Hugh Myddelton" in Clerkenwell, which was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1893. It has accommodation for over two thousand children. Nothing could better exemplify the revolution which education has brought about than this school, as it rests on the basement walls of the old Clerkenwell prison. Some of the old cells may still be seen. This displacement of prison for school realises the prediction in *Punch* fifty years ago, that the free school would empty the county gaol. Said *Punch*:—

Preacher Prison that frowns so gloomy
On poor society's errors,
Holds the kind of discourse
Whose heavenward force
Springs all from torments and terrors.

But Saint School hath a milder aspect,
And preaches a gentler lesson,
Still making sweet
To the wayfarers' feet
The road she would have them press on.

So, as on to stern Preacher Prison
The young congregations journey,
Saint School stops the crowd,
While Prison aloud
Invokes jury, judge and attorney.

Saint School's parting shot at Preacher Prison was—

But at last I am growing the fashion,
Despite the scoffers and sneerers,
So look to your shop,
For I don't mean to stop
Till I've drained it of two-thirds of your hearers.

It was a happy thought of the School Board to erect the "Hugh Myddelton" School on this prison site. The contrast should have an elevating influence on the young who are being educated above the disused cells.

Before leaving the school buildings it may be noted that while the architect endeavours to give them a little architectural adornment the Board brightens up the halls

and the class-rooms with suitable pictures. School is made a pleasant place for the children.

Although the compulsory school age does not begin until five the London Board opens its schools to younger children. There are 50,000 children between three and five on its books. Many of them are mere babies to whom the school is a day nursery. At one or two schools—as at Orange Street in the Borough—babies under three are received, dolls and toys are provided for them, and at three they are introduced to their letters. They are given cardboard letters to play with, and soon begin to make letters out of bits of cardboard cut for the purpose. Then they get their first lessons in arithmetic with wooden sheep and dogs, and so on. The schools have a very complete



From a photo by]

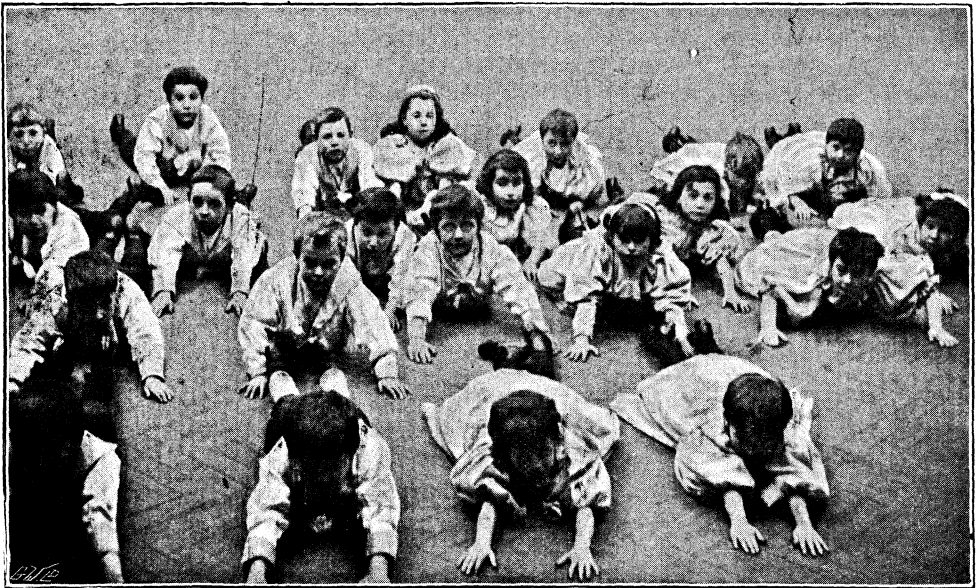
[A. B. Hughes.

A GROUP OF THE BABIES AT ORANGE STREET BOARD SCHOOL.

kindergarten equipment, and under skilful teaching lessons take the form of amusement. They are taught singing at an early age, and by-and-bye are given object-lessons in the phenomena of nature and common life. They are taught to use their hands as well as their eyes, and to make toy-baskets of beads, and birds of wool, and flowers of paper. They advance through cardboard work, macramé work, to modelling apples with clay, and then are trained to some extent in colour and design. Geography is taught in the babies' school by pictures and stories, and the teachers use the blackboard largely for the purposes of illustration, drawing a picture to accompany a line of poetry, and explaining by this pictorial

process the objects of nature. There is a trough of water at some of the schools, which serves to give the children demonstrations in navigation, and occasionally it is filled with sand so that they can imagine themselves sappers and miners of the seashore. The kindergarten games and action-songs are another pretty feature of life in the infants' department and afford the greatest enjoyment. The nursery rhymes are sung to the accompaniment of a piano and action and gesture are made to suit the words. A cantata, "The Seasons," for instance, is performed with the children dressed in character to suggest Spring,

the gutter or, what is equally bad for their health, they would be closed up in a small dark tenement while their mothers go out to work, or perhaps an elder child is kept from school to nurse them. At any rate many of the children of the poor, if they were not at school, would be contracting bad habits or disease. At school they are taught to be clean and orderly, and they imbibe the rudiments of education. No doubt some people shirk their parental responsibilities and send babies to school in order to get rid of them for the day, but one has to consider the general result and the effect on children of the school life.



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

AN ACTION SONG IN A BOARD SCHOOL :

"Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Novello & Co.)

Summer, Autumn and Winter, including Father Christmas. "Jack and Jill" becomes a little drama, in which Jack goes to an imaginary pump with a real pail and has a sham fall while all the class come "tumbling after," as is seen in the photograph here reproduced of a performance at Fleet Board School, Hampstead. There is a great deal of variety, cheerfulness and innocent enjoyment in the infants' school.

Before the grumbling ratepayer asks what are these small children—many of them, as we have said, between three and five—doing at school, he should just reflect on what they would be doing if they were not at school. Most of them would probably be playing in

Children in the infants' department, when they reach the age of seven, pass on to the girls' and the boys' schools. We will not follow them through the routine of their instruction. Besides the ordinary elementary subjects some take up "specific subjects," notably mechanics, algebra, animal physiology, French, shorthand, bookkeeping and electricity, etc. The girls favour domestic economy, French and animal physiology among the specific subjects. We are more interested however in the branches of school training which has the most practical influence on the children—in those subjects which directly equip them for the duties in life. There are cookery and laundry lessons

for girls, for instance. The housewives of the working classes—and of others too—are sadly in need of lessons in cookery. They are not, as a rule, economical cooks, and they do not always distinguish between boiling a dish and cooking it. Recognising the scope for instruction in this neglected art, the School Board in 1874 began experimental classes. A more comprehensive scheme was adopted in 1878, and several special class-rooms, technically known as cookery centres, were erected in school playgrounds. There are now 150 of these specially constructed centres, well fitted with cooking appliances and utensils. A staff of skilled instructors are engaged, and every year 40,000 girls receive twenty-two lessons in practical cookery. All girls over ten in standards four and five have to take four courses in cookery—each one consisting of twenty lessons. The courses are most comprehensive. All kinds of dishes are cooked—plain fare for working men, more fancy dishes, and dainty pastry, and “invalid dishes.” It is necessary to make the syllabus comprehensive and to teach the children how to make other dishes than those they may be accustomed to in their own homes, or else they would never understand the science and art of cookery. The system of instruction is essentially practical. The girls are first taught the chemistry of the kitchen. Then the teachers give a “demonstration,” cooking and talking for an hour. Having seen the dishes made and heard the explanations the girls have then to make them under the superintendence of the instructor.

In order that everyone may practise the classes are small. There is no difficulty in disposing of the food after it is cooked. It is sold to the teachers and the scholars. When the cookery classes were first instituted the mothers were shy of them. There was a scarcity of pupils. But the mothers soon recognised the usefulness of the classes, and are now anxious that their daughters should attend. The cookery classes, we should add, are carried on without interrupting the other work of the girls.

The inspector of the cookery exhibits at “Hugh Myddelton” School a few months ago paid the Board a high compliment by reporting as follows:—

I have seen and judged cookery exhibitions and exhibits for the last ten years in almost every part of England and the Continent, but have never met with so many really good specimens of homely dishes prepared by children as I found at the “Hugh Myddelton” School. I feel that the whole set of cookery exhibits

reflect the greatest credit on the pupils and their teachers, and I must compliment the committee and teachers upon the success in this direction.

Having passed through the cookery centre the girls take up another equally useful branch of housewifery—laundry work. This is a much later development. It was started experimentally in 1889 by the joint committee of the School Board, the City and Guilds of London Institute, and the Drapers’ Company. It was not until 1890 that the subject was incorporated in the Education Code, and that the Board was free to organise it on a large scale. There are now over a hundred centres in existence and sanctioned. They are small buildings in the playgrounds, each with accommodation only for fourteen children. There is no luxury about a school laundry, but it is well adapted for practical work. There is no machinery except a mangle. All the work is done with appliances which may be found in any working man’s home. As in the case of cookery, the girls do not simply look on; they do the work. They are encouraged to bring garments from home, so that their parents may receive evidence of their progress.

The education of the little housewives is completed with a course of instruction in housewifery. This interesting branch has been carried on by the joint committee already referred to and the Board now contemplates a large extension of the work. There is no more important feature in the school education of girls than this effort to impart a practical knowledge of domestic work. The housewifery lessons are for the elder girls who are just about to leave school, and its object is to make them useful in their own homes, and to pass them through a kind of apprenticeship for domestic service. The lessons are carried on in a house furnished as nearly as possible on the scale of a well-to-do workman’s home. There are no luxuries, of course, but everything is there which is necessary to make a home comfortable. The house which I visited, under the guidance of Mrs. Lord, the superintendent, who has been the leading organiser of housewifery, was in the playground of a school in the heart of the working-class district of Walworth. It contained very small rooms, with numerous little housemaids flitting about, tidying, cleaning, dusting and going through the whole round of domestic labour. They wore neat pinafores and caps and evidently took an intelligent interest in their work.

The course of instruction begins with

lessons in the uninviting but vital subject of drainage. The girls can write little treatises on house sanitation. One of the first items in the syllabus is "The science or theory of fire lighting." This is a portentous subject. Lighting a fire is not a light matter. The girls, like other people who are unaccustomed to fire lighting, at first show a great capacity to dirty themselves and to waste fuel, producing smoke without getting any heat. They are bound to practise under the eyes and direction of experts in the "science," and as they repeat the practice at home, soon become proficient. Every detail of household work in a poor household is gone through. Everything is plain and business-like. Economy is taught in various ways. Furniture polish, for instance, is made by the girls themselves, and the recipe

The fact that nearly half the fires in London are caused by lamp accidents shows the importance of this lesson.

In the third stage we come to "some practical rules for promoting health and happiness in the home," which touch upon the higher duties of the housewife. Here are samples of the lessons :—

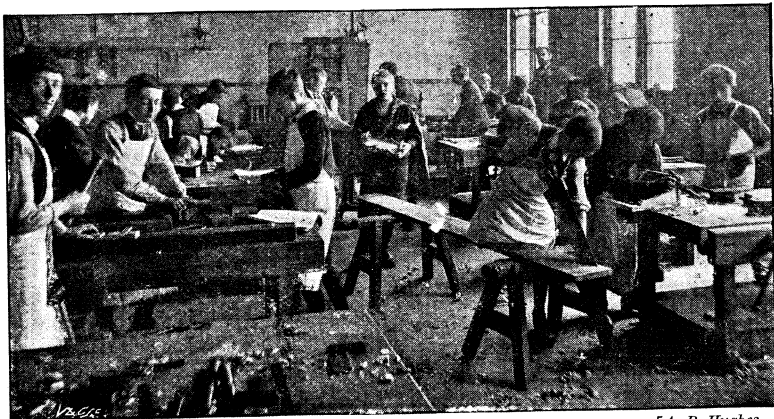
Thrift.—The necessity of saving. Some safe ways of investing money, such as are offered through the Post Office.

Personal cleanliness and home tidiness ; necessity of, aids to, and advantages from.

Recreation ; its various forms. The best forms of exercise, and their effect upon the body. Recreation of the mind ; its necessity and effects.

The whole duty of the housewife is comprised in the course of instruction, and the teachers are assured by mothers that the training has a lasting effect.

While the girls receive instruction which bears directly on their future duties in life, the boys are also receiving special training to fit them to enter the crafts and professions, although the boys' instruction is more general. They are not trained with the view of any particular occupation, but obtain such tuition and practice as will be useful to them in any trade they may



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

A CLASS IN WOOD-WORKING AT THE "HUGH MYDDELTON" SCHOOL.

for making this and other articles given to them. The practical character of the instruction may be gathered from the following examples of lessons :—

The principles involved in the variety and selection of foods ; their preparation and arrangement for meals ; importance of regularity in meals ; rules for eating, and behaviour at table. Directions and practice in setting the dinner-table.

Tidying the kitchen. Rules for the tea-table. Making the tea. Washing dishes, glass, pots and pans.

The above are two of the nine lessons in the first course. Here are several from the second stage :—

Blackleading a grate, cleaning fender and fire-irons, both steel and brass.

Cleaning a sitting-room. Sweeping a carpeted floor. Directions for cleaning linoleum and oilcloth.

Brushing of furniture. How to make furniture polish. Directions for polishing of furniture.

Cleaning lamps. Precautions in using lamps and oils. Suitable lamps. How to put out a fire from a lamp being upset.

enter. Much attention, for instance, is given to drawing, practical geometry, modelling, shading, designing and colour work. The girls are not precluded from drawing, but it is mainly a boy's subject, and in some schools it is substituted for grammar in the higher standards—a popular innovation. Mechanics is another boy's subject and is taught at forty centres. Boys are drafted from several schools to a centre which is fitted up with apparatus and specimens. There is manual training in woodwork for boys, carried on at seventy-two centres capable of accommodating eleven thousand pupils. The centres are well-equipped carpenters' shops, and under the direction of practical foremen the boys make small articles according to designs and models submitted to them. It is not intended that this work should initiate the boys into any wood-working industry, it is



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

BOYS AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE TRUANT SCHOOL.

simply for the training of the hand and eye. The photograph which we reproduce shows a wood-working centre with deaf and dumb boys at work. The joint committee assists the Board in carrying on this work, another branch of which is manual training in metal work. Again, articles are made according to design and model.

The importance of physical training in the schools is not overlooked. Every day exercises are performed in the large halls or in the playgrounds. There are no gymnasia. Apparatus formerly in use in the playgrounds has been removed owing to the number of accidents it caused, but the system of drill and exercise adopted, although gone through without any apparatus, brings every muscle into play and secures harmonious development of the body. It is carried on with a precision of movement as perfect as in military drill. The boys enter and leave their class-rooms in perfect order, and form up in line and execute movements with ease and promptitude. In connection with schools there are as a rule cricket and football clubs, organised by the teachers, but not receiving official recognition from the Board. Provision is also made for teaching the

children—both sexes—to swim. The girls have their drill exercises like the boys, and there is no prettier sight in connection with the school life than the annual competition in drill, when schools are pitted against each other for rewards.

In the ranks of the scholars there are some who come to the front and find facilities for progress in the higher grade schools; there are others who from mental deficiency, indolence, laziness, or truancy fall to the rear. They may fall behind, but they are not forgotten. The feeble and the physically or mentally defective receive indulgent care at the hands of special teachers in small schools detached from the main buildings. In these schools are found children of thirteen making futile attempts to master the alphabet, or to overcome the rudiments of arithmetic. Occasionally, although it may be impossible to drive anything into their heads, they are capable of making neat articles with their hands. They are a most hopeless class, bordering on imbecility, but the Board's indulgent system of training in some cases makes them less unfit to face the world.

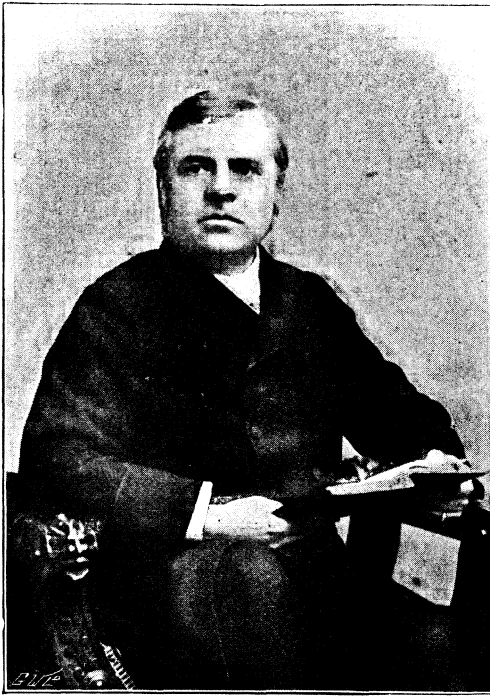
The truants are treated differently. They



From a photo by]

[A. B. Hughes.

BOYS AFTER TRAINING AT THE TRUANT SCHOOL.



From a photo by]

MR. J. R. DIGGLE.

[Alfred Ellis.

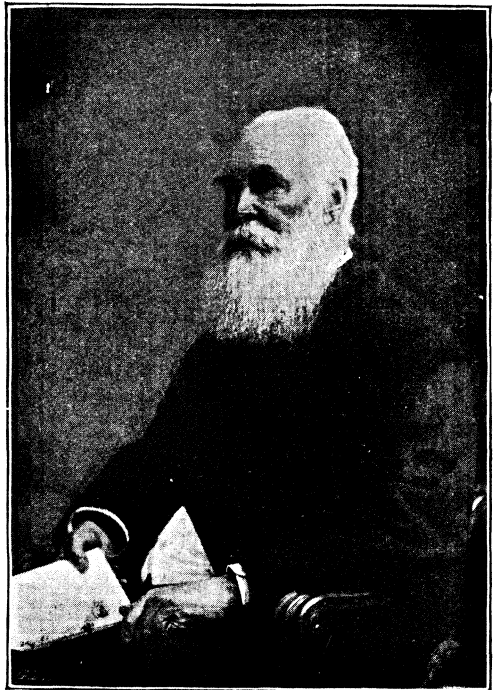
(Ex-Chairman of the School Board for London.)

are the bad boys, juvenile rebels against order and society. The Board spends £46,000 every year in enforcing regular attendance, but sometimes the neglectful parents have lost control over their refractory children. Punishing the parent does not always bring the desired result, and then the delinquents are sent to the truant schools. The Board maintains two such institutions where the young ragamuffins are subjected to a vigorous course of discipline. Three hours' work at shoemaking, baking, tailoring, or some other industries, followed with a round of lessons and several hours' drill every day soon brings about a change. Many of the arabs are transformed in six weeks, and are sent back to the ordinary day-school. A worse class are those who find their way to the industrial schools, on account of the criminal propensities which they manifest, or through begging, keeping company with thieves, or on the ground that they are beyond parental control. There is a training-ship, the *Shaftesbury*, in the estuary of the Thames, and schools at Brentford for dealing with this lowest grade. They are taught trades, seamanship and music. Children are usually only temporarily confined to truant schools, but they stay between two

and three years in industrial schools. The average number under "treatment" in these institutions is about three thousand.

Special instruction for the deaf and dumb was begun in 1874 and is now carried on at nearly twenty centres. The mute are taught to speak by the "dual" or lip-reading system, and receive instruction in elementary subjects, in drawing, cookery, manual training, in woodwork, etc. There are over 500 pupils. Some of the deaf and dumb children are boarded out at homes in the country. Instruction is also given to blind children, some of whom are also boarded out, and between one and two hundred educated by the Board.

I have refrained from dealing with the delicate and controversial question of religious instruction. The famous "circular," which was intended, according to its authors, only to insure that the teaching was Christian, and interpreted by its opponents to mean the introduction of creed and dogma, has not altered the system of religious lessons. The Board gives the children moral training in other directions; it inculcates the principles of temperance, honesty, truthfulness and thrift. Its penny savings banks have 20,000 depositors and receive every



From a photo by]

GENERAL. MOBERLY.

[Elliott & Fry.

(Vice-Chairman of the London School Board.)

year between £8000 and £9000, and at the end of the year have, after withdrawals, a balance of £3000.

We have now seen the extent and variety



From a photo by]

[Macey, Hampstead.

MISS DAVENPORT-HILL.

of the vast system of elementary education carried on by the London School Board. Education is provided for all without fees; but although all schools and classes are absolutely free, the whole of the cost does not fall upon the ratepayers. The grants which the Board receives from the imperial authorities lessens considerably the local burden. The Government grant per child is 19s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.; the fee grants 9s. 10d. per child; and other grants, including those from the Science and Art department, 11d. per child, making a total income of 30s. 4d. The "earning" power of the London scholars is much above the average. As the total cost of the education is 74s. 5d. per child, the net charge on the ratepayers of London is 44s. 1d.

To supervise a work of such magnitude as that carried on by the Board is no easy task. For administrative purposes the Board is divided into six general committees, connected with which there are numerous sub-committees. Nearly a thousand meetings are held every year, and industrious members, like Mr. J. R. Diggle, General Moberly and Mr. Graham Wallas, attend more than an average of a meeting for every day of the year. Many distinguished men and women

have belonged to the Board, but for average ability and character that body was never higher than it is to-day. Lord Londonderry makes an admirable chairman. He enjoys the confidence of all the members, always gives wise counsel when his advice is asked, but never meddles in contentious matters; does not vote in committees or take sides in debates. He maintains his position with dignity, and shows an earnest interest to advance the work of the Board. General Moberly, the vice-chairman, is a most painstaking, hard-working member. He distributes his attention over all departments, but is especially devoted to improving the education of the most helpless class under the care of the Board. The two most prominent members of the present and the two previous Boards are Mr. J. R. Diggle and the Hon. Lyulph Stanley. They are the leaders of the respective sections. Mr. Diggle has devoted the best years of his life to the London School Board. For nine years he occupied the chair and was as regular in his attendance at the Board offices as any official. His capacity for work is prodigious, and he is seen with equal advantage in handling administrative business, in his conduct in the chair and in debate. He is the ablest all round debater on the Board, and he displays those qualities which statesmen admire, and which would soon distinguish him "in another House." Mr. Stanley is of a somewhat different stamp, but is an equally important member. His superabundant energy would not permit him to settle down to routine administrative work in an office.

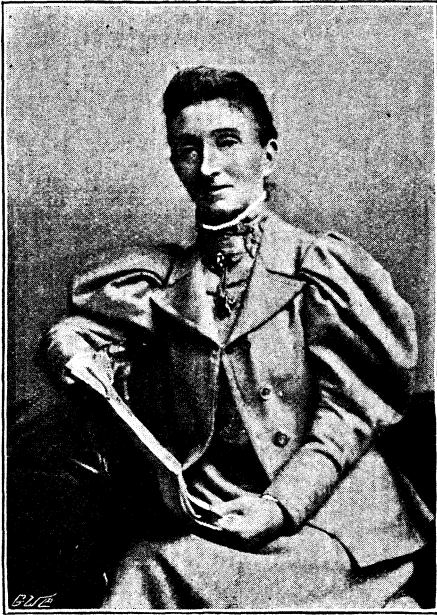


From a photo by]

[Russell.

MRS. HOMAN.

His energy is the marvel of his friends and opponents alike. He seems to live on agenda papers and reports. Nothing escapes



From a photo by]

[Russell.

MRS. FREDERICK MAITLAND.

his vigilant eye. He carries in his extraordinary memory the structural details of schools as well as the educational arrangements. He knows the whole questions which a committee is to discuss before he joins its meeting, and is always on the alert to detect mistakes and trip up unwary members. He is impetuous at times, and his restless energy leads him to explosive outbursts which have not always a mollifying effect on a heated debate, but for keen intellectual acuteness he is unequalled.

The London Board has had many notable women among its members. Miss Helen Taylor, niece of John Stuart Mill, was for several years an active worker; Mrs. Annie Besant for three years exercised a considerable influence on some features of the Board's policy. But the lady member who has the longest record for quiet unassuming good work is Miss Davenport-Hill, who still sits as a representative of the City, as she has done for seventeen years. During most of that time Miss Davenport-Hill has been more particularly associated with the teaching of cookery, and the work of the industrial

schools. She does not often speak, but she is regular in attendance, and the most heated debate does not disturb her equanimity or detract her attention from her knitting, which she pursues with nimble fingers. Mrs. Homan is another notable lady member who has made her mark on the Board. She now presides over the cookery committee. Miss Eve is a quiet member, whose good work is highly appreciated, and Mrs. Maitland is also a most useful member. Among the other members of the present Board may be mentioned Dr. Angus, who was a member of the first Board, and is the father of the present one; the Duke of Newcastle, who sits for the City; Viscount Morpeth, nephew of the Earl of Carlisle, who acts as a Progressive whip; and Mr. Evelyn Cecil, nephew of Lord Salisbury. The Rev. Stewart Headlam is a fine specimen of the industrious member, and the extension of evening classes is largely due to his advocacy. Mr. Graham Wallas entered as a new member fully equipped for the work, and has thrown himself into it with zeal. The Rev. Copeland Bowie is one of the militant Progressives—an energetic member, who acts as senior Progressive whip. The interests of the teachers are ably looked after by Mr. T. J. Macnamara, president of the National Teachers Association, and by Mr. T. Gautrey, the secretary of the London teachers. The Rev. Arthur Jephson is a good type of the Radical or Progressive parson, and other members who should be included among the most active workers are Mr. Edmund Barnes, Mr. Cyril Jackson, Mr. G. L. Bruce, Mr. G. C. Whiteley, Mr. W. H. Key (the Board's chancellor of the exchequer), Mr. F. Davies, Mr. John Sinclair, and Mr. C. P. Trevelyan. Altogether the



MR. G. H. CROAD.

(Clerk to the School Board for London.)

people of London have a thoroughly capable School Board, which carries on its heavy duties with credit to itself and incalculable good to the rising generation.

LAUDER CAINE THE CONFESSOR.

BY PERCY ANDREÆ.*

(Author of "Stanhope of Chester," "The Vanished Emperor," etc.)

Illustrated by J. BARNARD DAVIS.

I.—HIS FIRST CASE.



THE circumstances under which I came to learn of the following strange episode in Lauder Caine's life, which I have perhaps somewhat inconsistently entitled "His First Case," were these:—

As the reader will recollect, I had once heard it whispered that the Confessor in his younger days had been admitted into the Order of the Jesuits. I had never really attached any credit to the rumour, and had, indeed, known Lauder Caine for some considerable time before any suspicion as to the possibility of its truth arose in my mind. One day, however, a chance remark which fell from the Confessor himself caused it to flash across me, and I determined to verify the matter on the spot.

It was a somewhat delicate task, and I have no doubt that my question, when I ventured it, had a very nervous ring about it. To my relief, however, the Confessor not only received it with great forbearance, but appeared to be stirred by it in an unusual manner. I little imagined, notwithstanding, that it was to give rise to one of those rare occasions when he would be prompted to expatiate at length upon his own adventures, and disclose to me something of his inner self. But so it proved.

"The rumour is perfectly true," he replied simply, with a sad smile. "My parentage, as I have once told you, is unknown to me. My earliest remembrances are sorrowful and sombre, and I would rather be spared the pain of reciting them. All I need tell you for your purposes is that at the age of fourteen I was placed under the care of the Jesuit Fathers in Belgium, where I in due course became an initiate and member of the Order. I left it at the age of twenty-five."

"From conscientious motives?" I ventured to ask, emboldened by the readiness with which he had responded to my inquiry.

He looked at me curiously for a moment, rose from his chair, paced once or twice up and down the room, then resumed his seat again, and said—

"Listen, and I will tell you of an experience which you will be surprised to hear from the lips of a man whom you have been accustomed to see deal with the stern realities of life. Although it was not the immediate cause of my retirement from an Order to which my heart had never belonged, it was so nearly connected with it that I have almost come to look upon it as such."

He motioned me to a seat at his side, and after a pause began as follows:—

"Twenty years have now rolled by. I was a passenger on a steamer bound for Australia. My mission was a secret one, and in no way connected with the strange event I am about to relate. The purposes for which I was sent made it necessary that I should doff the priestly garb and travel as a private gentleman. Among my fellow-passengers were none to whom I felt particularly attracted. I took little part, and still less interest, in the sports and games with which it is usual to while away the time on these long sea voyages, and beyond the captain, to whom I had a warm letter of recommendation, and one of the officers, to whom chance had enabled me to render a service soon after the ship started, there was no one on board with whom I exchanged more than the ordinary civilities customary between fellow-prisoners on the ocean.

"The days I found tedious, but the nights were my great solace. Towards ten or half-past, when the deck had become tolerably clear, I would saunter up and down for hours watching the star-lit heaven and drinking in the refreshing night-breeze. I was young then, my friend, and stormy thoughts used to haunt me in those lonely hours, as they had haunted me many a time in the loneliness of my cell in the college in Belgium. A yearning seized me, passionate and feverish, to cast off bonds which I loathed, though I was fain to admit that

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without them I should not have been what I was. I looked at my past, and shuddered at its dreary uniformity, at the incompleteness of an existence which had no identity in itself, but was merely a kind of pulse beating among thousands of other pulses in one great insensate body, as a living part of it, indeed, but a part without a will—without separate life or purpose, hope or desire. I thought of the future and its promise of



"I ventured to warn her politely of the risk she ran."

power; for I knew my worth, and foresaw, as others foresaw, that I should rise in my Order until, perhaps, I could rise no more. But to what end? Alas, I thought of the mission now before me! It was work that wearied me, work I hated, not for its secrecy and its cunning, but for its want of pure individual human interest. To me, young as I was, the most difficult tasks, the most intricate of problems had already been entrusted, and I had succeeded in solving them

with ease where grey heads before me had ignominiously failed. But again—to what end? Had I ever seen one human eye glisten with pleasure at my success? Had I ever earned that sweetest meed of praise, dearer to a soul like mine than rank and power and glory, the silent gratitude of one individual human heart consoled, of one individual troubled mind restored to peace and hope? Oh, for the possibility of applying those gifts and that knowledge which I devoted to a cause inanimate, soulless, to the service of my individual fellow-men! How my breast would swell at this golden vision of freedom and usefulness floating before my eyes in those solitary nights like some soul-inspiring dream which recurs to us again and again, until, waking, we confound it with reality, and know not that we have dreamed.

"In such mood I stood one night gazing out from the ship's side over the wide starlit ocean. There were a few people still on deck, but they were mostly grouped in sheltered nooks, dozing, musing, or conversing in whispers. Otherwise all was still. Suddenly I felt conscious of a presence near me, and turning swiftly beheld a young girl, dressed in a rich white costume, leaning against the ship's railing beside me. A glance sufficed to show me, firstly, that hers was a face that I had not yet seen on board, and secondly, that it was one of exceptional loveliness.

"We had left port already five days, and, so far as I knew, every passenger, with one exception, had regularly appeared on deck and among the general company at meals. The exception, about whom I had by chance heard some talk, was a young lady, well known in London society, who had been ordered on a voyage to Australia for her health. Unfortunately, so it was said, an accident had occurred to her on boarding the ship, the effects of which prevented her from leaving her cabin. Beyond this I knew nothing about her, but I had little doubt that she and my beautiful neighbour were one and the same.

"There is a curious power of silent speech in the human eye. My first impulse, on discovering that I was no longer alone, was to move away and choose some other spot for my musings. But in the eye that gazed into mine, as I glanced at the graceful

figure beside me, there was that which arrested me, and caused me to stay.

"Although we were already pretty far south, the night air was slightly chill, and noticing the scant covering of my fair companion, who had merely a light gauze-like shawl thrown over her shoulders, I ventured to warn her politely of the risk she ran by thus exposing herself so recklessly to the treacherous night air of those climes.

"She had only been waiting for me to address her, and my words loosened her own speech. Laughing with a bright, silvery laugh, she dismissed my warning lightly, and we fell into conversation—such conversation, I may assure you, as I had never heard, far less taken part in, before. An older man than I might have lost his head in it, and a graver his wisdom. I was young, and felt my pulses quicken; I was gay of heart, and felt my senses quiver; and once again I would have turned away, forewarned of the danger lurking in those witching smiles, and in the silent laughter of those tempting eyes; for, young and warm-blooded though I was, I held my vows sacred above all things else. But once more something stronger than all this detained and held me.

"Is it a gift not all men possess? I know not. But to me it is given to hear the wail of despair in the voice that laughs, to detect the note of passionate appeal in the voice that defies; and I heard it here—and soon I heard nought else.

"Were I to recount all that passed between me and my fair companion, not on this occasion alone, but night after night for many a week, as we paced the silent deck together, holding strange communion, it would fill volumes. After that first meeting she never failed me, though for days the weather was stormy, and, but for us two, the deck deserted. Why she came, I knew not, nor inquired. To mock, perhaps, and flaunt her empty folly, her disdain of all else but vain, senseless pleasure in the face of one whom she would fain have deceived, but could not; for, through it all I heard still that far-off, deep, plaintive note that told of trouble unexpressed, as of a soul groping in darkness and seeking light.

"Yet she must have felt some attraction to bring her thus to my side some delight in listening to that which she declared again and again with petulant derision was alien to her fancy, ay, at best a pious fraud conceived to cheat human beings of their only paradise—earthly pleasure.

"‘Ah,’ she would cry, with a mocking laugh, when I spoke of the emptiness of a life devoted solely to selfish, frivolous enjoyment, which passes like a dream, leaving nothing behind it; when I dwelt upon the need all human creatures feel to escape from the narrow circle of self and its weary, dreary monotony, to create a world for themselves, outside themselves, in others, to know that, as the Creator himself is the centre towards which every soul tends, so each soul in itself should become the centre, not of itself alone, but of other fellow-souls, in whose life it feels its own life pulsate—‘ah,’ she would cry, ‘how my sister would delight to hear you! So she, too, will talk at times until I grow weary of listening, and laugh her out of the mood. Indeed, you would make a pair, you and she.’

"Her sister, as I had now gathered, and not she, was the sick girl who was confined to her cabin, and whom, so I understood, she tended by day, while the nurse, whom I sometimes saw on deck during the morning hours, took her place by the sick-bed through the night.

"This sister interested me strangely. I could see from the fretful voice and the impatient gestures of my companion, whenever her name was mentioned, how antagonistic these two natures must be. The sister thoughtful, melancholy perhaps, yearning for something to fill the emptiness of an existence concentrated in itself alone, and chafing angrily at the fate which had yoked her with a nature so different.

"There were moments, though, when my companion would fall into another strain, and discourse at some length of what she termed the silly whims of a brain-sick girl. She confided them to me unasked, and yet, as it seemed to me, unwillingly, as if some impulse compelled her over which she possessed no control; and though I felt loath to pry, as it were, into secrets which she had no right to disclose, I responded, as if prompted by some strange influence stronger than my will.

"Have you ever experienced the power of magnetism, that inexplicable communion of mind with mind? It was something of the sensation I have felt when exercising that power, of which men know so little, that overcame me then. Yet I was not conscious of the mysterious emanation of force which is characteristic of this sensation, but rather of some influence from without working upon my own senses and governing them.

Whence it came, I knew not. But surely, I thought, not from this strange, shallow being, whose beauty, dazzling as it appeared, was of the flesh alone, vain and spiritless? Could there be any affinity between us? The thought almost angered me.

"'Why,' I asked her once, suddenly, 'do you take pleasure in these nightly rambles with one whose views of life are so foreign to a heart like yours? Although you treat them with scorn and derision, you never weary of listening to them.'

"She looked at me for a moment with a curious side-glance which sent a thrill through my heart.

"'You talk well,' she replied in a low tone, 'and besides,' she laughed again, 'you have a way of speaking truths which amuses me; and it is so difficult to find new amusements.'

"'And this one,' I said sadly, 'is new to you?'

"'As long as it lasts.'

"She was silent for a while, and then returned once more to the subject which seemed to possess so curious a fascination for her: her sick sister.

"'Did she love her? Did she hate her? I asked myself the question again and again, but could find no satisfactory answer. She turned off all my inquiries with a laugh or a taunt.

"'You think wonders of her because she hangs her head, and mopes, and sighs,' she exclaimed. 'Yet, what folly is mine that she does not share? What pleasures have I that in her secret heart she does not covet, though she affects to disdain them? She sours every cup of joy that I raise to my lips, and wears me out with her fretful tyranny. She would rid herself of my companionship if she dared. But she cannot live without me, and where I go she goes.'

"'She is ill,' I replied. 'You should bear with her.'

"'Bear with her?' she rejoined, with fine scorn. 'What is she to me that I should bear with her? She, who is jealous of every ray of sunshine that warms my quicker blood? She, who shuns what I love and loathes what I cherish? Without her my life would be one dream of intoxicating delight, with no shadow to darken it. What are the world and its miseries to me that she should plague me with her doleful fancies? Was I born to toil because others idle, to mend what others neglect, to weep because others suffer? Must I renounce the sweets of life because there are some who have the

bitters? Bear with her?' she exclaimed again, passionately. 'If my companionship is a curse to her, think you her companionship is not as great a curse to me?'

"'Yet it seems you cherish it,' I said. 'Are you, then, bound to her?'

"'Bound to her?' she said, in a puzzled tone. 'You ask strange questions. We saw the light together. I have no choice. Ah, but for her——'

"She broke off abruptly, and darted a look at me so full of pregnant meaning that I felt a shiver pass through me as I caught it. The next moment, bursting into a light laugh, she plunged once more into the vapid, aimless talk with which she delighted to taunt me. Ah, and how fair she was, how lovely! A creature perfect but for one thing missing—the divine soul. Yet I could have sworn it was there, confined perhaps in some dark prison, stunted, starved, and repressed, yet there.

"A warning voice within me urged me, for my own sake, to refrain from continuing these meetings, and the next day and the day following I determined to avoid the deck after nightfall. But a strange spirit of unrest would come over me towards evening, leaving me no peace, and long before the usual hour when my fair companion appeared I found myself, in spite of all my resolutions, on deck waiting impatiently for her to join me.

"And so my life went on, becoming day by day more completely wrapped up in this strange, perverse being, whom I saw only when the day was over, and whose choice of me for a companion was a mystery which grew deeper to me the longer our companionship lasted; for, in truth, she showed me neither favour, respect, nor goodwill; on the contrary, her manner was at times almost fiercely antagonistic, and her bursts of anger at my persistent refusal to believe that she was truly happy and content in her heartlessness and frivolity were often alarming.

"We were now nearing the tropical zones, and the deck during the nights was crowded with those seeking relief from the stifling atmosphere of the cabins and saloons below. Hence, although we kept ourselves as much as possible aloof from the general throng, it stood to reason that our nightly meetings could no longer escape the observation of the many curious eyes on board. Yet—strangely enough, as I remember commenting to myself at the time—no one appeared to bestow any particular notice upon us, or to evince any surprise at what must have

seemed a significant intimacy between a young girl of such surpassing beauty as my companion and a man of my years. Acquaintances would greet me with a friendly nod as we passed them, without so much as casting a furtive glance at the vision of loveliness at my side. Nor did she, too, whose whole being I knew to be concentrated in the one desire to attract and enjoy the flattery of admiring eyes, appear to miss the homage to which she must have been accustomed. I attributed this indifference on her part, however, to physical causes; for, though unaltered in spirits, she had struck me for some time as being less robust in health than she had at first appeared, and there was a kind of bodily languor about her which increased from night to night, and caused me at last to express my anxiety lest her strength might be suffering from the strain of her constant attendance on her sister. Although she professed no love for the sick girl, indeed declared she loved no one but herself, I knew from her own lips that she devoted every minute of her time to her during the day, even to the extent of refraining from setting foot above stairs before the sun went down, when the nurse took her place beside the invalid.

"But she treated my cautions lightly and with a certain fretful petulance which for the time silenced me. Still, from day to day my anxiety increased, for it seemed to me as if I saw her gradually wasting away before my eyes, and I entreated her at last to consult advice, to nurse herself and take rest.

"One night, when I again pressed her thus, telling her I was determined not to countenance these nightly meetings any longer, she turned upon me with a little flush as of pent-up anger.

"*"Do you imagine then," she cried, "that I come here of my own free will? Do you think it pleases me so greatly to be rated and chidden and held up before my own eyes as an example and a warning as I am by you? You know so much, and pride yourself so mightily upon it, and in a way perhaps it interests me. But I hate your truths—I hate them—I hate them,"* she ended, stamping her foot on the deck in an access of childish rage—"and I hate you as I never knew being could hate being!"

"And before I could stop her she had thrown herself down upon a coil of rope lying on the deck, and burying her face in her hands burst into a convulsive fit of sobbing.



"I hate you as I never knew being could hate being!"

"Ah, my friend, I have never suffered such temptation as I suffered then! To clasp this fair, soulless creature in my arms and breathe—if heaven so willed—something of that spirit into her of which she knew and yet knew not, which she pined for and yet derided; the spirit of that love, not of ourselves, but of our kind, in the exercise of which we find alone an abiding happiness; it was a desire so overpowering that truly a better man than I might have succumbed to it.

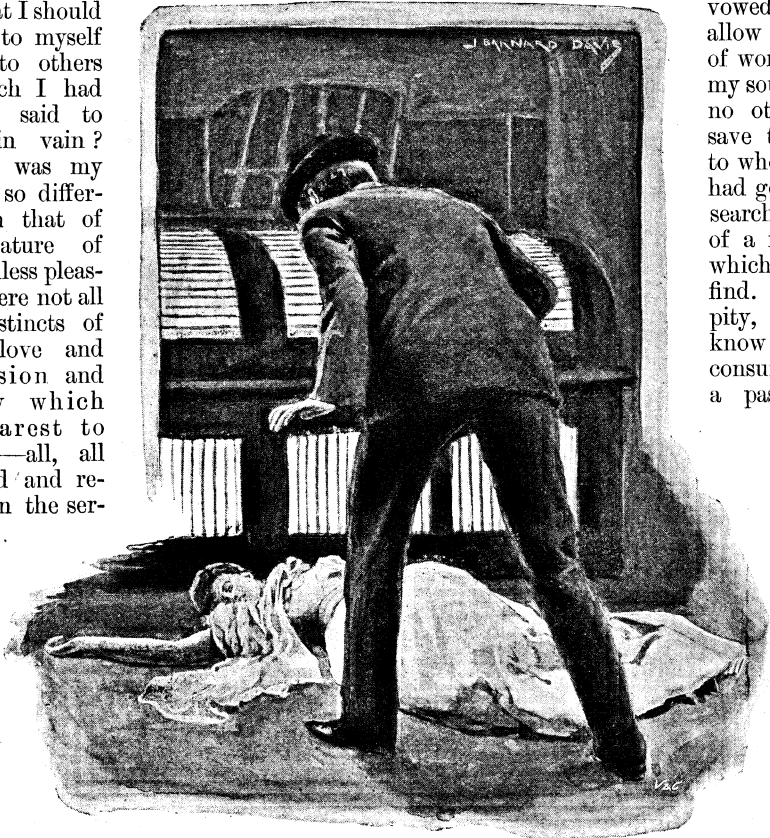
"And yet what was I that I should arrogate to myself to say to others that which I had so often said to myself in vain? In what was my own life so different from that of this creature of vain, aimless pleasure? Were not all those instincts of human love and compassion and sympathy which were dearest to my soul—all, all silenced and repressed in the ser-

lips, and she said, as she had said once before—

"Ah, what a pair you would make, you and she! And she pines for such as you, as fool pines for fool."

"With which words, as if suddenly changing her mind, she turned on her heel and left me."

"All that night and all through the next day I pondered over those words, which kept ringing in my ears and played havoc with my senses. I, who had vowed never to allow the thought of woman to enter my soul, now knew no other thought save that of her to whom my heart had gone forth, in search, as it were, of a fellow heart, which it could not find. Was it love, pity, desire? I know not. But it consumed me, like a passion eating



"I stood for a while spellbound."

vice of a cause as soulless, as intangible, ay, and in a purely human sense as selfish, as the pleasures she coveted?

"As I sat beside her, pouring words of advice and comfort—alas! into heedless ears—it was myself whom I was addressing as well as her. She answered not a word, nor gave sign that she listened to me. But presently she rose, laid a trembling hand on my arm, and bade me cease and leave her a while, as she felt faint and weary.

"The mocking laugh was still on her

into my very soul; and when that next night came I had measured and conceived for the first time the awful distance between the deepest depth of human despair and the highest height of human bliss.

"But that night I waited for her in vain. Ah, what fears assailed me! I recalled her weary, haggard looks, the growing lassitude she had displayed in these last few nights, and trembled at the thought that she might be stricken with sickness—stricken before I had reached and touched that chord in her

which some indefinable instinct told me was waiting for the hand that would find it and make it give forth long-hidden sound and melody. Again and again those last words of hers sounded ominously in my ears. What did they mean? Had I been cruel, rough, unfeeling? True, I had laid her soul bare in all its hollow, meaningless frivolity; yet surely not with ungentle hand.

"As the hours passed and all grew still on deck and yet she did not come, I gave myself up to a sense of despair; indeed, at last I called out aloud as if to invoke the presence my heart yearned for.

"And that call was answered. A short, quick, silvery laugh, though sounding far away, told me that she had come at last, and, turning, I saw her slender form emerge slowly from the gloom of the night and advance towards me.

"But, great heaven! when I beheld her face I started back and shuddered. If ever human visage was marked with the stamp of death, it was hers; if ever human features were contorted with a thousand baffled evil passions, they were hers. As she advanced her eyes grew brighter and larger, and glared upon me with a hatred so fierce that I raised my hand involuntarily to my face to shut out the sight. The next moment I heard her gasp for breath, then, looking up, saw her totter as if about to fall, and I sprang forward to support her. But she waved me off.

"‘It is over,’ she whispered, in a voice so low that I could hardly catch what she said. ‘Take her, then, and let her rue her folly as she will.’

"Before I had time to take in these strange words and consider their meaning she sank down at my feet stiff and lifeless.

"What I then did I know not. There are moments when the strongest of us lose their strength, and become helpless as children. Doubt, fear, horror, and senseless grief seized me at sight of that inanimate form, yet withal a shrinking dread to approach and touch it, and I stood for a while spell-bound, gazing, as a murderer may gaze upon his ruthless handiwork. Then, rousing myself with a strong effort, I rushed away in search of help.

"It was past midnight, and save for the officer on the bridge, to whom I dared not call, the upper deck seemed entirely deserted. At last, however, I chanced upon the sailor on watch-duty, and telling him in as few words as possible what had occurred, bade him follow and help me carry the senseless girl to her cabin.

"But when we reached the spot where I had left her, no trace of her was to be seen. She had vanished!

"At first I stood like one dazed. To suppose that in the short interval which had elapsed since I saw her lying there, pale and inanimate, she could have recovered and returned, alone and unsupported, to her cabin, was impossible. And yet, how else was her strange disappearance to be explained? I searched every spot and corner near by, in the vague hope of finding her, but in vain.

"The sturdy seaman, who had heard my excited tale, now gave me a look of humorous but significant inquiry. I read what was in his thoughts, and, taking a piece of silver from my pocket, gave it him, with the injunction to keep his counsel regarding what he had witnessed, which he promised to do, and I then dismissed him.

"But I dared not seek my cabin or leave the deck, and during the remaining hours of the night I paced to and fro in a fever of excitement, trying in vain to find an explanation for the strange events I had passed through.

"Ah, there were stranger things yet to come!

"Meeting the ship's doctor in the course of the next morning, I ventured to inquire, with as casual an air as I could assume, if anyone had been taken ill in the night. He was evidently preoccupied, and answered hurriedly that nothing of the sort had occurred to his knowledge—‘excepting,’ he added, ‘the usual business in Cabin 15;’ with which enigmatical words he left me before I could question him any further on the subject.

"Cabin 15, I knew, was the state-room in which the sick sister of my beautiful companion lay. But what was the ‘usual business’ to which the doctor referred? Was he aware, perhaps, of our nightly wanderings? The idea disturbed me.

"A quarter of an hour later, noticing a certain excitement among the crowds on deck, and especially among a large group of passengers who had gathered round some object of attraction just below the captain's bridge, I approached the spot to ascertain the cause of the unusual commotion.

"Imagine my feelings when I saw in the centre of the group, reclining on an invalid chair and propped up with numerous cushions, the object of all my thoughts—the fair companion of my nightly rambles on deck.

"Her face showed traces of illness, but of illness overcome. Her eyes were bright and

lively, and her look, as she chatted with the friends and acquaintances who were thronging around her, or bestowed a smile of recognition on some newcomer, was so full of cheerful content that I could scarcely believe that what I saw was real.

"My blank stare attracted her notice, and her eyes rested upon me for an instant. But she gave me not the faintest sign of recognition, and I turned away with a feeling of sickness at heart which I cannot define.

"Asking a fellow-passenger who the object of all this attention was, he replied, with ill-concealed contempt at my ignorance, that she was the celebrated society beauty who, to the regret of the whole company on board, had been taken seriously ill immediately after embarking, and had been confined to her cabin ever since.

"He observed my look of bewilderment, and, misinterpreting it, volunteered a good deal more information, which it would be superfluous to relate here, but which left me no doubt that the girl I now saw on deck and my nightly companion were one and the same, and that the story of a sister was a fable which had been deliberately invented by her, though for what purpose I was at a loss to conceive. Indeed, it was all a profound mystery to me. But I was determined at least to hear from her own lips whether she intended to disavow my acquaintance altogether or not, and, after waiting an opportunity when the throng around her had to some extent dispersed, I approached her and, lifting my hat, said—

"May I inquire if your sister has recovered from the effects of her accident last night?"

"She looked at me with a puzzled expression, which could not have been feigned, and replied—

"You must be making a mistake, sir. I have no sister."

"The words were spoken with perfect courtesy. But she turned her head away at once, and, addressing a remark to the nurse who stood beside her, gave me very clearly to understand that both the subject and he who had introduced it were dismissed.

"I withdrew with as much dignity as the circumstances permitted, and resolved to think no more about the matter. But there are cases when resolutions prove futile, and mine was such a case. I could not escape the thoughts I would have banished, and dwelt during the next few days upon nothing but the memory of my mysterious adventure. I saw her now often on deck, where she

soon moved about like any ordinary passenger.

"It was this which baffled me completely. Had she then feigned illness? And if so, for what reason? When I first saw her leaning over the ship-rail at my side, soon after we sailed, she was the picture of health and vigour. Yet, if report was true, it was just at that time that her condition had given her attendants cause for the gravest anxiety. She had reported to me every night with scarcely disguised ill-humour that her sister—hence, she herself, as I now knew—was speedily recovering strength and health. Yet had I not seen her, the very being of whom she spoke, decline from day to day before my own eyes, until at last, that night, she seemed to fall into the very clutches of death itself? And to crown the mystery, she had appeared on deck the following morning with the bloom of returning health on her cheeks, placid, radiant, almost the same indeed as I had seen her on that first memorable night when our strange companionship commenced.

"I knew that I could not have been the mere plaything of her mad folly. Her passion, her struggles, her wrath, and her despair, and then her fierce antagonism to the sister, who was she herself, and yet not she—no human being could have counterfeited all this.

"Sometimes the inclination seized me to approach her once more, and tax her outspokenly with the deception she had practised upon me. But some inner instinct held me back. Her manner was as natural and easy as manner can be, and I felt that so far as she was concerned we were as complete strangers as if we had never exchanged a word with one another. Only on certain occasions, such as at meals, which she now took part in with the general company, her eyes would now and again wander in my direction, and rest upon me with a curiously vacant expression which puzzled me. It seemed as if she were trying to recall some association in her own mind, and failed.

"At last I determined to interrogate the doctor, and ascertain if he could throw any light on the mystery which continued to occupy my thoughts in spite of myself.

"The opportunity came when I least expected it, and it was preceded by an incident stranger than any I had theretofore experienced.

"We were now nearing the end of our voyage, and I saw the morning on which we were to arrive at Melbourne dawn at last

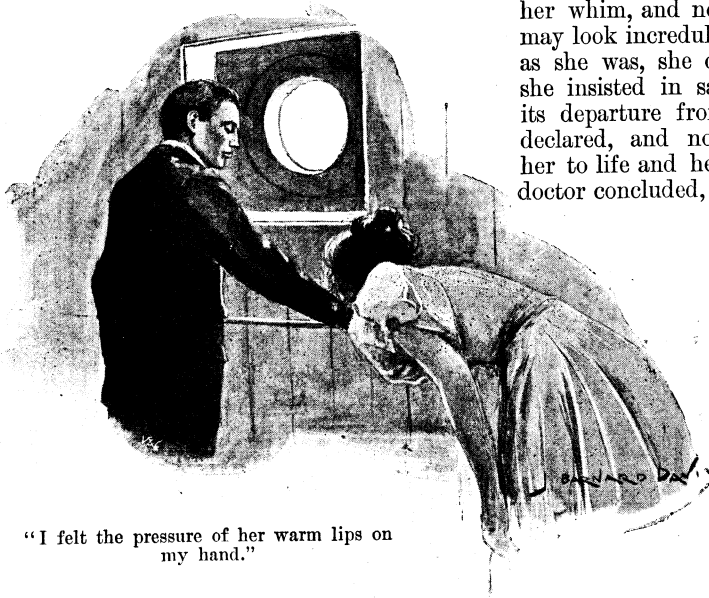


J. BARNARD DAVIS

“You must be making a mistake, sir. I have no sister.”

with a feeling of intense relief. About two hours before we entered the harbour I was standing at the port-hole of my cabin, with my hand resting on the railing which ran beneath it. My thoughts, as usual, were roaming back over the events of the last five weeks, and as they roamed that curious sense as of a presence near me suddenly stole over me as it had done on the night when she first interrupted my solitary musings on deck.

"Turning round quickly I saw her standing beside me, in the same white dress in which I had seen her that night. As my eyes met hers, she bent her head slowly, almost unconsciously it seemed to me, and the next moment I felt the pressure of her



"I felt the pressure of her warm lips on my hand."

warm lips on my hand which grasped the rail.

"It all occurred in an instant, and before I had recovered from the thrill of astonishment which passed through me she had glided out of the room and was gone. I rushed to the door in time to see her lithe form pass down the passage, and was still gazing after her when I heard the doctor's cheery voice accosting me.

"'Beauty-struck, eh?' he said, touching me on the shoulder. 'And well you may be, sir. No wonder she's turned half the male heads in London, and sent them crazy, with a face like that.'

"'Doctor,' I exclaimed, seizing him by the arm and dragging him into my cabin,

'do you object to answer me a few questions?'

"'Certainly not,' he replied, 'provided they are not too delicate.'

"'I understand you have been attending this girl.'

"'I have,' he said.

"'Is it a fact that she has been too ill to set foot on deck until five days ago?'

"'That is so,' he replied. 'Indeed, she is one of the most remarkable instances of the magic effects of a sea-voyage that our medical annals have to record. That girl, sir,' he went on, impressively, 'came on board this ship in a condition in which, under ordinary circumstances, no physician would have dared to expose her to the comparative hardships of a voyage. But it was her whim, and none could gainsay it. You may look incredulous, but it is a fact that, ill as she was, she designated the very vessel she insisted in sailing in, and the date of its departure from port. The voyage, she declared, and nothing else, would restore her to life and health. And, by Jove!' the doctor concluded, 'so it has proved.'

"'But,' I stammered, amazed, 'can you absolutely vouch for the fact that the girl has never left her cabin during the whole period of her illness and convalescence?'

"'The doctor regarded me as if he thought me slightly distracted.

"'Left her cabin?' he cried. 'Bless you, sir, she was wasted to a shadow—not a muscle left to move her, even

had she felt the desire. Set your mind at rest on that point. I have been in constant attendance upon her ever since we left England, and can speak pretty positively. Indeed, between you and me, she has cost me my best three hours' sleep every night since we weighed anchor until a week ago.'

"'He probably mistook my look of startled surprise, for he continued—

"'Ah, my dear sir, I don't regret it, for cases of this rare description don't often fall within the actual experience of a physician like myself!'

"'I understood she had merely met with an accident soon after coming on board,' I said.

"'An accident? Why, yes, we thought

it best to set that report afloat. The fact is, hers has been a case of acute hysteria, but accompanied by symptoms of a very extraordinary kind. You have heard, perhaps, of what is technically termed suspended animation ?'

"I said I had.

"'Well,' he went on, 'for nearly five weeks I have been occupied night after night, from about ten o'clock till often past one, in endeavouring to restore animation to that girl. In ordinary cases of catalepsy, or trance, as you are perhaps aware, the attacks, though intermittent, occur at irregular intervals. The extraordinary feature of this case was the regularity in the period of the attacks, which invariably commenced at the stroke of ten at night, lasting sometimes two hours, sometimes three, during which time the patient lay to all appearances dead. What has puzzled me most, however, is that, whereas the after effects of cataleptic seizures generally manifest themselves in extreme exhaustion, in this case their effect appears to have been actually beneficial to the patient. When she was carried on board the poor girl was in the last stage of nervous prostration, and practically at death's door. After her first attack she seemed to rally, and every subsequent attack wrought so remarkable a change in her general health that if there had not happened to be two crack physicians among the passengers, whom I promptly called in to watch the case with me, I have no doubt the report of it which I have prepared for the Medical Society would be scouted by the big-wigs of the profession as the product of a scientific imagination run wild.'

"The worthy doctor was too engrossed with the scientific aspects of the case to notice the impression his story produced upon me. He was so proud of his experience that, even had I been capable of such a profanity, I would not have capped his relation of it with that of my own out of pure consideration for his feelings.

"'To what,' I asked, after I had somewhat recovered myself, 'do you attribute the strange ailment you have been describing? Every disease has some cause, I presume, and hysteria, as you call it——'

"'Ah, there you ask a pertinent question indeed !' the doctor broke in gravely. 'Who shall say? The affection is only too common among women of the class to which this handsome creature belongs. The wild whirl of social enjoyments, unrelieved by graver moments, does not maintain its charm for all

alike. There are some whom its monotony sickens. Satiety breeds disease. Our nature is productive as well as receptive, and the want of an outlet for our productive powers—the craving, often unconscious as it is, for some sphere of individual usefulness—makes itself felt more or less in every human being. Men rarely fail to gratify it. In the case of women the conditions are different—not, perhaps, because women are weaker, but because their means are more limited, and, without necessity for an ally, they find no escape from the groove into which fate—or, as fools would say, fortune—has cast them. But pray let this go no further,' he broke off, with a laugh. 'I am talking rank treason. Hysteria is a true disease, distinct and well defined, though difficult to treat.'

"'You know of a remedy, then ?' I said.

"'The remedy, sir,' he rejoined, 'is one which no physician—least of all a fashionable one—would dare to prescribe ; nor, probably, if he ventured to do so, would the patient adopt it. Indeed, here is the crux ; for to make it truly operative it would be necessary first to convince the patient of the true nature of her disease, and it is just this which is most difficult, if not impossible, of accomplishment.'

"'But the remedy ?'

"'Is work, sir ; some pursuit, some interest, some duty, outside the narrow circle of the individual self. How many of these poor, afflicted minds are but worn and torn in the conflict raging between their double selves, sickened by the indulgence of desires which do not satisfy, and wasted by the instinctive craving for that wider, richer life, the path to which they cannot find? Well, well,' he added, rising to go, 'pride ourselves as we may on our so-called mastery of the science of Nature, when all is said and done we still stand dumb and unintelligent before the one great mystery with the solution of which perhaps the dawn of true knowledge will only commence—the relation of mind and body.'"

"The Confessor paused a moment. Then he resumed—

"I may leave you to picture to yourself with what thoughts I listened to these solemn words of my worthy companion. He little dreamed what a vivid ray of light they shed into the darkness reigning in my mind.

"Two hours later I had landed in Melbourne, where I accomplished my mission, the last I was to be entrusted with by my superiors, for, three weeks after my return to Belgium, I left the Order and became what you now see me."

"But the girl!" I exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment, as the Confessor thus brought his strange narrative to an abrupt conclusion. "Did you never see her again?"

He smiled.

"Alas!" he said, "facts are not so accommodating as fiction. My experience might no doubt be worked into a romance to please the fastidious taste of your readers; and yet I doubt if even invention could improve on the truth. Curiously enough, we have never met face to face again. I say curiously, and you will understand why when you hear the name of her with whom I became so strangely acquainted."

And he whispered a name in my ear which made me start back. It was a name which is at this moment known and revered wherever the English tongue is spoken—nay, wherever the virtues of Christian love and charity are recognised as the noblest mankind can aspire to. I remembered having

heard that this remarkable woman had in her early youth played a great figure in society, from which she had withdrawn quite unexpectedly, after a severe illness, in order to devote herself to the philanthropic works which have since made her name so famous.

The Confessor observed the almost awed look in my face as I pondered on all these things, and rising said, with that impressiveness which has so often thrilled those who know him—

"You may well look thoughtful, my friend. Nature has more secrets than we blind mortals wot of. I have told you a strange story, if story it can be called. Let me not, like the doctors, who cover their ignorance and satisfy their vanity by inventing unintelligible names for unintelligible diseases, endeavour to explain in words what words will never explain. If my story does not convey its own explanation to your mind, nothing I can add to it will do so."



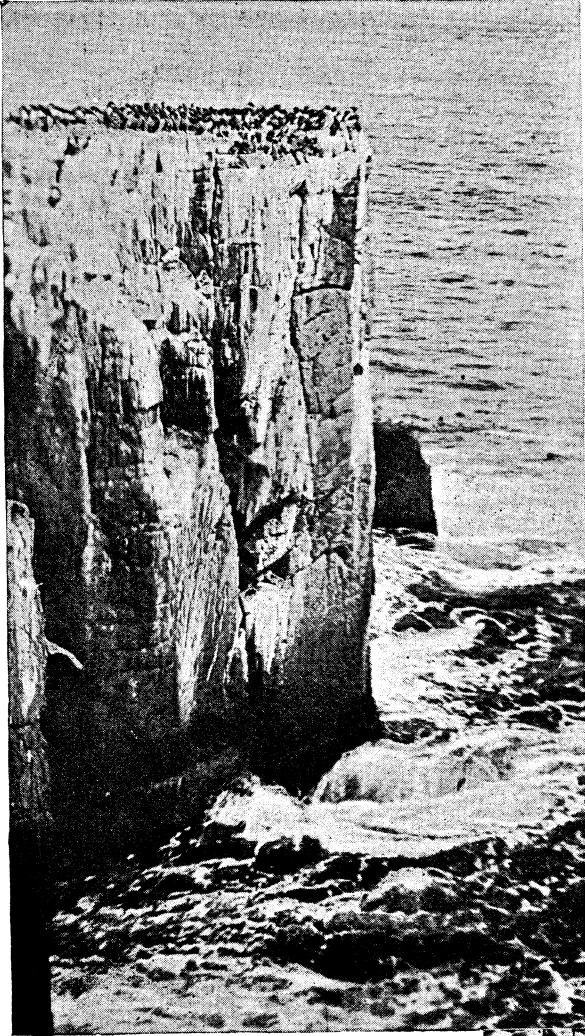
SEA-BIRDS AT HOME.

By R. B. LODGE.

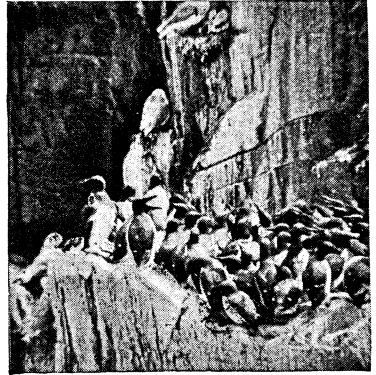
Illustrated from Photographs taken from life by the Author.

THE holiday resorts all round our coast are thronged in summer time with visitors, some of whom find the time hang very heavily on

Not even the excitement of the promenade on the pier or esplanade, listening to the same old tunes, or the sail at so much a head,



GUILLEMOTS ON THE CLIFFS.



when half the company, sometimes, alas! all of them, are very grievously ill, or the melodious voices of the beach minstrels, with the attractions of the fortune-tellers, beggars, shell pedlars and tin-type men thrown in, can suffice to arouse his flagging spirits.

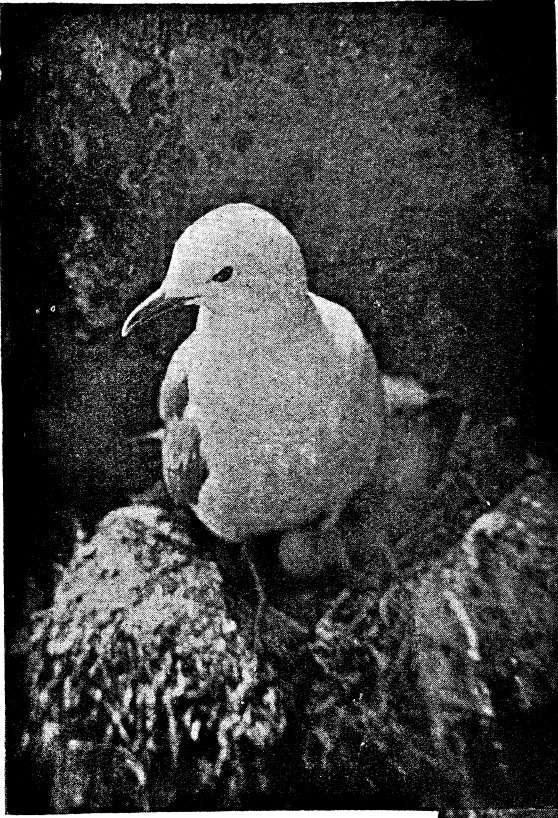
From the pier, where he has been seeking solace and consolation from a cigar, he can watch the graceful ease with which the gulls wheel and soar apparently without exertion, and admire their snowy plumage, looking so daz-
zlingly white against the fleecy blue



their hands—paterfamilias especially, who is condemned to give his womenkind and family a rest and a change, but who, after the first day or two, finds it unutterably slow.

sky, and the buoyancy with which they rise and sink over the incoming waves. With them are possibly a few terns, feathered fairies of the air, light as butterflies and swift as swallows, whose long pointed wings fairly twinkle in the sun in their mazy evolutions; and an occasional cormorant may approach near enough for one to make out

visitors. Probably somewhere not far off they breed in countless numbers, in some sequestered and secluded part of the coast; or possibly a few miles out at sea, in some picturesque group of rocky islets, where the cry of the sea-birds mingled with the ever-

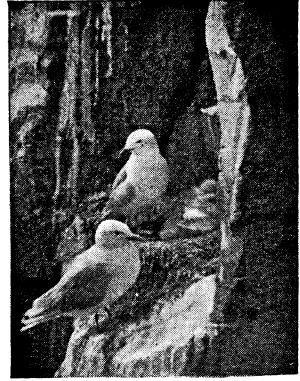


KITTIWAKES AT HOME.

his glossy dark green plumage and glittering green eyes. His long dark and deeply-sunk body and snake-like head and neck remind one of some piratical viking ship in the olden days, deeply laden with plunder.

The first idea that seizes the average Briton is of course the proverbial desire to sally out and slay them; but second thoughts are always best, and besides there is also the Wild Birds' Preservation Acts to be considered, any infringement of which may lead to trouble.

Instead of useless slaughter, let us rather try and find out the home of these charming



lasting roar of the surge are the only sounds that break the peaceful quiet—that quiet which is so infinitely refreshing after the noisy din of the myriad-voiced, brass-banded Babylon-on-Sea, which we have for the present joyfully left behind us.

Let us lie down on the short turf which clothes the summit and try and realise the scene before us. Below is the sea with its multitudinous and complex variations of colour and light and shade, its shimmering surface veiled with the creamy network of foam, and dotted with guillemots and puffins busily engaged in fishing. Kittiwakes are passing and repassing backwards and forwards to their nests in the perpendicular cliffs, where they may be seen on every little pinnacle and jutting crag like snowflakes on the dark and rugged rocks, while their never-ending cry "kitty-kea, kitty-kea" resounds on every side.

The summit of the isolated table-topped rocks which jut out into the sea is thickly covered with a dense and wriggling mass of birds, clad in dull brown with white breasts. These are guillemots, which make their homes on the rocks that rear their dizzy height in defence of our rock-bound island. Here they lay their eggs, undisturbed save for the climbers, who pursue their perilous calling suspended by a single rope over the raging surge below.

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

SHAKESPEARE'S "King Lear.

The guillemots frequently nest, or rather lay (for of nest there is no attempt), in most places where the coast is sufficiently rocky. The Yorkshire coast about Flamborough, the Isle of Wight, the Welsh coast, almost the whole of the Scotch coast, and the Northumberland rocks, are all favourite localities for these interesting birds. On the mainland they use exclusively the ledges on the face of the cliffs, but where any isolated rock has a flat top, like the pinnacles of the Farne Islands, they crowd closely together in great numbers, each bird laying its immense egg on the bare rock, on which it sits in an upright position. The colours of the eggs vary in a most wonderful manner, no two out of hundreds being alike. It may be that this diversity of colour is to enable the birds to identify their eggs, especially as experienced eggers maintain that every bird lays the same

coloured egg each year. Without some such contrivance it is difficult to imagine, when hundreds of eggs are laid on the bare rock in a small space, how each bird is to distinguish its own egg from that of its neighbour. It would be contrary to all precedent if they sat indiscriminately on any egg unappropriated; and though the observations of one experienced ornithologist seem to show that this does happen occasionally, I cannot think that such a departure from the usual state of things is anything more than accidental and very exceptional.

Another contested question is the pointed shape of the eggs, which has been described as a curious provision of nature to diminish the risk of the eggs rolling off into the sea when disturbed by the hurried departure of the mother bird; the tendency of such a shaped egg being rather to revolve than roll very far.

Only those who have witnessed the crowded mass of birds on the top of an island stack can quite realise the possibility of any difficulty in the matter. The extraordinary sight must be seen to be understood; it reminds one more than anything else of a swarm of bees. Each bird is busy preening itself, or quarrelling with its neighbours, while a constant stream of birds are leaving the rocks, flinging themselves headlong into space until they reach the sea below, at the same time others are continually arriving and struggling for a place, often sitting on the heads of the crowd until they can succeed in squeezing in.

Associated with the guillemots are usually numerous kittiwakes, which nest in the same rocks in the smaller crevices, wherever they can find a corner big enough to hold them, generally below the lower ledges occupied by the guillemots, sometimes indeed apparently almost within reach of an extra high wave, which sometimes, I imagine, must wash the eggs and young from their precarious cradle. They are charming birds, and their innocent and dove-like appearance is not belied by their habits, as is the case with some of the larger gulls. Their nests are composed of seaweed and turf wedged into the crevices of the most precipitous cliffs, never on the flat surface, and usually contain two or three eggs. They will permit of a near approach, and a most interesting and pleasant sight it is to look over the edge of the cliff and watch the parent birds standing at the side of the young ones. Although they are numerous enough in this country some of the colonies on the stupendous cliffs of the

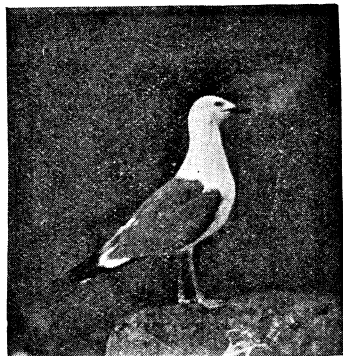
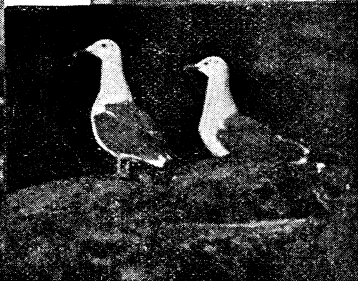
Norwegian coast far surpass any to be seen here, the number of birds estimated as nesting there being well-nigh incredible.

The larger species of gull, three of which are resident British birds, do not lead such respectable lives as the little kittiwakes, but alternate between honest fishing and downright robbery and murder of their weaker neighbours, devouring both eggs and young birds remorselessly whenever they get a chance.

The great black-backed gull is the worst culprit, and is much disliked in the vicinity of eider-duck preserves and grouse moors, where they do much damage. This is the largest British species, having an expanse of wing of between five and six feet. When in adult plumage they are most handsome and bold-looking birds.

During the long continued frost which prevailed some years ago, when the Thames

presence the Arctic aspect of the scene, while through the fog which hung thickly over the deserted river no sound could be heard save the crashing and grinding of the ice and the wild cries of thousands of gulls. With them were numbers of the smaller black-backed gulls, black-headed gulls, and common gulls, some of them so tame from starvation that they took food from one's hands, and it became a regular amusement to feed them with bread from the Embankment and



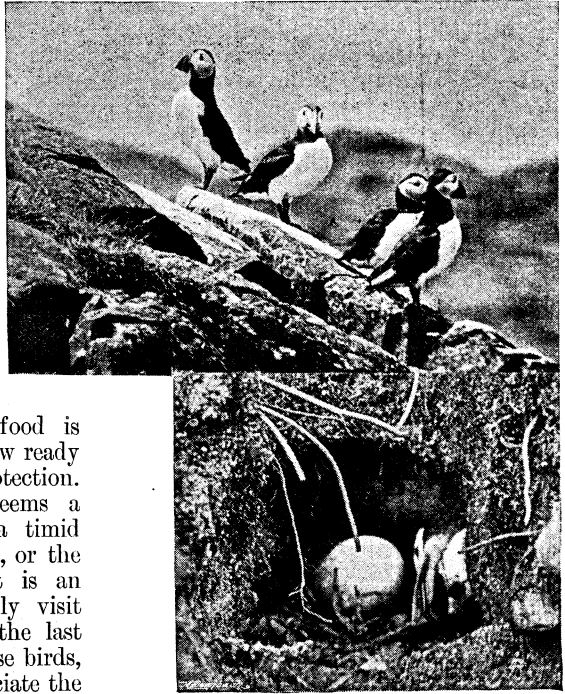
through London was almost blocked by immense drifting packs of ice and the foreshore was piled with fantastic shapes of ice and frozen snow, several of these birds could be seen flying about in search of food and perched on the floating ice, increasing by their



LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULLS.

bridges. Many found their way to the ponds in the London parks, attracted by the food for the water-fowl kept there. So much have they appreciated the hospitality then shown them that in subsequent winters many of them have re-visited London when the weather has been mild and open. During these visits they are a great attraction to many who would not otherwise have much chance of observing them in a wild state.

It only shows how soon birds of all sorts find out where they are safe from molestation, and where food is plentiful and easily obtained, and how ready they are to avail themselves of protection. The middle of London hardly seems a likely locality for watching such a timid bird as the dabchick in a wild state, or the water-hen or wood-pigeon. Yet it is an interesting fact that they not only visit London, but breed in the parks, the last two in considerable numbers. If these birds, so timid elsewhere, are able to appreciate the safety which they find in the midst of a



PUFFINS.



YOUNG PUFFIN WAITING TO BE FED.

populous city, how much more would they repay the hospitality if some bird-loving landowner would only repeat Waterton's plan of converting his estate into a preserve of wild birds of all sorts, where the kestrel could hover over the fields in search of mice in safety from the gamekeeper's gun and pole-trap; where feathered visitors from other countries and rare specimens of our own *avi fauna* could live in peace, with no fear of finding their way into a glass case, and where the gamekeeper would be transformed into a

birdkeeper, a protector of his charges against every description of human vermin.

This sounds like a very far-fetched programme, and yet it was tried by Waterton on his Yorkshire property, and during the breeding season, at any rate, it is carried out at the Farne Islands off the Northumberland coast. For the protection of the sea-birds which resort to the rocks, a private association has acquired a lease of them, and pays four watchers to look after them through the summer months, and prevent the wholesale robbery of eggs and killing of the birds which used to take place unchecked. In consequence of this protection not only has the number of birds increased, and a chance given for rarities like the roseate tern to



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

breed in safety, but the birds are much tamer than they are in other localities.

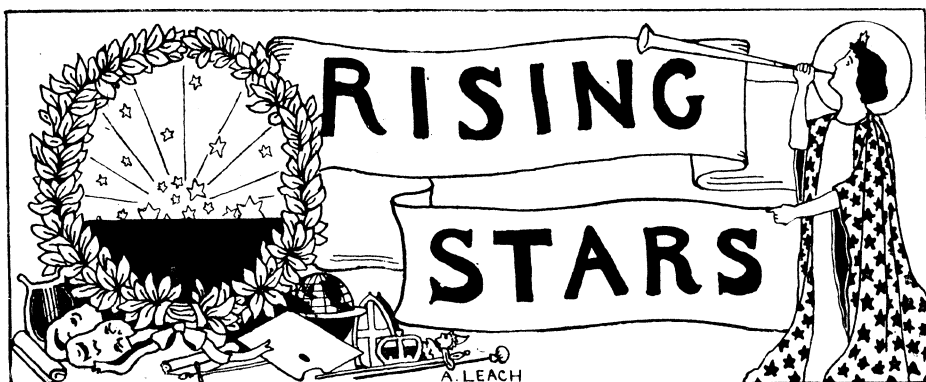
On a visit during the season 1895, for the purpose of photographing the birds and their nests, I was generally able with care to approach near enough for my purpose, as these illustrations testify. I also succeeded in stalking the cormorants on their nests, approaching to within about five yards of several nests. Eider ducks are always very close sitters, and I experienced no difficulty in photographing the duck on the nest, and also a group of about thirty, with one drake among them, on the rocks at the edge of the water. The terns were rather shy, but came back to their nests after a short time. I think the most wary at the nest were the lesser black-backed gull and the herring gull. The former of these are exceedingly numerous on all the islands; their nests were everywhere, on the surface of the rocks, among the coarse grass and campion, and almost hidden beneath the tall docks which grew luxuriantly in one spot. Untidy looking structures they are, as a rule, compared with the one shown in the photograph on page 576, which was made of bladder campion torn up while in blossom, the white flowers still fresh. The eggs of these two species are so much alike that it is almost impossible to distinguish between them with any certainty unless the parent bird can be seen on the nest; this shyness of being watched to the nest of course very much increases the difficulty, as both birds build in similar positions—a few herring gulls among an innumerable number of lesser black-backed gulls. The birds themselves can be recognised easily enough, the light black back of the one being so much darker than the grey back of the other. They are both of very thievish disposition, taking the eggs and young of the other birds, who are obliged to look closely after the safety of their treasures, for should a bird be frightened off the nest and stay away longer than usual, the chances are that they will swoop down and fly off with the eggs transfixed on the beak, or swallow the young birds whole, if they are small enough. Their throats are of a most accommodating size, being able to gulp down a very large object. The great black-backed gull do not breed at all on these rocks; they appear to be too distrustful even of their own species, and seek out some lonely spot by themselves.

Of all the sea-birds, however, there are none of a more striking appearance than the puffin, or sea-parrot as the fishermen call

them, from the shape of their tremendous beak. Their colours are so conspicuous, and their attitudes and facial expression are so thoroughly quaint and comical, that they are sure to be noticed by even the least observant; and they are also generally very tame, allowing a close approach when perched on the rocks, as they are wont to do in small companies on some jutting promontory. These birds are among the few which seek safety for the sitting female by burrowing underground. The layer of soil on the summit of one of the islands is completely honeycombed with their holes, giving it the appearance of a rabbit-warren. If, however, you put your hand in as far as you can reach, you will in many cases catch the old puffin, if indeed she does not catch you first. It is as well to be provided with a stout pair of gloves, as they can bite hard, very hard, and hang on like bull-dogs, their little black eyes expressing anger at being disturbed. The egg—for only one is laid—is large for the size of the bird, as large as a hen's egg, and is almost white. When the young are hatched they are fed by the old birds with small fish and sand-eels, and may be seen sitting expectantly at the mouth of the burrows waiting to be fed. They are curious little objects, without the tremendous beak, with its gay and brilliant colouring, of their parents. A curious thing about this beak is that it is larger in the breeding season, a specially-developed sheath which covers it dropping off after the nesting duties are over.

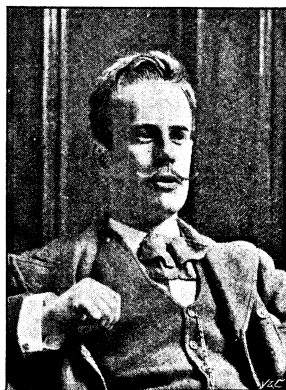
These island rocks are also frequented by myriads of terns, the most graceful perhaps of all birds on the wing. The common, the Arctic and sandwich terns, and occasionally a pair or two of the rare roseate terns, are all to be found, and also a few oyster-catchers, ringed plovers and rock-pipits.

Other places frequented by sea-birds are the Isle of Wight, Dungeness, Channel Islands, Scilly Islands, Lundy Island, Cornish coast, all the Welsh coast, most of the Scotch, with the numerous islands—Skye, the Hebrides, Orkneys, St. Kilda; Ailsa Craig, the Bass Rock and the Yorkshire cliffs. The low-lying sandy shores from Lincolnshire to the Thames only afford suitable places for the terns, ringed plovers, oyster-catchers and similar birds, which lay their eggs on the sand or amid the shingle and *débris* above high-water mark; while one species of gull, the black-headed, leaves the sea entirely and comes inland to breed in large colonies in the fresh-water marshes, broads and ponds in various parts of the kingdom.



MR. NEIL MUNRO, the author of "The Lost Pibroch and other Sheiling Stories," although from the northern side of the Tweed, is not of the "kailyard" school, but may be held to belong to the Celtic Renaissance. His stories are laid in the land of Argyll, among the hills, the lochs, and the sheilings, and he writes in language which is

understood without a glossary. Mr. Munro was born at Inverary. His parents and ancestors were of course Highlanders—shepherds and farmers in Glenarary, on the borders of the beautiful Loch Awe. Before he joined the Glasgow press, Mr. Munro had to add to the modest education he received at the parochial school by his own efforts

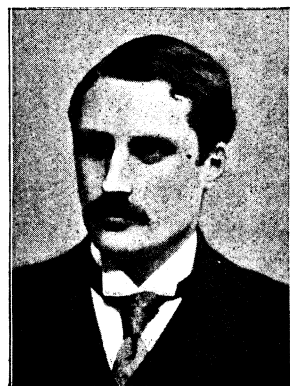


LITERATURE: NEIL MUNRO.

and industry. His first short story, "The Secret of Heather Ale," was published in the *Speaker* in 1893. His next, "The Red Hand," appeared in the *National Observer*, after which he made a connection with *Blackwood* which has since been maintained, beginning with "Shudderman Soldier." As a journalist Mr. Munro writes various bright articles and notes in the *Glasgow Evening News*; but his tales are more serious in style and have frequently a dreamy fascinating touch which is as refreshing as the scenes in which they are laid are picturesque. Mr. Munro is only thirty-two, and when he crosses the bridge between daily journalism and literature better work may be expected from him than he has yet, in the intervals of his busy routine work, been able to produce.

MR. CHARLES P. TREVELYAN is the clever son of a clever father. Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., M.P., is not only one of our leading politicians, but is the author of the most readable biography published in this generation—"The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," and of sundry other books, including that entertaining volume, "The Competition Wallah."

His eldest son was born in 1870, and distinguished himself at Harrow, and afterwards at college. Seeking public life, he acted for a time as private secretary to his father. He contested North Lambeth at the last General Election, when he was defeated by his Unionist opponent, Mr. H. M. Stanley. Mr. Trevelyan polled



From a photo by]

[Russell.

POLITICS: C. P. TREVELYAN.

however the respectable total of 2477 votes against 2878 cast for Mr. Stanley. Shortly after the election he was chosen by co-optation a member of the London School Board, and is the youngest of those who direct the education of London children. Doubtless it will not be long before he enters the House of Commons, where his father has sat for thirty years. He is well fitted for a political career, having the power to express his views in a lucid and effective manner. His work on the London School Board has already justified his election as a member of that important body. He is linked, by relationship, to both political parties, for his mother is a sister of Viscount Knutsford, who was Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's last ministry.



DAY sighed farewell and welcomed Night:
You stood among the blossoms white,
The fairest flower in all that land,
And touched them with your gracious hand.

I, hidden in the neighbouring gloom,
Learned from the Twilight you were bloom
And they were women, long since dead
Of envy of your goodlihead.

W. A. MACKENZIE.



IN FIREWORK-LAND.

BY W. J. WINTLE.

Illustrated by STEPHEN REID *and* C. M. WATTS.



ENGLAND in one respect, if in no other, lags behind her compeers. She has no national fête day, no fourth of July, no annual carnival. Thus it comes about that the fifth of

November is welcomed by the multitude, who

... Don't see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

Guido de Fawkes and his ignoble company are in a fair way to be some day regarded as national benefactors. They were unfortunate in the season they selected, so far as the annual commemoration is concerned. The flowers have vanished, and the trees stand gaunt and bare; it is wet underfoot and damp overhead. Guy Fawkes certainly managed things badly. Human ingenuity has, however, overcome the difficulty, and the flowers once more appear in the land, but now they blossom by night, and they smell of gunpowder. The fairyland of old-time fiction has become the firework-land of modern fact. The fearsome but unsubstantial apparitions of All-hallows Eve find their modern counterpart in the fiery serpents and whistling rockets of the fifth.

It was with thoughts such as these that I lately betook myself, in company with a WINDSOR artist, to South Norwood, where

Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co. carry on the largest firework business in the world. Passing along devious roads we soon reached a gateway opening into an enclosure thickly belted with trees. No Blue Beard's chamber could be more rigidly barred against the unauthorised intruder. A painted board bade us "Beware of the Dog," a proclamation under the Explosives Act warned us that we were liable to forcible ejection and a fine of five pounds if we trespassed, a large bell announced the presence of strangers, a monster bulldog rushed open-mouthed to meet us, and a watchful attendant was promptly on the scene. But the mention of the WINDSOR closed even the capacious mouth of Little Billee, the bulldog, and we were warmly welcomed by Mr. Arthur Brock, the present head of the firm. Under his courteous guidance we were soon exploring the mysterious region which lay hidden behind the trees.

Imagine a field of many acres, dotted over with about a hundred little wooden, brick, and iron buildings of peculiar construction placed at a good distance apart, and you have a rough notion of the great firework manufactory. There is no whirr of machinery and bustling of many hands; all is silent save for sundry tapping sounds which come from certain of the sheds. A large part of the field is carefully fenced off,

and here the stillness is even greater. The seven iron buildings in this section are far more strongly built, and each is protected by a screen. Behind those screens are stored 140,000 pounds of explosives, and this is but a fraction of the quantity which the firm have stored in magazines elsewhere and in the floating hulks off Gravesend.

Starting with the paper stores, we are shown the largest shells ever produced in pyrotechny. Turning the scale at 2½ hun-

lances, or coloured lights, of which large set-pieces are mainly composed. How great is the demand for these will be realised when we mention that 400 gross of them have been used in one set-piece. Close by the rolling sheds we see the carpenters' and fitters' shops, for a large number of trades are more or less included in that of pyrotechny.

Passing now to the more serious part of the business, we are introduced to the wooden buildings which lie scattered over the great green field. Here we learn something of the precautions which have rendered serious accident a remote contingency. Each structure is about 16 feet by 12 (though some vary in size), and is lightly constructed of boards. The interior is varnished, and the floor covered with lead or linoleum fastened with copper nails. Any artificial light which may be needed is obtained from gas-jets placed *outside* the windows, and the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed. Every part of the building, floor, sides, and ceiling, must be carefully dusted every day. Even the presence of a cobweb would render the firework manufacturer liable to a penalty. All this is to avoid the presence of grit.

Similar precautions are taken with the workpeople. Each is thoroughly searched on entering the premises, and dons a thick non-inflammable guernsey and overshoes of brown leather without nails. The number of persons allowed in each building is subject to Government regu-

lations, and is clearly indicated on a board beside the door, where is also stated the kind of work and quantity of composition allowed in each. When the workpeople need anything they hang out a red flag, and an attendant comes at once. All fireworks have to be carried to the magazines in closed trunks covered with tarpaulin. Hydrants are placed at frequent intervals throughout the field, and buckets of water are everywhere.



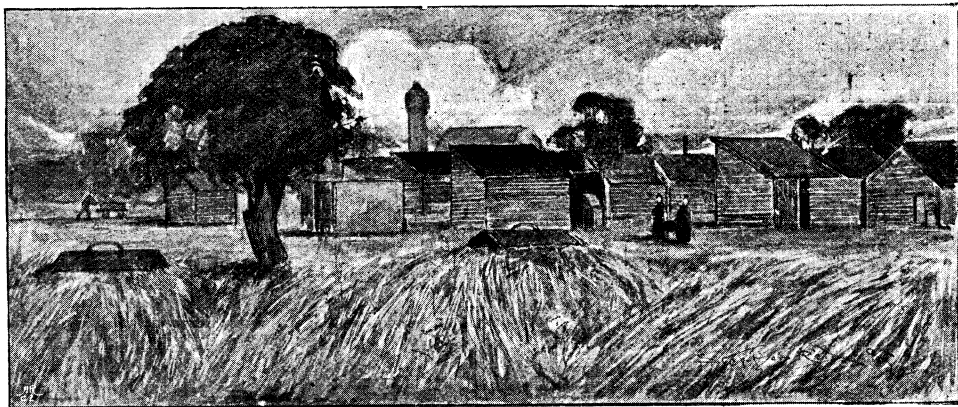
MAKING FIREWORKS.

dredweights and measuring 25 inches in diameter, they are a striking contrast to the little 3-inch shell which represented the utmost advance of the art in the days of Mr. Brock's great-grandfather. Near at hand are the rolling sheds, where busy hands are making paper cylinders of various sizes, from the tiny tubes which are used for squibs and crackers, to the massive cases of the latest rockets and other large goods. Here a number of young women are making the tubes for the little

We visit the buildings in turn and witness the processes. In one the ingredients are being very cautiously mixed, in others various kinds of rockets, etc., are being filled, the composition being driven home by taps from a boxwood mallet, while in another the quick-match is being made. This is simply a cotton wick steeped in a mixture of gunpowder and starch and then dried on a frame. It is used for connecting the coloured lights in set-pieces. In another building a strong odour of methylated spirits greets us, and we see the process of making the brilliant stars which fall in such graceful showers from rockets and shells. They consist of small cubes of composition moulded with methylated spirits and shellac and afterwards hardened.

While our artist is sketching the scene, Mr. Brock tells a few interesting facts about

article, but my readers may be interested to know that Messrs. Brock's greatest achievement in set-pieces was no less than 207 yards long, representing the battle of Trafalgar. The amount expended upon fireworks is enormous. The display at Delhi, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, cost £3000, and during the Jubilee year £250,000 was similarly spent. In this country 5000 rockets have been let off at a single time, and this number has frequently been doubled on the Continent. The amount annually spent upon fireworks for the fifth of November is estimated at £100,000, and would no doubt be increased if the supply equalled the demand. Mr. Brock told me that for a few weeks before the Jubilee he was compelled to refuse orders to the extent of £300 or £400 per day, owing mainly to the official



THE FIREWORK BUILDINGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

the history of his firm. For seven generations the family have been firework makers, and the present head declares that the pyrotechnist, like the poet, is born and not made. Their connection with the Crystal Palace dates from 1865, when the famous C. T. Brock was successful in a competitive display for the position of pyrotechnist to that well-known place of amusement. Three years later the manufactory was established at Nunhead, and from that time the business has increased by leaps and bounds. As an illustration of its recent growth it may be mentioned that in 1881 the storage power of the firm was 34,000 pounds; at the present time it is 500,000 pounds, of which 70,000 pounds have been added this year. To enter upon an account of the development of pyrotechny during late years would be impossible within the limits of the present

restrictions which limit the production of fireworks.

By this time our artist has finished his sketch and we return to the office, where we inspect a unique collection of old engravings of fireworks and a series of photographs of the principal set-pieces constructed by the firm. Thence we make our way to Penge and enter the grounds of the Crystal Palace. Passing by the muster ground and the unfinished cycle track, and ignoring even the seductive attractions of a switchback railway, we soon arrive at some trenches strongly railed around. A conspicuous notice informs the public that neither the Crystal Palace Company nor Messrs. Brock will be responsible for the safety of persons who linger there on firework nights. We are comfortably independent of such considerations, for is not the great pyrotechnist with us?

Descending into the trenches we view the massive mortars of varying size, from whence will presently arise huge shells to hurtle through the air and burst into showers of many-coloured stars. It is pleasant to know that the mortars are fired by means of a slow match, and that the operator is in a place of safety before the discharge takes place.

We next betake ourselves to the firework

enclosure on the terrace and find a gentleman with a cooking stove, performing culinary operations on a wire in mid-air. When he has finished the crowd disperses, and only a few stragglers remain to watch the motor cars as they run their jerky course. Then, under the same able guidance, we inspect the preparations for the evening display. A large set-piece is in process of completion. A huge framework of laths has been constructed, divided into convenient square sections, and on this an immense design has been outlined in lath and cane. With the aid of wire nails some 60,000 coloured lights have been arranged along the design, all being connected with quick match. The entire affair is hoisted by an ingenious hydraulic contrivance to a frame of scaffold poles, and the various moving parts of the design connected to long cords for the convenience of the operators. Hard by we find

a cow and horse ingeniously built of wood, outlined with fireworks and attached to small trucks. Sundry laths are attached to the different limbs, and explain the mystery of their subsequent performances. An unfolding star, a revolving chromatope, a gigantic chrysanthemum of cane and fireworks, and a peacock with expanding tail stand all around, and we admire the ingenious mechanism by which the various moving effects are brought about.

But time is flying and we pass on into the Palace, where the Lumière Cinématographe attracts our attention for a few minutes and transports us alternately to the shores of the Mediterranean, the plains of Southern France, the interior of a beer garden and a host of other places. We next find ourselves, but this time in reality, in the Bear Pit Club, an institution known to the chief Palace officials and their friends. Hidden away in a corner an unobtrusive door leads into the pleas-



WATCHING A SET-PIECE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ant quarters known as the Bear Pit. The motto "Bear and Forbear" adorns the pipelack, and two stuffed members of the ursine family mount guard upon the sideboard. A pleasant place withal wherein to rest from the noise and excitements of the palace of glass. Here Mr. Henry Brock joins us, and over the dinner-table we enjoy many a merry tale of adventures in India in 1875, when Messrs. Brock visited that country for the

purpose of letting off fireworks in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales. Some hundreds of tons of fireworks were used on that occasion, ten separate displays being given, at costs varying from £1000 to £2500 each. Presently a loud report announces that it is display time, for this is a children's day and so good hours are kept, and we make our way to the front of the Palace, where, from the safe altitude of the royal box, we survey the scene. The last occupant of the box was Li Hung Chang, and we listen with amusement as Mr. Brock tells of the excited enthusiasm of the wise man of the East, who declared that the fireworks for which China is famous were completely eclipsed by the splendours of English pyrotechny.

It is a wonderful scene that we are looking down upon. Massed along the terrace are nearly 20,000 persons, for a firework display increases the attendance here from five to ten-fold. Many of them are children, and a hum of delighted expectation rises in the air, changing into a prolonged "O-o-o-o-h" of astonishment as the whole scene lights up with many-coloured fires. It is a strikingly beautiful effect; for the fires are hidden away behind the trees which stand out in strange, weird combinations of light and shadow.

Now follow a series of sharp reports in the direction of the trenches, and the air is suddenly alive with shells which burst in mid-air, at heights of from 700 to 1000 feet, and descend in showers of coruscating stars.

The set-pieces, though less effective from an artistic point of view, ever have most attraction for the youthful mind. Very soon the cow burst forth in colours more bright than any recognised breed possesses, and was promptly taken in hand by Jack of the fable and sold to the artful butcher for a bag of beans. These were duly sown, all in fire, and after sundry splutterings from the outraged earth, a giant bean-stalk grew rapidly heavenwards and burnt while Jack nimbly climbed to the summit. It will astonish my juvenile readers to hear that these men of fire are real men, clad in suits of incombustible asbestos and wearing on their sides and limbs wooden frames which carry the fireworks. Not a pleasant task, by any means, for, though they seldom get burnt, the smoke often blows into their faces until they fairly choke.

More shells and rockets, and then a beautiful *chromatope* appeared in the form

of double wheels of variously coloured fireworks revolving in opposite directions. The effect was as tasteful as it was brilliant.

Next came a forge, where busy blacksmiths hammered horse-shoes and shod a wooden horse whose head and tail wagged in singular union. A large and elaborate star now lit up the scene and presently unfolded its rays like the petals of a water-lily and grew to double its original diameter. Immediately followed an immense grandfather's clock, up which a mouse ran until the clock struck one, with a report like a cannon. Then the mouse lost heart and ran away, and the principal set-piece was quickly displayed before us.

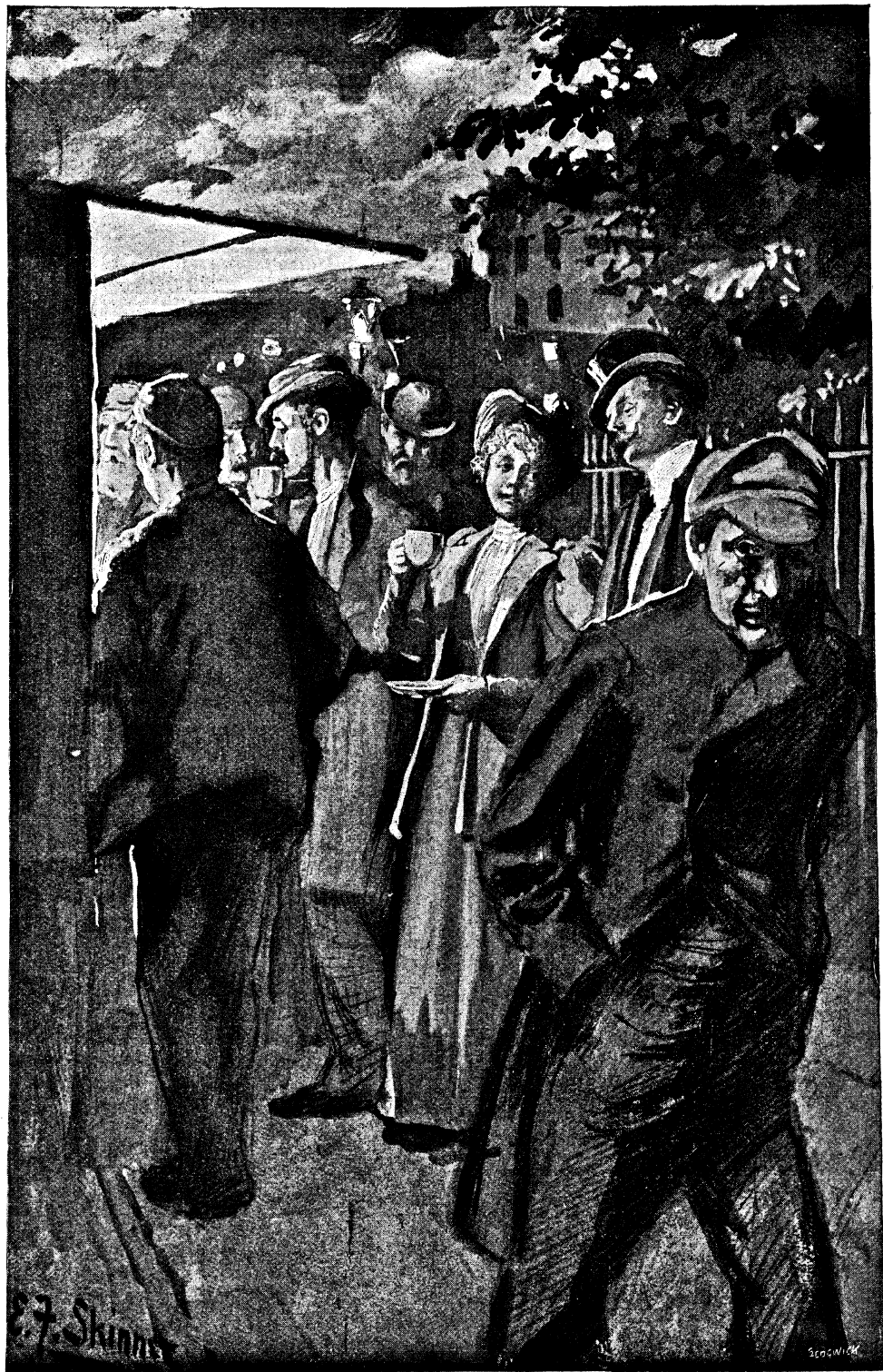
It represented a Burmese temple, in the various parts of which were native jugglers plying their art. One spun a fiery tub on a fiery stick, others performed feats of balancing, while yet others were engaged in the well-known butterfly and fan trick. Above all squatted a genial figure whose flaming neck elongated and contracted with rhythmic regularity.

After a bicycle race came the chrysanthemum, certainly the largest botanical specimen in the world. Formed of yellow gerbs, it combined simplicity with splendour and yielded to none of the items in effectiveness. Meanwhile shells rose in the air, some singly, others in flights, and dazzling magnesium lights gave the impression that the moon had suddenly risen on the multitude of upturned faces.

A flash of light ran suddenly along the top of the great frame whereon the Burmese temple and the nursery rhymes had been illustrated, and a perfect Niagara of fire poured down from a height of over a hundred feet. The display drew near its close, and Messrs. Brock introduced their speciality of the season.

It was a mechanical peacock, and probably represents the greatest advance that has yet been reached in the realistic representation of a living creature by pyrotechny. The bird first appeared with its splendid train of feathers trailing on the ground; these were slowly erected, then expanded, and the favourite of Juno stood forth in all his pomp and beauty. Nothing could have exceeded the fidelity with which the eyed feathers of the train were represented; there is only one word for it—it was perfect.

The fountains now burst forth and changed from gold to green, and from silver to crimson, under the influence of coloured lights, and the show was over.



A LONDON COFFEE-STALL AT 1 A.M.



BEYNON, OF THE IRRIGATION DEPARTMENT

BY ALICE PERRIN.

(Author of "*Late in Life*.")

Illustrated by HAROLD COPPING.



BEYNON walked down to the edge of the weir and looked out across the Ganges River. The evening air was soft and warm, and heavy with the scent of babool-blossom, for the hot weather was creeping on apace, and already the mangoes had begun to take shape upon the trees, and the "brain-fever" bird's discordant song had risen to its most aggravating pitch. The sun was sinking with angry reluctance behind the low range of rocky hills that shone purple in the distance, and the smooth gliding waters reflected the broad bars of crimson and yellow with which the sky was streaked. Here and there the monotony of the river was broken by islets of sand, points of sticks and weeds, the floating carcase of some decaying animal, and the hackled backs of the alligators resting as though dead on the long strips of mud. Flights of birds were swaying and soaring homewards, and clouds of saffron-coloured dust along the river-banks told of the cattle being driven back to the villages after their day's grazing in the jungle.

Beynon looked at it all and saw nothing, principally because he was thinking of his work—he very seldom thought of anything else—and also because he was so accustomed

to the scene; he had walked down to the weir and looked out across the river almost every evening for the past two years. After a few minutes he turned, inspected a tree-spur on his right, made a note of some repairs that seemed necessary, threw a stone at the snub nose of an alligator that appeared for a second above the water, and proceeded to stroll slowly home.

Home consisted of a small thatched bungalow built on a piece of rising ground overlooking the river, with a little native village behind it, a cluster of workshops and engine-houses on one side, and on the other a row of deserted, tumble-down houses that spoke mournfully of the time when the weir was being built and they had been full of busy men; when the air had resounded with the hum of machinery, rumble of trucks, beating of hammers, and the turmoil of a mighty construction that had made eminent engineers of some men, invalidated others, and killed more than one or two from exposure and overwork. Now the only sounds that broke the stillness were the barking of the pariah dogs and murmur of native voices from the little village, the rush of the water over the weir, and the cries of the birds that lived securely in the deserted compounds and revelled in a jungle of old gardens.

Patakri was a very lonely spot, but it suited Beynon exactly. Being a civil engineer in the Irrigation department, he had necessarily led a very lonely life, especially as he never remonstrated, and the authorities were only too willing to conclude in consequence that he liked it. Here was a man who never complained, who never sent up urgent applications for a transfer or made a fuss when he got one, who abstained from pestering them with furious letters and medical certificates when his leave was refused, and who worked as well in the jungle as amid civilisation—possibly a great deal better for aught that had been proved to the contrary.

Therefore Beynon spent the first ten years of his service in passing from one lonely unpopular sub-division to another, until the solitude grew on him, and the shyness and reserve of his nature developed into a morbid shrinking from companionship, and a dislike, almost amounting to horror, of meeting his fellow-creatures. He even dreaded the inspections by his superior officers with which the long weeks were sometimes varied, particularly when there happened to be ladies of the party—a situation that filled him with nervous trepidation, and made him shy and quiet to absolute stupidity. So when his turn came for the charge of a division his relief at finding that he was posted to Patakri, where he knew his solitude would remain undisturbed, far outstripped his appreciation of the official compliment paid to his capabilities, for it was an exceedingly important charge connected with river training and irrigation head-works. He soon grew to love the place, apart from his official interest in it, which was great. He was only inspected once or twice a year, when he went with a precious boat-load of senior officers up the river and down again from point to point, was commended for his conscientious work, and left thanking his stars when they had gone. He had very little camping, and quite as much work as he wanted, and consequently he was as happy as it was possible for him to be in his own negative fashion.

However during the past few weeks a somewhat disturbing element had entered into his daily routine. Beynon had made a friend—or rather somebody had made friends with him. This was a young planter who had lately come to manage an indigo factory on the other side of the river, and hating the lonely life he was forced to lead, had discovered Beynon with joy. He soon began to come over at his own invitation,

whenever the mood seized him, and at first Beynon had somewhat resented these intrusions, but now he looked forward to and rather enjoyed the informal visits, all the more so as he found he was not expected to talk much himself. By this time he was acquainted with almost every detail of Jack Massenger's personal history; how he was the youngest of the many sons of an impoverished Irish baronet; how he had somehow failed to pass "every beastly exam." he had gone up for; how through the timely interest of a relative a billet had been secured for him on probation in the Indian police, from which he was subsequently evicted owing again to the exam. difficulty. ("Such rot," he asserted, "expecting a fellow to pass exams. in such an idiotic language as Hindustani!") How six months' opium weighments had nearly been the death of him owing to the awful heat and the vile smell; how a year on a tea plantation had been worse than purgatory owing to the brute he was obliged to live with and the "bounders" with whom he had to associate; and how finally a berth in indigo had been found for him, which proved slightly more congenial than the foregoing occupations, for there were fewer bounders of whom to fall foul, the work was fairly light and the shooting good. So Massenger had stuck to indigo for the space of three years, and until lately, when he had been transferred to his present factory, had always been within reach of his fellow-creatures; consequently he now took his inevitable loneliness in a rebellious spirit, and Beynon, being his only get-at-able neighbour, received the full benefit of his fits of discontent.

On this particular evening, when Beynon returned from his customary stroll, he found Jack Massenger established in the verandah with a peg and apparently in his most pessimistic mood.

"I hadn't intended coming over to-day," he said gloomily; "but by Jove I couldn't stand another evening alone. I haven't spoken a word of English for three days. It's enough to make a fellow take to drink or matrimony, upon my soul it is. How *can* you stand it, Beynon?" he concluded, with a sudden irritation against the latter.

"I like it," said Beynon simply; "but of course you're different—you're not accustomed to being alone."

"Why haven't you ever married?" inquired Jack abruptly.

"I? Good heavens! what on earth should

"I do with a wife? It would be wicked to bring a girl out into a jungle like this, especially with such a dull devil as myself for a husband. Besides I haven't the least desire to marry."

"Well that's reason enough I should think, without anything else," answered Jack, and then the two men sat silent for a few minutes.

"Do you remember," began Jack again presently with a certain amount of hesitation, "my telling you about that girl I met last year whose father turned out to be an old pal of my governor's?"

Beynon nodded his head. He had heard a good deal about "that girl" on and off.

Bakrar and all the bally indigo in India. Old Vawse is a member of council, with a vast amount of interest and more money than he knows what to do with. She's his only child, and he's never thwarted her in anything yet. Therefore should she be determined to marry an indigo planter he wouldn't let her go into the jungle, and his son-in-law would be accommodated with a billet worth taking."

Beynon felt vaguely uncomfortable. He was sure there was something wrong somewhere. Of course he knew very little about such things, but it seemed to him that Jack ought not to look upon the matter in that light, or at any rate if he did that he ought



"But how do you know that she would marry you?"

Jack rose from his seat and began to walk up and down.

"Look here, Beynon, I think I'll take leave and go and marry that girl."

"But," inquired Beynon in amazement, "how do you know that she would marry you?"

Jack laughed. "Oh," he said in a confident tone, "that part's all right. The only thing is——" he stopped and did not conclude his sentence.

"But you couldn't ask a girl to come and live at Bakrar factory—even with you" (with unconscious sarcasm).

"My good ass," said Jack indulgently, "that's just exactly what I *shouldn't* do. If I marry Kitty Vawse I've seen the last of

not to talk about it. He felt anxious to express his disapproval of the scheme in becoming language, but his usual reticence and inability to put his feelings into words handicapped him fatally when anything approaching to explanation was necessary.

"Are you in love with her?" he asked shyly.

Jack glanced at him with secret amusement.

"Of course," he answered. "She's the prettiest girl in India."

Beynon sat silent.

"Well I don't know," he said presently.

"Well I do," said Jack with impatience, "and I want a fresh peg, this one's flat."

* * * * *

Another month dragged slowly by, the scorching west winds howled over the shrinking river and whirled up clouds of hot copper-coloured dust from the widening banks, while the sun blazed pitilessly for twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Messenger rendered desperate went off on leave; a native was deputed to do his work, and until the rains were well on Beynon saw nobody but his servants and the natives who worked under him. Then one day he read the announcement in the paper of Jack Messenger's marriage to Miss Vawse up at Simla, and a week later there arrived a letter from Jack himself apologising for not having written the news sooner, and making every excuse but the real one, which was that he had totally forgotten Beynon's existence for the time being. He also informed Beynon that his father-in-law had got him a berth in the Court of Wards, not liking the notion of his daughter living in the jungle; that they were coming down to collect and pack his things at Bakrar, and would Beynon, like a good fellow, put them up for a day or two while they were getting it done? If so he was to telegraph "yes" at once.

Of course Beynon telegraphed "yes," and then looked about him in despair. He wandered through the house trying to instil a little life and cheerfulness into the position of the furniture. He had a notion that ladies objected to a table in the middle of the room, so he pushed the ugly round object on one side and scattered the latest scientific papers over it. He turned out of his own bedroom because it was larger than the one he must otherwise give his guests, and the next morning he ransacked the deserted compounds and his own garden for flowers, which his bearer tied up into tight little bundles and placed in peg tumblers. These were then arranged symmetrically on the mantelpiece, together with some faded old-fashioned photographs of Beynon's home and people, the one long since broken up, and the other dispersed, married, or dead, he hardly knew which, as they had not written to him, nor he to them, for many years.

Still, in spite of all his efforts, the bare whitewashed walls looked hopelessly cheerless, and the stiff wooden chairs wretchedly meagre and untidy. What on earth would a lady think of it all? and the very worst kind of lady too—a young bride—of all others calculated to make a shy man feel nervous and ill at ease. He would have been thankful had the earth opened and

swallowed him up on that dreaded morning, when he heard the terriers clamorously greeting the returning dog-cart that he had sent to meet the bride and bridegroom.

Massenger was beaming. He rushed at Beynon with a shout, and turned with his hand stretched out towards his wife, watching his friend's face with an expectant smile on his own.

"Here's my missus," he said, and then Beynon found himself shaking hands with a bright-eyed girl who showed a row of glistening white teeth as she smiled up at him from under her hat.

"I'm so dreadfully dirty," she said, looking at her clothes and her little patent-leather shoes covered with dust. "We've been all night in the train, so it's not fair to take stock of me now. Let me go to my room and get clean, and then I'll come out and show myself."

Poor Beynon was dumb with shyness. The girl's vivid beauty dazzled him, and her easy confident manner frightened him. He could only lead the way through the sitting-room (which looked more awful than ever by contrast as she passed through it) and lift the curtain with a silent indication that her room lay beyond. Then Massenger went to change, and half an hour later they appeared together in the dining-room for breakfast. Mrs. Massenger dressed in pure soft white, her eyes sparkling through their long lashes, a delicate pink flush high up on her cheeks and looking as fresh as though she had never been in a train in her life. Beynon could not quite understand the relations between the newly-married pair; they did not appear to be rapturously in love with each other. Massenger was undoubtedly proud of his wife, but treated her with an amused criticism in his manner, and talked of her to Beynon in a way that was infinitely embarrassing to the latter, while the lady herself laughed carelessly and scarcely seemed to listen. On her side there seemed to be a rather ostentatious indifference mingled with a certain amount of admiration. She evidently appreciated Jack's beauty of feature, his strength of limb, and the sweetness of his temper.

"I've never seen Jack in a rage," she said to her host after breakfast. "I sometimes wonder what would make him really angry. I think I must try everything till I find out; it would be an excitement."

Surely this was a joke, thought Beynon, and laughed appropriately.

He did no work at all that day, as Mrs.

Massenger would not allow it. She said somebody must talk to her, and as Jack was preparing to go down to the weir to try and catch a mahseer, delaying his visit to the factory till to-morrow, it was clearly Mr. Beynon's duty to stay and amuse her.

"I'll have that long chair taken out into the verandah," she said as Jack and his fishing-rod disappeared. "There's a nice breeze this morning and it's not too hot, and you can bring that low thing and sit facing me. I hate talking to anyone sitting by my side, it makes my neck ache. Don't you know the feeling?"

"I scarcely know the feeling of talking to anybody to begin with," said Beynon, dragging the low chairs out into the broad shady verandah and placing them as she wished.

"But that is all your own fault," she replied. Then she threw herself into the long chair and crossed her small slender feet, showing a certain amount of delicate open-work stocking, and a pair of high-heeled shiny little shoes. Beynon wondered how she managed to walk in them.

"Oh, my head's so uncomfortable," she cried. "I *must* have a cushion. Have you got one?"

Beynon owned guiltily that he was afraid he had not.

"Well then there's one I brought with me in my room—a pink thing with a frill. Go and fetch it. You'll probably find it on the floor."

The astonished man rose to do her bidding without a word. What could he say? It was impossible, in the face of her request, to call a servant to fetch the cushion, and yet he felt he ought not to go into her room. It upset all his established notions of delicacy and propriety; however, as she had commanded, he must obey, so he passed through the open door with rather a beating heart. There was a faint perfume in the air that stirred his senses. He remembered noticing the same scent when Mrs. Massenger passed near him. He saw the pillow on the ground the other side of the room, and felt glad it was so far off, but ashamed of his gladness. He could not help glancing round as he made for the spot, silver-backed brushes gleamed on the dressing-table, a dainty pink dressing-gown covered with lace hung over a chair close to him, and from beneath it peeped a tiny pair of velvet slippers to match. How white the little feet must look thrust into them! He made a determined rush for the cushion and the

next moment was placing it at the back of Mrs. Massenger's head.

"That's very nice," she said; "now sit down and let us talk."

She was so entirely at her ease, and spoke with such winning confidence, that Beynon began to feel a little less uncomfortable, and almost forgot himself and his shortcomings as he gazed respectfully at her pretty face and perfect figure.

"So you live here all by yourself," she began. "Do you like it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he said.

"Do you mean always to go on living like this? Aren't you perpetually wanting some thing different or better? I think it such a mistake to be contented," she concluded decidedly.

"Why?" inquired Beynon with a smile. He calculated that she could not be more than eighteen or nineteen, and she was talking with the conviction of a woman of fifty.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked quickly. "You think I am a child perhaps? I am nearly twenty, let me tell you; and a woman of twenty is equal in mind—if she has any at all—to a man of thirty. Think of yourself when you were nineteen. Am I a child?"

Beynon blushed as he remembered himself at that age—over-grown, knock-kneed, awkward, spotty, and stupid. Certainly so far as he was concerned there was truth in what she said. All the same he resented her tone. Why should he not be content if he liked?

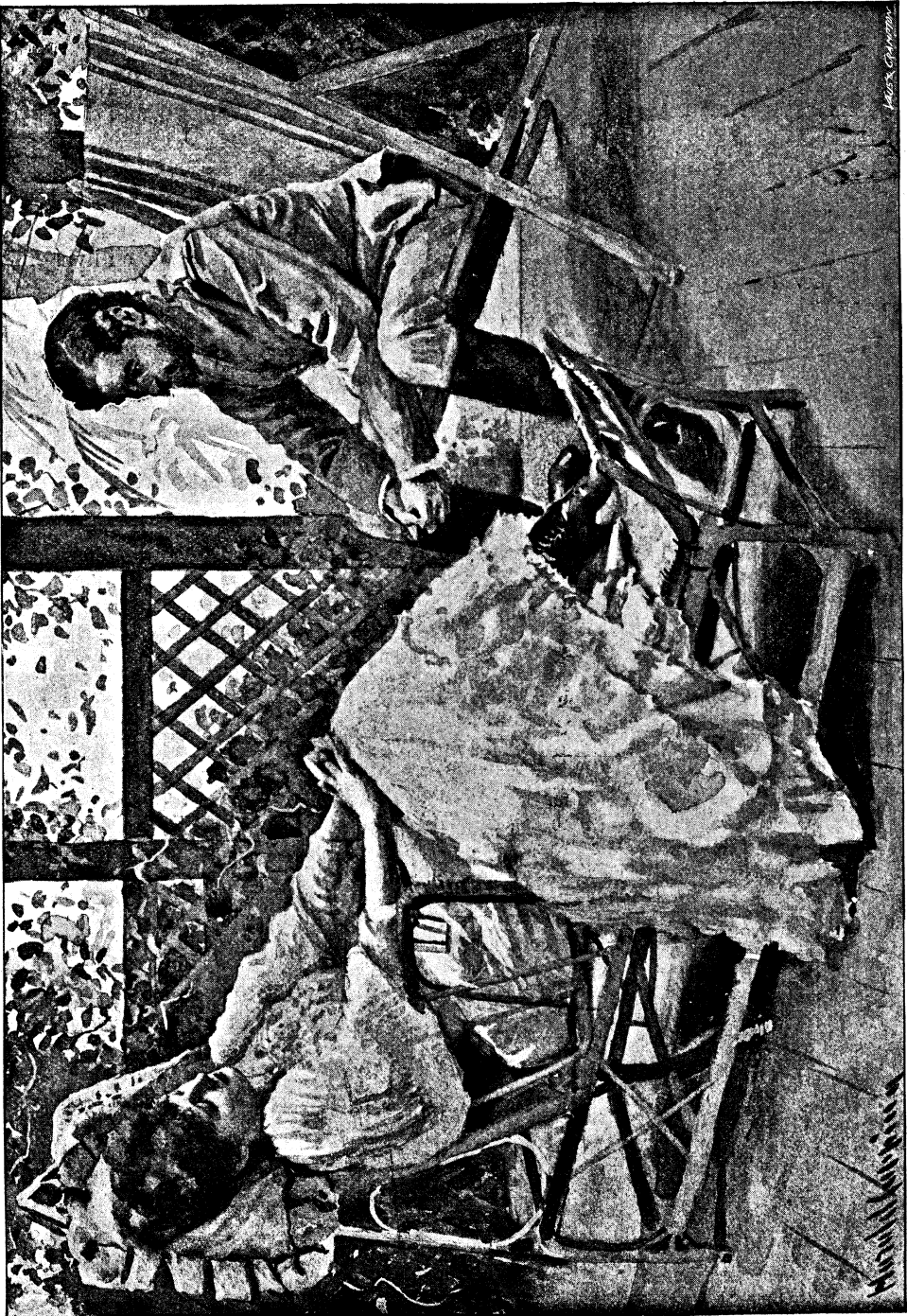
"Why is it a mistake?" he asked again.

"Because if you're contented you very seldom get any further. A man ought always to want something better than he has got. How can you stay here and let them sit on you and be content? Why don't you grumble for a better station or a nicer appointment? Oh, I know all about you from Jack. This lonely life is all your own fault."

"There is nothing more contemptible than a discontented man or woman," he said doggedly.

"Ah! There I agree. I did not say you ought to be *discontented*. Being discontented merely means that you haven't the energy or brains to set about bettering what you don't like. Perhaps I ought to have said every man should be ambitious instead of no man should be contented. There's a vast difference between being discontented and ambitious."

She put her head back into the soft



"Never been in love? Just fancy! And . . . it's so easy!"

cushion and looked at him through her long curling lashes.

"You are cross?" she asked softly.

"No," said Beynon humbly, straightway forgiving her, and then there was a little silence. A seven-sister bird fussed about amongst the creepers and scolded the squirrels that darted to and fro, and a shiny black crow hopped up the verandah steps and scrutinised Mrs. Massenger with one bright suspicious eye.

"Why have you never married?" she inquired presently.

"I've never been in love," he answered simply.

"*Never been in love?* Just fancy! And"—with a little sigh—"it's so easy!"

Beynon began to think it must be under some circumstances.

"But wouldn't you like to be married?"

"Yes," said Beynon slowly, "I should."

But strange to say he had never thought so before.

* * * * *

It was with a heavy heart that Beynon realised that the last day of the Massenger's visit had come. The time had passed like a dream for him, and he had never known before what real happiness meant. Jack had spent the days either over at the factory winding up affairs or else fishing down by the weir, while Mrs. Massenger and Beynon had sat in the broad verandah and talked, strolled through the tangled gardens and explored the tumble-down houses, or rowed about on the swirling river in the warm evening air. He felt a blissful amazement that she seemed to like his company and to seek it, and as they sauntered down to the water this last evening he looked furtively at her with a tightening at his heart and throat—the sensation produced on some people by the sound of sacred music or the shimmer of moonlight on the sea.

She had asked him to take her for a final row on the river, and he had willingly assented. Indeed he had reached that stage when he would cheerfully have drowned himself had Mrs. Massenger asked him to do so! They got leisurely into the boat, both of them sitting in the cushioned stern, while four strong natives dressed in dark blue and crimson uniforms pulled them swiftly down the river. The islets of sand and long strips of mud had disappeared with the advent of the rains, and the river was now a broad sheet of swollen water flowing very rapidly, though so silently that it hardly seemed to move. Every now and then a

big fish would jump at a fly with a mighty splash, and silence would follow again save for the regular stroke of the oars.

Presently there arose a faint sound of nasal singing from a small native village perched up on the river bank, and winding down the crooked path to the water's edge came a strange little procession. Ten or a dozen tall native priests swathed in salmon-pink cloth, and with shining shaven heads and faces, walked ahead chanting solemnly through their aquiline noses; then close behind came six more like them carrying a boat-shaped basket slung on bamboo poles, in which sat a dead body, also swathed in salmon-pink cloth, and almost covered with garlands of the sacred jessamine blossom. The procession was completed by a crowd of mourners, who joined in the funeral hymn, and a mixed assemblage of individuals from the village, whose curiosity had impelled them forth. The little column stopped at the river's edge, and after a few minutes the basket was slowly and carefully launched, chanted prayers being kept up in a continual monotone, and the dead man, sitting upright in his basket, started alone on his last voyage, leaving a little trail of jessamine blossoms in his wake as the water swept him into the middle of the river.

Mrs. Massenger looked inquiringly at Beynon.

"It's a Gussein's funeral," he explained. "They are a particularly holy sect of Hindu, and when they die are always put into the river like this instead of being burned. Look at him twirling round and round in the current. Ah, I thought so; there's an alligator at him. See, he's being pulled down."

The basket with its burden was disappearing deeper into the water with little jerky movements, and then, as they watched it, suddenly went under altogether, leaving a tangled mass of jessamine garlands to mark the spot.

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Mrs. Massenger with a shudder. "Fancy falling in and being seized by one of those horrid brutes! I suppose there would be no chance whatever of being saved?"

"None," replied Beynon, looking over his shoulder at the salmon-coloured stream of figures wending its way back to the village. "They swarm in the river, especially close to the weir. I've seen hundreds of them there of an evening—mostly the fish-eating kind; but there were plenty of the snub-nosed fellows too; and one would be quite

enough for anybody wishing to commit suicide."

"Oh, *don't!*"

"I didn't mean to frighten you. *I'm* not going to jump in—though it wouldn't make much difference to anyone if I did."

"That's not true."

"Who would care?"

"I should, for one. Listen to me, Mr. Beynon. You have no business to talk like that, and I'm going to seize the opportunity to give you a lecture. You're behaving very badly to yourself, and some day you'll be sorry. You've allowed yourself to stagnate instead of making the most of life—even with such an existence as you have chosen you might have done a good deal. Your work? Of course you must do your work—you can't help that; but you *can* help never reading an amusing book, never going away whenever you can beg, borrow or steal a day's leave, never trying to make any friends, and letting yourself get so shy that you're miserable if a stranger comes near you."

"What shall I do? What would you wish?"

"Well, smarten yourself up a little to begin with. Just look at your hair—you might almost do it in a Grecian knot! And then—you won't mind what I say, will you?—you know your *clothes*. I'm certain you haven't had any new ones since you first came out to India. Read some novels, and go away now and then and learn to enjoy yourself. You can begin with us when you've got some new clothes; but you couldn't come and stay with me in the present state of your wardrobe!"

Beynon humbly assented. He wondered more and more how a woman like Mrs. Massenger could take any interest in such a stupid chap as himself. He knew how rusty he was, and felt frightened at the amount of labour he would have to expend in improving himself to her satisfaction. But it would be a labour of love, and if he could please her ever so little it would be something.

"I never knew anyone like you," he said suddenly, with adoration in his voice. "I don't believe your equal exists."

"Well, anyway I'm glad you're not cross," she answered smiling.

The sun had disappeared during the last few moments, and the air felt damp and misty. They had rowed some way down the river with the stream, taking no note of time or distance, and Beynon, realising this, said he thought they had better get out and

walk. It would perhaps be safer for her than sitting in the boat now the sun had set.

"The path is very fairly good," he said, "and I'm so afraid of your catching cold. We can be home before it's quite dark."

She agreed, and the boat was taken to a cleft in the bank where they could easily get out, and side by side they started off briskly along the uneven pathway. Beynon talked more during that walk than he had done for months previously. Mrs. Massenger could always make people talk, for she possessed the rare faculty of being a sympathetic listener; but after a time they were silent, for darkness was rapidly closing in, making it more difficult for them to pick their way, and they had still nearly half a mile before them.

"How dark it's getting," said Mrs. Massenger; "perhaps I had better take your arm."

He gave it to her with joyful readiness, and as they stumbled on he noticed the same subtle scent about her that had pervaded her room the day she had sent him to fetch her cushion, and it mounted to his brain and made it reel. Presently her foot slipped, and she put out her other hand to save herself. In an instant his arm was round her, the blood rushed through his veins, he felt he *must* tighten his clasp, *must* kiss the sweet face that was pressed against his coat, *must* tell her that he loved her and pour out the passion that was bursting from his lips.

Then he recovered himself, and shuddered to think how near he had been to losing her friendship. He gently helped her to recover her balance, asked if she was hurt, and walked on beside her with his teeth clenched and his heart thumping against his side. He was thoroughly miserable and ashamed; he felt like a traitor, and dreaded to meet her in the light lest she should see the self-condemnation in his eyes. Poor Beynon! He had taken the disease very violently. Like measles, it is always worse the later we catch it, and his once monotonous uneventful life had been suddenly turned into a chaos of keen misery and delirious happiness.

He felt he could have cried when he saw the Massengers off the next morning, but he was obliged to harden his heart and be thankful for the few days of bliss that had been his, and go back and put his shoulder to the wheel with more energy than ever. Luckily he had a good deal to occupy his mind, for his office-work had fallen sadly into arrears, but all the same he found time

to remember Mrs. Massenger's behests, for he wrote to Calcutta and also to England for clothes, ordered a supply of the newest light literature, and sent for a barber, whom he bribed with fabulous wages to remain as his servant. He had something to buoy him up in his loneliness too, something he was looking forward to ardently and intensely, which he dreamed of by night and thought of by day—ten days' leave to visit the Massengers.

"You may come directly the cold weather begins and you have got your new clothes," she had called out from the train as they were starting. And he had smiled and nodded, and waved his hat, and lived from that moment on the prospect of seeing her again.

* * * * *

At last one "cold-weather's" morning, some two months later, Beynon arrayed himself in a brand-new tweed suit and started off for the long anticipated visit. For days he had been in a state of suppressed excitement, hardly able to eat or sleep, imagining his meeting with Mrs. Massenger, the kind look of approval she would give him when he told her he had obeyed her to the letter; the long confidential talks he would have alone with her; the ten whole days of unalloyed happiness that were in store for him. Perhaps she would be at the Gurple station to meet him; but no, there was no little dainty figure on the platform, and so, relieved as well as disappointed, he got into a *ghari* and drove to the Massenger's house. Jack came out into the porch to meet him, and welcomed him very heartily.

"Come and have a peg, old fellow. My wife's out. I don't suppose she'll be back before dinner-time. She's going to a dance to-night. Perhaps you'd like to go too, or would you rather stay and smoke with me?"

"Aren't you going?"

"Oh, no, I never go to these things. They bore me to death. My wife likes them though, and they keep her amused."

Beynon's heart sank ever so little. He could not dance, and he would only be in the way if he went with her. But at any rate he would not decide till he had seen her and discovered what her wishes were on the subject. He sat chatting with Jack until it was dark, and the lamps were brought in, and then came a rattle of wheels and the sound of voices and laughter outside. He followed Jack into the verandah. Under the porch stood a high dog-cart, from which Mrs. Massenger was preparing to climb,

while ready to help her was a tall broad-shouldered man with a clean-cut soldierly face and an iron-gray moustache.

"Won't you come in?" she said when she had reached the ground.

"No thanks, not this evening. How are you Massenger? Coming to our dance to-night?"

"No thanks, Colonel, my wife will go for me. Well, good-night, as you won't come in."

The dog-cart rattled away, and Mrs. Massenger turned and greeted Beynon gaily,



"She said good-night to him as she wrapped herself in her evening cloak."

told him to make himself at home and ask for all he wanted, and then went off to dress. She was just as nice as ever to him, and yet he somehow felt a little damped and uncomfortable. He had a frightful presentiment that his old shyness was going to return, and that he would have to begin his friendship with her all over again. He caught his breath when she came in to dinner. She looked so lovely. It made him ask himself bitterly what was the use of this vain fluttering round the candle? He had much better have stayed and slaved away his days

in the jungle, and so saved himself much bitter heartache.

She seemed to take it for granted that he was not going to the dance, and said good-night to him after dinner as she wrapped herself in her evening cloak, and added that he was not to let Jack bore him. Then she went off, and he did not see her again till luncheon-time the next day. At luncheon also appeared the Colonel with the iron-gray moustache, who looked inquiringly at Beynon through an eyeglass and made him feel profoundly uncomfortable. Mrs. Massenger and the Colonel chatted incessantly of all that was going on in the station, and discussed people Beynon had never heard of, while he could only sit stupidly silent and feel convinced that the fellow kept her talking of these things on purpose to annoy him. He assured himself that she would have talked to him too, only the brute never gave her a chance, and she was obliged to answer him out of politeness. Yet was it politeness that made her go out driving with the Colonel directly after luncheon, and ask him in to dinner that night? Beynon became utterly wretched. He never for a moment blamed her; but he felt he was not wanted, and was more keenly alive than ever to his own inferiority and his presumption in dreaming for one moment that his presence would make any difference to her. All the same he had expected that she would be glad to see him, had anticipated a few words of praise when he told her of the barber, his new library of books, and his renovated wardrobe, and now he had not even had a chance of speaking to her alone at all. She treated him as Jack's friend. As if he had come all that way with such throbbing pulses merely to see Jack!

The Colonel was constantly at Mrs. Massenger's side. He sat in her boudoir in the morning, drove or rode with her in the afternoon, and generally dined in the house in the evening. Jack did a little work, ate, smoked, slept, went to the club to play poker, and took little note of anything else. [As a matter of fact Massenger never had gone out much with his wife; he hated garden-parties and dancing, and was only too thankful that she was willing to go without him. In justice to her it must be owned that she had not always been so willing. At first she had implored him to go about with her, but he had only laughed good-humouredly and said—

"Oh, no, Kitty, I couldn't—I should die of boredom. If you don't like going alone

stay at home, or get somebody else to take you."

"If I stay at home you only go off to the club and leave me by myself," she had pouted.

"Well, if I went with you I should only be bored and bad tempered," he returned. "Go off and enjoy yourself in your own way, old girl, and let me do the same."

She had taken him at his word, and "gone off and enjoyed herself" with a vengeance.]

Before Beynon had been in the house three days he was making plans for his departure. He wished he had never come. He longed for Patakri, and yearned for the weir, the rush of the water, the still forms of the crocodiles, and the solitude that would be his in which to try and recover from his disappointment. On the fourth morning he found Mrs. Massenger alone in the verandah for a moment.

"I think I had better go back," he began moodily.

"Nonsense! What's the matter with you? Don't look so wretched, there's a dear fellow. You know how busy I am. I've been longing for a talk with you. Do you remember how we used to talk at Patakri?"

Beynon smiled grimly. Did he remember? Rather should he ever forget?

"Listen," she said, laying her finger-tips on his arm, "I shall have an hour before dinner to-night. You shall come into my little room, and we'll have a good chat. You musn't dream of going away. We shall have lots of other opportunities before your ten days are up."

Beynon's spirits rose. What a fool he had been! Of course it was only that she had had no time to take notice of him—she could not help her engagements—and he would stay his ten days, and be thankful if he only got a meagre half-hour of her society.

That evening he went to the door of the little room she had made her boudoir, and was about to knock and ask if he might enter, when he noticed that the door was slightly open, and heard the sound of voices within. One voice was Mrs. Massenger's, and she was crying. Beynon stood rooted to the spot. He had no intention of listening; his only idea was that she was in trouble, and that he was ready to help her if need be.

The other voice was the Colonel's, and the next moment Beynon had heard it utter words that made him turn and fly to his own

room in an agony of hideous doubt and bewilderment. He felt sick with apprehension, furious with Jack, on whose apathy and carelessness he threw all the blame, and half mad with the sense of his powerlessness to prevent her taking a step that must ruin her whole life. He was helplessly ignorant of what course to pursue. He could not go to Mrs. Massenger and reason with her; he could not carry tales to Jack of his wife. Definite action was impossible, but there was one thing he could and would do—tell Jack what he thought of him, and spare him not one jot, so that when the crash came he should feel that he was to blame and no other.

Beynon called his servant and ordered him to pack his clothes and take them to the station. He meant to say things to Jack that would make it impossible for him to stay a night longer in the house. Then with a singing in his ears and bitter sorrow in his heart he went to look for his host.

"Will you come out for a walk?" he said when he had found him. "I want to talk to you."

Something in his voice and the expression of his face roused Jack, who looked somewhat anxiously at Beynon.

"Go for a walk?" he repeated. "But it's such an unusual hour to go out, unless you'd like to drive up to the club."

"No, I only want you to come out with me; I have something to say."

Jack fetched his hat with reluctance, and wonderingly followed Beynon out into the cold dusky air, which was heavy with the smoke of hundreds of native fires in neighbouring compounds. Jack shuddered and wanted to go back, but Beynon laid a hot trembling hand on his shoulder and pushed him into the road. A solitary lamp had just been lighted and burned dimly in the smoky atmosphere; a dog-cart flashed past them, and the occupants called out "Good-night" cheerily to Jack; a shivering native, followed by a lean jackal-like dog, glided silently by and disappeared into the gloom; and then the two men were alone by the side of the dusty metalled road, with only the murmur and lights of the bazaar a hundred yards ahead of them.

"Poof! this beastly smoke is enough to choke one," said Jack in a disgusted voice. "I hate this end of the station; so close to the bazaar, one never gets rid of the smell. What on earth possessed you to want to go out, Beynon? Come back and smoke by the fire."

"I'm not going back," said Beynon hoarsely. "I'm never going into your house again. I brought you out here to tell you what I think of you, and I couldn't do that in your own house. You're a selfish lazy brute; you think of nothing but yourself and your own comfort. You married your wife for what you could get with her, and now you neglect her and leave her for other men to take about and look after, and do things for her that her husband is the proper person to do. As long as you have got all you want, what do you care what danger she is in, what people say about her, what she does! You don't know her value and you won't until, by your own pig-headed laziness and selfishness, you have lost her——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried Jack in astonished rage. "Who are you to come preaching to me as to how I treat my wife! I never heard of such impudence in my life. You're drunk or mad!"

"I'm not either," said Beynon slowly, a sudden hopelessness coming over him. He put his hands in his pockets doggedly. "I'm going away. Perhaps I've made an ass of myself. Of course you think I'm a meddling fool, and you may for all I care. I may be right and I may be wrong, that is for you to find out. In any case we can never be the same to one another again. I wasn't made to live with my fellow creatures, and I shan't try the experiment any more. I have told my bearer to take my things to the station, and I am going to walk there now."

"Come, come, old chap," said Jack, still angry and bewildered, but his natural good-temper coming to the fore; "what's the matter with you? Never mind what you said just now. Of course it was beastly cheek, and God only knows why you said it, but I'll forget all about it. You're seedy; you've been drinking too much tea out at Patakri, and you take things too seriously. Come in and don't talk any more rot."

But Beynon's mind was made up, and his resolve was not to be shaken. Jack forgot the cold, and the smell and the smoke, and waxed eloquent in his persuasions, but they were of no avail.

"But what am I to say to Kitty?" he asked helplessly.

"Tell her exactly what happened," said Beynon, "and every word I said. It's no good trying to persuade me, Massenger. I am not going back."

So finally the two men shook hands and

parted, one in about as miserable a frame of mind as a man could well be, and the other in considerable doubt of his late guest's sanity, yet depressed, puzzled, stirred by Beynon's onslaught, and apprehensive of he knew not what. As he reached the house the Colonel's dog-cart was in the act of driving away, so he knew his wife would be alone, and he wondered

moodily how he was to explain Beynon's sudden departure to her. He went straight to her boudoir. She was sitting staring into the fire, and Jack saw that she had been crying. Beynon's words rang in his ears with unpleasant distinctness, "You married your wife for what you could get with her." Was it true? Well, partly, perhaps. But now, as he looked at her little sunny head, with the rippling brown hair shining in the firelight, and the mournful droop of her slender neck, his indolent good-natured apathy cleared away like mist from water, and the knowledge of how he had grown to love his wife, and what his life would be without her, struck full upon him. A horrible fear took hold of him. Was it too late? Had he lost

her through what Beynon had called his own pig-headed selfishness? He went up to her, and lifting her chin in his hand, looked into her tear-stained eyes.

"What is it, little woman?" he asked unsteadily.

Her eyes fell and her mouth quivered. "You would not understand," she answered.

Jack's hand fell heavily to his side. He

moved over to the mantelpiece, and with one foot on the fender-stool, gazed silently into the fire. Mrs. Massenger sat still. She was battling with her desire to break into stormy tears, and Jack looked up and saw the struggle.

"Do you hate me, Kitty?" he said impulsively.

"Do I hate you?" she repeated in wonder.

"I couldn't blame you if you did," he went on. "Something happened to-night; someone told me the truth about myself, and I see what a selfish beast I have been.

I know too what you are to me, and how I love you, and now perhaps you don't care for me, and it is all too late." Poor unhappy Jack put his arms on the mantelpiece and laid his handsome head on them to conceal the smarting in his eyeballs that he had not felt since he was a little boy leaving his mother to go to school.

There was a slight pause, and then Mrs. Massenger was standing on the fender-stool to make herself as tall as Jack, her arms were round his neck and her cheek pressed tightly to his.

"O Jack, Jack, I love you so awfully, and I thought you didn't care!" Then

it gradually came out how dearly she had always loved him, how bitter had been the discovery that his love for her was as nothing compared to her's for him. How she had tried flirting with the Colonel just to see if Jack would be jealous, but without effect; how that very evening the man had tried to persuade her to run away with him, and how, when Jack came in, she had been crying



"She was sitting staring into the fire."

because she thought he wouldn't care a bit if she *did* run away.

"Hush!" said Jack, stopping her mouth with a kiss.

* * * * *

When Mrs. Massenger heard of Jack's extraordinary interview with Beynon in the road, and the latter's sudden departure, she blamed herself bitterly. She felt sure she knew the reason of his flight, for had she not told him to come to her room that evening, and then forgotten all about it? And at that very moment the Colonel had been with her. Poor dear fellow! Of course he had overheard something, and then he had "gone for" Jack, and blamed him instead of herself, with the result that he had given her the one great happiness she had longed for—Jack's love.

"Why did you let him go?" she exclaimed. "We can't get him back, because he must have caught the train by this time easily. You will have to take a week's leave, Jack, and we will go and have a second honeymoon with him out at Patakri. I will telegraph to him that we are coming, and then he will have plenty of time to clear out of his own room and make himself as uncomfortable as he likes for us. Oh, I am so *sorry* I wasn't nicer to him; and I never told him how becoming his new clothes were, or how well he had had his hair cut, or how improved he was, or *anything*!" and she wrung her little hands.

"Don't worry yourself," said Jack. "I'll get the leave, and then you can tell him what you like to your heart's content."

The next morning Mrs. Massenger wired to Patakri, and after some hours a reply came to her telegram, but it was not from Beynon. It was from the native assistant-engineer, and it said, "Beynon ill with fever." This hastened the Massengers' departure, for they felt they must be with the sick man in his loneliness without delay.

Early the next morning they arrived at the little roadside station, which, being a tiny place of a primitive order, boasted of no *ticca gharis*. Jack wanted to send a man to Patakri to fetch Beynon's dog-cart, but Mrs. Massenger insisted that they could not afford to lose the time, and they finally drove the six miles in an *ekka*.^{*} Mrs. Massenger's head ached and her feet went to sleep, but she did not complain and said little, except to urge the driver to make his scraggy little pony go faster.

Everything was very still when they reached the house. She thought of the first time she had entered it; Beynon's embarrassment, the clamour of the dogs, the dust on her smart new shoes, and a dozen other trifles. In the verandah stood the native assistant, a portly gentleman in a tight cloth coat, a many-coloured worsted comforter round his neck, oily black hair, and large patent-leather shoes.

"Good morning, sir," he began in halting English. "I have very much regret to inform your honour that Mr. Beynon, Esq., executive engineer, is no longer in the land of living. I have already wired to superintending engineer to make report, and to Mr. Smith in next division."

Jack turned to his wife in silent dismay. Her face was deathly white.

"Where is he?" she whispered, stepping forward to enter the house.

"Madam, he is not there," said the baboo,† with officious importance. "Mr. Beynon, Esq., I am very sad to report, lost his sanity with the effect of the fever; I absent. In this state he, rising from his bed last night, walked down to weir, where Bewani, watchman, was witness that he made false step and was fallen into water. Being full moon this same Bewani was enabled to witness foregoing sad event. He used all endeavour to save Mr. Beynon, Esq., but being a poor man was unable to take plunge into water from dread of the — er — the — er — the saurians, which would without doubt have caused his death also, therefore —"

"Hold your tongue, you ass!" shouted Jack angrily, and was just in time to catch his wife's figure as she fell back senseless.

* * * * *

It was all only too true, for the baboo's story was corroborated by the servants and the frightened watchman, whose mind was assailed by a terrible fear that he might be held accountable for the sahib's death. Beynon had returned to Patakri with fever on him, and all the next day had lain tossing and raving in delirium. The bearer said he had not considered it serious, for the sahib often had illnesses like this; they were only common fever and seldom lasted long. The native doctor had come to see him and given him medicine, and he had seemed better by the evening, so the bearer had allowed himself to go to sleep. He had awoke in the middle of the night to find his master delirious again and walking about the room.

* Rough native vehicle.

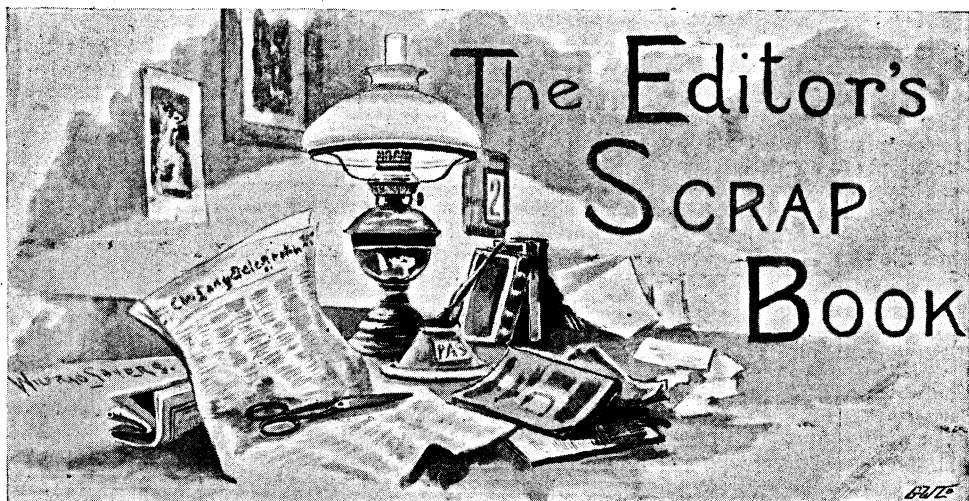
† Clerk.

"He would not be persuaded to go back to bed," continued the weeping bearer, "but he put on his new clothes that had come from England and insisted on going out. I could not stay him, sahib; he was too strong, and I am growing old and feeble. I could only follow him to see that he came to no harm. He said he was going to the railway station, but he turned his steps towards the water and ran swiftly down the slope. Before I could overtake him he had reached the weir and cast himself into the water. Bewani, watchman, says his foot slipped, but the sahib was light-headed and he sought the water to cool the burning of his skin. His body will not be found. Mother Gunga seldom gives back what she takes."

The old bearer was right. Beynon's body was not recovered, and Mrs. Massenger had to go back without having told him how greatly she thought he had improved himself, or how much better he looked with his hair cut properly.

Her life must ever be tinged with the bitterness of remorse, and the remembrance of a man's patient honest eyes looking in vain to her for a word of approbation. And there is one corner in her heart from which, even in her happiest hours, there will still creep haunting visions of a little thatched bungalow overlooking the river Ganges, the deep swirling water reflecting the sunset glow, a Gussein's funeral, and the cruel hungry alligators waiting so quietly for their prey.





NOVEMBER 1, 1896.



AT the close of another volume we may be permitted to thank hosts of friends all over the world for their enthusiastic appreciation of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, practically shown by the enormous circulation attained, and by the thousands of kindly press notices which have fallen thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa. We have tried to fulfil all the promises made at the commencement of the year, and already plans are in progress by which we shall provide in the volume commencing next month still greater attractions. In this issue Mr. Kernahan's story, "Captain Shannon," concludes; it has been appearing at "the psychological moment," judging by the arrest of "No. 1" and the exposure of the dynamitards' plot which thrilled everybody in September. Our contributor was credited in some quarters with having inspired the police with some of the ideas which proved so successful in laying bare these diabolical schemes. Many readers will be glad to know that Mr. Hall Caine's great serial story, which is the first novel he has written since that remarkable work "The Manx-man," will begin next month. It is entitled "The Christian," and promises to be of absorbing interest.

SWELL (to newsboy at railway station): Aw, boy, does the down train meet the fast express?

NEWSBOY: No, sir; if it did there'd be a collision.

A RECENT storm had uprooted a tall poplar tree in the garden. Little Tommy, aged five, begins to cry on seeing it.

GARDENER: Well, Master Tommy, why does it vex you so much?

TOMMY: Oh, boo! When papa sees that he will say I did it!

"FEAR not," she cried, "we shall be saved."

They took courage from her confidence.

"Fear not. This is the fourteenth serial in which I have been the heroine, and I just about know how things go." And she laughed in the teeth of the tempest.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to her cu'b'ard
To get her poor doggie a bone;
But no bone was there found,
So her doggie came round
And inserted his teeth in her own!

A LONDON coachman, who had been transplanted to his master's Irish estate, was asked by a visitor who built some celebrated round towers, whose origin had been always wrapped in mystery. Jehu contemptuously replied, "Well, they evidently cost a sight of money, and don't seem no manner of use, so I reckon the London County Council must have built them!"

FATHER: Charles, my boy, you should not repeat to me everything your mother tells you.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CHARLES: But, father, don't you think we *men* should stick together? There ought to be no secrets.

DRAWING INSPECTOR (to fond parent): I am sorry to say your son will never become an artist. He does not seem able to master the rudiments of his work.

PARENT: That is what you certify. He has however shown considerable talent in drawing on my banker's account.

POETRY AS A LIFE-PRESERVER.

By Alfred Slade.

I ONCE fell off the top of a Paris 'bus. It was a high omnibus, and as I never was good at gymnastics I naturally hurt myself. I think I must have bruised my brain, for at the hospital they said I was suffering from cerebral excitement; and the way the malady worked itself out of my system was in writing verses.

Now a friend, whom I once believed faithful but whom I have since slain, under the pretence of bringing oranges and tracts and other light literature, obtained possession of one of my screeds; and not satisfied with gloating over it in private, sent it to a relation of his who knew the editor of a weekly periodical which up to that time had remained fairly respectable. Worse than this, the editor, who really had no reason to wish me evil, printed the stuff; and thoughtfully sent me a free copy of the paper for my own private use. It was the very day I left the hospital that I received this generous offering; and as at that time I was much younger and better looking, but not nearly so intelligent as I am now, I was weak enough to allow an enervating ebullition of joy to surge within my system. So much so that I went and wasted my money in beer.

It was not the amount of beer I imbibed—for you cannot get a large quantity anywhere for eightpence-halfpenny—so much as the deliberate,

careful manner in which I spread it over time; and as I also considered it my duty to read over portions of my poem to the waiter in attendance and to explain to him the technical beauties of the diction—a proceeding which considerably annoyed the other customers and probably got the poor man the sack—it was consequently rather late in the daytime when I quitted the hostelry.

In order to convince the world that what I am

about to relate hereafter is absolutely veracious from all points of the compass, it is necessary to now state that I was not intoxicated when I started home. That I was clothed is sufficiently evident; and that I was in my right mind is amply proved by the fact that on finding the night air chilly I at once remembered the advice of an enterprising comic journal that I subscribe to, by reason of its special prizes of cradles and coffins, which, in an article on the Japanese army, highly recommended the use of paper shirts as a safeguard against the influenza, and without a moment's hesitation I con-



IN SHEETS.

"Can you give me a little breakfast, ma'am? I'm hungry and cold. I slept out of doors last night, and the rain came down in sheets."

"Faith, me man, you should have got in betwain the sheets, then. Good-day!"

ceived the brilliant idea of buttoning the hitherto respectable periodical inside my waistcoat and using it as a lung-pad. So fortified within and without from colds, coughs, or congestions, I steered north for my tenth-floor garret.

I live a long way north; because the farther north you go the rents get cheaper; and as I am a man of genius and live by my writings, I have to go very far north indeed to be able to live at

all. Other gentlemen of genius also reside in my quarter, exercising professions that are not recognised by the law as being altogether honourable; but out of respect for the finer feelings of their representatives, the authorities never send policemen there, because probably their reception would be too enthusiastic and none too respectful, and they might get accidentally hurt.

I was therefore not surprised to meet at the corner of my street an individual with unblackened boots who stopped me to ask the time; but I had not a watch with me, nor indeed jewellery of any kind but a lead pencil, and I was just going to tell him so when he most impolitely took a dagger from his waistband and stabbed me in the chest.

I was a little annoyed, but I forgave him; for I felt his hand jar, and he departed from me with a mournful look of reproach and went home with a sprained wrist.

When I had ascended to my abode of the Muses (I call my apartment that, because none but the Immortals could manage to reside there and live long) the knife and the paper fell out of my waistcoat together. The knife was snapped clean off in the middle. The paper commenced with a humorous article by an American writer; that the blade had easily traversed. But there it stopped and broke; in front of my poem. It was sharp, and of good steel; but it could not get beyond the second stanza.

A NOVEMBER NATURE-NOTE.

By F. R. W.

EACH season brings with it some peculiar charms to the lover of the woods and their denizens, nor is the early winter lacking in this respect. As if to recompense us for the cold winds and fogs, Nature clothes her domain in its warmest coloured mantle. The trees are hardly bare yet, and the hazel and chestnut covers still have a ruddy tint, seen from a distance. The ground is covered with a mass of colour; under the beech trees, where no undergrowth will flourish, it is red. The thinly foliated elms cast a yellow carpet around them, the hazel and chestnut all shades of amber and rich brown, the light-tinted leaves of a solitary ash are but thinly scattered at its foot, and everywhere the gorgeous and graceful bracken lie in tangled masses, thrown down by the wind and rain. Attired in his brightest plumage the pheasant looks more lordly than ever as he struts from the edge of the covers to feed on the acorns; but although so big and conspicuous a bird, when crouched among the withered undergrowth he defies detection until he raises his dark, white-ringed neck. Squirrels are very busy underneath the hazel bushes, where the nuts have fallen, and are not to be distinguished from the fallen foliage, unless the patter of their feet betrays them as they scamper to the shelter of the nearest tree, from a fork of which they spy out upon the intruder. I watched one once for some time, seated on its haunches, its bushy tail curled over its back, nibbling at a large fungus, using its fore feet as

hands to hold it. The harsh laugh of the yaffle (green woodpecker) rings through the woods, and although its light green back looks so brilliant when flying, yet when settled motionless against the lichen and moss on an old ash—its favourite resort—or beech, it is exceedingly hard to detect.

The lesser birds, too, share in this protection of colour. How exactly the little creeper matches the rough bark it hunts among; and a flock of chaffinches feeding among the beech leaves harmonise beautifully with them. Out on the stubble the partridges are far too invisible for the young shot, until with a rush and whirr they rise in a covey at his feet. In a furrow, freshly turned, a hare will lie within a few feet of a passer-by and not be seen. But none are more beautifully adapted to the haunts they frequent than the woodcock, which seems invisible everywhere (save when you catch the glint of its tell-tale eye), in the bracken, in the tangle of dank water plants, or among the holly leaves. It is always rising unexpectedly and twisting off round the birch trees or ash stoles, and baffling the leaden hail that follows it. What excitement it makes among the guns, and if it should break back through the line of fire, how carefully the "drive" is gone over again in the hope of flushing it. If bagged, the lucky shot takes very eagerly its "colours"—those stiff little feathers in the bend of the wing—as a trophy, and the yarns of the older shots circulate freely when, in the evening, over a pipe, the feathers are handed round.

I have often wondered what purpose those "colours" serve to the woodcock. Are they to protect the wings from the branches when flying among the bushes in the evening gloom? All birds are not protected by their plumage. The noisy jay needs no such protection. His crafty, prying eyes see the approach of danger a long way off, and if he does not very soon steal to the other side of the wood he will remain hidden among the foliage which still lingers on the oaks as motionless and silent as an image.

Birds and animals unite to warn one another of the approach of danger. At the scream of a blackbird the rabbits all leave off feeding, and with ears erect, sniff suspiciously around till the stamp of an old one sends them off to their burys; the pheasants all run for the covers or crouch among the tangled grass. The frightened twittering of a flock of tits, warns all around that a hawk is hovering overhead or a weasel is working along the hedge-row. Sometimes ~~have~~ in their numbers they will sally out and chase the marauder. If a number of blackbirds utter their frightened scream in the evening it usually denotes the presence of an owl, which with calm dignity takes no heed of them. A cat will often make them do the same, and they quite spoil its chance of a young rabbit.

Only when one watches silently and alone does one see Nature in her homelier moods. Movement makes one conspicuous in a moment, far more so than noise, and by this means Nature guards her fairest pictures from all but those who deem it worth while to watch and wait in fair weather or foul.

"DID you evah see a bettah picture of Algy?"

"No. How did he get such a pleasant expression?"

"The photographer shook a wattle at him."

Six girls before my window sit,
While crazed my room I walk,
And there they talk and talk and talk,
And talk and talk and talk.

WALTER PATER had the kind of temperament which made the ordinary life of a college tutor not wholly congenial. At a Brasenose examination for scholarships, among the candidates was one called Gaby. When his name was read out, Pater smiled somewhat dolefully, remarking, "I could not vote for Gaby. I have a presentiment that if elected he would become my pupil."

CHAWLEY: Reggy has got a little daylight into him at last.

WILSTON: What! Shot?

CHAWLEY: Dear, no! Swallowed his eyeglass.

"NERVE!" said the enthusiastic man, "Jerrold has the most nerve I ever knew one man to carry. What do you think he did while the doctors were sawing his leg off?" "Give it up," said the man who was listening with one ear and watching for his 'bus with both eyes. "He lay there and sang 'Just tell them that you saw me'; that's what he did."

HE: I would kiss you if I thought no one would see me."

SHE: "Shall I close my eyes?"

ONCE, when a man of no great note died, his friends tried to get Oliver Wendell Holmes to "say a few kind words about the deceased which might be published." But he declined. "Do you see?" he said; "they want to engage me in the embalming business! But I cannot help to preserve this fly in amber."

A falling star? Nay, not so, dear.
Pay me, and I will make it clear
In speech of lover's use and wont.
It is Leander, brave and bold,
That swims to Hero as of old
Across the starry Hellespont.



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